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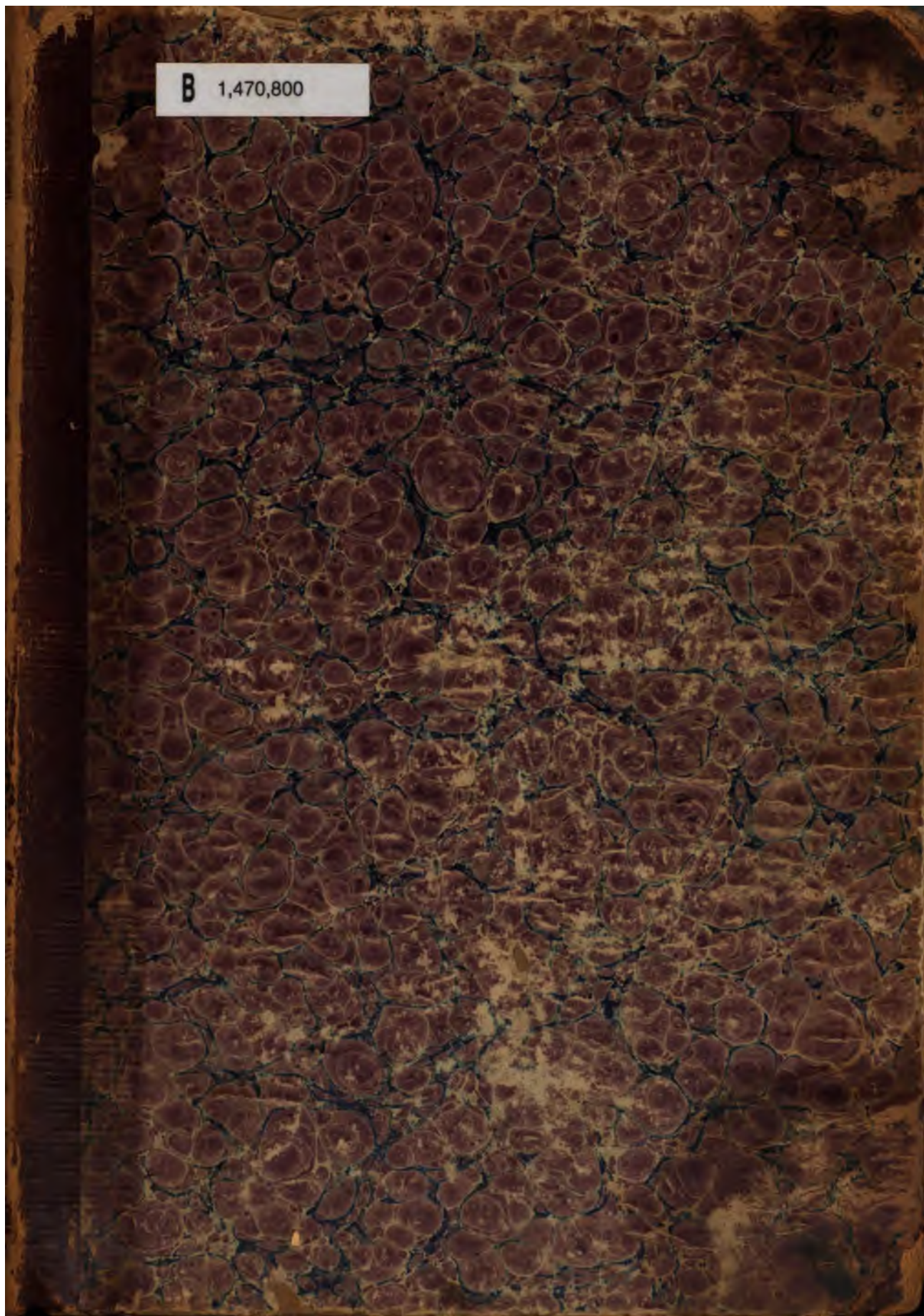
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MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JANUARY, 1840.

From the Edinburgh Review.

A Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language; with a Preface on the Origin and Connexion of the Germanic Tongues, a Map of Languages, and the Essentials of Anglo-Saxon Grammar. By Rev. T. BOSWORTH, LL.D. 8vo. London: 1838.

THIS work will be highly acceptable to Anglo-Saxon scholars; nor are these the only persons to whom it is likely to prove of value. There are, or at all events soon will be many, by no means ambitious of achieving the fame of profound Anglo-Saxon scholarship, to whose library a Saxon and English Lexicon of moderate size and reasonable price will be a welcome addition. As this may appear a somewhat paradoxical opinion, we crave leave to offer our reasons in support of it, before we proceed to estimate the merits of Dr. Bosworth's Dictionary, as compared with any previous work of a similar kind.

Profound Anglo-Saxon scholarship, has ever been, and in all probability ever will be, a very rare commodity in the market of letters. Indeed a profound knowledge of any dead language will always be a rarity, if it can reward our industry only by a literature so scanty and so rude as that of the Anglo-Saxons; and it may therefore seem, at first sight, as unreasonable to expect any considerable patronage for a work like the present, as for a Dictionary of some dialect of Kamschatka or Madagascar. Still, if we mistake not, the day is not far distant when it will be considered disgraceful to a well-bred Englishman—utterly disgraceful to a man who makes the slightest pretensions to scholarship—to be ignorant, as multitudes (otherwise well informed) now are of the history and structure of the English tongue; and above all, of the precise relations of modern English to that ancient dialect of the great Teutonic family, which has ever been, and still is, incomparably the most important element in its composition.*

Now a competent knowledge of these subjects, though something very different from extensive Anglo-Saxon scholarship, and though attained with com-

paratively little trouble, must necessarily involve some attention to the ancient language. Of the extent to which the Anglo-Saxon modifies the structure and grammatical peculiarities of modern English, and in which it contributes to its vocabulary, those who have paid no attention to the subject are little aware. Nor, indeed, has the subject ever been treated with the fulness it deserves. We shall make no apology, therefore, for the following attempt to determine with some approach to precision, the proportions in which the different elements of our language are mingled; and especially the degree in which the Anglo-Saxon predominates over the rest.

We must premise, that when we speak of English words derived from Anglo-Saxon or Latin, or any other language, we mean *immediately* derived. We make this remark because there are many words derived, historically speaking, from the Anglo-Saxon, which, from their strong resemblance to words of the same meaning in the Latin, might be supposed to have had a classical origin. We are far enough from denying—what the researches of modern philology have clearly proved—that there is a close connexion amongst all those languages out of which our own has been formed: that is, between the classical and Teutonic; nay, that the still subsisting resemblances amongst languages far more dissimilar than these, justify us in believing that they all had a common origin. If this be the case, it is by no means surprising that there should often be a strong resemblance between words, where there has been no derivation of the one from the other. Two branches of a tree may be perfectly independent of one another, though both must ultimately come from a common root; and there are other ties of consanguinity besides that between parent and child. Where there is a strong family likeness between two individuals, we may infer connexion of some kind; but if they are of the same age, no one suspects them to be father and son. This seems to us a sufficient account of those resemblances between Latin and the Teutonic languages, which induced Mr. Gilchrist to form his extravagant hypothesis as to the immediate derivation of the latter languages from the Latin. The resemblances in question are far too limited and partial to justify such a supposition; while they are just as extensive as might be expected on the supposition that all lan-

* We are glad to perceive that the University of London includes amongst the subjects of the Matriculation Examination, 'The grammatical structure and peculiarities of the English Language.'

guages had a common origin. Horne Tooke has committed an error of precisely the same kind, in deducing many of our particles immediately from nouns and verbs in the Anglo-Saxon; that is, he has assumed resemblance in form and meaning, as a sufficient ground for inferring derivation. He has too often conducted his reasoning as though the Anglo-Saxon were an underived language, instead of regarding it (like every other which now exists, or of which history affords us any trace), as formed of the materials of a yet older language, wrought into a new form and assuming a new development. Thus, for example, he deduces the preposition *from*, from the Anglo-Saxon noun '*frum*,' 'beginning.' Assuming that his account of the meaning of the preposition is correct, which we think very likely, it is surely improbable that the one word was derived immediately from the other; since we find the word *fram* a preposition (as nearly as possible like our word) in the Anglo-Saxon throughout the whole period of its history. As far as we knew, it is as old as *frum*. Does it not seem, therefore, probable, that both words have come down to us from a remoter age, and a more ancient dialect from a root of a similar meaning to that of both words? They may very probably have had the same pedigree—perhaps the same parentage—but can hardly be parent and offspring.

We refer, then, all such words to the Anglo-Saxon, as have been immediately derived from it, whatever their resemblance to Latin words; and all such words to the Latin as have been immediately derived from it, whatever their resemblance to Anglo-Saxon words, which became obsolete when that language was converted into English.

The bulk of the English language is derived from Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, and French. Of these languages the Anglo-Saxon holds by far the most important place, whether we regard the mere number of its contributions—a most fallacious criterion in estimating the value of any element of a compound language—or, (which is a sounder one,) the *sorts* of words with which it has furnished us. It is very possible that, in a compound language like ours, the element which is the least important in weight and bulk, may exert the most powerful influence;—tending more than any other, to determine its character and to impart to it its vigour—entering into all its most idiomatic constructions, forming a part of the most familiar and frequently recurring forms of speech, and serving to express all the most ordinary thoughts and feelings.

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin however, has the larger share.

Assuming that this calculation is accurate, for which we will not vouch, or that it approximates to accuracy, which we are quite ready to affirm, it will be seen that the Anglo-Saxon, even if we look at the mere number of words it has contributed, is our principal source of strength. Nay, were we to found our calculations upon the passages which Shaxon

Turner has adduced from a series of our most popular writers, and in which he has discriminated, by italics, the words of Anglo-Saxon from those of foreign origin, we should infer a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. Mr. Turner has not set down in figures the numbers of the two classes of words contained in any these passages. Sir James Makintosh analysed three or four of them. We shall now give an analysis of the whole. The passages in question, are from the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Thompson, Addison, Spenser, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St. John, containing seventy-four words, there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakespeare contains eighty-one words; of these the words not Saxon, are thirteen; that from Milton, ninety; not Saxon, sixteen; that from Cowley, seventy-six; not Saxon, ten; that from Thomson seventy-eight; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Addison seventy-nine; not Saxon, fifteen; that from Spenser, seventy-two; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Locke ninety-four; not Saxon, twenty; that from Pope eighty-four; not Saxon, twenty eight; that from Young ninety-six; not Saxon, twenty one; that from Swift eighty-seven in which nine only are not Saxon; that from Robertson one hundred and fourteen; not Saxon, thirty-four; that from Hume one hundred and one; not Saxon, thirty-eight; that from Gibbon eighty; not Saxon, thirty-one; that from Johnson eighty-seven; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words, greater than one-third; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about-four fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. But if we are considering the mere *number* of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon, as compared with those derived from other sources, without any reference whatever to the relative value of the words, the criterion is by no means a fair one. For there are of course many words—such as articles, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, &c.—which must necessarily occur much oftener than others; and are therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. It is true, indeed, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times, gives us an exaggerated estimate of the *number* of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

Restricting ourselves, however, for the present to the mere question of *numbers*, any statement as to the degree in which the Anglo-Saxon predominates, grounded on a collation of passages cited from any number of writers, can be at best only an approximation to the truth; not only for the reasons already assigned, but from the great differences in the habits and education of authors, as well from the very nature of the subjects treated. There are some topics, those, for example, more particularly connected with

abstract science, in which comparatively little Anglo-Saxon can be employed, while there are others in which we could scarcely employ any thing else. The calculations in question, however, afford a fair criterion of the proportion in which the different elements of the language are found in the writings of our best authors; and perhaps it may be stated as a general truth, that in our most idiomatic writers, there is about one-tenth of the words *not* Anglo-Saxon; in our least, about one-third.

We are inclined to think that the statement we have given of the *number* of Anglo-Saxon words in the language is not very erroneous, from the following circumstances:—Mr. Turner tells us that of the Anglo-Saxon, as written in the time of Alfred, about a fifth has become obsolete. If we are to include in the portion retained, all derivatives, however altered in form or modified in meaning, we think this statement is quite correct.

Now, in Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, there are from twenty-five thousand to twenty-eight thousand words, counting, of course, compound words as well as roots. Though this work may not contain all the words which a more careful collation of the MSS. still lying in our Public Libraries might be expected to disclose, it must contain nearly all. Supposing one-fifth of these obsolete, there would remain nearly the numbers already stated. So much for the question of numbers.

If we look not merely at the number of the words which the Anglo-Saxon has contributed to the English, but to the *kinds* of words, as well as to the share it has had in its formation and developement, we shall at once see that there is no comparison between the importance of this, and that of any other element.

In the first place, English grammar is almost exclusively occupied with what is of Anglo-Saxon origin. Our chief peculiarities of structure and of idiom, are essentially Anglo-Saxon; while almost all the *classes* of words, which it is the office of grammar to investigate, are derived from that language. And though these peculiarities of structure may occupy little space, and these words be very few compared with those to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, they enter most vitally into the constitution of the language, and bear a most important part in shaping and determining its character. Thus, what few inflections we have, are all Anglo-Saxon. The English genitive, the general modes of forming the plural of nouns, and the terminations by which we express the comparative and superlative of adjectives, *er* and *est*; the inflections of the pronouns; of the second and third persons, present and imperfect, of the verbs; of the preterites and participles of the verbs, whether regular or irregular, and the most frequent termination of our adverbs (*ly*) are all Anglo-Saxon. The nouns, too, derived from Latin and Greek, receive the Anglo-Saxon terminations of the genitive and the plural, while the preterites and participles of verbs derived from the same sources, take the Anglo-Saxon inflections. As to the parts of speech—those which occur most frequently and are individually of most importance, are almost wholly Saxon. Such are our articles and definitives generally: as *a, an, the, this, that, these, those, many, few, some, one, none*; the adjectives, whose comparatives and superlatives are irregularly formed, and which (for reasons on which it would be irrelevant

to speculate here) are in every language amongst the most ancient, comprehensive in meaning, and extensively used; the separate words *more* and *most*, by which we as often express the forms of comparison as by distinct terminations; all our pronouns, personal, possessive, relative, and interrogative; nearly every one of our so-called irregular verbs, including all the auxiliaries, *have, be, shall, will, may, can, must*, by which we express the force of the principal varieties of mood and tense; all the adverbs most frequently employed, and the prepositions and conjunctions almost without exception.

Secondly. The names of the greater part of the objects of sense, in other words, the terms which occur most frequently in discourse, or which recall the most vivid conceptions, are Anglo-Saxon. Thus, for example, the names of the most striking objects in visible nature, of the chief agencies at work there, and of the changes which pass over it, are Anglo-Saxon. This language has given names to the heavenly bodies, *sun, moon, stars*; to three out of the four elements, *earth, fire, water*; three out of the four seasons, *spring, summer, winter*; and indeed to all the natural divisions of time except one; as *day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, midday, midnight, sunrise, sunset*; some of which are amongst the most poetical terms we have. To the same language we are indebted for the names of *light, heat, cold, frost, rain, snow, hail, sleet, thunder, lightning*; as well as of almost all those objects which form the component parts of the beautiful in external scenery, as *sea and land, hill and dale, wood and stream, &c.* The same may be said of all those productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which form the most frequent subjects of observation or discourse, or which are invested with the most pleasing and poetic associations; of the constituent parts or visible qualities of organized or unorganized beings, especially of the members of the human body, and of the larger animals. Anglo-Saxon has also furnished us with that numerous and always vivid class of words which denote the cries, postures, and motions of animated existence. These are amongst the most energetic that any language can supply; for the same reason that words expressive of individual objects are always stronger than general terms. It is a sound and universal maxim of rhetoric, that the more abstract the term is, the less vivid—the more special, the more vivid. Now, almost all the words which are expressive of these specialities of posture and bodily action are the purest Saxon; such as—*to sit, to stand, to lie, to run, to walk, to leap, to stagger, to slip, to slide, to stride, to glide, to yawn, to gape, to wink, to thrust, to fly, to swim, to creep, to crawl, to spring, to spurn, &c.* If all this be true, we need not be surprised at the fact, that in the descriptions of external nature, whether by prose writers or by poets, the most energetic and graphic terms are almost universally Anglo-Saxon. It is as little matter of wonder, that in those simple narratives, in which genius and wisdom attempt the most difficult of all tasks—that of teaching philosophy without the forms of it, and of exhibiting general truths in facts and examples, leaving the inferences to be drawn by the instinctive sagacity of human nature—the terms are often almost without exception Anglo-Saxon. It is thus with the narratives of the Old Testament—the history of Joseph for instance—and with the

parables of the New; perhaps the only compositions in the world which can be translated without losing much in the process, and which, into whatever language translated, at once assume a most idiomatic dress. The same remark holds good to a certain extent of 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' and other works, in which the bulk of the words are pure Saxon.

Thirdly. It is from this language we derive the words which are expressive of the earliest and dearest connexions, and the strongest and most powerful feelings of our nature; and which are consequently invested with our oldest and most complicated associations. Their very sound is often a spell for the orator and the poet to 'conjure withal.' It is this language which has given us names for *father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, child, home, kindred, friends.* It is this which has furnished us with the greater part of those metonymies, and other figurative expressions, by which we represent to the imagination, and that in a single word, the reciprocal duties and enjoyments of hospitality, friendship, or love. Such are *hearth, roof, fireside.* The chief emotions, too, of which we are susceptible, are expressed in the same language, as *love, hope, fear, sorrow, shame;* and what is of more consequence to the orator and the poet, as well as in common life, the outward signs by which emotion is indicated are almost all Anglo-Saxon; such are *tear, smile, blush, to laugh, to weep, to sigh, to groan.* In short, the words generally expressive of the strongest emotions or their outward signs, as well as of almost all the objects and events calculated to call forth either, in all the most stirring scenes of human life from the cradle to the grave, are of Saxon origin. This class of words, therefore, both from the frequency with which they are used, and from the depth of meaning attached to them, must necessarily form one of the most important and energetic portions of the language.

Fourthly. The words which have been *earliest* used, and which are consequently invested with the strongest associations, are almost all of a similar origin. This, indeed, follows from what has been already said; for if the words descriptive of the most ordinary objects of sense, and of the principal varieties and signs of emotion, are Anglo-Saxon, such, from the course of development which the human mind takes, must necessarily be the terms which first fall upon the ear of childhood. Still, the fact that they *are* the earliest gives them additional power over the mind—a power quite independent of the meaning they convey. They are the words which fell from the lips most dear to us, and carry back the mind to the home of childhood and to the sports of youth. That vocabulary was scanty; but every word, from the earliest moment to which memory can turn back, has been the established sign of whatever has been most familiar or most precious to us.

Fifthly, most of those objects about which the practical reason of man is employed in common life, receive their names from the Anglo-Saxon. It is the language for the most part of business; of the counting-house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm, and however miserable the man who is fond of philosophy or abstract science might be, if he had no other vocabulary but this, we must recollect that

language was made not for the few but the many, and that that portion of it which enables the bulk of a nation to express their wants and transact their affairs, must be considered of at least as much importance to general happiness as that which serves the purposes of philosophical science.

Sixthly. Nearly all our national proverbs, in which it is truly said so much of the practical wisdom of a nation resides, and which constitute the manual and *vade-mecum* of 'hobnailed' philosophy, are almost wholly Anglo-Saxon.

Seventhly. A very large proportion (and that always the strongest) of the language of invective, humour, satire, and colloquial pleasantry, is Anglo-Saxon. As to invective, the language of passion is always very ancient; for men were angry and out of temper long before they were philosophers, or even merchants. The vocabulary of abuse amongst most nations is not only very copious, but always singularly hearty and idiomatic. Almost all the terms and phrases by which we most energetically express anger, contempt, and indignation, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. Nearly all the obnoxious words and phrases which cause duels and sudden pugilistic contests, are from this language; and a very large proportion of the prosecutions for 'assault and battery' ought in all fairness to be charged on the inconvenient strength of the vernacular. The Latin, we apprehend, much to its credit, is very rarely implicated in these unpleasant broils; although it often has a sly way of insinuating the very same things without giving such deadly offence. Again; in giving expression to invective, we naturally seek the most energetic terms we can employ. These, as already said, are those which are most special in their meaning, and the bulk of such words are Anglo-Saxon, particularly those which denote the outward modes of action, and the personal peculiarities, indicative of the qualities which serve either to excite or express our contempt and indignation. Once more; the passions often seek a more energetic expression in metaphors and other tropes; but then such figures are always sought (and necessarily, considering the purpose,) in mean and vulgar objects; and the majority of the terms which denote such objects are Anglo-Saxon. The dialect of the scullery and the kitchen alone furnish our newspaper writers with a large portion of their figurative vituperation; and it is hard to say what they would do without 'scum,' 'dregs,' 'offscouring,' 'filth,' and the thousand other varieties supplied from such sources. Similar observations apply to the language of satire and humour. The little weaknesses, the foibles, the petty vices, the meannesses, the ludicrous peculiarities of character, with which these are chiefly concerned, as well as the modes of speech, dress, action, habit, &c., by which such peculiarities are externally indicated, are for the most part Anglo-Saxon. Here, too, as in giving expression to invective, the speaker or writer is anxious, for the sake of energy, to secure the utmost speciality of terms; while the metaphors and other forms of figurative expression, to which he is prompted by the very same reasons, are necessarily drawn from the most familiar, ordinary, and often vulgar objects. As to the language of familiar dialogue and colloquial pleasantry, we know it is always in a high degree idiomatic, both in the terms and phrases employed, and in the construction; and this is a principal reason

why the comic drama in every language (and we may say the same of satire) is so difficult to a foreigner.

Lastly, it may be stated as a general truth, that while our most abstract and general terms are derived from the Latin, those which denote the special varieties of objects, qualities, and modes of action, are derived from the Anglo-Saxon. Thus *move* and *motion* are very general terms, and of Latin origin; but all those terms for expressing nice varieties of bodily motion, enumerated some time since, as well as ten times the number which might be added to them, are Anglo-Saxon. *Sound* is perhaps Latin, though it may also be Anglo-Saxon; but *to buzz, to hum, to clash, to hiss, to rattle*, and innumerable others, are Anglo-Saxon. *Colour* is Latin; but *white, black, green, yellow, blue, red, brown*, are Anglo-Saxon. *Crime* is Latin; but *murder, theft, robbery—to lie, to steal*, are Anglo-Saxon; *member* and *organ*, as applied to the body, are Latin and Greek; but *ear, eye, hand, foot, lip, mouth, teeth, hair, finger, nostril*, are Anglo-Saxon. *Animal* is Latin; but *man, cow, sheep, calf, cat*, are Anglo-Saxon. *Number* is immediately French, remotely Latin; but all our cardinal and ordinal numbers, as far as a *million*, are Anglo-Saxon; and that would have been so too, if it had ever entered the heads of our barbarous ancestors to form a conception of such a number.

We are far from saying that, under all these heads, there are not many exceptions to the rule. As to the last, for example, there are a great number of words of foreign origin which are most special in their meaning and use, and a great many of Anglo-Saxon origin which are very general. All we mean is, that amongst the aforesaid classes of words, we shall generally find that the greater number, and all that are most energetic or most frequently employed, are Anglo-Saxon.

If this be the case, it is no wonder that the orator and the poet should be recommended to cultivate assiduously the Anglo-Saxon portion of the language. This is generally recommended solely for the sake of perspicuity. 'The common people,' it is said, 'cannot understand a large portion of the words which are of classical origin.' And this no doubt is, to a certain extent, a good reason for the advice. But it is not the only or the chief reason: nor would it always be sound if the only one. The readers of poetry, for instance, would in general as well understand a very Latinistic as a very idiomatic diction. The chief reasons, therefore, are to be sought deeper. And if the preceding observations are correct, they at once disclose themselves. The great object of the orator and the poet is not merely to make their meaning understood, but felt;—to stimulate the imagination, and thence excite emotion. They therefore seek the most special terms they can find. Again, the terms which, *ceteris paribus*, most vividly recall the objects or feelings they represent, are those which have been earliest, longest, and most frequently used, which are consequently covered with the strongest associations; the sign and the thing signified having become so inseparably blended, that the one is never suggested without the other. By that same magic of association by which we diffuse over external objects, once perhaps wholly indifferent to us, that emotion of beauty which properly resides only in the mind, arbitrary sounds be-

come capable, by a long-established and intimate connexion, (we had almost said identity,) with the thoughts they convey, of rousing the strongest and liveliest feeling. And thus it is, that of two synonyms derived respectively from Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, both equally well understood, the one shall impart the most vivid, and the other the most frigid conception of the meaning. It is for precisely the same reasons that the feelings with which we read beautiful passages in foreign poets are so faint and languid, compared with those which are excited by parallel passages in Shakspeare or Milton; this at all events is the case unless the language be exceedingly familiar to us, and is invested moreover with certain adventitious sources of interest. We may perfectly understand the meaning of all the terms in both cases, but the degree of vividness in the impression is by no means the same. The difference is as that between the winter's and the summer's sun. The light of the former may be as clear and dazzling as that of the latter, but the genial warmth is gone.

That portion of the language which we have derived from Latin and Greek (more especially from the former,) is very large; and fulfils purposes for which the Anglo-Saxon elements of the language, as they at present exist, would by no means suffice. The Anglo-Saxon, indeed, as it was spoken by our Saxon ancestors, was not only copious in relation to the wants of those who used it; but, like the modern German, possessed in its system of inflections and terminations, and the ease with which it formed new compounds from its then perfectly homogeneous elements, a power of expansion and self-development fully equal to all the demands of advancing knowledge and science. But when the Anglo-Saxon became English, partly from the great change in its grammatical structure and its consequent loss of inflections—partly from the admixture (though this was slight) of foreign words—this power was in a great degree lost.

How it is that a language, the mass of whose roots remain the same, should, under such circumstances, undergo a change of grammatical structure, has never been very satisfactorily investigated. It is generally found that a conquered nation, unless, like the British, extirpated or expelled from the country, succeed in fastening their language upon their victors. It is with nations as with *shrews*, it is more easy to fether their hands than their tongues; and what Cæsar said of himself is true of all conquerors, that absolute as may be their power, they cannot make or unmake a single word. The grammatical structure, however, is always changed in this transition. Nor does this change seem unnatural. In the intercourse which must take place between the conquerors and the conquered, the former both from indolence and contempt of their bondsmen, would learn as little as possible—that is, they would content themselves if they could make themselves understood; they would acquire the vocabulary and disregard the grammar. The complicated inflections and variable terminations—those refined expedients of a perfectly formed and homogeneous language, would be naturally neglected. Convenience would dictate the same course to the vanquished, in holding intercourse with their conquerors. As the object would be to be understood, however clumsily, those contrivances in which language is perfected, and

which enable us to express ourselves with perspicuous brevity—with dispatch which sacrifices nothing of the meaning—would be abandoned. We may see this occasionally exemplified in our own experience. In attempting to convey our meaning in our own language to a foreigner who only knows some few of its words, but who is ignorant of its grammar, we content ourselves, for the most part, with uttering the names of objects and the principal modes of action, but drop, in a great measure, our inflections—abridge the use of our particles, and never venture at all on the more refined and elliptical constructions.

Supposing the changes such as we have described, the conquerors would possess that great power—of setting the fashion, and thus confirm and render permanent what convenience had dictated, and ignorance had for a time necessitated. The light and commodious vehicle fitted for rapid but easy motion, is found too delicately framed for such a rough road as this; and with its springs broken, and with two strong wheels put upon its stiff axles, it degenerates into a cart; or, if we may change the figure, while the trunk of the language remains the same, the twigs and frailer branches are torn away by the storm.

But whether this explanation be thought satisfactory or not, certain it is that a great change in the grammatical structure of the Saxon took place, and that this was nearly the whole change which did take place; for the infusion of foreign words was comparatively slight. The Anglo-Saxon lost its inflections and terminations, and, consequently, in a great degree its plastic power—its power of moulding its elements into new combinations. The tendency to drop the terminations has characterised the whole history of the English, and some have been lost within a comparatively recent period. Thus the distinguishing termination of the second person singular of the present and preterite of the verbs, though given in all grammars, is generally disused, together with the pronoun appropriated to it. In the same manner, certain Teutonic terminations of the adjectives, met with at no very distant date (as that in *en*), are now almost entirely disused. *Treen*, and *siehern*, and *cedaren*, would not now be employed at all; and, though we still have *golden*, and *brazen*, the tendency is here, in the greater number of instances, to dispense with the termination. Thus, no one would speak of a *brazen* nail, but of a *brass* nail, nor of a *golden* pin, but of a *gold* pin. Indeed, as some have remarked, we are sadly destitute of terminations appropriated to those adjectives which express the substance of which a thing is made; being generally obliged to turn the substantive itself, unchanged, into an adjective, often with a total sacrifice of euphony.

The consequence, as already said, of this change in the grammatical structure, was a want of facility in forming new compounds;—of moulding the elements of the language with the requisite ease into new forms. This inflexibility of course increased, when the study of the Latin actually introduced a large number of foreign words into the language; especially as the new ideas for which expression was demanded, already had terms appropriated to them, or something very like them; in the language in which those who had most occasion to express such ideas read and wrote, and almost thought. The

greater part of those abstract and general terms which the extension of knowledge and the cultivation of science and philosophy rendered necessary, were naturally introduced from the Latin.

This, again, rendered the formation of new compounds both more difficult and less necessary;—more difficult, for the materials of the language were now extremely heterogeneous; less necessary, for foreign words served to denote what the new combinations or applications of old terms would have expressed. It is true, we have a considerable number of these compounds still—as *thunder-storm*, *thunder-cloud*, *kingdom*, *witchcraft*, *sword-bearer*, *earthquake*, *handicraft*; and, for the reason Sir James Mackintosh has assigned, they are amongst the most expressive in the language—the separate elements being significant as well as the whole word of which they form a part. These compounds are amongst the most ancient terms in the language; new compounds are generally inadmissible, except in poetry. Our words must be married by special license, and even then a divorce is very frequently demanded.

In prose, such new combinations, except very sparingly introduced and very felicitous, are not permitted; when very frequent, they always mark a vicious taste, and usually form one of the most striking peculiarities of what is called an inflated style.

Partly from want of inflections and variety of terminations—partly from long abandonment of the practice of forming new compounds, our words will not easily coalesce; they come together with a harsh sound—a grating of their unyielding, jagged edges, in strange contrast with that still and noiseless movement with which the elements of Greek compounds generally flow into one another—reminding one of the intermixture of two homogeneous fluids. In this respect our language is greatly inferior to that of the Germans, who have formed out of their vernacular roots nearly the whole even of their scientific technicalities: We cannot now speak, as did our Saxon ancestors, of *leech-craft* (*leech-craft*) for the art of medicine; nor of *scip-craft* (*ship-craft*) for the art of navigation; nor of *earth-tyllh* (*earth-tillage*) for agriculture; nor of *earth-wela* (*earth-wealth*) for fertility; nor of *hand-clath* (*hand-cloth*) for towel; nor of *boo-craft* for literature; although the latter half of the word, in its modern acceptance, would well designate the spirit which too often presides over the mystery of bookmaking.

Whether we have lost or gained by this change in the language, has often been made a question; it is not to be forgotten, however, that the introduction of so large a portion of foreign derivatives has greatly enriched our synonymes and added to the variety if not to the strength of expression. Whether this be considered sufficient compensation or not, it is quite certain that we cannot revert to the ancient system, except to a very limited extent; and for the most part only in those instances in which a number of similarly formed compounds have been handed down to us from Saxon times. Thus, as we have *sword-bearer*, *standard-bearer*, *tale-bearer*, we might readily tolerate new compounds of a like kind; but we know nothing that would be gained but ridicule if we were to substitute 'bone-knowledge' for 'osteology,' or 'shell-craft' for 'conchology,' or 'ship-skill' for the 'art of navigation.' Nor is the disposition volun-

tarily to innovate on the established laws of language, no matter how they came to be established, to be regarded any other way than as an indication of a very depraved taste. A philosophical mind will consider, that whatever deflection may have taken place in the original principles of a language—whatever modification of form it may have undergone, it is at each period of its history, the product of a slow accumulation and countless multitude of associations, which can neither be hastily formed nor hastily dismissed; that these associations extend even to the modes of spelling and pronouncing, of inflecting and combining words; and that anything which suddenly breaks in upon such associations impairs for the time at least, the power of the language. For this reason, new compounds, such as those we have just referred to, though perfectly in analogy with many compounds which still remain in the language, and which are not merely expressive, but venerable for their antiquity, could not be ventured upon without covering an author with ridicule. In a word, a philosophical mind will consider that languages, as Sir James Mackintosh profoundly observed of political constitutions, 'are not made, but grow;' and will be content that even demonstrated improvements should not be suddenly introduced, according to the judgment, caprice, or whim of the individual writer; but as the fruit of enlightened criticism and discussion, operating slowly and imperceptibly on the convictions of the many. When changes are thus produced, they are produced not only by a slow process, but are at length almost simultaneously adopted, thus preventing any rude shock to our associations. The old are not destroyed till the new are ready to take their place.

To the Latin, we owe a very large portion of abstract and general terms; especially in the departments of theology, moral and political philosophy, and indeed in all the moral sciences: to the Greek, very many terms in these departments, and nearly the whole of the technicalities of physical science. It may be said, perhaps that it was the least these languages could do for us, to compensate in this way for the manner in which they had curbed and confined the original spirit of the English; but it is not to be forgotten, that the great change in its grammatical structure took place long before the revival of letters; and, in short, that Latin and Greek had little to do with it. The Conqueror and his Normans, we apprehend, were but scantily furnished with the former language, and if they knew that there was such a language as the latter, it was as much as they did know. It is true, as we have already said, that the extensive study of these languages, and the introduction of a large number of words, abridged the necessity, as well as discouraged the practice, of moulding the old materials into new forms; but the great revolution which first led to this result had been accomplished long before. It must be admitted, however, that if divines and philosophers could ever totally destroy the character of a language (which will never be the case), there was at one time a danger lest the infusion of the classical element should be carried too far. Reading and writing, perpetually and almost exclusively in Latin, these recluse men at once introduced into their pages, with the slightest possible change of termination, hundreds of words which have since become obsolete. Nobody can be ignorant of this who is but moderately versed in the

writings of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, or Burton—the singular author of that singular book, the 'Anatomy of Melancholly.' In Jeremy Taylor, for example, we find the words 'funest' for 'sad;' 'effigiate' for 'conform;' 'respersed' for 'scattered;' 'deturpated' for 'deformed;' 'deordination' for 'confusion;' 'claneularly' for 'secretely;' 'rate' for 'ratified;' 'ferity' for 'fierceness;' 'correption' for 'rebuke;' 'immorigerous' for 'disobedient;' 'flexures' in the sense of 'compliances;' 'intenerate' for 'render soft.'

But the learned, powerful as is their influence within certain limits, and considerable as are the changes they may effect, never have been, and never will be, able to destroy the essence of a language, or to reverse the proportions of its principal elements. The mass who use it to express ordinary objects, their natural feelings, their daily wants, and for the purpose of transacting the practical business of life, will still determine its character; while the writers who employ it for popular purposes will chiefly use the diction of the people. The pure Saxon, however inferior the position it might sometimes hold in the writings of philosophers, has always lived and triumphed in those of the poets and polite writers, more especially in those of the dramatists. Nothing shows the vitality of the Saxon portion of the language more strongly, than the fact of its having preserved its ascendancy amidst the extraordinary revolutions of our political and literary history.

'Look at the English,' says Dr. Bosworth in his 'Prolegomena, polluted by Danish and Norman conquests, distorted in its genuine and noble features by old and recent endeavours to mould it after the French fashion, invaded by a hostile force of Greek and Latin words, threatening by increasing hosts to overwhelm the indigenous terms; in these long contests against the combined might of so many forcible enemies, the language, it is true, has lost some of its power of inversion in the structure of sentences, the means of denoting the differences of gender, and the nice distinctions by inflexion and termination—almost every word is attacked by the spasm of the accent and the drawing of consonants to wrong positions, yet the old English principle is not overpowered. Trampled down by the ignoble feet of strangers, its spring still retains force enough to restore itself; it lives and plays through all the veins of the language, it impregnates the innumerable strangers entering its dominions with its temper, and stains them with its colour, not unlike the Greek, which in taking up oriental words stripped them of their foreign costume, and bid them appear as native Greeks.'

But though we may congratulate ourselves that the Saxon still maintains its ascendancy, we are not to suppose that the obligations which the classical languages conferred upon our own, are slight. They not only polished and refined it, by inspiring our writers with taste, but the contributions they furnished to our vocabulary were in the highest degree valuable. We are not only indebted to them for the greater part of the language of philosophy, and of science; but these languages, more especially the Latin, have furnished us with *duplicates* of many words of common objects, which add much to the variety and harmony of expression.

None who are acquainted with the earliest specimens of English literature, but must have been

struck with the fact, that however racy and forcible the expression is, there is often a singular poverty and meagerness about it—a want of variety and compass in the diction, the tedious recurrence of the same word in a single sentence. No doubt that these defects might have been in a great measure avoided, even without enlarging the capabilities of the language, if writers had attained that taste and refinement which they had not yet acquired, and which were to be imbibed from an intense and prolonged study of classical literature. No doubt, in that rude age, the most was not made of the language such as it was. Still, after making all allowance for this, the language abridged of its native power, needed this transfusion of fresh blood; it was materially strengthened by these foreign alliances. Nor are we indebted to the Latin merely for a vast addition to our vocabulary—for greater compass and variety of expression; there are certain purposes of language, which, generally speaking, our words of Latin origin are alone capable of fulfilling. For example, the Latin contributes most largely to the language of polite life, as well as that of polite literature. To the orator, this portion of the language is of less importance, because energy is his great object; and indeed, wherever energy is the object, it is comparatively of little consequence. But where the very object is to soften what would be offensively strong, impart dignity or novelty to what is trite, or to avoid what is vulgar or hackneyed, terms and phrases from the Latin are in a thousand cases most valuable resources. For example, it is often necessary to convey ideas which, if expressed with that speciality and force which the terms of the Saxon would be sure to impart, would be highly repulsive, but they may be expressed in the general and less vivid terms, derived from foreign sources, without appearing so unpalatable. For this reason, it will be found that a large portion of those expressions, with which every language abounds, to which a man of sensibility instinctively reverts, and by which we endeavour to throw a veil over what is hideous or offensive, are in English made up of Latin terms. Again, it is often necessary to convey ideas which, though not truly and properly offensive in themselves, would, if clothed in the rough Saxon, appear so to the sensitive modesty of a highly refined state of society—dressed in Latin, these very same ideas shall seem decent enough. Once more, there is a large number of words which, from the frequency with which they are used, and from their being so constantly in the mouths of the vulgar, would not be endured in polished society, though more privileged synonyms of Latin origin, or some classical circumlocution, expressing exactly the same thing, shall pass unquestioned. There may be nothing dishonest, nothing really vulgar about the old Saxon word, yet it would be thought as unclean in a drawing-room, as the ploughman to whose rude use it is abandoned. Thus the word 'stench' is lavendered over into unpleasant effluvia, or an ill odour: 'sweat' diluted into four times the number of syllables, becomes a very inoffensive thing in the shape of 'perspiration.' To 'squin' is softened into obliquity of vision; to be 'drunk' is vulgar; but if a man be simply intoxicated, it is comparatively venial. In many say of the classical names of vices, the more questionably said of vices themselves, that they lose half their deformity by losing

all their grossness.' In the same manner, we all know that it is very possible for a medical man to put to us questions, under the seemingly disguise of scientific phraseology and polite circumlocution, which, if expressed in the bare and rude vernacular, would most be quite as nauseous as his draughts and pills.

Lastly, There are many thoughts which gain immensely by mere novelty and variety of expression. This the judicious poet, who knows that the connexion between thoughts and words is as intimate as that between body and spirit, well understands. There are thoughts, in themselves trite and commonplace, when expressed in the hackneyed terms of common life, which if adorned by some graceful or felicitous novelty of expression, shall assume an unwonted air of dignity and elegance. What was trivial, becomes striking; and what was plebeian, noble.

To know how to employ, in the due degree and on the proper occasions, either the Saxon or the classical elements of our language; when to aim at strength and when at refinement of expression—to be energetic without coarseness and polished without affectation—is the most conclusive proof of a highly cultivated taste. The false refinement with which some avoid the strong Saxon, even when there is nothing vulgar about it;—when its very homeliness and strength are the only reasons which induce them to reject it; in other words, when their only reasons for rejecting, are just everybody else's reasons for preferring it—is perfectly ludicrous. They would sooner employ the most frigid synonyme of Latin origin, provided it is not common, than is, provided it is powerless, or the most effeminate circumlocution, than resort to a nervous, but homely term of phrase. Such writers offend as much by their squeamish delicacy as others by their grossness. They forget that it is possible for perfumes to be as stiflingly strong as ill odours; and remind one of that philosophic people, of whom Swift tells us that they never charged each other with 'lying,' but only with 'saying the thing that is not;' or of that courtly preacher, who told his congregation that 'if they did not mend their manners, they would certainly go to a place—which he could not think of naming in the ears of so polite an assembly.'

It has often been supposed that great familiarity with classical literature will indispose a man for relishing or writing idiomatic English. We are thoroughly persuaded of the contrary. If, indeed, one who has little imagination—little poetic sensibility—will read nothing but Latin and Greek; if he will not keep up his acquaintance with the best specimens of English literature, such a result may be expected, but not otherwise. It is also doubtless true, that when Roman literature first began to be much studied, and when Latin was almost the only language in which the learned wrote or read, there was for a time a tendency to import Latin terms too largely, just as there was a tendency to adopt an involved and highly periodic style, utterly inconsistent with the genius of English. All this was not unnatural: classical literature was then doing its work, but had not done it—that of purifying and refining taste. As our language during this period was still in a great degree unfixed, and the taste of those who wrote it comparatively rude, mere imitation, to a certain extent, was the inevitable consequence. There is little temptation now to such folly,

and no apology for it. Accordingly in general the only, as it is the proper, effect of the study of classical literature on every vigorous mind, is to inspire it with delicacy of taste;—to secure a more exact and sensitive appreciation of the beautiful. The ambition which will animate such a mind, will be that of transferring the classical *spirit* into the language and literature of his own country, not of moulding their outward forms into conformity with those of Greece and Rome; in a word, of doing that in English which the ancients did in Greek and Latin. A man who should act otherwise, would resemble the learned doctor in 'Peregrine Pickle,' who, instead of transferring to English habits and manners and to modern cookery, the spirit of elegant luxury which reigned over Roman entertainments, turned the stomachs of his guests with pullets stuffed with assafœtida, and dormice pies liquored over with syrup of poppies.

Such, it appears to us, is the genuine and usual effect of studying classical literature. Some few exceptions there will always be; men so perversely constituted in mind, so predestinated to be pedants and slavish copyists, that nothing can cure them; men who will traverse the whole circle of Greek and Roman literature, and acquire nothing thereby but the faculty of spoiling English. Upon such, the grace and beauty which pervade the remains of classical antiquity are utterly lost; they must transfer them bodily, and in their actual forms, or not at all; and this they foolishly think they have done, when they have violently torn away some few tatters of phraseology, some fragments of the language of their admired models, and grotesquely stuck them on their own pages; totally unconscious that their beauty, like that of the flower plucked from its stem, withers at once by the very violence which tears it from its place, and that there is no more resemblance between classical compositions and such imitations, than between the wild hedge-rows and the *hortus siccus* of a botanist. These instances, however, of hopeless bad taste, are comparatively rare.

That the effect of the study of classical literature is generally what we have stated, is certainly confirmed, if we examine the list of our principal authors. It would be no difficult thing to show that a very considerable number of our most idiomatic writers have been, if not profound classical scholars, yet early tinctured with classical literature, and throughout their lives distinguished by a love of it. Such were Milton, South, Swift; the first of whom is indeed as remarkable for his thorough mastery over the Saxon portion of our own language, as he is for his classical spirit. Again, the bulk of those writers who have wielded with equal ease all the elements of our powerful language—giving an undue preference to none of them, but employing each just in the degree and on the occasions required—have been deeply imbued with a love of the Greek and Roman literature. Such, to cite a few examples, were Addison, Pope, Steele, Cowper, Burke; indeed, almost the only writer remarkably idiomatic, who was totally unimbued with this spirit, was Cobbett.

Upon the whole, the English language, in copiousness and variety, as well as in most other qualities, will vie with almost any language, ancient or modern. The words of old Camden are still more applicable to it now than when they were originally written. "Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace.

The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the divell in a play. The Dutch Janlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready, at every word, to pick a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the molifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulness, fulnesse with finenesse, seemliness with portliness, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetness?"

The work which stands at the head of this article, is precisely such as the Anglo-Saxon student wanted. Not only were the older Dictionaries, as those of Somner, Benson, and Lye, out of the market, or high priced, but they were all marked by great defects. At the time when even the most recent of them was published, namely, in 1772, the grammatical structure of the Anglo-Saxon had been little investigated; and the false principles which pervaded them, or their want of principles altogether, detract most seriously from their value. Even of Lye, whose great work reflects the highest honour on his industry and learning, Rask observes (perhaps too generally) that, 'from him scarcely any knowledge of the grammatical properties of a word can be obtained, but of its signification only.' Equally deficient are these works, considered merely as vocabularies. Since the publication of Lye, the study of the Anglo-Saxon (as well as of all the kindred dialects) has been prosecuted with ardour. Its grammatical structure and peculiarities have been developed with extraordinary sagacity by Rask; Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik' has shed much light on the subject; Bosworth has been long occupied in the same field; while the extensive publication of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, or new editions of what had been already published, by Thorpe, Kemble, and Cardale, together with the critical labours of these and other gentlemen, have not only facilitated a knowledge of the grammar of the language, but have brought extensive additions to its vocabulary. The great desideratum was a good Lexicon, in which all these results of modern scholarship should be applied—in which the new and better principles of grammar should be exemplified, and the additions to the vocabulary embodied. This has been accomplished in the work now before us, which is the fruit of ripe scholarship, enlarged views, and many years of severe and patient labour. Dr. Bosworth seems to have availed himself most diligently, not only of all the Lexicographical works which preceded his own, but of the researches of all his contemporaries both here and on the Continent. The additional words in the 'Glossaries to Apollonius,' and to the 'Analecta Anglo-Saxonica,' by Thorpe—in the 'Index to Cædmon,' by the same able editor—in the 'Glossary to Beowulf,' by Kemble, are here embodied; while the utmost use has been made of the

* Camden's 'Remains.'

manuscript collections of Mr. Cardale, generously offered for this purpose. Rask was an intimate friend of our author; he also seems to have had intercourse with most of the other Anglo-Saxon scholars on the Continent; some of whom have rendered most important assistance, not only in the valuable 'Prolegomena on the Origin and Affinities of the Germanic Languages,' but in the preparation of the Lexicon itself. 'One of them,' to use the language of Dr. Bosworth himself, 'well-acquainted with all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects, has used his utmost efforts to verify every word introduced amongst the parallels, and to give the orthography and gender correctly.' As the eagerness with which our author has availed himself of every source of information, is in the highest degree creditable to him as a scholar; so the frankness and the gratitude with which he acknowledges all such assistance, are equally creditable to him as a man. Indeed, the candour which he every where manifests, is well worthy of the imitation of authors in general. Not the minutest obligations are left unacknowledged, even on points where some other writers would have appropriated them without scruple. With a still more resolute candour, he does not hesitate to modify or abandon early opinions, whenever more extensive or more accurate research has suggested the propriety of doing so. Thus he frankly acknowledges, in his preface to the 'Essentials of Anglo-Saxon Grammar,' that 'as information increased, there has been a gradual approximation in grammatical forms and accents to the views of Professors Rask and Grimm.'

The general plan of the Lexicon is this:—The Anglo-Saxon words are usually followed by the parallel terms in the cognate dialects; the derivation of the word immediately succeeds the synonymes; then the meanings are given in English, while to the principal significations, the Latin is also added, thus securing the authority of Somner and Lye. Then follow the quotations from Anglo-Saxon writers with an English translation as literal as possible. The grammatical inflexions are fully given, and the gender of the nouns (a matter of immense importance, and in which Lye's great work is singularly faulty) marked with great care. As to the much debated question of orthography, Dr. Bosworth tells us 'that he has always followed that which he has found in the best authors; while the principal variations in the literal expressions of a word, are added in the order in which they vary from what is deemed to be the correct spelling. No fancy or presumption has been permitted in the orthography; but all authors have been allowed to answer for themselves, and to appear in their own dress, without a wish to dictate the mode in which it is now presumed they ought to have written.'

Our author originally intended to include none but pure Anglo-Saxon words; none in fact that are found after A. D. 1100. We think he judged wisely in somewhat extending the rule. Most of the words thus added are from the 'Saxon Chronicle;' and as in every such case the date is added, there can be no fear of confounding pure with impure words. The valuable system of accents, as developed by recent scholars has been adopted. We must add that, by an ingenious contrivance, this Dictionary not only answers the purpose of a Saxon-English and of a Saxon-Latin, but of an English and Saxon and

Latin and Saxon Dictionary. At the close of the work extensive indices of English and Latin words are given, and references to the columns of the Dictionary, where the correspondent Anglo-Saxon words are to be found.

Nor is the preliminary matter inferior in value to that of the Lexicon itself. After illustrating in a very concise but perspicuous manner the great doctrine, that all languages had a common origin, our author proceeds to consider the origin, history, and mutual connexion of the Germanic tongues. These he treats in a series of brief but very able dissertations, illustrated by copious specimens. They embrace a general view of the Low-German, High-German, and Scandinavian dialects. Those on Anglo-Saxon, Friesic, Dutch, and German, are of considerable extent. In that on the Friesic, Dr. Bosworth expresses his obligations to Mr. Halbertsma, one of the principal promoters of Friesian literature. We quite agree with our author as to the extraordinary affinities between this dialect and the Anglo-Saxon; and that it is calculated to shed a stronger light on the latter than any other of the sister dialects. One cannot fail to be struck, however, throughout these dissertations, with a strong family likeness amongst all the dialects of the Germanic languages; and at the ease with which any one acquainted with English and Dutch, or English and German, might acquire the rest.

The Dissertations are followed by articles on the affinity of the Germanic languages; a short account of the great etymological systems of modern Germany, the essentials of Anglo-Saxon grammar; an abstract of the grammar of Rask, and of that portion of Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik' which relates to the Saxon.

In fact, this volume contains, within a moderate compass, a complete apparatus for the study of Anglo-Saxon. Copious, accurate, cheap—embodying the whole results of modern Anglo-Saxon scholarship—there is no other work of the kind that can be put in comparison with it; and we therefore unhesitatingly recommend it as a valuable addition to this department of our literature.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

PART II.

Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.

HOR. CARM. LIB. iii. 49.

CLOSET COURT had never looked so odious to Titmouse as it did when, harrassed and depressed as I have described him, he approached it about one o'clock, A. M. He flung himself on his bed for a moment directly he had shut his door, intending presently to rise and undress; but sleep having got

him prostrate, secured her victory. She waved her black wand over him, and he woke not till eight o'clock in the morning. A second long-drawn sigh was preparing to follow its predecessor, when he heard it strike eight, and sprang off the bed in a fright; for he ought to have been at the shop an hour ago. Dashing a little water into his face, and scarce staying to wipe it off, he ran down stairs, through the court, and along the street, never stopping till he had found his way into—almost the very arms of the dreaded Mr. Tag-rag; who, rarely making his appearance till about half-past nine, had, as the mischief would have it, happened to come down an hour and a half earlier than usual, on the only morning out of several hundreds on which Titmouse had been more than ten minutes beyond his time.

"Yours very respectfully, Mr. Titmouse—Thomas Tag-rag!" exclaimed that personage with mock solemnity, bowing formally to his astounded and breathless shopman.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir; but I was'n't very well, and overslept myself," stammered Titmouse.

"Ne-ver mind, Mr. Titmouse, ne-ver mind—it don't much signify," interrupted Mr. Tag-rag, bitterly; "you've just got an hour and a half to take this piece of silk, with my compliments, to Messrs. Shuttle and Weaver, in Dirt Street, Spitalfields, and ask them if they ar'n't ashamed to send it to a West-End house like mine, and bring back a better piece instead of it!"

"Very well, sir—but—before my breakfast, sir!"

"Did I say a word about breakfast, sir? You heard my orders, sir; you can attend to them or not, Mr. Titmouse, as you please!"

Off trotted Titmouse *instantly*, without his breakfast; and so Tag-rag gained one object he had in view. Titmouse found this rather trying: a five-mile walk before him, with no inconsiderable load under his arm, having had nothing to eat since the preceding evening, when he had partaken of a delicate repast of thick slices of bread, smeared slightly over with salt-butter, and moistened with a most astringent decoction of tea-leaves sweetened with brown-sugar, and discoloured with sky-blue milk. He had not even a farthing about him wherewith to buy a penny roll! As he went disconsolately along, so many doubts and fears buzzed impetuously about him, that they completely darkened his little soul, and bewildered his small understanding. *Ten thousand a-year!*—it was never meant for the like of him. He soon worked himself into a conviction that the whole thing was infinitely too good to be true; the affair was desperate; it had been all moonshine; for some cunning purpose or another, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, had been—ah, here he he was within a few yards of their residence, the scene of last night's tragic transactions! As he passed Saffron Hill, he paused, looked up towards the blessed abode—

"Where centred all his hopes and fears,"

uttered a profound sigh, and passed slowly on towards Smithfield. The words "*Quirk, Gammon, and Snap*," seemed to be written over every shop-window which he passed—their images filled his mind's eye. What could they be at? They had been all very polite and friendly—and of their own seeking: had he affronted them? How coldly and proudly they had parted with him over-night! It

was evident that they could stand no nonsense—they were great lawyers; so he must (if they really would allow him to see them again) eat humble pie cheerfully till he had got all that they had to give him. How he dreaded the coming night! Perhaps they intended civilly to tell him that they would have nothing more to do with him;—they would get the estate for themselves, or some one else that would be more manageable! They had taken care to tell him nothing at all about the nature of his pretensions to this grand fortune. Oh, how crafty they were—they had it all their own way!—But what, after all, had he really done? The estates were his, if they were really in earnest—his, and no one's else; and why should he be kept out of them at their will and pleasure? Suppose he were to say he would give them all he was entitled to for £20,000 down, in cash? Oh no; on second thoughts, that would be only two year's income! But on the other hand—he dared hardly even propose it to his thoughts—still, suppose it *should* really turn out true! Goodness gracious!—that day two months he might be riding about in his carriage in the Parks, and poor devils looking on at him, as he now looked on all those who now rode. There he would be, holding up his head with the best of them, instead of slaving about as he was that moment, carrying about that cursed bundle—ough! how he shrunk as he changed its position, to relieve his aching right arm! Why was his mouth to be stopped—why might he not tell his shopmates? What would he not give for the luxury of telling it to the odious Tag-rag? If he *were* to do so, Mr. Tag-rag, he was sure, would ask him to dinner the very next Sunday, at his country house at Clapham. Thoughts such as these so occupied his mind, that he did not for a long while observe that he was walking at a rapid rate towards the Mile-end road, having left Whitechapel church nearly half a mile behind him! The possible master of £10,000 a-year felt fit to drop with fatigue, and sudden apprehension of the storm he should have to encounter when he first saw Mr. Tag-rag after so long an absence. He was detained for a cruel length of time at Messrs. Shuttle and Weaver's, who not having the required quantity of silk at that moment on their premises, had some difficulty in obtaining it, after having sent for it to one or two neighbouring manufactories; by which means it came to pass that it was two o'clock before Titmouse, completely exhausted and dispirited, and reeking with perspiration, had reached Dowlas and Company's. The gentlemen of the shop had finished their dinners.

"Go up stairs and get your dinner, sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag imperiously, after having received Messrs. Shuttle and Weaver's message.

Titmouse went up stairs hungry enough, and found himself the sole occupant of the long close-smelling room in which his companions had been dining. His dinner was presently brought to him by a slatternly servant-girl. It was in an uncovered basin, which appeared to contain nothing but the leavings of his companions—a savoury intermixture of cold potatoes, broken meat, (chiefly bits of fat and gristle,) a little hot water having been thrown over it to make it appear warm and fresh—(faugh!) His plate (with a small pinch of salt upon it) had not been cleaned after its recent use, but evidently only hastily smeared over with a greasy towel, as also seemed his knife

and fork, which, in their disgusting state, he was fain to put up with, the table cloth on which he might have wiped them having been removed. A hunch of bread that seemed to have been tossing about in the pan for days, and half-a-pint of flat-looking and sour-smelling table-beer, completed the fare set before him; opposite which he sat for some minutes, too much occupied with his reflections to commence his repast. He was in the act of scooping out of the basin some of its inviting contents, when—"Titmouse!" exclaimed the voice of one of his shopmates, peering in at him through the half-opened door, "Mr. Tag-rag wants you! He says you've had plenty of time to finish your dinner!"

"Oh, tell him, then, I'm only just beginning my dinner—ugh! such as it is," replied Titmouse, masticating the first mouthful with an appearance of no particular relish,—for to the like of it he had never before sat down since he had been in the honoured house he was then serving.

In a few minutes' time Mr. Tag-rag himself entered the room, stuttering—"How much longer, sir, is it your pleasure to spend over your dinner, eh?"

"Not another moment, sir," answered Titmouse, looking with ill-concealed disgust at the savoury victuals before him; "if you'll only allow me a few minutes to go home and buy a penny roll instead of all this!"

"Ve—ry good, sir! Ve—ry parti—cu—larly good, Mr. Titmouse," replied Tag-rag, with ill-subdued fury; "any thing else that I can make a *little* memorandum against the day of your leaving us?"

This hint of two-fold terror, i. e. of withholding the wretched balance of salary that might be due to him, on the ground of misconduct, and of also giving him a damning character, dispelled the small remains of Titmouse's appetite, and he rose to return to the shop, involuntarily clutching his fist as he brushed close past the tyrant Tag-rag on the stairs, whom he would have been delighted to pitch down head-foremost; and if he had done so, none of his fellow-slaves below, in spite of their present sycophancy towards Tag-rag, would have shown any particular alacrity in picking up their common oppressor. Poor Tittlebat resumed his old situation behind the counter; but how different his present from his former air and manner! With his pen occasionally peeping pertly out of his bushy hair over his right ear, and his yard measure in his hand, no one, till Monday morning, had been more cheerful, smirking, and nimble, than Tittlebat Titmouse: Alas, how crestfallen now! None of his companions could make him out, or guess what was in the wind; so they very justly concluded that he had been doing something dreadfully disgraceful, the extent of which was known to Tag-rag and himself alone. Their jeers and banter were giving place to cold distrustful looks, that were much more trying to bear. How he longed to be able to burst upon their astounded minds with the pent-up intelligence that was silently racking and splitting his little bosom! But if he did—the terrible firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—Oh! the very thought of them glued his lips together. But then there was *one* whom he might surely make a confidant—the excellent Huckaback, with whom he had had no opportunity of communicating since Sunday night. That gentleman was as close a

prisoner at the establishment of Diaper and Sarsenet, in Tottenham-court Road, as Titmouse at Messrs. Dowlas's, of which said establishment he was as great an ornament as Titmouse of that of Messrs. Dowlas. They were about the same height, and equals in puppyism of manners, dress, and appearance; but Titmouse was much the better-looking. With equal conceit in their faces, that of Huckaback, square, and flat, and sallow, had an expression of ineffable impudence, that made a lady shudder, and a gentleman feel a tingling sensation in his right toe. About his small black eyes there was a glimmer of low cunning;—but I have not patience to paint the fellow any further. When Titmouse left the shop that night, a little after nine, he hurried to his lodgings, to make himself as imposing in his appearance before Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as his time and means would admit of. Behold, on the table lay a letter from Huckaback. It was written in a flourishing mercantile hand; and here is a copy of it:—

"Dear Tit,

"I hope you are well, which is what I can only middling say in respect of me. Such a row with my governors as I have had to-day! I thought that, as I had been in the House near upon eighteen months at L. 25 per annum, I might naturally ask for L. 30 a-year (which is what my Predecessor had,) when, would you believe it, Mr. Sharpey (who is going to be taken in as a Partner,) to whom I named the thing, ris up in rage against me, and I were had up into the counting-house, where both the governors was, and they gave it me in such a way that you never saw nor heard of; but it wasn't all on their own side, as you know me too well to think of. You would have thought I had been a going to rob the house. They said I was most audacious, and all that, and ungrateful, and what would I have next? Mr. Diaper said times was come to such a pitch!! since he was first in the business, for salaries is risen to double, and not half the work done that was, and no gratitude—(cursed old curmudgeon!) He said if I left them just now, I might whistle for a character, except what I would not like; but if he don't mind I'll give him a trick of law about that—which brings me to what happened to-day with our lawyers, the people at Saffron Hill, whom I thought I would call in on to-day, being near the neighbourhood with some light goods, to see how affairs was getting on, and stir them up a bit!"

This almost took Titmouse's breath away—

—"feeling most *interested* on your account, as you know, dear Tit, I do. I said I wanted to speak to one of the gentlemen on business of vital importance; whereat I was quickly shown into a room where two gents was sitting. Having put down my parcel for a minute on the table, I said I was a very intimate friend of yours, and had called in to see how things went on about the advertisement; whereat you never saw in your life how struck they looked, and stared at one another in speechless silence, till they said to me, what concerned me about the business? or something of that nature, but in such a way that ris a rage in me directly, all for your sake (for I did not like the looks of things); and says I, I said, we would let them know we were not to be *gammoned*; whereat up rose the youngest of the two, and ringing the

sell, he says to a tight laced young gentleman with a pen behind his ear, 'Show him to the door,' which I was at once; but, in doing so, let out a little of my mind to them. They're no better than they should be, you see if they are; but when we Trick the property, we'll show them who is their masters, which consoles me. Good-bye, keep your sperrits up, and I will call and tell you more about it on Sunday. So farewell (I write this at Mr. Sharpey's desk, who is coming down from dinner directly). Your true friend,
R. HUCKABACK.

"P. S.—Met a young Jew last night with a lot of prime cigars, and (knowing he *must* have stole them, them looked so good at the price) I bought one shilling's worth for me, and two shilling's worth for you, your salary being higher, and to say nothing of your chances."

All that part of the foregoing letter which related to its amiable writer's interview with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Titmouse read in a kind of spasm—he could not draw a breath, and felt a choking sensation coming over him. After a while, "I may spare myself," thought he, "the trouble of rigging out—Huckaback has done my business for me with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—mine will only be a walk in vain!" After what had occurred last night between him and them!—and so urgently as he had been enjoined to keep the matter to himself! Of course Huckaback would seem to have been sent by him; seeing he appeared to have assumed the hectoring tone which Titmouse had tried so vainly over-night, and now so bitterly repented of, and he had no doubt grossly insulted the arbiters of Titmouse's destiny, (for he knew Huckaback's impudence,)—he had even said that he (Titmouse) would not be GAMMONED by them. But time was pressing: with a beating heart he scrambled into a change of clothes—bottling up his wrath against the unconscionable Huckaback till he should see that worthy. In a miserable state of mind he set off soon after for Saffron Hill at a quick pace, which soon became a trot, and often sharpened into a downright run. He saw, heard, and thought of nothing, as he hurried along Oxford Street and Holborn, but Quirk, Gammon, Snap, and Huckaback, and the reception which the latter had secured for him—if, indeed, he was to be received at all. The magical words, *Ten Thousand a-Year*, had not disappeared from the field of his troubled vision; but how faintly and dimly they shone!—like the Pleiades coldly glistening through intervening mists far off—oh! at what a stupendous, immeasurable, and hopeless distance! Imagine those stars gazed at by the anguished and despairing eyes of the bereaved lover, madly believing one of them to contain ~~xxx~~ who has just departed from his arms, and from this world, and you may form a notion of the agonizing feelings—the absorbed contemplation of one dear, dazzling, but distant object, experienced on this occasion by Mr. Titmouse. No, no; I don't mean seriously to pretend that so grand a thought as this *could* be entertained by his little optics intellectual; you might as well suppose the tiny eye of a black beetle to be scanning the vague, fanciful, and mysterious figure and proportions of Orion, or a chimpanzee to be perusing and pondering over the immortal *Principia*. I repeat, that I have no desire of the sort, and am determined

not again foolishly to attempt fine writing, which I now perceive to be entirely out of my line. In language more befitting me and my subject, I may be allowed to say that there is no getting a quart into a pint pot; that Titmouse's mind was a half-pint—and it was brimful. All the while that I have him going on thus, however, Titmouse was hurrying down Holborn at a rattling rate. When at length he had reached Saffron Hill, he was in a bath of perspiration. His face was quite red; he breathed hard; his heart beat violently; he had got a stitch in his side; and he could not get his gloves on his hot and swollen hands. He stood for a moment with his hat off, wiping his reeking forehead, and endeavouring to recover himself a little, before entering the dreaded presence to which he had been hastening. He even fancied for a moment, that his eyes gave out sparks of light! While thus pausing, St. Andrew's Church struck ten, half electrifying Titmouse, who bolted up the hill, and was soon standing opposite the door. How the sight of it smote him, as it reminded him of the way in which, on the preceding night, he had bounded out of it! But that could not now be helped; so ring went the bell, as softly, however, as he could; for he recollected that it was a very loud bell, and he did not wish to offend. He waited some time, and nobody answered. He waited for nearly two minutes, and trembled, assailed by a thousand vague fears. He might not, however, have rung loudly enough—so—again, a little louder, did he venture to ring. Again he waited. There seemed something threatening in the great brass plate on the door, out of which "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap" appeared to look at him ominously. While he thought of it, by the way, there was something very serious and stern in all their faces—he wondered that he had not noticed it before. What a drunken beast he had been to go on in their presence as he had!—thought he; then Huckaback's image flitted across his disturbed fancy—"Ah!" thought he—"that's the thing! That's it, depend upon it; this door will never be opened to me again—he's done for me!" He breathed faster, clenched his fist, and involuntarily raised it in a menacing way, when he heard himself addressed—"Oh! dear me, sir, I *hope* I haven't kept you waiting," said the old woman whom he had before seen, fumbling in her pocket for the door-key. She had been evidently out shopping, having a plate in her left hand, over which her apron was thrown. "Hope you've not been ringing long, sir!"

"Oh, dear! no, ma'am," replied Titmouse with anxious civility, and a truly miserable smile—"Afraid I may have kept *them* waiting," he added, almost dreading to hear the answer.

"Oh no, sir, not at all—they've all been gone since a little after nine; but there's a letter I was to give you!" She opened the door; Titmouse nearly dropping. "I'll get it for you, sir—let me see, where did I put it?—Oh, in the clerk's room, I think." Titmouse followed her in. "Dear me—where can it be?" she continued, peering about, and then snuffing the long wick of the candle which she had left burning for the last quarter of an hour, during her absence. "I *hope* none of the clerks has put it away in mistake! Well, it isn't here, any how."

"Perhaps, ma'am, it's in their *own* room"—suggested Titmouse, in a faint tone.

"Oh, pr'aps it is!" she replied. "We'll go and

see"—and she led the way, followed closely by Titmouse, who caught his breath as he passed the green-baize door. Yes, there was the room—the scene of last night was transacted there, and came crowding over his recollection;—there was the green-shaded candlestick—the table covered with papers—an arm-chair near it, in which, probably, Mr. Quirk had been sitting only an hour before to write the letter they were now in quest of, and which might be to forbid him their presence for ever! How dreary and deserted the room looked, thought he, as he peered about it in search of the dreaded letter!

"Oh, here it is!—well, I never!—who could have put it here, now? I'm sure I didn't. Let me see—it was, no doubt," said the old woman, holding the letter in one hand, and putting the other to her head—

"Never mind ma'am," said Titmouse, stretching his hand towards her,—“now we've got it, it don't much signify.” She gave it to him. “Seem particularly anxious for me to get it—did they?” he enquired, with a strong effort to appear unconcerned—the dreaded letter quite quivering in his fingers.

"No, sir—Mr. Quirk only said I was to give it you when you called. B'lieve they sent it to you, but the clerk said he couldn't find your place out; by the way, (excuse me, sir,) but your's is a funny name! How I heard 'em laughing at it, to be sure! What makes people give such queer names? Would you like to read it here, sir!—you're welcome."

"No, thank you, madam—it's of not the least consequence," he replied, with a desperate air; and tossing it with attempted carelessness into his hat, which he put on his head, he very civilly wished her good-night, and departed—very nearly inclined to sickness, or faintness, or something of the sort, which the fresh air might perhaps dispel. He quickly espied a lamp at a corner, which promised to afford him an uninterrupted opportunity of inspecting his letter. He took it out of his hat. It was addressed—simply, "Mr. Titmouse, Cocking Court, Oxford Street," (which accounted, perhaps, for the clerk's having been unable to find it;) and having been opened with trembling eagerness, thus it read:—

"Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, present their compliments to Mr. Titmouse, and are anxious to save him the trouble of his intended visit this evening.

"They exceedingly regret that obstacles (which it is to be hoped, however, may not prove ultimately insurmountable) exist in the way of their prosecuting their intended enquiries on behalf of Mr. Titmouse.

"Since their last night's interview with him, circumstances which they could not have foreseen, and over which they have no control, have occurred, which render it unnecessary for Mr. T. to give himself any more anxiety in the affair—at least, not until he shall have heard from Messrs. Q. G. and S.

"If any thing of importance should hereafter transpire, it is not improbable that Mr. T. may hear from them.

"They were favoured, this afternoon, with a visit from Mr. T.'s friend—Mr. Hucklebottom."

"Saffron Hill, Wednesday Even'g, 12th July, 182—."

When poor Titmouse had finished reading over this vague, frigid, and disheartening note a second time, a convulsive sob or two pierced his bosom, indicative of its being indeed swollen with sorrow; and at

length, overcome by his feelings, he cried bitterly—not checked even by the occasional exclamations of one or two passers-by. He could not at all control himself. He felt as if he could have almost relieved himself by banging his head against the wall! A tumultuous feeling of mingled grief and despair prevented his thoughts, for a long while, from setting on any one idea or object. At length, when the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, on concluding a third perusal of the death-warrant to all his hopes, which he held in his hand, his eye lit upon the strange word which was intended to describe his friend Huckaback; and it instantly changed both the kind of his feelings, and the direction in which they had been rushing. Grief became rage; and the stream foamed in quite a new direction—namely, towards Huckaback. That fellow he considered to be the sole cause of the direful disaster which had befallen him. He utterly lost sight of one circumstance, that one should have thought might have occurred to his thoughts at such a time—viz., his own offensive and insolent behaviour over-night, to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. But so it was:—yes, upon the devoted (but unconscious) head of Huckaback, was to descend the lightning rage of Tittlebat Titmouse. The fire that was thus quickly kindled within, soon dried up the source of his tears. He crammed the letter into his pocket, and started off at once in the direction of Leicester Square, breathing rage at every step—*viresque acquirens cundo*. His hands kept convulsively clenching together as he pelted along. Hotter and hotter, became his rage as he neared the residence of Huckaback. When he had reached it, he sprang up stairs; knocked at his *quondam* friend's door; and on the instant of its being—doubtless somewhat surprisedly—opened by Huckaback, who was undressing, Titmouse sprang towards him, let fly a goodly number of violent blows upon his face and breast—and down fell Huckaback upon the bed behind him, insensible, and bleeding profusely from his nose.

"There! there!"—gasped Titmouse, breathless and exhausted, discharging a volley of oaths and opprobrious epithets at the victim of his fury. "Do it again! You will, won't you! You'll go—and meddle again in other people's—you—cu-cu—cursed officious!"—But his rage was spent—the paroxysm was over; the silent and bleeding figure of Huckaback was before his eyes; and he gazed at him, terror-stricken. What had he done! He sunk down on the bed beside Huckaback—then started up, wringing his hands, and staring at him in an ecstasy of remorse and fright. It was rather singular that the noise of such an assault should have roused no one to enquire into it; but so it was. Frightened almost out of his bewildered senses, he closed and bolted the door; and addressed himself, as well as he was able, to the recovery of Huckaback. Propping him up, and splashing cold water in his face, Titmouse at length discovered symptoms of revival, which he anxiously endeavoured to accelerate, by putting to the lips of the slowly-awakening victim of his violence some cold water, in a tea-cup. He swallowed a little; and soon afterwards, opening his eyes, stared on Titmouse with a dull eye and bewildered air.

"What's been the matter?" at length he faintly enquired.

"Oh, Hucky! so glad to hear you speak again. It's I—I—Titty! I did it! Strike me Hucky, as soon as you're well enough! Do—kick me—anything you choose! I won't hinder you" cried Titmouse, sinking on his knees, and clasping his hands together, as he perceived Huckaback rapidly reviving.

"Why—what is the matter?" repeated that gentleman, with a wondering air, raising his hand to his nose, from which the blood was still trickling. The fact is, that he had lost his senses, not so much from the violence of the injuries he had received, as of the suddenness with which they had been inflicted.

"I did it all—yes, I did!" continued Titmouse, gazing on him with a look of agony and remorse.

"Why—I can't be awake—I can't!" said Huckaback, rubbing his eyes, and then staring at his stained shirt-front and hands.

"Oh, yes, you are—you are!" groaned Titmouse; "and I'm going mad as fast as I can! Do what you like to me! Lick me if you please! Call in a constable! Send me to gaol! Say I came to rob you—any thing—I don't care what becomes of me!"

"Why—what does all this jabber mean, Titmouse?" enquired Huckaback sternly, apparently meditating reprisals.

"Oh, yes, I see! Now you are going to give it me! I won't stir. So hit away, Hucky."

"Why—are you mad?" enquired Huckaback, grasping him by the collar rather roughly.

"Yes, quite! Mad!—ruined!—gone to the devil all at once!"

"And what if you are? What did it matter to me? What brought you to me, here?" continued Huckaback, in a tone of increasing vehemence.

"What have I done to offend you? How dare you come here? And at this time of night, too? Eh?"

"What, indeed! Oh lud, oh lud, oh lud! Kick me, I say—strike me! You'll do me me good, and bring me to my senses. Me to do all this to you! And we've been such precious good friends always, I'm a brute, Hucky—I've been mad, stark mad, Hucky—and that's all I can say."

Huckaback stared at him more and more; and began at length to suspect how matters stood—namely, that the Sunday's incident had turned Titmouse's head—he having also, no doubt, heard some desperate bad news during the day, smashing all his hopes. A mixture of emotions kept him silent. Astonishment—apprehension—doubt—pride—pique—resentment. He had been struck—his blood had been drawn—by the man there before him on his knees, formerly his friend, now, he supposed, a madman.

"Why, curse me, Titmouse, if I can make up my mind what to do to you!" he exclaimed. "I—I—suppose you're going mad, or gone mad, and I must forgive you. But get away with you—out with you, or—or—I'll call in!"

"Forgive me—forgive me, dear Hucky! Don't send me away—I shall go and drown myself if you do."

"What the d—l do I care if you do? You'd much better have gone and done it before you came here. Nay, be off and do it now, instead of blubbering here in this way."

"Go on! Hit away—it's doing me good—the worse the better!" sobbed Titmouse.

"Come, come—none of this noise here. I'm tired of it."

"But, pray, don't send me away from you. I shall go straight to the devil if you do. I've no friend but you, Hucky. Yet I've been such a villain to you!—But it quite put the devil into me, when all of a sudden I found it was you."

"Me!—Why what are you after?" interrupted Huckaback, with an air of angry wonder.

"Oh dear, dear!" groaned Titmouse; "if I've been a brute to you, which is quite true, you've been the ruin of me clean! I'm clean done for, Hucky. Cleaned out! You've done my business for me; knocked it all in the head. I sha'n't never hear any more of it—they've said as much in their letter—they say that you've called!"

Huckaback now began to have a glimmering notion of his having been, in some considerable degree, connected with the mischief of the day—an unconscious agent in it. He audibly drew in his breath, as it were, as he more and more distinctly recollected his visit to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and adverted more particularly to his threats, uttered, too, in Titmouse's name, and as if by his authority. Whew! here was a kettle of fish.

Now strange and unaccountable as, at first thought, it may appear, the very circumstance which one would have thought calculated to assuage his resentment against Titmouse—namely, that he had really injured Titmouse most seriously, (if not indeed irreparably,) and so provoked the drubbing which had just been administered to him—had quite the contrary effect. Paradoxical as it may seem, matter of clear mitigation was at once converted into matter of aggravation. Were the feelings which Huckaback then experienced akin to that which often produces hatred of a person whom one has injured? May it be thus accounted for? That there is a secret satisfaction in the mere consciousness of being a sufferer—a martyr—and that, too, in the presence of a person whom one perceives to be aware that he has wantonly injured; that one's bruised spirit is soothed by the sight of his remorse—by the consciousness that he is punishing himself infinitely more severely than we could punish him; and of the claim one has obtained to the sympathy of every body who sees, or may hear of one's sufferings, (that rich and grateful balm to injured feeling.) But when, as in the case of Huckaback, feelings of this description (in a coarse and small way, to be sure, according to his kind) were suddenly encountered by a consciousness of his having deserved his sufferings; when the martyr felt himself quickly sinking into the culprit and offender; when, I say, Huckaback felt an involuntary consciousness that the gross indignities which Titmouse had just inflicted on him, had been justified by the provocation—nay, far less than his mischievous and impudent interference had deserved;—and when feelings of this sort, moreover, were sharpened by a certain tingling sense of physical pain from the blows which he had received—the result was, that the sleeping lion of Huckaback's courage was very near awakening.

"I've half a mind, Titmouse!"—said Huckaback, knitting his brows, and appearing inclined to raise his arm. There was an ominous pause for a moment or two, during which Titmouse's feelings also underwent a slight alteration. His allusion to Huckaback's ruinous insult to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, unconsciously converted his remorse into rage, which

it rather perhaps resuscitated. He rose from his knees. "Ah!" said he, in quite an altered tone, "you *may* look fierce! you may!—you'd better strike me, Huckaback—do! Finish the mischief you've begun this day! Hit away—you're quite safe,"—and he secretly prepared himself for the mischief which—did not come.

[I think you will very rarely find an impudent man to be a courageous one;—and Huckaback had certainly considerable pretensions to the *former* character.]

"You *have* ruined me! you have, Huckaback!" continued Titmouse, with increasing vehemence; "and I shall be cutting my throat—nay," striking his fist on the table, "I will!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Huckaback, apprehensively. "No, Titmouse, don't—don't think of it; it will all come right yet, depend on't; you see if it don't!"

"Oh, no! it's all done for—it's all up with me!"

"But what's been done?—let us hear," said Huckaback, as he passed a wet towel to and fro over his ensanguined features. It was by this time clear that the storm which had for some time given out only a few faint fitful flashes or flickerings in the distance had passed away. Titmouse, with many grievous sighs, took out the letter which had produced the paroxysms we have been describing, and read it aloud. "And only see how they've spelled your name, Huckaback—look!" he added, handing his friend the letter.

"How *particular* vulgar!" exclaimed Huckaback, with a contemptuous air, which, overspreading his features, half closed as was his left eye, and swollen as was his cheek and nose, would have made him a queer object to one who had leisure to observe such matters. "And so this is all they say of *me*," he continued. "How do you come to know that I've been doing you a mischief? All I did was just to look in as respectful as possible, to ask how you was, and they very civilly told me you was very well, and we parted!"

"Nay, and that's a lie, Huckaback, and you know it!" interrupted Titmouse.

"It's true, so help me —!" vehemently asseverated Huckaback.

"Why, perhaps you'll deny that you wrote and told me all you said," interrupted Titmouse, indignantly, feeling in his pocket for Huckaback's letter, which that worthy had at the moment quite forgotten having sent, and certainly seemed rather nonplussed on being reminded of.

"Oh—ay, if you mean *that*,—hem!—he stammered.

"Come, you know you're a liar, Huck—but it's no good now; liar or no liar, it's all over."

"The pot and kettle, anyhow, Tit, as far as that goes—but let's spell over this letter; we haven't studied it yet; I'm a hand rather at getting at what's said in a letter!—Come!"—and they drew their chairs together, Huckaback reading over the letter, slowly, alone; Titmouse's eyes travelling incessantly from his friend's countenance to the letter, and so back again, to gather what might be the effect of its perusal.

"There's a glimpse of daylight yet, Titty!" said Huckaback, as he concluded reading it.

"Now! Is there really? Do tell me, Hucky"—

"Why, first and foremost, how uncommon polite they are, (except that they haven't manners enough to spell my name right)"—

"Really—and so they are!" exclaimed Titmouse, rather elatedly.

"And then, you see, there's another thing—if they'd meant to give the thing the go-by altogether, what could have been easier than to have said so?—but they haven't said any thing of the sort, so they don't mean to give it all up."

"Lord, Huck! what would I give for such a head as yours! What you say is quite true," said Titmouse, still more cheerfully.

"To be sure, they do say there's an *obstacle*—an obstacle, you see—nay, its obstacles, which is several, and that!"—Titmouse's face fell.

"But they say again, that it's—it's—curse their big words—they say it's—to be got over in time."

"Well—that's something, isn't it?"

"To be sure it is; and an't any thing better than nothing? But then, again, here's a stone in the other pocket—they say there's a *circumstance*!—Don't you hate circumstances, Titty?—I do."

"So do I!—What does it mean? I've often heard—isn't it a *thing*. And that may be anything."

"There's a great dif—hem! And they go on to say it's happened since you was there!"

"Curse me, then, if that don't mean *you*, Huckaback!" interrupted Titmouse, with returning anger.

"No, that can't be it; they said they'd no control over the circumstance;—now they *had* over me; for they ordered me to the door, and I went; ain't that so, Titty?—Lord, how my eye does smart, to be sure!"

[This was judiciously thrown in at that moment by Huckaback, as a kind of set-off.]

"And don't I smart all over, inside and out, if it come to that?" enquired Titmouse, dolefully.

"There's nothing particular in the rest of the letter—only uncommon civil, and saying if any thing turns up you shall hear."

"I could make that out myself—so there's nothing in that—" said Titmouse, quickly.

"Well—if it *is* all over—what a pity! Such things as we could have done, Titty, if we'd got the thing—eh?"

Titmouse groaned at this glimpse of the heaven he seemed shut out of for ever.

"Can't you find anything—nothing at all, comfortable-like, in the letter?" he enquired, with a deep sigh.

Huckaback again took up the letter and spelt it over. "Well," said he, striving to give himself an appearance of thinking, "there's something in it that, after all, I don't seem quite to get to the bottom of—they've seemingly taken a deal of pains with it."

[And undoubtedly it was a document that had been pretty well considered by its framers, before being sent out; though, probably, they had hardly anticipated its being so soon afterwards subjected to the scrutiny of the acute intellects which were now engaged upon it.]

"And then, again, you know they're lawyers; and do *they* ever write any thing that hasn't got more in it than any body can find out? These gents that wrote this, they're a trick too keen for the thieves even—and how can we—hem!—but I wonder if that

fat, old, bald-headed gent, with sharp eyes, was Mr. Quirk!"

"To be sure it was," interrupted Titmouse, with a half shudder.

"Was it? Well, then, I'd advise Old Nick to look sharp before he tackles that old gent, that's all!"

"Give me Mr. Gammon for my money—such an uncommon gentlemanlike—he's quite taken to me!"

"Ah, that was he with the black velvet waistcoat, and white hands! But he can look stern, too, Tit! You should have seen him ring—hem!—But what was I saying about the letter? Don't you see they say they'll be sure to write if any thing turns up?"

"So they do, to be sure! Well—I'd forgot that!" interrupted Titmouse, brightening up.

"Then, isn't there their advertisement in the Flash? They had'n't their eye on any thing when they put it there, I dare say!—They can't get out of that, any how!"

"I begin to feel all of a sweat, Hucky; I'm sure there's something in the wind yet!" said Titmouse, drawing nearer still to his comforter. "And more than that—would they have said half they did to me last night?"

"Eh! hollo, by the way! I've not heard of what went on last night! So you went to 'em? Well—tell us all that happened—and nothing but the truth, be sure you don't; come, Titty!" said Huckaback, snuffing the candle, and then turning eagerly to his companion.

"Well—they'd such a number of queer-looking papers before them, some with old German-text writing, and others with zig-zag marks—and they were so uncommon polite—they all three got up as I went in, and made me bows, one after the other, and said, 'Your's most obediently, Mr. Titmouse,' and a great many more such things."

"Well—and then?"

"Why, Hucky, so help me —! and 'pon my soul, that old gent, Mr. Quirk, told me"—Titmouse's voice trembled at the recollection—"he says, 'Sir, you're the real owner of Ten Thousand a-year'!"

"La!" ejaculated Huckaback, opening wider and wider his eyes and ears as his friend went on.

"And a title—a *lord*, or something of that sort—and you've a great many country seats; and there's been £10,000 a-year saving up for you ever since you was born—and heaps of interest!"

"Lord, Tit! you take my breath away," gasped Huckaback, his eyes fixed intently on his friend's face.

"Yes; and they said I might marry the most beautifullest woman that ever my eyes saw, for the asking."

"You'll forget poor Bob Huckaback, Tit!" murmured his friend despondingly.

"Not I!"

"Have you been to Dowlas's to-day, after hearing all this?"

[The thermometer seemed to have been plunged out of hot water into cold—Titmouse was down at zero in a trice.]

"Oh!—that's it! 'Tis all gone again! What a fool I am! We've clean forgot this cursed letter—and that leads me to the end of what took place last night. That cursed shop was what we split on!"

"Split on the shop! eh? What's the meaning of that?" enquired Huckaback, with eager anxiety.

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"Why, that's the thing," continued Titmouse, in a faltering tone, and with a depressed look—"That was what I wanted to know myself; for they said I'd better go back!! So I said, 'Gents,' said I, 'I'll be — if I'll go back to the shop any more;' and I snapped my fingers at them—so! (for you know what a chap I am when my blood's up.) And they all turned gashly pale—they did, upon my life—you never saw any thing like it! And one of them said then, in a humble way, 'Wouldn't I please to go back to the shop, just for a day or two, till things is got to rights a bit.' 'Not a day nor a minute!' said I, in an immense rage. 'We think you'd better, really,' said they. 'Then,' says I, 'if that's your plan, curse me if I won't cut with you all, and I'll employ some one else!' and—would you believe me! out I went, bang! into the street!"

"You did, Tit!"

"They shouldn't have given me so much brandy and water as they did; I didn't well know what I was about, what with the news and the spirits!"

"And you went into the street?" enquired Huckaback, with a kind of horror.

"I did, indeed."

"They'd given you the spirits to see what kind of chap you'd be if you got the property—only to try you, depend on it!"

"Lord! I—I dare say they did!" exclaimed Titmouse, elevating his head with sudden amazement; totally forgetting that that same brandy and water he had asked for—"and me never to think of it at the time!"

"Now are you quite sure you wasn't in a *dream* last night, all the while?"

"Oh, dear, I wish I had been—I do indeed, Hucky!"

"Well—you went into the street—what then?" enquired Huckaback, with a sigh of exhausted attention.

"Why, when I'd got there I was fit to bite my tongue off, as one may suppose; but, just as I was a-turning to go in again, who should come up to me but Mr. Gammon, saying, he humbly hoped there was no offence."

"Oh, glorious! So it was all set right again, then—eh?"

"Why—I—I can't quite exactly say that much, either—but—when I went back, (being obligated by Mr. Gammon being so pressing,) the other two was sitting as pale as death; and though Mr. Gammon and me went on our knees to the old gent, it wasn't any use for a long time; and all that he could be got to say was, that perhaps I might look in again to-night —(but they first made me swear a solemn oath on the Bible never to tell any one any thing about the fortune)—and then—you went, Huckaback, and you did the business; they of course concluding I'd sent you!"

"Bother! that can't be. Don't you see how civilly they speak of me in their letter? They're afraid of me, you may depend on it. By the way, Tit, how much did you promise to come down, if you got the thing?"

"Come down!—I—really—by Jove, I didn't! No!—I'm sure I didn't!" answered Titmouse, as if new light had burst in upon him.

"Why, Tit, I never seed such a goose! That's it, depend upon it—it's the whole thing. That's

what they're driving at, in the note!—Why, Tit, where *was* your wife? D'ye think such gents as them—great lawyers, too—will work for nothing?—You write and tell them you will come down handsome—say a couple of hundreds, besides expenses—Gad! 'twill set you on your pins again, Titty!—Rot me! now I think of it, if I did'n't dream last night that you was a Member of Parliament, or something of that sort."

"A Member of Parliament! And so I shall, if all this turns up well."

"You see if my dream don't come true! You see, Titty, I'm *always* a-thinking of you, day and night. Never was two fellows that was such close friends as we was from the begining."

[They had been acquainted with each other about a year.]

"Hucky, what a cruel scamp I was to behave to you in the manner I did—curse me, if I couldn't cry to see your eye bunged up in that way!"

"Pho! dear Titty, I knew you loved me, all the while—and meant no harm; you wasn't yourself when you did it—and besides, I deserved ten times more.—If you had killed me, I should have liked you as much as ever!"

"Give us your hand, Hucky! Let's forgive one another!" cried Titmouse, excitedly: and their hands were quickly looked together.

"If we don't mismanage the thing, we shall be all right yet, Titty; but you won't do any thing without speaking to me first—will you, Titty?"

"The thoughts of it all going right again is enough to set me wild, Hucky!—But what shall we do to set the thing going again?"

"*Quarter past one!*" quivered the voice of the paralytic watchman beneath, startling the friends out of their exciting colloquy; his warning being at the same time silently seconded by the long-wicked candle, burning within half an inch of its socket. They hastily agreed that Titmouse should immediately write to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, a proper [*i. e.* a most abject letter, solemnly pledging himself to obey their injunctions in every thing for the future, and offering them a handsome reward for their exertions, if successful.

"Well—good-night, Hucky! good-night," said Titmouse, rising. "I'm not the least sleepy—I sha'n't sleep a wink all night long! I shall sit up to write my letter—you haven't got a sheet of paper, here, by the way?—I've used all mine." [That was, he had, some months before, bought a sheet to write a letter, and had so used it.]

Huckaback produced a sheet, somewhat crumpled, from a drawer. "I'd give a hundred if I had them!" said he; "I sha'n't care a straw for the hiding I've got to-night—though I'm a *kettle* sore after it, too—and what the deuce am I to say to-morrow to Messrs. Diaper!"

"Oh, you can't hardly be at a loss for a lie that'll suit *them*, surely!—So good-night, Hucky—good-night!"

Huckaback wrung his friend's hand, and was in a moment or two alone. "Haven't my fingers been itching all the while to be at the fellow!" exclaimed he, as he shut the door. "But, somehow, I've got too soft a spirit, and can't bear to hurt any one;—and then—if the chap gets his £10,000 a-year—why

—hem! Titty an't such a bad fellow, in the main, after all."

If Titmouse had been many degrees higher in the grade of society, *he would still have met with his Huckaback*;—a trifle more polished, perhaps, but hardly more quick-sighted or effective than, in his way, had been the vulgar being he had just quitted!

Titmouse hastened homeward. How it was, he knew not; but the feelings of elation with which he had quitted Huckaback did not last long; they rapidly sunk, in the cold night-air, lower and lower, the farther he got from Leicester Square. He tried to recollect *what it was* that had made him take so very different a view of his affairs from that with which he had entered Huckaback's room. He had still a vague impression that they were not desperate; that Huckaback had told him so, and somehow *proved* it, but how he now knew not—he could not recollect. As Huckaback had gone on, from time to time, Titmouse's little mind seemed to him to comprehend and appreciate what was said, and to gather encouragement from it; but now—consume it!—he stopped—rubbed his forehead—what the deuce was it? By the time that he had reached his own door, he felt in as deploring and despairing a humour as ever. He sat down to write his letter at once; but, after many vain efforts to express his meaning—his feelings being not in the least degree relieved by the many oaths he uttered—he at length furiously dashed his pen, point-wise, upon the table, and thereby destroyed the only implement of the sort which he possessed. Then he tore, rather than pulled off, his clothes; blew out his candle with a furious *puff*; and threw himself on the bed—but in so doing banged the back of his head against the back of the bed—and which suffered most, for some time after, probably Mr. Titmouse was best able to tell.

Hath, then—oh, Titmouse! fated to undergo much!—the blind jade Fortune, in her mad vagaries—she, the goddess whom thou hast so long foolishly worshipped—at length cast her sportful eye upon thee, and singled thee out to become the envy of millions of admiring fools, by reason of the pranks she will presently make thee exhibit for her amusement? If this be indeed, as at present it promises, her intent, she truly, to me calmly watching her movements, appears resolved first to wreak her spite upon thee to the uttermost, and make thee pass through intense sufferings! Oh me! Oh me! Alas!

The accident, for such it was, by which Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap became possessed of the important information which put them into motion, as we have seen, to find out by advertisement one yet unknown to them, it will not be necessary, for some time, for me to explain. There was a keen house, truly; and they would not, one may be sure, have lightly committed themselves to their present extent, namely, in inserting such an advertisement in the newspapers, and above all, going so far in their disclosures to Titmouse. Their prudence in the latter step however, was very questionable to themselves, even; and they immediately afterwards deplored together the precipitation with which Mr. Quirk had communicated to Titmouse the nature and extent of his possible good fortune. It was Mr. Quirk's own doing, however, and after as much expostulation as the cautious Gammon could venture to use. He, however, had his motive, as well as

Mr. Gammon. I say they had not *lightly* taken up the affair; they had not "acted unadvisedly." They were fortified, first, by the opinions of Mr. Mortmain, an able and experienced conveyancer; who thus wound up an abstrusely learned opinion on the voluminous "case" which had been submitted to him:—

"* * Under all these circumstances, I am decidedly of opinion that the well-established rule of law above adverted to, viz., &c., &c., is clearly applicable to the present case; from which it follows, that the title to the estates in question is at this moment not in their present possessor, but in 1789 passed through Dame Dorothy Dreddlington into the female line, and ultimately vested in Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—who, however, seems not to have been at all aware of the existence of his rights, or he could hardly have been concerned in the pecuniary arrangements sanctioned at fol. 33 of the case—and his heirs. Probably something may be heard of them by making careful enquiry in the neighbourhood where he was last heard of, and issuing advertisements for his heir-at-law; care of course being taken not to be so specific in the terms of such advertisements as to attract the notice of A B, (the party, I presume, now in possession.) If such person should, by the means above suggested, be discovered, I advise proceedings to be commenced forthwith, under the advice of some gentleman of experience at the common law bar.

"MOULDY MORTMAIN.

"*Linc. Inn, January 19, 182—.*"

This was sufficiently gratifying to the "House;" but, to make assurance doubly sure, before embarking in so harassing and expensive an enterprise, the same case (of course without Mr. Mortmain's opinion) was laid before a younger conveyancer; who, having much less business than Mr. Mortmain, would, it was thought, "look into the case fully," though receiving only one-third of the fee which had been paid to Mr. Mortmain. And Mr. Fussy Frankpledge—that was his name—*did* "look into the case fully," and in doing so, turned over two-thirds of his little library, and by note, and verbally, gleaned the opinions upon the subject of some dozen or so of his "learned friends;" to say nothing of the magnificent air with which he indoctrinated his eager and confiding pupils upon the subject. At length his imp of a clerk bore the precious result of his master's labours to Saffron Hill, in the shape of "an opinion," three times as long as, and indescribably more difficult to understand, than the opinion of Mr. Mortmain, and which, if it demonstrated any thing beyond the prodigious *cram* which had been undergone by its writer for the purpose of producing it, demonstrated this—namely, that neither the party indicated by Mr. Mortmain, nor the one then actually in possession, had any more right to the estate than the aforesaid Mr. Frankpledge; but that the happy individual so entitled was some third person. Messrs. Quirk and Gammon hummed and hawed a good deal on perusing these contradictory opinions of counsel learned in the law; and the proper result followed—i. e. a "consultation," which was to solder up all the differences between Mr. Mortmain and Mr. Frankpledge, or at all events strike out some light which might guide their clients on their adventurous way.

Now, Mr. Mortmain had been Mr. Quirk's con-

veyancer for about three years; and Quirk was ready to suffer death in defence of any opinion of Mr. Mortmain. Mr. Gammon swore by Frankpledge, who was his brother-in-law, and of course a "rising man." Mortmain belonged to the old school—Frankpledge steered by the new lights. The former could point to hundreds of cases in the Law Reports which had been ruled according to his opinion, and some fifty that had been over-ruled thereby; the latter, although he had been only five years in practice, had written an opinion which led to a suit which had ended in a difference of opinion between the Court of King's Bench and the Common Pleas, the credit of having done which was really not a bit tarnished by the decision of a Court of Error, without hearing the other side *against* the opinion of Mr. Frankpledge. But—

Mr. Frankpledge quoted so many cases, and went to the bottom of every thing—and was so civil.

Well, the consultation came off, at length, at Mr. Mortmain's chambers, at eight o'clock in the evening. A few minutes before that hour, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon were to be seen in the clerk's room, in civil conversation with that prim functionary, who explained to them that he did all Mr. Mortmain's drafting; pupils were so idle that Mr. Mortmain did not score out much of what he (the aforesaid clerk) had drawn; that he noted up Mr. Mortmain's new cases for him in the reports, Mr. M. having so little time; and that the other day the Vice Chancellor called on Mr. Mortmain, with several other matters of that sort, calculated to enhance the importance of Mr. Mortmain, who, as the clerk was asking Mr. Gammon, in a good-natured way, how long Mr. Frankpledge had been in practice, and where his chambers were, made his appearance, with a cheerful look and a bustling gait, having just walked down from his house in Queen's Square, (somewhere in the wilds of Bedford Square, as Mrs. Gore delights to call them, in her West-End pleasantries,) with a comfortable bottle of old port on board. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Frankpledge arrived, followed by his little clerk, bending beneath two bags of books, (unconscious bearer of as much law as had well-nigh split thousands of learned heads, broken tens of thousands of hearts, in the making of, being destined to have a similar but far greater effect in the applying of,) and the consultation began.

As Frankpledge entered, he could not help casting a sheep's-eye towards a table that glistened with such an array of "papers," (a tasteful arrangement of Mr. Mortmain's clerk before every consultation;) and down sate the two conveyancers and the two attorneys. I devoutly wish I had time to describe the scene at length; but greater events are pressing upon me. The two conveyancers fenced with one another for some time very guardedly and good-humouredly; pleasant was it to observe the conscious condescension of Mortmain, the anxious energy and volubility of Frankpledge. When Mr. Mortmain said any thing that seemed weighty or pointed, Quirk looked with an elated air, a quick triumphant glance, at Gammon; who, in his turn, whenever Mr. Frankpledge quoted an "old case" from Bendloe, Godsbolt, or the Year Books, (which, having always piqued himself in his almost exclusive acquaintance with the modern cases, he made a point of doing,) gazed at Quirk with a smile of placid superiority.

Mr. Frankpledge talked almost the whole time; Mr. Mortmain immovable in the view of the case which he had taken in his "opinion," listened with an attentive, good-natured air, ruminating pleasantly the while upon the quality of the port he had been drinking, (the first of the bin which he had tasted,) and the decision which the Chancellor might come to on a case brought into court, on his advice, and which had been argued that afternoon. At last Frankpledge unwittingly fell foul of a favourite crotchet of Mortmain's—and at it they went, hammer and tongs, for nearly twenty minutes, (it had nothing whatever to do with the case they were commenting upon.) In the end, Mortmain of course adhered to his points, and Frankpledge entrenched himself in his books; each slightly yielded to the views of the other on immaterial points, (or what could have appeared the use of the consultation?) but did that which both had resolved upon doing from the first, *i. e.* sticking to his original opinion. Both had talked an amazing deal of deep law, which had at least one effect, *viz.*, it fairly drowned both Quirk and Gammon, who as they went home, with not (it must be owned) the clearest perceptions in the world of what had been going on, (though, before going to the consultation, each had really known a good deal about the case,) stood each stoutly by his conveyancer's opinion, each protesting that he had never been once misled—Quirk by Mortmain, or Gammon by Frankpledge—and each resolved to give his man more of the business of the House than he had before. I grieve to add that they parted that night with a trifle less of cordiality than had been their wont. In the morning, however, this little irritation and competition had passed away; and they agreed before giving up the case, to take the final opinion of Mr. TRESAYLE—the great Mr. Tresayle. He was, indeed, a wonderful conveyancer—a perfect miracle of real-property law-learning. He had such an enormous practice for forty-five years, that for the last ten he had never put his nose out of chambers for pure want of time, and at last of inclination; and had been 'so conversant with Norman French and law Latin, in the old English letter, that he had almost entirely forgotten how to write the modern English character. His opinions made their appearance in three different kinds of hand-writing. First, one that none but he and his old clerk could make out; secondly, one that none but he himself could read; and thirdly, one that neither he, nor his clerk, nor any one on earth could decipher. The use of any one of these styles depended on—the difficulty of the case to be answered. If it were an easy one, the answer was very judiciously put into No. I; if rather difficult, it, of course, went into No. II; and if exceedingly difficult, (and also important,) it was very properly thrown into No. III; being a question that really ought not to have been asked, and did not deserve an answer. The fruit within these uncouth shells, however, was precious, Mr. Tresayle's law was supreme over every body's else. It was currently reported that Lord Eldon even (who was himself slightly acquainted with such subjects) reverently deferred to the authority of Mr. Tresayle; and would lie winking and knitting his shaggy eyebrows half the night, if he thought that Mr. Tresayle's opinion on a case and his own differed. This was the great authority to whom, as in the last resort,

Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, resolved to appeal. To his chambers they, within a day or two after their consultation at Mr. Mortmain's, despatched their case, with a highly respectable fee, and a special compliment to his clerk, hoping to hear from that awful quarter within two months—which was the earliest average period within which Mr. Tresayle's opinions found their way to his patient but anxious clients. It came, at length, with a note from Mr. Faithful, his clerk, intimating that they would find him at chambers the next morning, prepared to explain the opinion to them; having just had it read over to him by Mr. Tresayle, for it proved to be in No. II. The opinion occupied about two pages; and the handwriting bore a strong resemblance to Chinese, or Arabic, with a quaint intermixture of the Uncial Greek character—it was impossible to contemplate it without a certain feeling of awe! In vain did old Quirk squint at it, from all quarters for nearly a couple of hours, (having first called in the assistance of a friend of his, an old attorney of upwards of fifty years' standing;) nay—even Mr. Gammon, foiled at length, could not for the life of him refrain from a soft curse or two. Neither of them could make any thing of it—(as for Snap, they never showed it to him; it was not within his province—*i. e.* the Insolvent Debtor's Court, the Old Bailey, the Clerkenwell Sessions, the Inferior business of the Common Law Courts, and the worrying of the clerks of the office—a department in which he was perfection itself.)

To their great delight, Mr. Tresayle's opinion completely corroborated Mr. Mortmain's, (neither whose nor Mr. Frankpledge's had been laid before him.) Nothing could be more terse, perspicuous, and conclusive than the great man's opinion. Mr. Quirk was in raptures, and immediately sent out for an engraving of Mr. Tresayle, which had lately come out, for which he paid 5s., and ordered it to be framed and hung up in his own room, where already grinned a quaint resemblance, in black profile, of Mr. Mortmain. In special good-humour he assured Mr. Gammon, (who was plainly somewhat crestfallen about Mr. Frankpledge,) that every-body must have a beginning; and he (Quirk) had been once only a beginner.

Once fairly on the scent, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon soon began secretly but energetically, to push their enquiries in all directions. They discovered that Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, having spent the chief portion of his blissful days as a cobbler at Whitehaven, had died in London, somewhere about the year 1792 or 1793. At this point they stood for a long while, in spite of two advertisements, to which they had been driven with the greatest reluctance, for fear of attracting the attention of those most interested in thwarting them. Even that part of the affair had been managed somewhat skilfully. It was a stroke of Gammon's to advertise not for "Heir at Law," but "*Next of Kin*," as the reader has seen. The former might have challenged a notice of unfriendly curiosity, which the latter was hardly calculated to attract. At length—at the "third time of asking"—up turned Tittlebat Titmouse, in the way which we have seen. His relationship with Mr. Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was indisputable; in fact, he was that "deceased person's" heir-at-law. The reader may guess the chagrin

of Mr. Gammon at the appearance, manner, and character of the person whom he fully believed, on first seeing him at Messrs. Dowlas's, to be the rightful owner of the fine estates held by one who, as against Titmouse, had no more real title to them than had Mr. Tag-rag; and for whom their house was to undertake the very grave responsibility of instituting such proceedings as would be requisite to place Mr. Titmouse in the position which they believed him entitled to occupy—having to encounter a hot and desperate opposition at every point, from those who had nine-tenths of the law—to wit, *possession*—on their side, on which they stood as upon a rock; and with immense means for carrying on the war defensive. That Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, did not contemplate undertaking all this, without having calculated upon its proving well worthy their while, was only reasonable. They were going voluntarily to become the means of conferring immense benefits upon one who was a total stranger to them—who had not a penny to expend upon the prosecution of his own rights. Setting aside certain difficulties which collected themselves into two awkward words, *MAINTENANCE* and *CHAMPERTY*, and stared them in the face whenever they contemplated any obvious method of securing the just reward of their enterprise and toils—setting aside all this, I say, it might turn out, only after a ruinous expenditure, that the high authorities which had sanctioned their proceedings, in point of law, had expressed their favourable opinions on a state of facts, which, however plain and compact they looked on paper, could not be properly substantiated, if keenly sifted, and determinedly resisted. All this, too—all their time, labour, and money, to go for nothing—on behalf of a vulgar, selfish, ignorant, presumptuous, ungrateful puppy, like Titmouse. Well indeed, therefore, might Mr. Gammon, as we have seen he did, give himself and partners a forty-eight hours' interval between his interview with Titmouse and formal introduction of him to the firm, in which to consider their position and mode of procedure. The taste of his quality which that first interview afforded them all—so far surpassing all that the bitter description of him given to them by Mr. Gammon had prepared them for—filled them with inexpressible disgust, and would have induced them to throw up the whole affair—so getting rid both of it and him together. But then, on the other hand, there were certain very great advantages, both of a professional and even directly pecuniary kind, which it would have been madness indeed for any office lightly to throw away. It was really, after all, an unequal struggle between feeling and interest. If they should succeed in unseating the present wrongful possessor of a very splendid property, and putting in his place the rightful owner, by means alone of their own professional ability, perseverance, and heavy pecuniary outlay, (a fearful consideration, truly!) what recompense could be too great for such resplendent services? To say nothing of the *clat* which it would gain for their office, in the profession and in the world at large, and the substantial and permanent advantages, if, as they ought to be, they were entrusted with the general management of the property by the new and inexperienced, and confiding owner—ay, but there was the rub! What a disheartening and disgusting specimen of such new owner had disclosed itself to their anxious-

ly expecting but soon recoiling eyes—always, however, making due allowances for one or two cheering indications, on Mr. Titmouse's part, of a certain rapacious and litigious humour, which might pleasantly and profitably occupy their energies for some time to come! Their position and interests had long made them sharp observers; but when did ever before low and disgusting qualities force themselves into revolting prominence, as his had done, in the very moment of an expected display of the better feelings of human nature—such as enthusiastic gratitude? They had in their time had to deal with some pleasant specimens of humanity, to be sure—but where any more odious and impracticable than Tittlebat Titmouse threatened to prove himself? What hold could they get upon such a character as his? Beneath all his coarseness and weakness, there was a glimmer of low cunning which might, *ceteris paribus*, keep their superior and practised astuteness in full play. These were difficulties, cheerless enough in the contemplation, truly; but, nevertheless, the partners could not bear the idea of escaping from them by throwing up the affair altogether. Then came the question—How were they to manage Titmouse?—how acquire an early and firm hold of him, so as to convert him into a *capital client*? His fears and his interests were obviously the engines with which their experienced hands were to work; and several long and most anxious consultations had Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap had on this important matter. The first great question with them was—To what extent, and when, they should acquaint him with the nature of his expectations?

Gammon was for keeping him comparatively in the dark, till success was within reach; during that interval, (which might be a long one,) by alternately stimulating his hopes and fears; by habituating him to an entire dependence in them; by persuading him of the extent of their exertions and sacrifices on his behalf—they *might* do something; mould him a little into shape fit for their purposes; and persuade him that his affairs must needs go to ruin but in their hands. Something like this was the scheme of the cautious, acute, and placid Gammon. Mr. Quirk thought thus:—tell the fellow at once the whole extent of what we can do for him, viz., turn a half-starving linen-draper's shopman into the owner of £10,000 a-year, and a great store of ready money. This will, in a manner, stun him into submission, and make him at once and for all what we want him to be. He will immediately fall prostrate with reverent gratitude—looking at us, moreover, as three gods, who at our will can shut him out of heaven. *That's* the way, said Mr. Quirk; and Mr. Quirk had been forty years in practice—had made the business what it was—still held half of it in his own hands, (two-thirds of the remaining half being Gammon's, and the residue Snap's;) and Gammon, moreover, had a very distinct perception that the funds for carrying on the war would come out of the tolerably well-stored pockets of their senior partner. So, after a long discussion, he openly yielded his opinion to that of Mr. Quirk—cherishing, however, a very warm respect for it in his own bosom. As for Snap, that distinguished member of the firm was very little consulted in the matter; which had not yet been brought into that stage where his powerful energies could come into play. He had of course, however,

heard a good deal of what was going on; and knew that ere long there would be the copying out and serving of the lord knows how many copies of declarations in ejectment, motions against the casual ejector, and so forth—he was quite up to all those quaint and anomalous proceedings. Well, it was agreed that the communication to Titmouse, on his first interview, of the full extent of his splendid expectations, should depend upon the discretion of Mr. Quirk. The reader has seen the unexpected turn which matters took upon that important occasion; and if it proved Quirk's policy to be somewhat inferior in point of discretion and long-sightedness to that of Gammon, still it must be owned that the latter had cause to admire the rapid generalship with which the consequences of Quirk's false move had been retrieved by him—not ill seconded by Snap. What could have been more judicious than his reception of Titmouse, on the occasion of his being led in again by the subtle Gammon?

The next and greatest matter was, how to obtain any hold upon such a person as Titmouse, so as to secure to themselves, in the event of success, the remuneration to which they considered themselves entitled. Was it so perfectly clear that, if he felt disposed to resist it, they could compel him to pay the mere amount of their bill of costs?

Suppose he should turn round upon them, and have their BILL TAXED—Quirk granted with fright at the bare thought. Then there was a slapping *quiddam honorarium* extra—undoubtedly for *that* they must, they feared, trust to the honour and gratitude of Titmouse; and a pretty taste of his quality they had already experienced! Such a disposition as his to have to rely upon for the prompt settlement of a bill of thousands of pounds of costs; and, besides that, to have it to look to for the payment of at least some five thousand pounds *douceur*—nay, and this was not all. Mr. Quirk had, as well as Mr. Gammon, cast many an anxious eye on the following passages from a certain work entitled *Blackstone's Commentaries*:

"MAINTENANCE is an officious intermeddling in a suit that no way belongs to one, by 'maintaining' or assisting either party with money, or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it.*" It is an offence against public justice, as it keeps alive strife and contention, and perverts the remedial process of the law into an engine of oppression.** The punishment by common-law is fine and imprisonment, and by statute 32 Hen. VIII. c. 9, a forfeiture of L. 10!

"CHAMPERTY—(*campi partitio*)—is a species of maintenance, and punished in the same manner; being a bargain with a plaintiff or defendant '*campum partiri*,' to divide the land, or other matter sued for, between them, if they prevail at law; whereupon the champertor is to carry on the suit at his own expense.** These pests of civil society, that are perpetually endeavouring to disturb the repose of their neighbours, and officiously interfering in other men's quarrels, even at the hazard of their own fortunes, were severely animadverted on by the Roman law; and they were punished by the forfeiture of a third part of their goods, and perpetual infamy."

These are pleasant passages.

* Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. IV. pp. 134-5.

Many were the conversations and consultations which the partners had had with Messrs. Mortmain and Frankpledge respectively, upon the interesting question, whether there were any mode of at once securing themselves against the ingratitude of Titmouse, and protecting themselves against the penalties of the law. It made Mr. Quirk's bald head even flush all over whenever he thought of their bill being taxed, or contemplated himself the inmate of a prison, (above all, at his advanced time of life,) with mournful leisure to meditate upon the misdeeds that had sent him thither, to which profitable exercise the legislature would have specially stimulated him by a certain *fine* above mentioned. As for Gammon, he knew there *must* be a way of doing the thing somehow or another; for his friend Frankpledge felt infinitely less difficulty in the way than Mortmain, whom he considered a timid and old-fashioned practitioner. The courts, he said, were now setting their faces strongly against the doctrine of Maintenance, as being founded on a bygone state of things, (*cessante ratione cessat et ipsa lex*, was his favourite maxim.) There was no wrong without a remedy, he said; and was there not a *wrong* in the case of a poor man wrongfully deprived of his own? And how could this be *remedied*, if the old law of Maintenance stood like a bugbear in the way of humane and spirited practitioners? Was no one to be able to take up the cause of the oppressed, encouraged by the prospect of an ample recompense? If it was said—let the claimant sue in *forma pauperis*: but then he must swear that he is not worth five pounds; and a man may not be able to take that oath, and yet be unequal to the commencement of a suit requiring the outlay of thousands. Moreover, a pretty prospect it was for such a suitor, (*in forma pauperis*), if he should happen to be non-suited—to be "put to his election, whether to be whipped or pay the costs."* Thus reasoned within himself that astute person, Mr. Frankpledge; and at length satisfied himself that he had framed an instrument which would "meet the case"—that "would hold water." I am not very well versed in legal matters; but to the best of my recollection it was something in the nature of a bond, conditioned to pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, within two months of Titmouse's being put into possession of the rents and profits. The condition of that bond was, as its framer believed, drawn in a masterly manner; and his draft was lying before Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, on the Wednesday morning, (*i. e.* the day after Titmouse's interview with them,) and had succeeded at length in exciting the approbation of Mr. Quirk himself; when—whew!—down came a note from Mr. Frankpledge, to the effect that, "since preparing the draft bond," he had "had reason *slightly* to modify his original opinion," owing to his "having lit upon a *LATE* case," in which an instrument precisely similar to the one which he had prepared for his admiring clients, had been held totally "ineffectual and void both at law and in equity." I say, Mr. Frankpledge's note was to that effect; for so ingeniously had he framed it—so effectually concealed his retreat beneath a little cloud of contradictory authorities, like as the ink

* Blackstone, Vol. III. p. 400, where it is stated, however, that "that practice is now disused."

fish, they say, eludeth its pursuers—that his clients cursed the law, not their draftsman: and, moreover, by prudently withholding the name of the “late case,” he at all events, for a while, had prevented their observing that it was *senior* to some eight or ten cases which (Indefatigable man!) he had culled for them out of the legal garden, and arrayed on the back of his draft. Slightly disconcerted were Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, it may be believed, at this new view of the “result of the authorities.” “Mortmain is always right!” said Quirk, looking hard at Gammon; who observed simply that one day Frankpledge would be as old as Mortmain then was, by which time (thought he) I also know where you will be, my old friend, if there’s any truth in the Scriptures! In this pleasant frame of mind were the partners, when the impudent apparition of Huckaback presented itself, in the manner which has been described. Huckaback’s commentary on the disgusting text of Titmouse over-night, (as a lawyer would say, in analogy to a well-known term, “Coke upon Littleton.”) produced an effect upon their minds which may be guessed at. It was while their minds were under these two soothing influences, i. e. of the insolence of Huckaback and the vaillation of Frankpledge, that Mr. Gammon had penned the note to Titmouse, (surely, under the circumstances, one of extraordinary temperance and forbearance,) which had occasioned Titmouse the agonies which I have been attempting faintly to describe;—and that Quirk, summoning Snap into the room, had requested him to give orders for denial to Titmouse if he should again make his appearance at the office; which injunction Snap forthwith delivered in the clerk’s room, in a tone and manner that were a model of the imperative mood.

A day or two afterwards, Mr. Quirk, (who was a man that stuck like a limpet to a rock to any point which occurred to him,) in poring over that page in the fourth volume of Blackstone’s Commentaries, where were to be found the passages which have been already quoted, (and which both Quirk and Gammon had long had off by heart,) as he sat one day at dinner, at home, whither he had taken the volume in question, fancied he had at last hit upon a notable crotchet, which, the more he thought of, the more he was struck with; determining to pay a visit in the morning to Mr. Mortmain. The spark of light that had twinkled till it kindled in the tinder of his mind, was struck by his hard head out of the following sentence of the text in question:—

“A man may, however, maintain the suit of his near kinsman, servant, or poor NEIGHBOUR, out of *charity and compassion*, with impunity; otherwise, the punishment is.” &c. &c.

Now, it seemed to Mr. Quirk, that the words which I have placed in italics and small capitals, exactly met the case of poor Tittlebat Titmouse. He stuck to that view of the case, till he almost began to think that he really had a kind of a sort of a charity and compassion for poor Tittlebat—kept out of his rights—tyrannized over by a vulgar draper in Oxford Street—where, too, no doubt, he was half-starved. “It’s a great blessing that one’s got the means—and the inclination, to serve one’s poor neighbours”—thought Quirk, as he slowly swallowed another glass of the wine that maketh glad the heart of man—and also softens it;—for the more he drank, (what else

had he to enjoy?—for he had long been a widower,) the more and more pitiful became his mood—the more sensitive was he to compassionate suggestions; and by the time that he had finished the decanter, he was actually in tears. These virtuous feelings brought their own reward, too—for, from time to time, they conjured up the faint image of a bond conditioned for the payment of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!

To change the metaphor a little—by the time that old Quirk had reached his office in the morning, the heated iron had cooled; if his heart had retained any of the gaudlin softness of the preceding evening, the following pathetic letter from Titmouse might have made a very deep impression upon it, and fixed him in the benevolent and disinterested mind of the old lawyer, as indeed his “poor neighbour.” The following is an exact copy of it. It had been written by Titmouse, all out of his own head; and with his own hand had he left it, at a late hour on the night before.

“To Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

“Gents,

“Yr Esteem’d Favour his now before Me, which must Say have Given me Much Concern, seeing I Thought it was All Made up betwixt us That was of Such an *Unpleasant Nature* on Tuesday night (ultimo) wh I most humbly Own (and Acknowledge) was all alone and *intirely* of my Own Fault, and Not in the Least Your’s which behaved to me, Must say, In the most Respectful and superior manner that was possible to think Of, for I truly Say I never was In the Company of Such Imminent and Superior Gents before In my Life wh will take my Oath sincerely Of, Gents. Please to consider the Brandy (wh *do think was Uncommon Stiff*) such a flustrum As I Was In before, to, wh was Evident to All of Us there then Assemblid and very natral like to be the Case Seeing I have nevir known what Peas of Mind was since I behaved In Such a *Oudacious* way wh truly was the case I can’t Deny to Such Gents as Yourselfs that were doing me such Good Fortune And Kindness to me as it would Be a Dreadful *sin and shame* (such as Trust I can never be Guilty of) to be (wh am not) and never Can Be insensible Of, Gents do Consider all this Favourably because of my humble Amends wh I here Make with the greatest Trouble in my Mind that I have Had Ever Since, it was all of the Sperrits I Tooke wh made me Go On at such a Rate wh was always (beg to Assure yr respe house) the Case Since my birth when I took Sperrits near so little Since I had the Meazles when I was 3 Years Old as I Well Recollect and hope it will be Born in Mind what is Often Said, and I’m Sure I’ve read it Somewhere Else that People that is Drunk Always speaks the *Direct Contrarywise* of their True and Real Thoughts. (wh am Certain never was any Thing Truer in my case) so as I get the Money or What not, do whatever you Like wh are quite welcome to do if you please, and No questions Asked, don’t Mind saying by The Way It shall Be As Good as £200 note in The way of your Respe House if I Get the Estate of wh am much in Want of, Mr. Gamon (wh is the most Upright gent that ever I came across in All my Life) will tell you that I Was Quite Cut up when he came After me in that kind Way and told him Then how I loved yr Respects House and would do all In My power to Serve Yee,

which see if I Don't, I was in Such a rage with that Fellow (He's only in a *Situation* in Tottenham Ct Road) Huokaback which is his true name it was an *audacious* thing, and have given him such a Precious Good hiding last Night as you never saw when on his Bendid Knees He asked the pardon of your Respectable House, sayg nothing Of Me wh wd not allow because I said I would Not Forgive Him because he had not injured me: But you, wh I wonder at his *Impudence* in Calling on Professional Gents like you, if I get The Estate shall never cease to Think well of you and mean While how full of Trouble I am *Often Thinking Of Death* which is the End of Every Thing And then in that Case who will the Property Go to Seeing I Have never a Brother or Sister Behind me. And Therefore Them That wd Get it I Feel Sure of wd Not do So Well by you (if You will Only believe Me) So Gents. This is All at present That I will Make so Bold to trouble you With About my Unhappy Affairs Only to say That am *used* most Intolerably Bad now In The Shop quite Tyranicall And Mr Tag-Rag as Set Them All Against Me and I shall Never Get Another Situatn for want of a Charr which he will give me sayg nothg at Present of the Sort of Victules wh give me Now to Eat Since Monday last, For Which am Sure the Devil must have Come In to That Gentleman (Mr Tag-rag, he was only himself in a *Situation* in Holborn once, gets the Business by marryg the widow wh wonder At for he is nothing Particular to Look At.) I am yrs

Humbly to Command Till Death (always Humbly Begging pardon for the bad Conduct wh was guilty of when In Liquor Especially On an Empty Stomach, Having Taken Nothing all that Day excepting what I could not Eat.)

Your's most Respy

TITTLERAT TITMOUSE."

P. S. Will Bring That young Man with Tears In his Eyes to Beg yr pardon Over again If You Like wh will Solemnly Swear if Required That he did It all of His *own* Head And that Have given It him For it in the Way That is Written Above And humbly Trust You Will make Me So happy Once more by Writing To Me (if it is only a Line) to say You have Thought No more of it. T. T. No 9 Closet Ct. Oxford Street. 14-7-182."

This touching epistle, I was saying, might have brought tears into Mr. Quirk's eyes, if he had been *used* to the melting mood, which he was not; having never been seen to shed a tear but once—when five sixths of his little bill of costs (L. 196, 15s. 4d.) were taxed off in an action on a Bill of Exchange for L. 20. As it was, he tweedled the letter about in his hands for about five minutes, in a musing mood, and then stepped with it into Mr. Gammon's room. That gentleman took the letter with an air of curiosity, and read it over; at every sentence [if indeed a sentence was in it] bursting into soft laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed on concluding it—"a comical gentleman, Mr. Titmouse, upon my honour!"

"Funny—isn't it rather?" interposed Mr. Quirk, standing with his hands fumbling in his breeches pockets.

"What a crawling despicable rascal!—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why—I don't quite say that, either," said

Quirk, doubtingly—"I—don't exactly look at it in *that* light."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Gammon, leaning back in his chair, and laughing rather heartily, (at least for him.)

"You can't leave off that laugh of yours," said Quirk, a little tartly; "but I must say I don't see any thing in the letter to laugh at so particularly. It is written in a most respectful manner, and shows a proper feeling towards the House."

"Ay! see how he speaks of *me*!" interrupted Gammon, with such a smile.

"And doesn't he speak so of me? and all of us?"

"He'll let the House tread on him till he can tread on the House, I dare say."

"But you must own, Mr. Gammon, it shows we've licked him into shape a bit—eh?"

"Oh, it's a little vile creeping reptile now, and so it will be to the end of the chapter—of our proceedings; and when we've *done* every thing—really, Mr. Quirk! if one were apt to lose one's temper, it would be to see such a *thing* as that put into possession of such a fortune."

"That may be, Mr. Gammon; but I really—trust—I've—a higher feeling—to right—the injured"—He could get no further.

"Hem!" exclaimed Gammon.

The parties smiled at one another. A touch, or an attempted touch at *disinterestedness*!—and at Quirk's time of life!

"But he's now in a humour for *training*, at all events—isn't he?" exclaimed Quirk—"we've something now to go to work upon—gradually."

"Isn't that a leaf out of *my* book, Mr. Quirk? isn't that exactly what?"

"Well, well—what does it signify?" interrupted Quirk, rather petulantly—"I've got a crotchet that'll do for us, yet, about the matter of law, and make all right and tight,—so I'm going to Mortmain."

"I've got a little idea of my own of that sort, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon—"I've got an extract from Co-Litt—. I can't imagine how either of them could have missed it, and, as Frankpledge dines with me to-day we shall talk it all over. But, by the way Mr. Quirk, I should say, with all deference, that we'll take no more notice of this fellow till we've got some screw tight enough."

"Why—all that may be very well; but you see, Gammon, the fellow seems the real heir, after all—and if he don't get it, *no one can*; and if he don't—we don't! eh?"

"There's a very great deal of force in that observation, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon emphatically:—and tolerably well pleased with one another, they parted. If Quirk might be compared to an old file, Gammon was the *oil*!—so they got on, in the main, very well together. It hardly signifies what was the result of their interviews with their two conveyancers. They met in the morning on ordinary business; and as each made no allusions whatever to the "crotchet" of the day before, it may be inferred that each had been satisfied by his conveyancer of having found a mare's nest.

"I think, by the way," said Mr. Gammon to Mr. Quirk, before they parted on the previous evening, "it may be as well, all things considered, to acknowledge the receipt of the fellow's note—eh?—*Can*'s

do any harm, you know, and civility costs nothing—hem!"

"The very thing I was thinking of," replied Quirk, as he always did on hearing any suggestion from Mr. Gammon. So by that night's post was dispatched (post-paid) the following note to Mr. Titmouse:—

"Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Titmouse's polite letter of last night's date; and earnestly beg that he will not distress himself about the little incident that occurred at their office on Tuesday night, and which they assure him they have quite forgotten. They made all allowances, however their feelings suffered at the time. They beg Mr. T. will give them credit for not losing sight of his interests, to the best of their ability, obstructed as they are, however, by numerous serious difficulties. If they should be in any degree hereafter overcome, he may rest assured of their promptly communicating with him; and till then they trust Mr. T. will not inconvenience himself by calling on, or writing to them.

"Saffron Hill, 15th July, 182—.

"P. S.—Messrs. Q. G. and S. regret to hear that any unpleasantness has arisen (Gammon could hardly write for laughing) between Mr. Titmouse and his friend Mr. Hicklebag, who, they assure him, manifested a very warm interest on behalf of Mr. T., and conducted himself with the greatest propriety on the occasion of his calling upon Messrs. Q. G. and S. They happened at that moment to be engaged in matters of the highest importance; which will, they trust, explain any appearance of abruptness they might have exhibited towards that gentleman. Perhaps Mr. Titmouse will be so obliging as to intimate as much to Mr. Hickerbag."

"There was an obvious reason for this polite allusion to Huckaback. Gammon thought it very possible that that gentleman might be in Mr. Titmouse's confidence, and exercise a powerful influence over him hereafter; and which influence Messrs. Q. G. and S. might find it well worth their while to secure beforehand.

The moment that Titmouse, with breathless haste, had read over this mollifying document, which being directed to his lodgings correctly, he of course did not obtain till about ten o'clock, he hastened to his friend Huckaback. That gentleman [who seemed now virtually recognised by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap as Titmouse's confidant] shook his head ominously, exclaiming—"Blarney, blarney!" and a bitter sneer settled on his disagreeable features, till he had read down to the postscript; the perusal of which effected a sudden change in his feelings. He declared, with a great oath, that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were "perfect gentlemen," and would "do the right thing, Titmouse might depend upon it;" an assurance which greatly cheered Titmouse, to whose keen discernment it never once occurred to refer Huckaback's altered tone to the right cause, viz., the lubricating quality of the postscript; and since Titmouse did not allude to it, no more did Mr. Huckaback, although his own double misnomer stuck a little in his throat. So effectual, indeed, had been that most skilful postscript upon the party whom it had been aimed at, that he exerted himself unceasingly to revive Titmouse's confidence

in Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and so far succeeded, that Titmouse returned to his lodgings at a late hour, a somewhat happier, if not a wiser man than he had left them. By the time, however, that he had got into bed, having once more spelt over the note in question, he felt as despondent as ever, and thought that Huckaback had not known what he had been talking about. He also adverted to an *apparently* careless allusion by Huckaback to the injuries which had been inflicted upon him by Titmouse on the Wednesday night: and which, by the way, Huckaback determined it should be no fault of his if Titmouse easily forgot! He hardly knew why—but he disliked this particularly:—Whom had he, however, in the world, but Huckaback? In company with him alone, Titmouse felt that his pent-up feelings could discharge themselves. Huckaback had certainly a wonderful knack of keeping up Titmouse's spirits, whatever cause he fancied he might really have for depression. In short, he longed for the Sunday morning—ushering in a day of rest and sympathy. Titmouse would indeed then have to look back upon an agitating and miserable week, what with the dismal upsetting of his hopes, in the manner I have described, and the tyrannical treatment he experienced at Dowlas and Co.'s. Mr. Tag-rag began, at length, in some degree, to relax his *active* exertions against Titmouse, simply because of the trouble it gave him to keep them up. He attributed the pallid cheek and depressed manner of Titmouse entirely to the discipline which had been inflicted upon him at the shop, and was gratified at perceiving that all his other young men seemed, especially in his presence, to have imbibed his hatred of Titmouse. What produced in Tag-rag this hatred of Titmouse? Simply what had taken place on the Monday. Mr. Tag-rag's dignity and power had been doggedly set at naught by one of his shopman, who had since refused to make the least submission, or offer any kind of apology. Such conduct struck at the root of subordination in his establishment. Again, there is perhaps nothing in the world so calculated to enrage a petty and vulgar mind to the highest pitch of malignity, as the calm persevering defiance of an inferior, whom it strives to *despise*, while it is only *hating*, which it at the same time feels to be the case. Tag-rag now and then looked towards Titmouse, as he stood behind the counter, as if he could have murdered him. Titmouse attempted once or twice, during the week, to obtain a situation elsewhere, but in vain. He could expect no character from Tag-rag; and when the 10th of August should have arrived, what was to become of him? These were the kind of thoughts often passing through his mind during the Sunday, which he and Huckaback spent together in unceasing conversation on the one absorbing event of the last week. Titmouse, poor puppy, had dressed himself with just as much care as usual; but as he was giving the finishing touches at his toilet, pumping up grievous sighs every half minute, the sum of his reflections might be stated in the miserable significance of a quaint saying of Poor Richard's,—"How hard is it to make an empty sack stand upright!"

Although the sun shone as vividly and beautifully as on the preceding Sunday, to Titmouse's saddened eye there seemed a sort of gloom every where. Up and down the Park he and Huckaback walked,

towards the close of the afternoon; but Titmouse had not so elastic a strut as before. He felt empty and sinking. Every body seemed to know what a sad pretender he was: and they quitted the magic circle much earlier than had been usual with Titmouse. What with the fatigue of a long day's saunter, the vexation of having had but a hasty, inferior, and unrefreshing meal, which did not deserve the name of dinner, and their unpleasant thoughts, both seemed depressed as they walked along the streets. At length they arrived at the open doors of a gloomy-looking building, into which two or three sad and prim-looking people were entering. After walking a few paces past the door—"D'ye know, Huck," said Titmouse, stopping, "I've often thought that—there's something in *Religion*."

"To be sure there is, for those that like it—who doubts it? 'It's all very well in its place, no doubt," replied Huckaback, with much surprise, which increased, as he felt himself slowly being awayed round towards the building in question. "Well, but what of that?"

"Oh, nothing; but—hem! hem!" replied Titmouse, sinking his voice to a whisper—"a touch of—religion—would not be so much amiss, just now. I feel—uncommon inclined that way, somehow."

"Religion's all very well for them that has much to be thankful for; but devil take me! what have either you or me to be?"

"But, Huck—how do you know but we might get something to be thankful for, by praying—I've often heard of great things;—Come."

Huckaback stood for a moment irresolute, twirling about his cane, and looking rather distastefully towards the dingy building. "To be sure," said he, faintly. Titmouse drew him nearer; but he suddenly started back.—"No! oh, 'tis only a meeting house, Tit! Curse Dissenters, how I hate 'em! No—I won't pray in a meeting-house, let me be bad as I may. Give me a regular-like, respectable church, with a proper steeple, and parson, and prayers, and all that."

Titmouse secretly acknowledged the force of these observations; and the intelligent and piously disposed couple, with perhaps a just, but certainly a somewhat sudden regard for orthodoxy, were not long before they had found their way into a church where evening service was being performed. They ascended the gallery stair; and seeing no reason to be ashamed of being at church, down they both went, with loud clattering steps and a bold air, into the very central seat in the front of the gallery, which happened to be vacant. Titmouse paid a most exemplary attention to what was going on, kneeling, sitting, and standing with exact propriety, in the proper places; joining audibly in the responses, and keeping his eyes pretty steadily on the prayer-book, which he found lying there. He even rebuked Huckaback for whispering (during one of the most solemn parts of the service) that "there was a pretty gal in the next pew!"—He thought that the clergyman was an uncommon fine preacher, and said some things that he *must* have meant for him, Titmouse, in particular.

"Curse me, Huck!" said he heatedly, as soon as they quitted the church, and were fairly in the street—"Curse me if—if—ever I felt so comfortable-like in my mind before, as I do now—P'll go next Sunday again."

"Lord, Tit, you don't really mean—it's deuced dull."

"Hang me if I don't, though! and if any thing should come of it—if I do but get the estate—(I wonder now, where *Mr. Gammon* goes to church. I should like to know!—I'd go there regularly)—But if I *do* get the thing—you see if I don't."

"Ah, I don't know; it's not much use praying for money, Tit; I've tried it myself, once or twice, but it didn't answer."

"I'll take my oath you was staring at the gale all the while, Huck!"

"Ah, Tit!" Huckaback winked his eye, and put the tip of his forefinger to the tip of his nose, and laughed.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COLONIAL NEGLECT AND FOREIGN PRO- PITIATION.

AMONG the various and pressing interests, the consideration of which is now brought home to the British Empire, there is none which is of such paramount and growing importance as the extension of our Colonial Empire, and the securing of our connexion with it. The more minutely and anxiously that our social condition at home is considered, the more it will be found that the maintenance, not only of our domestic prosperity but of our national independence, is entirely dependent upon promoting the growth and maintaining the connexion with our colonies; and that our trade with other countries, so far from being a source of strength, may at once be converted into the greatest cause of weakness on the next occasion in which this country is engaged in a maritime contest. The facts on this subject which are to be found in our *Parliamentary Reports* are of the very highest importance, and perfectly decisive of the vast superiority of colonial to foreign commerce. Nevertheless, that they are very little known, even by those whose whole fortune and interests are wound up with the subject, appears in the most striking manner from the astonishment which the facts connected with this subject never fail to excite when stated to an intelligent and respectable assembly; and, unless these facts are constantly brought home to the public mind, and come at length to influence the measures of Government by the accumulated force of public thought, it may confidently be predicted that a catastrophe, at some future and possibly not distant period, awaits the British Empire, greater, perhaps, than has yet befallen any civilized nation.

We have now been so long in the enjoyment of profound peace, and in the possession of an export commerce to every quarter of the globe, that the older part of the present generation have forgotten, the younger never have experienced, what it was to have the export trade of England to nearly all but its own colonies closed by foreign hostility. Fortunately, however, the experiment has been tried, and a durable monument remains of the consequences which result to all classes in this country from such a stoppage in the vent of our produce. In the year 1811, the hostility of Napoleon had closed all the harbours in Europe against our commerce, while the Americans, by a non-intercourse Act, shut us out from

every harbour in the United States. The consequence was, that the exports of Great Britain, which, in the year 1810, amounted to forty-three millions, sank in the next year to twenty-seven; and the fall in the exports and imports taken together for the one year, amounted to no less than thirty-six millions. Mr. Brougham, in terms no less just than eloquent, in the debate upon the Repeal of the Orders in Council in 1812, thus described the state to which the manufacturing districts in England were reduced by this calamity:—"Take, for example, one of our great staples, the hardware, and look to Warwickshire, where it used to flourish. Birmingham and its neighbourhood, a district of thirteen miles round that centre, was formerly but one village, I may say one continued workshop, peopled with about 400,000 of the most industrious and skilful of mankind. In what state do you now find that busy hive of men? Silent, still, and desolate during half the week; during the rest of it miserably toiling at reduced wages, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to maintain animal life in the lowest state of comfort, and at all times swarming with unhappy persons, willing, anxious to work for their lives, but unable to find employment. He must have a stout heart within him, who can view such a scene and not shudder. But even this is not all: matters are getting worse and worse; the manufacturers are waiting for your decision, and if that be against them they will instantly yield to their fate, and turn adrift the people whom they still, though inadequately, support with employment."—"In the West Riding of Yorkshire, the applications to the parish officers have so alarmingly increased, that they have given repeated warnings to the master manufacturers, and I believe to the higher authorities, of their utter inability to relieve the increasing distress, or to answer for its consequences. Among other circumstances which marked this part of the case, there was one peculiarly affecting to every one who heard it. It had been proved that at Kidderminster, where the great carpet manufacture is almost entirely destroyed, the wants of the poor became so pressing, that they were forced to part with their little stock of furniture, which used to make their cottages in some degree comfortable, and even the clothes off their backs, to raise food, until the pawnbrokers, having already loaded themselves with such deposits, refused to issue any more tickets. But at Sheffield the same feature recurred in a heightened and still more striking form. The workmen in the cutlery trade, unable to obtain any longer their usual market from the master dealers and merchants, or brokers refusing to purchase any more, were compelled to pawn their articles at a very low valuation for money, and even for food and clothes; so that this extraordinary state of things arose—the pawnbrokers came into the London market with the goods, and there met with the regular dealers, whom they were able greatly to undersell, in such wise as to supply to a considerable degree the London and other markets, to the extreme augmentation of the distresses already so severely pressing upon this branch of trade."

Now, in order to appreciate the misery that would ensue to this country from a similar stoppage in its

export trade at the present time, we have only to reflect upon the vast increase of exports, imports, and population, which have since taken place; we have only to recollect that our exports, which in 1810 were forty-three millions, had, in 1838, risen to one hundred and five millions; and that our imports, which in 1809 were thirty-one millions, had risen in 1838 to sixty-one millions; and that our population, which at the former period was seventeen millions, is now twenty-five. Now, if such widespread and heart-rending misery was produced then, what would be its effects now, when the manufacturing establishments of the country have nearly tripled, and our manufacturing population has advanced in a proportion unheard of in any other age or country? It may confidently be affirmed, that the misery, devastation, and social convulsions that would ensue, would be greater than ever yet were experienced in the world.

If we look at the jealousy with which we are regarded by foreign powers, and the general aspect of the political world at this time, we shall see no reason to believe that the elements of strife are wanting in the political atmosphere, or that the time is far distant when war, even on as great a scale, as it was waged with Napoleon, must be undertaken by the British empire. With Russia, it is universally admitted, we are in a state closely bordering on hostility; it is only a question of time when that gigantic contest is to arrive. The menacing aspect of the Baltic, of the thirty ships of the line lying ready, and thirty thousand land troops ready at a moment's warning to embark in them—of the Dardanelles, where fifteen British ships of the line are constantly stationed at the back-door of the Russian empire—of Afghanistan, where twenty thousand British troops are permanently stationed in the very heart of Asia,—all demonstrate that both parties are preparing for this great contest, and that it will be carried on on a scale which will render the world itself the field of battle. And on whom are we to rely for maritime support in such a contest? Is it on the Austrians, who could not furnish a ship of the line or two frigates to save England from destruction? or on the French, who, what between dread of Nicholas, and separate interests at Algiers, have drawn off from the British alliance at the very first outbreak of hostilities in the Archipelago? or the Americans, whose government is so weak, and their hostility to this country so inveterate, that thousands of armed pirates have for two years kept up an almost incessant warfare upon the Canadian frontier? Every thing indicates that a great maritime contest is not far distant, and that, when it does arrive, we will have to depend almost entirely upon our own resources for our defence.

And are these resources, then, particularly our maritime strength, in such a state as to warrant us in any reasonable expectations that we shall be able to maintain our maritime superiority in the contest and avert the evils of actual blockade from the British harbours? The preparations of the enemy are well known: they have thirty ships of the line and eighteen frigates constantly in commission in the Baltic, and fifteen ships of the line and twelve frigates constantly in readiness in the Uxine. In considering the force which England has at her

command to resist aggression from such an enemy, we shall go back to the higher palmy days of British exertion during the war; we shall not go back to the year 1606, when the British navy consisted of two hundred and forty-two ships of the line, and a thousand and sixty-one armed vessels of all sizes. We shall content ourselves with reverting to a humbler and more parallel period, viz. the state of the British navy in 1838 compared with 1792, before the

revolutionary war commenced, and when the naval and military establishments of the country were on the scale to which Joseph Hume always refers as the *ne plus ultra* point of economic perfection. Now, upon turning to authentic documents, viz. the returns of the navy in 1792, given by Mr. James in his *Naval History*,* we shall find that the defensive naval establishments of the country at the two periods stood as follows:—

	Line in Commis.	Frigates in Commis.	Line, ordinary and building.	Frigates, ordi- nary and build.	Total Line.	Total Frigates.	Grand Total of all vessels.
1792,	26	52	124	63	153	115.	411
1838,	21	9	70	84	99	99	363

But perhaps it will be said, that though the British navy capable of meeting an enemy, is not thus one-half of what it was in 1792, yet this is because the resources of the country have so fallen off, that it was not able at the latter period to maintain the defensive establishment which was in existence at

the former. To ascertain whether this is the case, let us examine what was the state of the population, our exports and imports, at these two periods, as affording a measure of the agriculture, manufactures, and general resources of the country. They stood respectively as follows:†—

	Population of Great Britain and Ireland,	Exports. Official Value.	Imports. Official Value,	Tonnage.
1792,	12,680,000	£ 24,904,850	£19,659,358	1,540,145
1838,	27,250,000	105,170,549	61,268,320	9,785,387

Thus it appears that since 1792 the population of the British islands has more than doubled, the imports more than tripled, the exports more than quadrupled, and the commercial navy increased about seventy per cent., while the ships of war, in all branches, have sunk to nearly a half of their standard in 1792. This, too, has taken place during a time when the colonial empire of Great Britain has been multiplied above five-fold, and the chances of hostility with which we are brought in contact at different points over the globe, have been increased in a similar proportion. We invite the Whig-Radical writers to examine and contradict these facts if they can, and submit them to the deliberate consideration of all the sober reasoners, and of all the intemperate admirers of democratic wisdom throughout the realm.

It is impossible for any one who is a friend to his country to contemplate such a state of things without the most serious alarm—an alarm which is only rendered the greater from the experienced difficulty of getting such future and contingent events to arrest the attention either of Government or the nation in this unthinking age. But, above all, if the matter is seriously considered, and if we reflect upon the imminent hazards of a maritime war, the miserable state of preparation in which the British navy is to meet it, and the awful effects which will ensue by the stoppage of trade, and the blockade of our harbours by hostile squadrons, it must be evident that no more important subject of consideration ever was submitted to the attention of a thinking nation. And we dwell upon the subject with the more earnestness because, when our situation as a whole is fairly looked in the face, and the policy which duty and interest alike prescribe, is adopted, there not only is no ground for alarm, but the most satisfactory prospects of future prosperity and welfare are opened on all sides to the nation. It is in our colonies that this source of strength is to be found; it is in our descendants on the other side of the Atlantic and the Pacific, that we are to look alike for the only certain

market for our produce, and the only undecaying elements for our strength. Some very striking facts on this subject were brought forward upon the late dinner given upon the occasion of the embarking of the first emigrants to New Zealand, at Glasgow; and we willingly give a place to them here, as exhibiting, in a more striking light than has yet been done, the incalculable importance of the British colonies, not merely to the extension, but to the independence and existence of the mother country.

"Let us no longer strain," said Mr. Sheriff Alison, "after the impracticable attempt to disarm the commercial jealousy of the European states; but, boldly looking our situation in the face, direct our main efforts to the strengthening, conciliating, and increasing of our Colonial Empire. There is to be found the bone of our bone, and the flesh of our flesh. There are to be found the true descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race; there the people, who, already imbued with our tastes, our habits, our artificial wants, must be chained for centuries to agricultural or pastoral employments, and can only obtain from the mother country the immense amount of manufactured produce which their growing wealth and numbers must require. So strongly, gentlemen, am I impressed with these principles—so clearly do I see the future path traced out to England, not less by her duty than her interests, that there is no one circumstance in her present condition, not even those which are most justly considered as pregnant with danger and alarm, that may not be converted into the source of blessings, if a decided and manly course is taken by the nation and its Government in regard to its colonial interests. Indeed, so clearly does this appear, that one is almost tempted to believe that the manifold political and social evils of our present condition, are the scourges intended by Providence to

* James's *Naval History*, 11. 404; Barrow's *Anson*, App. 494.

† Porter's *Parliamentary Tables and Finance Accounts* for 1838.

bring us back, by necessity and a sense of our own interests, to those great national duties from which we have so long and so unaccountably swerved. Are we oppressed with a numerous and redundant population? Are we justly apprehensive that a mass of human beings, already consisting of five-and-twenty millions, and multiplying at the rate of a thousand souls a-day, will ere long be unable to find subsistence within the narrow space of these islands? Let us turn to the Colonies, and there we shall find boundless regions, capable of maintaining ten times our present population in contentment and affluence, and which require only the surplus arms and mouths of the parent state, to be converted into gigantic empires, which, before a century has elapsed, may overshadow the greatness even of European renown. Are we justly fearful that the increasing manufacturing skill and growing commercial jealousy of the Continental states may gradually shut us out from the European market, and that our millions of manufacturers may find their sources of foreign subsistence fail at a time when all home employments are filled up? Let us turn to the Colonies, and there we shall see empires of gigantic strength rapidly rising to maturity, in which manufacturing establishments cannot for centuries take root, and in which the taste for British manufactures, and the habits of British comfort, are indelibly implanted on the British race. Are we overburdened with the weight of our poor-rates and the multitude of our paupers, and trembling under the effect of the deep-rooted discontent produced in the attempt to withdraw public support from the maintenance of the adult and healthy labourer? Let us find the means of transporting these healthy workmen to our colonial settlements, and we shall confer as great a blessing upon them as we shall give a relief to the parent state. Are we disquieted by the rapid progress of corruption in our great towns, and alarmed at the enormous mass of female profligacy which, like a gangrene, infests these great marts of pleasure and opulence? Let us look to the Colonies, and there we shall find states in which the population is advancing with incredible rapidity, but in which the greatest existing evil is, the undue and frightful preponderance of the male sex; and all that is wanting to complete their means of increase is, that the proportion should be righted by the transfer to distant shores of part of the female population which now encumbers the British isles. Are the means to transport these numerous and indigent classes to these distant regions wanting, and has individual emigration hitherto been liable to the reproach that it removes the better class of our citizens who could do for themselves, and leaves the poorest who encumber the land? The British navy lies between, and means exist of transporting, at hardly any expense to the parent state, all that can ever be required of our working population from that part of the empire which they overburden, to that to which they will prove a blessing. Gentlemen, I agree with my eloquent and esteemed friend, Dr. McLeod, that it is astonishing the attention of Government has not ere this been turned to this subject. And why, I would ask, may not part, at least, of the British navy be constantly employed in transporting emigrants of all classes to our Colonial possessions? Why should two hundred vessels of different sizes, that are now

in commission in the British navy, be employed only in useless parades, when hundreds of thousands on the British shores are pining for the means of transport across the seas, and millions of acres on the other side of the ocean, teeming with verdant fertility, await only their robust hands to be converted into a terrestrial paradise? Why should the British navy not be employed, like the Roman legions in time of peace, in works of public utility? and why should their efforts not construct causeways across the deep, which would bind together the immense circuit of the British Colonial dominions, as strongly as the highways constructed by the legions cemented the fabric of their mighty empire? In this view the last inconvenience attending a redundant pauper population—that of being with difficulty removed, would be converted into an element of national strength, because it would induce all classes cheerfully to acquiesce in the duplication of our naval force, from which they all derive such obvious advantages; the navy would augment in size and grow in usefulness under such a salutary system; and the very quality which Adam Smith long ago remarked as the greatest obstacle to the improvement of the human race, that of being the lumber which it is of all others the most difficult to transport, would become the means of augmenting the maritime force of England, and strengthening the unseen chain which holds together the far distant provinces of its mighty dominion."

We cannot help thinking that the suggestion here made, of directing a part at least of the British navy to the removal of such part of our population as desire it, to our colonial possessions, is well worthy of the most serious consideration. It must be evident to every one who considers the extraordinary reduction which has taken place in our naval force during the last thirty years, and which has brought it down from two hundred and forty ships of the line to eighty, that we have fallen now into an economical and commercial generation; and that the rulers of the state, and the democratic constituencies who direct the rulers, are entirely governed by that passion for present economy, and that disregard of future objects, which is the invariable characteristic of the masses of mankind. No surprise need be excited at a democratic community being influenced by such want of foresight, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes was unable to persuade the most enlightened of the states of antiquity to take any steps to ward off the danger arising from the invasion of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington, was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, sufficient strength or foresight to prevent its capital being taken, and its arsenals pillaged, by a British division not four thousand strong. It is of the last importance, therefore, to discover some method by which the increase of the navy, evidently essential to our national independence, and to avert the horrors of the actual blockade of our harbours, may be rendered popular with the masses of the people. That these masses would make the most strenuous exertions to support the independence of the British flag, if a war actually broke out, may be considered as certain; but will they be equally ready to make those efforts *during peace*, and when the danger is as yet distant, which are requisite both to insure its success and shorten

its duration? Experience proves that they will not; for, though menaced by maritime dangers of every kind, they have, in the last five-and-twenty years, let the royal navy sink down one-third of what it was during the war, and one-half what it was before its commencement. The only mode, therefore, that is apparently practicable of bringing up the royal navy to a level at all commensurate either with the strength of the state or the dangers with which it is threatened, is by giving the masses some present and personal object of advantage, which is to be gained by the expense requisite for its increase. Now, no object would be so generally popular, or universally felt to be important, as that which furnished the means of gratuitous emigration to a large proportion of our surplus working population. Every class in the country, every part of the empire, would at once feel the benefit of such an arrangement:—the poor, by the safe and easy means of emigration that would be afforded them to countries where their condition would at once become prosperous; the landholders, in the diminution of the number of paupers and the burden of poor-rates, which would be occasioned; the manufacturers, in the vast increase in the colonial market for their produce which would be opened up; the colonies, in the boundless supply of robust and efficient labourers with which they would be furnished. The increase in the population, now so much the object of concern to the mother country, would cease to be regarded with any disquietude; it would be considered only as the harbinger of the increased growth of our colonial possessions, and an increased vent for our produce for our colonial wants. The British navy would really become the chain which holds together the far distant parts of its immense dominion; the means of uniting them in peace—the force to protect them in war; and the prosperity and extension of the far and distant parts of the empire, acting and reacting upon each other, would tend only to augment their mutual and highly beneficial dependence on each other, and to increase the strength of the naval force which was to protect alike all parts of the empire.

The British commercial policy, ever since the reciprocity system began; may be characterised in two words—"Colonial Neglect and European Propitiation." As this system has now been in operation for sixteen years, ample time has been afforded to demonstrate, by experience, its effects, whether for good or for evil. The following statement of the effect of this system, which commenced in 1823, was made by Mr. Alison at the Glasgow dinner above referred to:—

"Standing as I do in the midst of this great commercial city, second to none, after the metropolis, in the British empire, I need not say that we are people mainly dependent on commerce and maritime strength; and we have only to look around us, and contemplate the narrow extent of these islands, compared with the vast population already crowded within their shores, to feel convinced that any serious and permanent obstruction to our foreign commerce, or decline in our maritime power, would not only be attended with the greatest danger to our independence, but fraught with a degree of wide-spread misery, perhaps unparalleled even in the long annals of human suffering. But, gentlemen, when we minutely

examine our maritime and commercial situation, we shall find many causes for serious alarm, and many reasons for concluding that our policy in these respects has hitherto been mainly directed to fruitless or unattainable objects; and that, in their prosecution, we have overlooked or neglected the certain elements of strength lying in our own bosom in the growth of our colonial empire. If we look to our exports and tonnage returns, we shall see that our maritime resources for the last forty years have been far from keeping pace with our commercial growth, and that our exports to the countries whom we have made the greatest sacrifices to propitiate, have been constantly and rapidly declining, while those to our colonies, for whose interests we have done so little, have been as constantly and rapidly increasing; and that it is the growth of the latter which has concealed and counterbalanced the decay of the former. Let us look at our total exports, imports, and tonnage in the present time, as compared with what they were during the peace of Amiens. They stood as follows:—

	Exports.	Imports.	Tonnage.
1802, L.	38,309,980	L. 29,926,210	L. 2,167,000
1838,	105,170,549	61,268,320	2,890,601

"Thus, gentlemen, you see, that while from 1802 to 1838, that is in six-and-thirty years, our exports have advanced from 38 to 105, that is about 280 per cent, and our imports from 29 to 61, that is about 210 per cent., our whole tonnage has only increased from 21 to 28, that is about 33 per cent. This broad and decisive fact is calculated to excite the most serious alarm in every rational bosom, as to the maintenance in future of the maritime superiority of Great Britain. For who has carried the remainder of our merchandise abroad, and wasted the remainder of our imports to our shores? Somebody must have done it. The conclusion is unavoidable that it was done in great part by *foreign states*, that is, by vessels and seamen that may any day be ranged against us by our enemies. And, gentlemen, the number of these foreign seamen and vessels now employed in the British trade, and the rapid encroachments they are making on British maritime strength, is decisively proved by the Parliamentary Tables collected with so much care and accuracy by Mr. Porter, at the Board of Trade: for from them it appears that the relative proportions of Foreign and British shipping employed in conducting our trade at these two periods were as follows:—

	BRITISH. Vessels.	Tons.
1802, - - - - -	11,285	1,668,060
1838, - - - - -	16,119	2,785,387
	FOREIGN. Vessels.	Tons.
1802, - - - - -	3473	447,611
1838, - - - - -	8679	1,211,066

"Thus, while the British tonnage in the last thirty-six years has advanced from sixteen to twenty-seven, the foreign employed in conducting our trade have advanced from 44 to 121, that is nearly *tripled*. This, gentlemen, is the general result; and unquestionably it is sufficiently alarming to every one who considers how essential our maritime superiority is to our foreign commerce; and what would be the condition of the British population if the empire of the seas were wrested from it, and the Thames, the

Clyde, and the Mersey, were blockaded by hostile fleets? But the particulars of our trade with separate countries are far more instructive, because they demonstrate, in the clearest manner, where it is that the decay of our trade and shipping is going on, and where the counterpoising sources of strength and revival are to be found. It appears from Mr. Porter's Parliamentary Tables, that since 1823, when the reciprocity system commenced, our tonnage with the countries with whom the reciprocity treaties were concluded has been decreasing in the most alarming manner, while no increase whatever has taken place during the same period in the amount of the goods which they take off our hands. The British and foreign shipping employed in the trade with Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, since 1820, have stood as follows:—

British declined with

Prussia from 539 ships to 270	
Denmark, 57 " 16	
Norway, 168 " 15	
Sweden, 123 " 66	

And the foreign ships with Great Britain have increased during the same period in these states as follows:—

Prussia with Great Britain

increased from - - -	258 to 903
Danish, - - - - -	44 to 624
Norwegian, - - - -	558 to 785
Swedish, - - - - -	71 to 250

Such, gentlemen, is the working of the reciprocity system with these countries; and even in regard to America our trade stands thus:—

British.		American.	
Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1836, 226 - -	86,383	524 - -	226,483

"Thus you see, gentlemen, that while our commerce with Northern Europe is almost entirely passing into the hands of foreigners, nearly three-fourths of that with America is at this moment in the hands of the inhabitants of that country! It is easy to see, that if we had no commercial intercourse but with such foreign and independent states, we should by the very extension of our export of manufactures, be nursing up a foreign, and possibly hostile, commercial navy, which would ere long wrest from us the empire of the seas. It is needless to go farther into details; for the following is the general result of the change which the tonnage of our foreign commerce with all parts of the world has undergone during the last thirty-six years.

"The trade of Great Britain with all Europe has declined from 1802 to 1839, from 65 to 48 per cent.

Countries.	1827.	1828.	1835.	1836.
Russia, - -	£1,408,970	£1,518,936	£1,752,775	£1,742,433
Sweden, - -	46,731	42,699	105,156	1,113,306
Norway, - -	39,129	53,582	79,278	79,469
Denmark - -	104,916	111,880	107,979	91,302
Prussia, - -	174,338	179,145	188,273	160,722

It is needless to go farther into details, for the following statement by the learned and indefatigable Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, on that subject is decisive:—"That part of our commerce," says Mr. Porter, "which, being carried on with the rich and civilized inhabitants of European nations, should present the greatest field for extension, will be seen

rica increased . . .	from 18 to 23 per cent.
With British colonies in Ame-	
With United American States	" 6 to 9 "
With India . . .	" 3½ to 5 "

These facts may be considered as decisive against the reciprocity system, so far as the maritime interests of the empire are concerned: They prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, after the most ample opportunity of trying the system by experience has been given, that under the reciprocity system the British flag is gradually becoming extinct in the trade with Continental Europe; and that if it is continued for ten or fifteen years longer, our whole traffic with Europe will be carried on in the vessels of foreign states. Indeed, it is evident, from the extraordinarily rapid growth of foreign shipping in carrying on the British commerce, that if the present system continues many years longer, the foreign sailors and tonnage employed in carrying on our commercial intercourse, at least with the States of Europe, will be greater than our own; that is to say, we shall have nursed up a race of foreign seamen in our own harbours, and in conducting our own trade, superior in number to those of the British islands—in other words, sharpened, and put into the enemy's hands, the dagger which may at any moment pierce us to the heart.

Real reciprocity with these countries would evidently have consisted in stipulating, that in consideration of our admitting some article in which they had advantages over us, on the same terms as they admitted ours that they should do the same with some article of our manufacture in which we had the advantage, and they had the worst of it by nature. But we never thought of doing this but contented ourselves with surrendering to them the whole advantages which the navigation laws gave to our shipping, without ever stipulating even the smallest corresponding advantage in favour of our cotton, hardware, or woollen goods, in which we had by nature the start of them. The consequence has been that our own shipping employed in carrying on the trade with these nations has been almost destroyed, while no benefit whatever has been gained in our exports to these nations by the sacrifice. This decisively appears from comparing our exports to the powers with whom we concluded reciprocity treaties for the last ten years, during which time, in consequence of the action of these treaties, our shipping with them has been dwindling away to nothing. The following table exhibits the value of our exports to the Baltic powers, in 1827 and 1828, and 1835 and 1836;—

to have fallen off under this aspect in a remarkable degree. The average annual exports to the whole of Europe were less in value by nearly 20 per cent. in the five years from 1833 to 1836, than they were, in the five years that followed the close of the war; and it affords strong evidence of the unsatisfactory footing upon which our trading regulations with Europe are

established, that the exports to the United States of America, which, with their population of only twelve millions, are removed to a distance from us of 3000 miles across the Atlantic, have amounted to more than one-half of the value of our shipments to the whole of Europe, with a population fifteen times as great as that of the United States of America, and with an abundance of productions suited to our wants, which they are naturally desirous of exchanging for the products of our mines and looms."

Thus it distinctly appears, that while we have completely sacrificed, by the reciprocity treaties, our shipping employed in the trade with Northern Europe, we have derived no countervailing advantage whatever in our exports to these countries, because they actually, as a whole, take off, on an average of five years, less of that produce than they did five-and-twenty years ago. It is evident, that while they have taken advantage of our simplicity to engross to themselves all the carrying trade between their harbours and Great Britain, they have taken care to give us no corresponding advantage whatever in our commercial intercourse with them. In fact, they have done more—the only return they have made for our concession in maritime affairs, has been to load our manufactures with additional duties. Prussia has rewarded us for our ample concessions to her by the Prusso-Germanic league. Every year brings a fresh ukase from the Emperor of Russia, imposing additional duties on our goods; and even our little puppet, the revolutionary Queen of Portugal, has shown her gratitude for the aid which put her on the throne, by nearly doubling the duties on every species of British manufacture!

Mr. Alison, after dwelling on these facts, proceeded as follows to exhibit the very different picture which the colonial trade has presented;—

"Gentlemen, I will not fatigue you with further details. You see here the astonishing facts that France, with its thirty-two millions of inhabitants, takes only £1,500,000 worth; that Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, takes off only £160,000 worth! and most marvellous of all, that Russia, now with a population of sixty millions, takes only £1,700,000 of our produce. From these facts we may estimate, with perfect certainty, the chances which Great Britain has of being able to maintain a lucrative commercial intercourse with the old European nations in the same stage of civilisation with herself, and influenced by the political hostility and commercial rivalry incident to their political situation. Gentlemen, I have said, however gloomy the prospects of our commercial interests with such states may be, there is not only hope but confidence to be derived from another quarter; and if we turn to the Colonies we shall at once see whence it is that England is now deriving its heart's blood, and from what commercial intercourse our wealth and greatness in future times is to be derived. Gentlemen, you will be astonished, your hearts will exult, at the magnitude of the returns which I am now to lay before you. In the year 1836 it appears that our—

	Real Value.
Exports to the United States of America were no less than	£12,425,605
British North American Colonies.	2,732,991
British West Indies,	3,786,463

Australian Colonies,	1,160,000
East Indies,	4,285,929.

"The articulate returns of the trade of each country for the years 1837 and 1838, have not yet been laid before the public: but here is surely enough to excite our wonder and astonishment. You see that Canada, with its population that does not yet reach fifteen hundred thousand souls, takes off no less than £2,800,000, of our produce, or nearly twice as much as Russia, with its population of sixty millions. You see that the British West India Islands, with a population of about forty thousand white, and eight hundred thousand black inhabitants, consumed in 1836 no less than £3,700,000, or considerably more than twice as much as France, with its population of thirty-two millions. And what is most marvellous of all, and comes directly home to the object of this night's festive assembly, the Australian Colonies, with a population scarcely at this moment amounting to a hundred thousand, take off no less than £1,100,000 a-year of produce. Why, gentlemen, I venture to predict, that before the year 1840 the colonists of New Holland, reinforced as they will be by our friends around us proceeding to New Zealand, will consume more of British produce and manufactures, though they may not number a hundred and twenty thousand souls, than the sixty millions of the Muscovite empire. Such is the wonderful difference between the commercial intercourse we can maintain with our own descendants—our own flesh and blood—the Anglo Saxon race whom we have sent forth to civilize the world—and the inhabitants of foreign states, subjected to the authority of hostile governments, or swayed by foreign commercial jealousy.

Lord Brougham, in the debate on the repeal of the Orders in Council in 1812, has explained, with even more than his usual felicity, the causes of this remarkable difference between the commerce opened in our own colonies and that which can be maintained with any other independent state in the old world. "The extent," says he, "and swift and regular progress of the American market for British goods, is not surprising; we can easily and clearly account for it. In the nature of things it can be no otherwise, and the reason lies on the very surface of the fact. America is an immense agricultural country, where land is plentiful and cheap; men and labour, though quickly increasing, yet still scarce and dear, compared with the boundless regions which they occupy and cultivate. In such a country manufactures do not naturally thrive; every exertion, if matters be left to themselves, goes into other channels. This people is connected with England with origin, language, manners, and institutions; their tastes go along with their convenience, and they come to us as a matter of course for the articles which they do not make themselves. Only take one fact as an example: the negroes in the southern states are clothed in English-made goods, and it takes 40s. a year thus to supply one of these unfortunate persons. This will be admitted to be the lowest sum for which any person in America can be clothed; but take it as the average, and make a deduction for the expenses above prime cost, you have a sum upon the whole population of eight millions, which approaches the value of our exports to the United States. But it is not merely in clothing. Go to any house in the Union, from their large and

wealthy cities to the most solitary cabin or log-house in the forests, you find in every corner the furniture, tools, and ornaments of Staffordshire, of Warwickshire, and of the northern counties of England. The wonder ceases when we thus reflect for a moment, and we plainly perceive that it can be no otherwise. The whole population of the country is made up of customers who require, and who can afford to pay, for our goods. This, too, is peculiar to that nation, and it is a peculiarity as happy for them as it is profitable for us. I know the real or affected contempt with which some persons in this country treat our kinsmen of the West. I fear some angry and jealous feelings have survived our former more intimate connexion with them—feelings engendered by the event of its termination, but which it would be wiser, as well as more manly, to forget. Nay, there are certain romantic spirits who even despise the unadorned structure of their massive democratic society. But to me I freely acknowledge, the sight of one part of it brings feelings of envy as an Englishman: I mean the happy distinction that, over the whole extent of that boundless continent, from

Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, there is not one pauper to be found. Such are the customers whom America presents to us. The rapid increase of their culture and population, too, doubling in twenty-five or thirty years, must necessarily augment this demand for our goods in the same proportion. Circumstanced as the two countries are, I use no figure of speech, but speak the simple fact when I say, that not an axe falls in the woods of America which does not put in motion some shuttle, or hammer, or wheel in England.”*

Such is the astonishing effect of the causes thus eloquently described by Lord Brougham, as occasioning the surprising demand for English manufactures in the British Colonies, or the independent States which have arisen from that origin, over other countries. The following Table, which, *a priori*, would have been incredible, shows the exports to different states, as compared with their respective population, and the value of British manufactures which they consume per head:—

	Population.	Exports in 1836.	Proportion per head.
Russia, - -	60,000,000	£1,742,433	£0 0 5
Sweden, - -	3,000,000	113,308	0 0 9
Denmark, - -	2,000,000	91,302	0 0 11
Prussia, - -	14,000,000	160,472	0 0 3½
France, - -	32,000,000	1,591,381	0 0 11
Portugal, - -	3,000,000	1,085,934	0 0 8
Spain, - -	14,000,000	427,000	0 0 8
United States of America, }	14,000,000	12,425,605	0 17 0
British North American Colonies, }	1,500,000	2,739,291	1 11 6
British West India Islands, }	900,000	3,786,453	3 12 0
Br.Australian colonies, }	100,000	1,180,000	11 15 0

It may truly be said that this table speaks as to the real interests and manufacturing establishments of Great Britain; and that, if our rulers were not struck with judicial blindness, they would at once perceive where it is that the steady and rising market for British manufactures, and where all our efforts to promote a successful traffic may be regarded as fruitless and unavailing. For fifteen years past our whole commercial policy has been directed to the object of gaining a more ready vent for our manufactures into the continental states of Europe. We have concluded no less than twelve reciprocity treaties with the principal powers; and, in order to propitiate their good-will, we have sacrificed by our treaties all our commercial advantages at least in our intercourse with these states. And what has been the result? Why, that our commerce with them is a perfect tria when compared with that which we maintain with our own colonies, whom we have maltreated and neglected for their sakes; and that, while the old states take off a few pence per head of their population, our own colonies take off *as many pounds*. In this instance we have truly verified the old adage, that we have been penny wise and pound foolish, even in regard to our existing interests at the

moment. But when, in addition to this, it is recollected that these colonies are part of ourselves—distant provinces of our own empire, whose blood is our blood, whose strength is our strength; that they are increasing in numbers with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of the world; and that, however fast they may augment, they are by their situation and circumstances chained for centuries to agricultural and pastoral employments, and consequently our export trade with them must increase in the same proportion as their numbers; while, on the other hand, the states of continental Europe are increasing far less rapidly in numbers—are actuated for the most part by commercial or political jealousy, and may any moment become our enemies, it may safely be affirmed that the neglect of the colonial provinces to propitiate foreign powers, is of all human absurdities the most absurd.

It is needless to enquire to what cause this marvellous difference between Colonial and European trade is owing. It is immaterial whether it is to be ascribed to the circumstance of the Continental states being in the same state of civilisation with ourselves,

*Parliamentary Debates, xxiii. 516.

or being inhabited by people who have no taste for our manufactures, or no money to buy them; or governed by jealous and hostile foreign governments—or actuated by similar and rival commercial establishments. It is sufficient to state the *fact*, that, from one or other, or all of these causes, their trade with us is trifling, and either stationary or declining, while that with our colonies is enormous, steady, and constantly increasing. In truth, however, it is not difficult to perceive to what cause the total failure of all attempts at commercial increase with the old states of Europe is to be ascribed. Mr. Alison observed at the Glasgow dinner, "It is easy to see to what cause this remarkable decline in our trade with old nations, and this marvellous increase in our commercial intercourse with our own colonies, is to be ascribed. It is evidently owing to the fact, that these old states are in the same state of civilisation with ourselves, and therefore they are actuated by a natural desire to deal in the same articles, and to manufacture the same produce as ourselves. Are we cotton-spinners?—so are they. Are we iron-masters?—so are they. Are we silk manufacturers?—so are they. Are we cutlery and hardware merchants?—so are they. Are we clothiers and woollen-draperies?—so are they. There is no branch of industry in which we excel, in which they are not all making the greatest and most strenuous, and sometimes successful, efforts to rival and outstrip us. It is in vain that we meet them with the signs of amity, and hold out the olive branch in token of our desire to establish reciprocity treaties on the footing of real mutual advantage. We cannot, by so doing, either shut the eyes of their manufacturers to the danger of

British competition, or close the vision of their governments, to the dazzling spectacle of British greatness. They see that we have risen to the summit of prosperity under the system of protection to domestic industry, and they naturally imagine that it is only by following our example that they can hope to rival our success. It is in vain that we now offer to meet them on the footing of perfect reciprocity. They say—'It is very well for you to throw down the barriers when your superiority in every branch of industry is incontestable. When ours is the same, we will follow your example; in the mean time, you must allow us to imitate the steps which enabled you to reach the elevated position which you now enjoy.' Gentlemen, it is difficult to see the answer which can be made to such arguments."

Powerful as are these considerations, derived from the commercial and manufacturing interests of Great Britain, in favour of her colonial settlements, the facts pointing the same way, deducible from the shipping interests, are, if possible, still more conclusive. The essential difference between the shipping, which carries on a trade between the colonies and the mother country, is, that it is, as in the former case, *all our own*—in the latter, one-half belongs to our enemies. This difference is so enormous, the effects it produces on our maritime strength are so extraordinary, that, numerous as are the details which we have already given, we cannot resist the temptation of contrasting our shipping and tonnage with some of the principal foreign powers with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties with that which we carry on with our own colonies.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TONNAGE WITH RECIPROCITY COUNTRIES.

	BRITISH.		FOREIGN.	
	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>
Sweden, - - - - -	66	10,865	250	42,439
Norway, - - - - -	15	1,573	785	125,875
Denmark, - - - - -	16	2,152	694	51,907
Prussia, - - - - -	270	42,567	903	174,439
France, - - - - -	2,026	198,339	1,740	108,352
United States, - - -	926	86,383	524	226,483

COLONIAL TRADE.

	BRITISH.	
	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>
East India Company's Territories, Singapore and Ceylon, - - - - -	227	97,034
New South Wales, - - - - -	59	19,195
British Northern Colonies, - - - - -	2,026	620,772
British West Indies, - - - - -	900	237,923

Nor is the present magnitude of the British trade with these colonies more remarkable than its rapid increase. Some very remarkable facts on this subject were stated by Mr. Alison at the public dinner in Glasgow:—"You have already seen how completely our shipping which trades with Northern Europe is withering away under the action of the reciprocity treaties; and you have seen that it is now little more than a fourth of what it was fifteen years ago; while that of the Baltic powers trading with us has quadrupled during the same period. But, gentlemen, turn to the colonies, and you will learn a very different result; and behold with delight a growth of our shipping as extraordinary, as its decline in our intercourse with Europe is serious and alarming. Gentlemen, it appears from Mr. Porter's

Parliamentary Tables, that the growth of our shipping employed between Canada, Australia, and the mother country, has been as follows:—

	BRITISH.		
	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>
Australia. Coasting Trade. With Britain.			
1820 -	1,991	248,343	343,377
1836 -	19,195	609,111	620,772

Thus the astonishing facts are apparent, that, in conducting the intercourse between Canada, the West Indies, and the mother country, there has grown up a commercial navy of nearly 1,200,000 tons, of which nearly 600,000 belong to Great Britain, and the remainder to her transatlantic offspring; while the tonnage with the Australian Colonies has increased in sixteen years, prior to 1836, from 1200 to 20,000,

or nearly twenty-fold. When we recollect that the total commercial navy of Great Britain is only 2,800,000 tons, and that our vast foreign trade with America only employs 88,000 tons of our shipping, the whole remainder being in the hands of the Americans themselves; and that our intercourse with Canada and Australia, the population of which is not sixteen hundred thousand, already gives employment to 600,000 tons, or nearly seven times that employed in our whole immense commerce with the United States of America, the vital importance of colonial trade to maritime independence becomes at once apparent; and the general result of the comparative progress of the vessels belonging to Great Britain, at home and in the colonies, from 1814 to 1836, is as follows:—

	Great Britain. Tons.	Colonies. Tons.
1814 - - -	2,414,170	202,795
1836 - - -	2,349,749	442,897

Thus you see, gentlemen, that while the shipping of Great Britain and Ireland has declined in the last five-and-twenty years, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of our exports and imports, that employed in conducting the trade with the colonies has more than doubled. More decisive evidence cannot be imagined of the vital importance of the colonial trade, not only to our commercial wealth, but to our national existence. And if any one, after the facts that have now been stated, remains blind to our true national interests, and the quarter from which we must look for our wealth, our security, and independence, in future times, I say neither will he be converted though one rose from the dead."

When it is demonstrated by statistical facts like these, concerning which there can be no dispute, that interests so vast both in our colonial possessions and the parent state, are dependent upon the connexion between Great Britain and her Colonies; when it is recollected that the bread and very existence of millions at home depend upon the increasing trade and market with these Colonies; and that our maritime strength and national independence are entirely dependent upon the immediate adoption of such a system as shall extend and increase our colonial empire, it is with feelings of regret too profound to be mingled with bitterness—with sentiments of indignation too deep to exhale in angry words—that we look back upon the colonial policy of Great Britain for the last ten years. It may safely be affirmed, that the insane policy of Great Britain to her colonial possessions during that time has been unparalleled in modern times. She has first forced upon the West India islands the monstrous project of negro emancipation, a step which has already reduced to *one-half* the produce of those splendid colonies, and given a blow to the prosperity both of the Negro and European population from which neither can ever recover. We have the details lying beside us, and were we not fearful of exhausting the patience of our readers by farther statistical details, we could exhibit a picture from Parliamentary and authentic documents of progressive ruin in those noble establishments, which would amply bear out, and even exceed this statement.

The next, practically speaking, shortened by two years the period of negro apprenticeship, and thereby completely disorganised all the plans which the

planters had laid for enabling them to wind up their affairs during the period of apprenticeship. And when it became manifest that the negroes would not work, and that a fresh supply of labourers became indispensable to maintain industry in the West India Islands, we passed Acts of Parliament prohibiting the introduction of free Asiatic labourers, and promulgated regulations in the island, which, by giving the planters no security in the retention of the labour of free European workmen, have in effect cut off all means of supplying the place of the indolent negroes in the cultivation of the land.

What have we done during the same period in Canada? It would appear from our conduct to that noble colony, that we were desirous of disgusting it so completely with the rule of the mother country, as to throw it headlong into the arms of the United States. We first winked at and promoted republicanism and sedition to such a degree, as to fan them into actual rebellion; and, though aware for years that an insurrection was rapidly approaching, we left the colonies with only 3500 British soldiers to protect them from destruction. When the first revolt was put down by this gallant handful of men, and the strenuous support of the loyal North American British population, we carried the system of conciliation, concession, and dallying with treason to such a length, as to cause the rebellion to break out a second time under circumstances of still greater horror, and when it required to be extinguished in oceans of blood. While the wintry heavens were illuminated by the light of burning villages, and the wintry forests were strewn with the carcasses of slaughtered peasants, we submitted quietly to the insulting inroads of hundreds of buccaneers and pirates from the American territory, in a way that never yet was done by the government of any independent state. When the royal banner of the loyal inhabitants in Upper Canada had surmounted these various evils, and a second time restored peace to a distracted land, the sympathy of our rulers with their old allies—the republican party in America—was so strong, that they have never proposed a vote of thanks in either House of Parliament or from the Crown, to the brave soldiers and patriots who saved the empire from dismemberment! Lastly, to show our sympathy with the anti-national party in our transatlantic possessions, in our total disregard to their vital interests, we placed at the head of the colonial department Lord Normanby, whose policy in Ireland was graced by the wholesale liberation of felons and anti-national convicts, and placed at the head of the government in Quebec, Poulett Thompson, the President of the Board of Trade, who is chiefly known by his long established connexion with the Baltic timber trade, and his often avowed predilection for an equalization of the duties on Baltic and Canadian timber.

Serious as these evils are, we much fear that greater and more heavy blows at our colonial interests are yet in the contemplation of our infatuated Government. Acting on the dictation of the urban constituencies, whose great object is to buy cheap, and still clinging to the blind system of foreign propitiation, there is little room for doubting that they will ere long, perhaps in the next Session of Parliament, bring forward ministerial plans for equalizing the duties on Baltic and Canadian timber, and Foreign and British sugar. Strong indications of

these intentions have already appeared in the speeches of many of the supporters of Government, and the appointment of Mr. Poulett Thomson to the vice-royalty of Canada may be considered as the official promulgation of their intention. Let no one imagine that these propositions are so obviously destructive in their effects, and bear so obviously the tendency to dismember the empire, that therefore they will not be attempted by a Ministry whose only principle seems to be to prolong their official existence, without any regard to the jeopardy which the means of accomplishing that object may place the existence or independence of the country. It is never to be forgotten, that to procure the support of O'Connell's jail, they have surrendered the government of Ireland and the direction of the nation to the Popish faction, whose bond of cement is the repeal of the Union, that is, the dismemberment of the empire. True, by establishing a free trade in timber, we should annihilate the industry of our North American Colonies, and throw them at once into the arms of the United States, and cut off at once 600,000 tons of British shipping, and altogether extinguish both our maritime superiority and national independence. True, by equalizing the duties on Foreign and British sugar, we should utterly destroy our West India Colonies, and perpetuate that hideous tearing of 200,000 negroes from the shores of Africa, which we have professed ourselves so anxious to prevent. But what does all that signify?—the urban constituencies must be propitiated; a few stray seats at the next election may turn the balance in favour of the Destructive or Conservative party; and the cry of cheap sugar and cheap bread may catch these stray votes and cast the balance.

It is childish to descant always upon the weakness and imbecility of ministers, or suppose that a tortuous policy, so flagrantly dangerous and impolitic as that which we have just been considering, is to be ascribed to the mere recklessness or want of capacity of our present rulers. It is perversity in the public mind which is the real source of the evil—it is the short sighted views of the numerous constituencies that have so long rendered a remedy impossible. The colonies are wholly unrepresented in the House of Commons; the ten-pounders have the disposal of the majority of the seats in that Assembly; to buy cheap is their immediate interest, and it matters little to the short-seeing masses what effect that cheap buying may ultimately have upon their own or the national interests. Here is the true secret of colonial misgovernment; we are governed by masses who think only of buying cheap, and the interest of the colonies is to sell dear. Eight years ago we foresaw, and distinctly predicted this effect, as necessarily flowing from the Reform Bill.

All the colonial calamities that have since occurred are but the accomplishment of our predictions in this particular.*

The colonies were not actually represented under the old constitution, but they were virtually so, because colonial wealth found an easy entrance into Parliament through the means of the close boroughs. The Whigs have destroyed that avenue for colonial

representation in the House of Commons; time will show whether they have not destroyed with it the colonial empire and national independence of Great Britain.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

SECRET ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

Memoires tires des Archives de la Police de Paris depuis Louis XIV. jusqu'à nos Jours. Par J. PEUCHET, Archiviste de la Police. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1838.*

THE compiler of this very curious, though, in many parts, unreadable book, had been for several years Keeper of the Archives of the Police of Paris. He was a man of good ordinary education, and not devoid of talent. Born in 1760, he entered, at the usual age, the college of *Louis le Grand*, and in due time was called to the bar. In 1788 he became acquainted with Abbe Morelet, by whom he was employed in collecting and arranging materials for his "Dictionary of Commerce." He also wrote for the New "Encyclopedie Methodique" the articles Police and Municipality; and shortly after became chief editor of the "*Gazette de France*," and, subsequently, of the "*Mercur*." In 1800 he published "*La Geographie Commerciale*," in 5 vols. folio, which important work drew upon him the notice of Count Chaptal, then Minister of the Interior, who named him Member of the Council of Commerce and Arts. At a later period, Count Francois de Nantes, Prefect of Police, placed him at the head of a bureau in his department. In 1814, after the restoration, he was appointed to the censorship of the journals; and after the hundred days, during which Peuchet had thrown up his office, he was made Keeper of the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, which place he occupied till 1827.

Our motive for entering into these details concerning the editor of this extraordinary book, is to show that the publication is not a surreptitious or catchpenny one, but that it has been seriously and diligently compiled by a person, who, from his acquirements and the facilities afforded him by the place he filled, was fully competent to execute such a task.

Peuchet begins his history of the police with the year 1667, at which period several reforms were introduced into that part of the public administration by order of Louis IV., who established it on a footing nearly similar to that on which it stands at present. Before that time, the police was under the direction of the *Prevot de Paris* and two *Lieutenants au Chatelet*, one civil, the other criminal, who exercised their authority under the control of the parliament of Paris. Louis IV. substituted for this triple-headed authority the direction of a single functionary, or magistrate, with the title of Lieutenant of Police, which denomination underwent a change, like so many others during the revolution, and took the new name of Prefect of Police.

* Memoirs selected from the Archives of the Police of Paris, from the time of Louis XIV. to the present day. By J. Peuchet, Keeper of the Archives of the Police. 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

* Blackwood's Magazine, September 1831, vol. xxx. p. 436.

The contents of these volumes are necessarily, from the nature of the subject, of the most various and desultory description; the only order it was possible to observe in the treatment of such heterogeneous materials being a chronological one. They, therefore, it may be said, offer a vast moving panorama of the secret history of Parisian society, in all its phases, from the times of Louis XIV. to those of Charles X. The scenes of many-coloured life exhibited in these pages, embrace society in its utmost extent, in its heights, and in its depths, from the brilliant summits of the French court, with all its glitter, its heartless profligacy, its follies and its crimes, to the lowest and obscurest haunts and hiding places of murder, robbery, and every other villany and sin, in all their darkest shades of cruelty, horror, and abomination. From this unexaggerated description of its contents, it is evident that, to the many, it must and ought to be a sealed book. But, as in things most evil, there may still be found some touch of good, there are, in this dark record of human debasement and crime, interspersed here and there anecdotes that throw a new and interesting light upon historical characters, and, adventures, which, from their fearful nature and extraordinary *dénouement*, excite and reward curiosity more vividly than many of the wildest fictions of romance. A specimen of each of these we shall select for the gratification of our readers.

The first relates to the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., and of his ill-fated son, Charles I., and the victim of Felton the assassin. This very curious and piquant passage in the life of the gay, gallant, profligate, profuse and enterprising Buckingham, Peuchet introduces in the following manner:—

“Now taking advantage of some isolated documents which I discovered in a pasteboard case which lay *perdu* behind one of the busts that adorn the *Salle des Passports* at the Prefecture of Police, I shall bring Cardinal de Richelieu upon the stage in a more interesting and prominent manner. The document I allude to is a report made to his eminence relative to the daring demonstrations of love which the Duke of Buckingham, favourite of King James I. of England, ventured to display towards Anne of Austria, Infanta of Spain, and Queen of France by her marriage with Louis XIII. It is well known that the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent to Paris to make some representations to Louis XIII. in favour of his protestant subjects, took it into his head to play the *énamorado* with regard to the Queen. This the king no sooner perceived than he complained of it to his minister (Richelieu), who was still more indignant even than his majesty at the presumption of the duke, as he himself had designs upon the heart of the queen, and was therefore still less inclined than the royal husband to support patiently the thought of Anne of Austria looking with a favourable eye upon the Duke of Buckingham.

“Wishing to see clearly through an affair so delicate in itself, and so important for him, he set to work two men, not a little celebrated at that time, and whose memory is not yet forgotten, both men of wit and intrigue,—the physician Bois Robert and the Marquis de Beauriv. Both these persons have been always regarded as the permanent spies of Richelieu, whose duty it was to keep him *au fait* of

whatever took place at the court and in the city. The Archives of the Prefecture of Police leave no doubt on this point, and the document I am about to produce furnishes the most undeniable proof. It is a report in the handwriting of Bois Robert, and signed by him and the Marquis de Beauriv. This report speaks sometimes in both their names, and at others only in the name of one of them. Here it is, in all its *naïveté*.

“I shall first inform your eminence, that I met by chance an Irishman, whom I had formerly known in Paris whilst he was pursuing his studies. I had then an opportunity of rendering him some services, for which he professed an unbounded gratitude. On leaving Paris he returned to England, and made no greater way in the world than to become the favourite *valet de chambre* of his Grace my Lord Duke of Buckingham. Although the emoluments of that place are very considerable, Patrick O'Reilly (for that is the Irishman's name) never has a sou in his pocket. So far he is like his master. I received him kindly on his coming to see me, and from my great zeal to serve your Lordship, I hesitated not to degrade myself (*m'encanailler*) by keeping company with this valet, hoping to draw something useful from him concerning his master. In this I succeeded by advancing him some money.

“(Signed) Bois Robert.”

“Monseigneur,

“Thinking only of the happiness of satisfying your eminence, I profited, in order to learn what was passing at the residence of the English ambassador, of a friendship arising out of a duel, which took place some twenty years ago, and before the singular christian ordinance, issued by our lord the king against such practices. A young Englishman, Sir Hamilton, descended of a noble Scotch family, finding himself without a second in an affair of honour, his friend having broken his leg the very morning on which the meeting was to take place, very courteously entreated me to go out with him. As this was a request which no gentleman could refuse another, I accompanied to the field Sir Hamilton, who killed his adversary, a Spaniard of the house of Medina Sidonia. I was not equally fortunate, for the Spaniard's second, Count de Varicler, originally of Italian descent, though his family has been settled in France for the last two hundred years, gave me a severe sword wound, which confined me to my room for six months. From the day of that occurrence Sir Hamilton was as constantly with me almost as my shadow, and though frequently and vehemently entreated by his family to return to Scotland, he would not consent to leave me till I had completely recovered. On taking leave he bound himself on his honour, without my requiring or wishing it, to render me any and every service I should ask at his hands.

“Years rolled by, our intimacy gradually slackened, we ceased to correspond, and would have soon probably forgotten each other entirely, when I found him amongst the gentlemen of the embassy, who came to Paris in the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. I did not let slip the occasion of reminding him of the past, and calling upon him to redeem the pledge he had given me. Overcome by my repeated and pressing entreaties, he told, though reluctantly, all he knew. The following narrative is therefore.

monseigneur, made up of what I learned from Sir Hamilton, and what Bois Robert contrived to draw from the *valet de chambre* of the Duke of Buckingham.

"(Signed) Marquis de Beau-tru."

The report then proceeds as follows:—

"It is of general notoriety at the English embassy that the duke is in love with the queen. He has even been presumptuous enough to have the portrait of that princess placed in his closet, under a canopy of blue velvet, surmounted by white and red plumes; and wears, besides, a miniature of her majesty, encircled with large diamonds, suspended from his neck by a golden chain, as if it had been given him by the queen. He goes frequently to see the Duchess of Chevreuse, of whom he pretends to be enamoured, but she is in reality only his *confidante*. He has secured her good offices, by a present of 2000 pistoles, and a diamond necklace, valued, at the least, 100,000 livres. This present was offered to the duchess on her alluding accidentally before the Duke of Buckingham to her being straightened for the moment in money matters. The gold she accepted as a loan, and the jewels as a *galanterie*. From that time all the rarest productions of the Indies and the two Americas were to be found in abundance at the duchess's, and in return her house and her eloquence were at the service of the Duke of Buckingham. She omitted no opportunity of speaking of him to the queen, and pointing out to her majesty the excess of his passion *a travers son insolence*.

"Eight days ago the queen went to a collation at the hotel of the duchess. The king had promised to be present also, but the Duke of Buckingham was as unwilling to be obliged to follow in the suit of his most christian majesty as he was to be absent on the occasion from his lady (*sa dame*), the audacious name by which he calls the greatest princess in the world. During this afternoon he appeared under five different disguises. The first time he wore the Albert* livery, and made one of the group of footmen in waiting for the arrival of the queen's carriage, and with an inconceivable temerity, it was he that let down the step of the carriage, thus usurping the functions of the officers of the crown; and it is said, that as her majesty stepped out of the carriage, he laid his hand tenderly on the royal foot. The queen at first walked about the gardens, and the duke's next appearance was as one of a number of gardeners who came forward to offer fruits and flowers to our gracious sovereign. When it came to the duke's turn he dared to utter a compliment, but in so low a voice that no one but the queen heard him, and she was observed to blush. Later in the day he presented himself in the costume of a magician or fortune teller, and by means of this disguise spoke twice to the queen. On the first of these occasions it was remarked that the duchess nudged the arm of the queen, as if to caution her majesty against being surprised; and when the pretended astrologer approached, and appeared to be telling her her fortune, the princess became so confused, that the duchess made signs to the duke to warn him that he had gone too far. We know not, monsieur, what sort

of impertinence the duke allowed himself to utter at that moment.

"The Duke of Buckingham then disguised with an appropriate mask, made his appearance and danced twice in the ballet of demons which was performed on that occasion; and lastly, in order to enable him to remain a longer time near his lady (*sa dame*) that tasteful masquerade had been imagined, which drew forth the applause of your eminence and the king, that representing the visit made to the queen for the purpose of paying homage to her beauty and merit, by the emperors of China, Japan, Abyssinia, of the Moguls, Mexico, and by the Sultan of Constantinople, the Sophy of Persia, the Grand Khan of Tartary, and the Inca of Peru, each escorted by a suite of masks. It was known that the representatives of these sovereigns were all noblemen of the houses of Lorraine, of Rohan, of Bouillon, of Chabot, of Tremouille, &c. With the view of prolonging the duration of this gorgeous pageant, and the triumph of the queen, the above named potentates were invited to form part of their majesties' immediate circle. The Grand Mogul who was to have been personated by the young Duke de Guise, was in reality represented by the Duke of Buckingham, the former having consented for a loan of 3000 pistoles to let the latter take his place. The dress of the Duke of Buckingham was one blaze of jewels, and amongst them, to the astonishment of the whole court, sparkled the diamonds of the crown of England, which through an excess of foolish confidence, the King of Great Britain had allowed his favourite to bring away with him to France. The young Duke of Guise attended the simulated Grand Mogul, as one of the lords of his suite, under the title of his sword bearer, so that aided by the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duke of Buckingham might change dresses with him a moment before the king invited their pretended majesties to unmask and sup with him and the queen.

"This shifting of dresses was effected by means of a closet, into which the Grand Mogul and his sword bearer retired, and as after supper they were to remask and recommence dancing, a new exchange of turbans and robes enabled the Duke of Buckingham to assume his former character. All this was managed by the charitable assistance of the Duchess de Chevreuse, so that during the entire of the entertainment the rash (*temeraire*) foreigner had frequent opportunities of conversing freely with his lady (*sa dame*.) What did he not say to her?

"Since that evening no day has passed that the Duke of Buckingham has not *incognito*, and by the connivance of the duchess, seen the queen, and sometimes spoken to her. The last of these occasions was on the day before yesterday, when your eminence may recollect that a rumour had got abroad that the apparition of the *White Lady** had been seen

* This spectral *White Lady* was a kind of French *banisher*, which was supposed to perambulate the corridors of the Louvre in the olden time, and afterwards those of the palace of Versailles, previous to, and predictive of, the death of any member of the royal family. The first French revolution seems to have so completely scared away the fair messenger of death, that she abstained from her accustomed

* Albert, the family name of the Dukes of Luy-nez, of Chevreuse, and of Chaulnes.

in the Louvre by several of the male and female servants of her Majesty's household. The king knows nothing of this rumour, as it was kept from him lest he might feel alarmed. The circumstance that gave rise to this story is as follows. My lord duke, but little satisfied, as it would appear, with the opportunities given him of being in the presence of his lady (*sa dame*), wished to be favoured with a more private audience, and under pretence of having to deliver into the queen's hands a private letter from her sister-in-law*, he solicited an interview. It was necessary, he gave to understand that there should be no witness present at the delivery of this letter, as its contents related to the means of bringing about the downfall of Cardinal Richelieu. Under colour of this pretext the meeting was granted to him. The undersigned hesitate to believe (*ne croient que medecrement*) that this lord received any encouragement in his culpable passion. But this lady, accustomed no doubt to the chivalric and adventurous gallantry of Spain, saw in these demonstrations only a subject to divert her mind, but not interest her heart.

"The audience being granted, it became necessary to devise the means of meeting. The Duchess de Chevreuse, versed in intrigue, and hoping to interest the lady the more by the strangeness of the expedient, proposed to the ambassador to take upon himself to play the mysterious part of the *White Lady*, a part which would have the further advantage of facilitating his escape in case of surprise from the terror inspired by such an apparition. The duke having put on a white and fantastically shaped robe, painted with black tears (*larmes noires*), and having on the breast and on the back the representation of a death's head, had his face covered with the pellicle invented by Noblen.† This pellicle had been of great use to him at the Duchess of Chevreuse's fete, in those disguises where it was not permitted to wear a mask. Besides having his features thus altered; the Duke put on a cap equally fantastical as

the other parts of his dress, and to this cap he affixed a black velvet mask, called a *loup*.* He then enveloped himself in an ample cloak, and covered his head with one of those broad brimmed Spanish hats called *sombreros*.

"A confidential servant of the duchess's, but who supposed he was conducting to the Louvre an Italian astrologer, introduced *our adventurer* by the private entrance and the secret staircases and passages, to which, for a long time back, none have had access but the creatures of the favourite the Duchess of Chevreuse. In fine, owing to all the precautions taken, the duke arrived without any obstacle in the queen's closet.

"The duchess, like a charitable and discreet person, was about to withdraw; already, on some pretence or other, Mademoiselle de Flotte, maid of honour to Anne of Austria, had been sent out of the way; but the queen expressed a wish for the duchess to remain. As the duke was about throwing off his disguise, the queen jested graciously upon the laughable effect of his masquerading costume. The duke replied in his usual gallant style, but his *amour propre* was evidently wounded, till the queen, always so good, perceiving the pain she had caused him, gave him, by way of compensation, her hand to kiss. The duke raised it respectfully to his lips, and then kneeling at her majesty's feet, begged her to permit him to read the confidential letter which he had to communicate to her. This was the signal agreed upon between him and the duchess for the latter to withdraw; but it became unnecessary for her to do so, as the queen consented to accompany the duke into an adjacent oratory to hear the letter read. They went in, and as the door of the oratory remained half open the duchess closed it. On a sudden a loud knocking in the antechamber alarmed the *confidante*, it was a signal from the *valet de chambre*, Bertin, that the king was approaching. He was, however, mistaken, for his majesty, instead of coming to the queen, had quitted the palace and gone to shoot magpies in the gardens of the Tuilleries with Baradas, who keeps as close to him as his shadow. Nevertheless, the alarm once given, the duke resumed his disguise, and fled like a thief. In his hurry and confusion his hat fell off and his cloak flew open, and being seen for a moment in his apparition dress, by some of the lower servants, caused them not a little terror. The duke, profiting of their panic, slipped into the room of Bertin, the *valet de chambre*, whence he some time after made his way out of the palace, in a less remarkable costume.

"It was in consequence of these doings that your eminence, on going to visit the queen, found so much agitation and confusion prevailing in the apartments, and heard some of the servants asserting with so much earnestness, that they had seen the *White Lady*, or the *Great Hunter* of Fontainebleau, which in the minds of many are one and the same. This, monseigneur, is what has come to our knowledge, and which we hasten to make you acquainted with, in order that you may turn it to whatever use may be found most fitting."

warning visits before the departure of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. for the vaults of St. Dennis. And the present reigning head of the family has shown himself a man so worldly and *positif* that so unearthly a visitant has most likely cut all connection with him. At least on a late melancholy occasion we heard nothing of a white robed spectre of the feminine gender, "making night hideous," by pacing up and down the long galleries of the Louvre, or glaring in the moonlight from the innumerable windows of the palace of Versailles.

* Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry IV., sister of Louis XIII., and wife, since 1637, of Charles I. of England.

† Noblen was an ingenious *mechanicien* of that time, the inventor of several curious contrivances similar to the automaton and duck of Vaucanson. He gave lessons in legerdemain to the great Conde, to Louis XIII., and the Duke of Orleans. He was born at Paris in 1600, and lived to the age of 95. He left a rich cabinet of objects of art. The pellicle above mentioned was a piece of gold beater's leaf, covered with a thin coating of white and soft wax, which being cut or slashed according to a model agreed upon, and laid on the face, it entirely changed its configuration and expression, the eyes and respiratory organs being alone left uncovered.

* The fashion then in use with the ladies of the court, and the rich *bourgeoises*, of wearing black velvet masks, called *louns*, spread all over Europe, and continued in vogue for 150 years.

To this account Peuchet adds—"This *proce verbal*, as it may be called, corroborated by what Cardinal Richelieu saw in the queen's apartment, and confirmed by what took place subsequently at a promenade, during which the Duke of Buckingham behaved so audaciously to the queen, that she found herself obliged to call to her side her ladies, who, through respect or complaisance, had kept at a distance, augmented to the highest pitch the jealousy of the king and the cardinal; and at length matters proceeded to far, that the duke received a private intimation to quit Paris without delay, or else some evil would befall him. It is well known, however, that the audacious ambassador did not depart, until affairs were in such a state, that his longer stay must have led if not to his own ruin, at least to that of the queen's honour. After a short absence he, however, returned, but his stay was not of long duration. On this last occasion attempts were made to induce him to give up the miniature of the queen; but to all such demands he replied with great warmth, that they might tear it from him, but that he would never consent to part with it."

The other adventure compiled by Peuchet, from documents in the Archives of Police, relates to persons in a very different rank of life from those of the preceding one; but from its strange and fearful nature, it will, we suspect, be read by many with still more lively interest. It happened under the reign of Louis XIV., and is told by Peuchet in the following words:—

"Monsieur de la Regnie had filled for several years, to the general satisfaction, the functions of Lieutenant-General of Police, when, on a sudden, terror spread itself through Paris, in consequence of the extraordinary disappearance of several persons. In the course of four months twenty-six young men, the youngest seventeen, and the oldest twenty-five years of age, had been spirited away from their inconsolable families. The most extravagant and contradictory rumours were in circulation upon the subject, particularly in the Fouxbourg St. Antoine, which had to deplore the loss of four or five fine young men, the sons of rich and respectable upholsterers residing in that quarter of the city. Amongst other gossiping stories whispered about upon this subject it was pretended, that a princess, who was suffering from a dangerous liver complaint, had been advised by some foreign charlatan or quack doctor, to make use, from time to time, as a means of cure, of a bath of human blood, and that the unfortunate missing persons had been immolated for the purpose. Another equally horrible surmise was, that they had been made away with by the Jews, who out of hatred and derision for the crucified Messiah, were accustomed to put Christians to death upon a cross. Fortunately for the poor Jews, this latter opinion took no hold of the public mind.

"Whatever the secret cause of these disappearances might have been, terror and desolation reigned in Paris. The Duke de Gevres having mentioned the facts to the king, his majesty sent for the Lieutenant-General of Police, and reproached him with suffering the existence of such a system of kidnapping, which, in all likelihood, he added, must have been followed by violent deaths, as none of those missing had ever been heard of afterwards. Monsieur de la Regnie, in despair at the displeasure of his majesty, returned in very bad humour to Paris, and sent im-

mediately for one of his most experienced agents, named Lecoq, a man whose services on many difficult occasions he had good reason to value. To him he made known the embarrassment in which he found himself, told him of the king's anger, and held out to him the prospect of so great a reward, that Lecoq, carried away by his cupidity, exclaimed, 'Ah, monseigneur! I see that in order to take you out of trouble, I must renew the sacrifice of Abraham. I ask you to allow me eight days, in which time I hope to give you a good account of the affair.' Lecoq said no more; and Monsieur de la Regnie, who looked upon him as his best agent, dismissed him with a sign which gave him to understand that he had at his disposal all the resources of the police. At that time it was the custom in the police department to make use of mute signs on extraordinary occasions of this kind, the meaning of which was known only to the principal and most confidential agents.

"Lecoq, who was not married, had a natural son, to whom he was greatly attached, and over whose conduct and education he carefully watched. This lad, called by his companions L'Eveille, from the precociousness and sprightliness of his disposition, was gifted with no common intelligence. Though little more than sixteen years of age, Nature had not only given him reason beyond his years, but had also been prodigal to him of external gifts. Young Lecoq, besides possessing a handsome face, was tall, and so well and strongly formed, that he looked more like a man of five and twenty than a youth of sixteen. L'Eveille, whose real name was Exupere, obtained from his father all that could flatter the vanity of a young man; for his handsome person was always set off by costly and modish clothes. He, however, quitted the house but seldom, for the elder Lecoq knew but too well the danger to which handsome young men like his son were exposed in the streets of Paris; and on the rare occasions when Exupere was allowed to go abroad, he was always accompanied by one or other of the police spies whom his father had at his beck.

"Lecoq, on returning from his interview with Monsieur de la Regnie, shut himself up with his son, and had a long conversation with him. In the afternoon of that day, Exupere was seen quitting the house alone, and splendidly dressed. Around his hat and suspended from his neck were gold chains; he wore two watches; and, from the chinking of his purse as he walked, it was evident that it was filled with good broad pieces of gold coin. But what still more surprised the neighbours (for the profession of the elder Lecoq was unknown to them) was to see the handsome and finely dressed L'Eveille go and return home several times during four consecutive days without being accompanied, as had always been the case before, by his uncle (in reality his father) or some friend. It has been already stated that L'Eveille, besides the remarkable comeliness of his face and person, was endowed with a lively intellect, courage, prudence and *savoir-faire*. The confidential conversation he had had with his father had awakened his ambition; and he easily understood that he might acquire both honour and profit should he succeed in discovering, for the Lieutenant-General of Police, the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of so many persons. Accordingly, in the rich dress befitting a young man of family, he walked about the

streets, on the quays, in the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg, and in the Salle des Pas Perdus at the Palais de Justice, and in the galleries of that vast edifice, then a favourite haunt of the gay and idle amongst the Parisians.

"Lecoq the elder had conjectured that the young men who had disappeared had been ensnared to their ruin by the seductive charms of some frail beauty; and he foresaw that, by putting his son in the way to meet such a creature, he exposed him likewise to a similar fate; but, reckoning upon his being forewarned, he hoped he might escape the snare that had proved fatal to so many others. The fifth day, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, young Lecoq, in all the *eclat* of his fine clothes, was sauntering on the terrace of the garden of the Tuilleries next the river, when a remarkably beautiful young woman passed close by him. She was walking alone, but was followed at some distance by a kind of humble friend, or *gouvernante*. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, was elegantly dressed, and had not only much of beauty in her face and shape, but a certain foreign grace or piquancy in her air and manner. L'Eveille gazed, or pretended to gaze, with great interest upon the fine form and striking features of the unknown fair one. His glances were not thrown away, but were answered by timid and half downcast looks. He drew himself up, arranged the frill of his shirt, disposed in better order his lace ruffles,—in a word, gave himself the airs of a man who had the presentiment of an adventure, hoping all the time that it was that for which he had his instructions all ready. To make sure of this, he passed and repassed several times before the lady, and at length took a seat upon one of the benches of the labyrinth, which then existed in front of the *Champ Elysee*. He had not been there many minutes, when he saw the friend, or *suivante*, of his beauty approach the spot where he was, and, after a few turns, seat herself on the same bench. He took off his hat, as was the custom, and soon after entered into conversation; and, thinking the game already in his hands, he asked the *suivante* who was the young lady in whose service she appeared to be. 'Oh, sir,' replied she, 'the history of my mistress is almost a romance.'—'A romance!' exclaimed L'Eveille, 'you interest me deeply,—probably your mistress is '—'Yes,' replied the *suivante*, in a confidential tone, 'you have guessed right; she is that interesting young person of whom all Paris is still talking; and since you have so readily chanced upon her name, I will no longer conceal from you her history.'—'Cursed witch!' said L'Eveille to himself, and he drew nearer to the old woman. 'You must know, my dear sir,' said the latter, 'that the father of my mistress was a rich Polish prince, who came to Paris *incognito*, for the sole purpose of seducing the daughter of a *marchand* in the Rue St. Denis, who was at that time equally celebrated for her beauty and her *sagease*; having turned a deaf ear to the most brilliant offers from some of the most amiable and highborn of the courtiers. The attempt undertaken by the Polish prince was in consequence of a wager which he made on the subject, and which wager he gained. But on the birth of a child (my mistress), his better sentiments prevailed; and falling at the feet of his victim he said to her, 'I shall set out immediately for Poland, disclose what

I have done to my sovereign, and leave no effort untried to obtain his permission to marry you.' The prince quitted Paris, but never returned. It was said that he had been set upon by brigands and murdered. The king of Poland, however, having been made acquainted with the unworthy conduct of the prince, wished to repair, as far as in him lay, the evil he had done; and, for that purpose, sent a confidential agent to Paris. But, alas, before his arrival, the mother of my mistress had died of a broken heart; and he found her infant orphan alone in the world. The king of Poland, on being informed of the circumstances, caused the child to be declared heiress of the vast wealth of the prince: so that she is now the richest *partie* in Paris, or all France. Happy the man who shall call her his own!—'Happy, indeed,' exclaimed L'Eveille, 'the man who could entertain even a hope of pleasing her,' at the same time heaving a deep sigh.—'Ah, young man, to please, you must sometimes dare—'—'To do what?' asked L'Eveille. 'How should I know?—to be amiable.'—'And how is that to be done?'—'Oh, you question me too closely; and, for an intelligent youth, as you appear to be, you ask singular questions.—Adieu, monsieur.'

"One word more," cried L'Eveille, 'one word more I conjure you.' The *suivante*, who had risen, sat down again. It was now L'Eveille's turn to speak; and he told the old woman, with as much apparent ingenuousness as he could muster up, that he was the son of a wealthy physician of Mans, and that he had been sent to Paris to attend the course of lectures at the university; and added, 'Here I have been for the last ten days, and, as you see, not ill provided; for my father is generous, having no other child but me; and, besides watches, chains and rings, I have two hundred pistoles in my purse, and leisure and disposition to devote myself to the task of pleasing so charming a person as your mistress.'

"The old sorceress chuckled and smiled, with a mingled expression of pleasure and contemptuous pity. She then took L'Eveille by the hand, and said, 'You have entirely won my heart, and I feel a kind of motherly affection for you, of which I will give you a proof. Listen to me. You have not escaped my mistress's notice. She was struck with your person and manners, and desired me to find out who you were. I am charmed that her choice should have fallen on one so worthy of her. Station yourself this evening, a little before nightfall, in front of the principal door of the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. I will meet you there, and bring you, I have no doubt, good tidings. Take care to come well dressed, and with all your finery; for it might spoil all were you to appear before my mistress in the guise of a threadbare-coated, penniless student.' This point being settled, they separated.

"L'Eveille, in his joy, scarcely touched the ground along which he hurried home, as he felt convinced that he had discovered the decoy that had lured so many young men to their ruin. On acquainting his father with what had taken place, Lecoq shared in the suspicions and hopes of his son; but, as the hour of trial drew nigh, paternal tenderness filled his heart with fear, and he trembled at the danger the young man was about to encounter. However, in order to diminish that danger as much as possible, he summoned a number of his most trusty

police agents, to whom he briefly explained the nature of the service, and recommended them to keep close to his son, without, however, compromising, by their too near approach, the success of the *coup de main* he was about to attempt. He himself was to walk at a short distance before them, resolved that, as far as in him lay, the expedition should not fail. A little before nightfall D'Eveille, still more richly dressed than in the morning, proceeded to the place appointed. The church doors were about being closed, when an old woman, meanly clad, and with her face nearly concealed under a hood, emerged from the Church; and, after throwing a furtive glance about her recognised L'Eveille, and made him a sign to approach her. 'The devil! I should never have known you,' cried L'Eveille. 'What a strange figure you have made of yourself.'—'Oh, it is a necessary precaution, my son, in order to escape the eyes of the numerous adorers of my mistress, who, hoping to gain me to their interests, beset me whenever they see me in the streets. Seigneur Dieu! these *godelureaux* are as numerous around our house as bees are about a hive. Let us hurry on; but first put this bandage on your eyes. This is a delicate attention shown by our Parisian gallants to their mistresses, and with which I know Mademoiselle Jaborouski (for so my mistress is called) will be not a little pleased, and will reward you for it.'—'No, by my faith!' replied L'Eveille, 'I shall not bandage my eyes. My father expressly forbid me ever to do so.'—'Well, then, let us proceed,' said the old woman, 'without it, since your papa has forbidden you. I shall explain that to Mademoiselle.'

"They walked forward, the old woman a few paces in advance of L'Eveille, and the police agents following at a cautious distance. They traversed the Rues de l'Arbre sec, de la Monnaie, and after various windings, those of Retz, Lavandieres, Mauvaises Paroles, Deux Boules, Jean Lambert, and at length stopped in the Rue des Orfèvres, not the least hideous street of that infected and black mud-covered quarter of Paris. There, near the chapel of St. Eloi, and opposite a tolerably good-looking house, the old woman halted, and said, 'Mon beau Garçon, my mistress does not reside in this poor place, but the house belongs to her, and it was her wish to receive you here first. I shall go up and let her know that you are here.'

"The old demoness entered the house, leaving L'Eveille at the door. His father, to encourage him, though he trembled himself, crossed the street and squeezed his hand. He had scarcely moved away when the old woman reappeared, and after again endeavouring, but in vain, to persuade L'Eveille to let his eyes be bandaged, conducted into the fatal house. L'Eveille, though armed, felt no little misgivings and fears of being attacked as he followed his faithless guide in utter darkness, through a long passage, and up some flights of stairs. However he met with no obstacle of the kind, and was, after some time, ushered into a room lighted with wax tapers and richly furnished. At one end of the room, upon a crimson-coloured sofa, fringed with gold lace, reclined in a most seductive *dishabille*, the daughter of the Polish prince, Mademoiselle Jaborouski. At the sight of the stranger, her hand, sparkling with brilliants (no doubt from the Polish mines), re-adjusted over her half disclosed bosom, the too-open folds of

her robe, and after saluting her visitor with an encouraging smile, she made a signal to her Duenna to retire.

"The young man, forgetful for the moment of the object of his mission, felt as if under the spell of enchantment, and, fascinated by the beautiful person before him, he had scarcely power to speak or move. She, seeing his embarrassment, arose from the sofa, and held out her hand, which he eagerly seized and kissed. This served but to put more completely to flight his presence of mind, and though conscious of the infamous and dangerous nature of the place where he was, he could not resist taking a seat on the sofa near so charming an object. So that it might have been said of him that he had completely fallen into the power of her whom he had come to surprise, and deliver into the hands of justice.

"The elder Lecoq, who with the police agents were impatiently waiting in the street, not hearing the signal agreed upon with his son, put a whistle to his mouth, and blew it loudly. The shrill sound reached the ears of young Lecoq, and put his illusions instantly to flight. He started from the sofa, and the syren, under whose fascination he had been, under pretence of giving directions to her old *suivante*, went into an adjoining chamber. L'Eveille profiting of her absence, made an inspection of the room, in one corner of which stood what appeared to be a kind of Indian screen. Wishing to see what was behind this, he endeavoured to close up its folds, but finding them immovable, he shook them with some violence, when he heard a click, like that of a spring giving way, and one of the folds descended into the floor, and left unmasked a deep and ample recess or cupboard, upon the shelves of which were ranged twenty six silver dishes, and in each a human head, the flesh of which had been preserved by some embalming process. A stifled cry of horror burst from the youth's lips, which but a moment before had been breathing the accents of admiration and passion. But his agony of terror was still further increased, when looking towards one of the windows of the room, he thought he saw several other cadaverous faces fixing upon him through the panes their glazed but fiery glances. He grasped at the back of a chair, to keep him from falling, his hair stood on end, drops of cold perspiration covered his forehead, his cheeks became paler and more livid than the faces of the dead that confronted him, and his nerves at length giving way, he sunk upon his knees, and clasped his hands in a delirium of terror and despair.

"At this moment the window was burst in, and his father, followed by the police agents, jumped into the apartment; for the elder Lecoq, alarmed by the silence of his son, and dreading that he might be assassinated, had bravely mounted to the assault of the house, which he was enabled to do by means of ladders, which the agents procured from a neighbouring house-builder's yard. This fortunate and daring act of Lecoq's did in fact save his son's life, for immediately after the noise made by Lecoq, and the police agents breaking into the apartment, Mademoiselle Jaborouski, followed by four armed ruffians, rushed from the adjoining chamber, but the police agents being superior in number, and equally well armed, resistance was in vain, and the fair murderess and her four accomplices were secured, and after being manacled, were carried off to prison. A close exam-

nation of the house led to no other discovery worth noticing."

The explanation of this most strange history given by Peuchet is as follows. A number of the most desperate malefactors, whose crimes had often merited the gibbet and the galleys, had formed an association under the command of an experienced and daring chief. This arch villain had in the course of his wanderings fallen in with a rich but most profligate Englishwoman—a modern Messalina. Besides being his mistress, she lent herself to serve as a decoy, by means of which young men who had the appearance of wealth were lured to the den where young Lecoq had had so miraculous an escape. There, after sharing in her gallantries, they were murdered, and their heads separated from the bodies. The latter were disposed of to the surgical students for anatomical purposes; and the heads, after being dried and embalmed, were kept until a safe opportunity offered of sending them to Germany, where a high price was given for them by the secret amateurs of a science then in its infancy, but which has since made some noise in the world under the name of phrenology, or the system of Gall and Spurzheim.

The government, dreading the effect on the minds of the people likely to be produced by a public exposure of these numerous and atrocious murders, took measures for the prompt but secret punishment of the culprits. The four robbers were hanged, and their female accomplice was also sentenced to death; but destiny ordained otherwise, as the sequel will prove.

The conclusion of this strange eventful history is thus narrated by Peuchet. The Chevalier de Lorraine, the Marquis de Douvois, and the Chancellor of France happened to be present in the Marchioness de Montespan's apartment, whilst Louis XIV. was relating to her and the Duke of Orleans, his brother, the adventure of young Lecoq, who had been rewarded with a considerable sum of money and a lucrative place. The marchioness expressed great horror at the profligacy and cruelty of Lady Guilfort (which title, like that of Jabarouski, was one of the many names assumed by the Englishwoman, her real name having never been discovered,) and asked the king if the execution of so base and fiendish a creature should soon take place? Louis XIV. replied, that the law would take its course, and then changed the conversation. Soon after the Duke of Orleans and the Chevalier de Lorraine took their leave. After quitting the apartment, the Chevalier said to his Royal Highness, "This Englishwoman must be a rare piece of womanhood (*une maîtresse femme*), suppose we have her to sup with us." The prince cried out, "shame! shame!" But the very extravagance of the proposal pleased him; and on the favourite renewing his entreaties he consented. The Englishwoman being confined in the Bastille, a blank *lettre de cachet* was procured and filled up with an order to the governor to deliver to the care of the bearer Lady Guilfort, for the purpose of her being transferred to the prison of Pignerol. The governor of the Bastille, deceived by this false warrant, delivered up his prisoner; but shortly after having done so, he came to the knowledge of the trick that had been played on him, and in the first moment of alarm and anger he talked of complaining to the king; but on the name of the Duke of Orleans being mentioned,

he resolved to hush up the matter, which was done by means of a *procès verbal* certifying the sudden death and burial within the precincts of the Bastille of the female prisoner in question.

Lady Guilfort, who supposed that her removal from the Bastille was only for the purpose of being taken to the Conciergerie, preparatory to her execution, soon perceived, however, that the carriage took the direction of one of the barriers of Paris; after quitting which, at the end of a two hours' drive, it stopped. A kind of equerry came and opened the door, offered her his hand to descend, and, after passing through a long corridor, and up some flights of stairs, ushered her into a brilliant and well-lighted apartment. A well-heaped fire of logs was blazing in the chimney, and nothing about the room wore the appearance of a prison. After the interval of a few minutes, three gentlemen entered the room. Though plainly dressed, it was evident, from their air and manner, that they were persons of high rank. One of them, immediately on entering, put an opera-glass to his eye, and examined with haughty curiosity Lady Guilfort; the two others threw themselves into arm-chairs. Lady Guilfort, after the first surprise was over, had no difficulty in recognising in the persons before her the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, the Chevalier de Lorraine, and the Marquis d'Effiat. She quickly conceived the motives, which led to her being brought into their presence; and though, under other circumstances, she would have willingly joined in the wildest orgies with the persons in whose company she then found herself, yet the recollection of her dungeon in the Bastille, and the terrible death impending over her, left her no thought but that of making her escape. She affected not to be aware of the rank of the personages before her; but, seeming to enter into the spirit of the adventure, she exerted all her powers of fascination, and soon made captive to her seductive influence the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat. But the Duke of Orleans, never a great admirer of the fair sex, and who could not vanquish his horror of the Englishwoman, tired before long of the scene; and bethinking himself that the gratification of his curiosity might be too dearly purchased by the risk of the king's displeasure, should the circumstance meet his majesty's ears, he proposed to have her conveyed back to the Bastille. His companions, however, made him sensible of the want of generosity in such a proceeding, and it was agreed that Lady Guilfort should be sent off in the direction of Brussels or England, at her option. The Duke of Orleans, having refused to stay for supper, was conducted by the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat to his apartments; for this scene took place in the palace of Versailles, and in the lodgings of the Marquis de Lafare, the use of which he had given to the Chevalier de Lorraine for twenty-four hours.

After returning to the room where Lady Guilfort was, all three sat down to a *petit souper*. The most exuberant gaiety, and not the most refined gallantry, was the order of the night. At the close of a supper which had been prolonged into the small hours of the morning, Lady Guilfort on a sudden rose up, and taking up a taper, made her lowest courtesy, and wished the gentlemen good night. The marquis and the chevalier likewise quitted the table; and their final guest, before she left the room, contrived to sell

each, without the other hearing, that she would leave the door of her chamber open. She then quitted the room. Soon after the two gentlemen moved off as if to their respective chambers; but, after leaving in their rooms their lighted tapers, they stole back in the dark and on tiptoe, and met face to face at the door of the lady's chamber. Seeing the trick put upon them, they burst out laughing, and both entered the chamber, to reproach her with her duplicity; but they had scarcely advanced three paces into the room, when Lady Guilfort, who had been concealed in the corridor, pulled the door to, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and hurried back to the supper-room, where, tying together the table-cloths and napkins, she fastened one end of this *impromptu* rope to the balcony, and, by means of it, let herself down into the park, where she lay concealed until the gates were opened in the morning. She then slipped out, and hurrying into the town of Versailles, took the first vehicle that offered, and arrived in Paris before her two imprisoned admirers were released from durance; as they dared not during the night make a noise in the palace by calling or ringing for the servants, to have the door of the room in which they were locked up forced open, lest it might lead to the discovery of their participation in the criminal trick played off upon the governor of the Bastille, and the consequent escape of Lady Guilfort.

On arriving at Paris, Lady Guilfort hastened to the *Rue Plat d'Etain*, where, in an obscure and miserable-looking house, but admirably contrived inside for the purposes of concealment, lived one of the chief agents of the band of malefactors with whom she was connected. There, after explaining to her accomplice the means by which she had recovered her liberty, she found a secure asylum. In a little time, aided by this villain, Lady Guilfort organised a new troop of bandits upon whom she could reckon, as the old saying has it, *a pendre et a dependre*. She, as chief of the association, planned the expeditions, appointed to each the part he was to play, partitioned the booty, and, at times, took a personal part in the expedition. The individual in whose house she had taken refuge was named lieutenant of the troop.

As it was no longer possible to allure victims to the den by means of Lady Guilfort's personal attractions, the efforts of the band were principally confined to house robberies; but murders were avoided, unless where they became necessary to the safety of the robbers.

Besides the feelings of hatred arising from the loss of four of the troop, including the captain, and the diminution of their gains effected by young Lecoq's interference, Lady Guilfort nourished a deep desire of personal vengeance against him for having been duped by him, and resorted to the following stratagem to gratify that feeling. Young Lecoq, enriched by the bounty of the king, and possessed of a lucrative place, led a regular life, undisturbed by any fears of Lady Guilfort's vengeance, he supposing her to be dead: when one day a grave-looking and respectfully-dressed man called upon him, and after requiring a promise of secrecy with regard to what he should tell him, asked if he should like to be put in the way of detecting a set of smugglers, who carried on an extensive and thriving trade between Belgium and Paris in Brussels lace and other

prohibited goods. Lecoq, whose ruling passion was avarice, eagerly accepted the offer, and agreed to the terms proposed. His informant was to point out Lecoq as a sure agent, to whose house the smugglers might consign their bales and cases of contraband merchandize. Ten or twelve days after the conclusion of this bargain, a cart stopped at Lecoq's door, and from it were taken two large wooden cases, which, according to Lecoq's orders, were placed in a store-room on the ground-floor of his house. The carter, after in vain searching his pockets for the keys, said, that he must have left them at the stage where he had stopped the night before; but that he would return thither, and bring them to Lecoq the next morning. From some over acting on this man's part, and from observing that these cases were perforated in seven or eight places with small holes, Lecoq had his suspicions awakened. He communicated his doubts to a friend of his, a courageous and resolute young fellow; and in the evening, when every thing was quiet in the house, they both, armed with pistols, descended with noiseless steps the stairs, and took their posts near the door of the store-room, which had been left purposely unclosed.

They had been for a considerable time on the watch; and Lecoq's friend getting impatient, was about abandoning his post, when an indistinct noise from that part of the store-room where the cases were placed struck their ears. They redoubled their attention—the noise increased; and they were soon able to ascertain that it came from the cases. Lecoq squeezed his friend's hand—the signal was understood—they both cocked their pistols.—“John,” said a voice in the lowest possible whisper, “are you there?”—“Yes.”—“We appear to be alone in the house. Let us breathe a little air; for I am stifled in this cursed box. We can lie down again when the people of the house come back.”—“Do you think they have any suspicion?”—“Not the least; with all his cunning, Lecoq is blinded by his avarice—the Englishwoman judged him rightly, and tonight at twelve she may satisfy her vengeance in the heart's-blood of the infamous *mouchard*” (police spy.) “Fire!” cried Lecoq, at the same time discharging his pistols in the direction of the cases—his friend did the same; and the explosion was followed by a double cry of agony—the balls had taken effect. Lecoq ran into an adjoining room, where he had placed a lighted lamp in a cupboard, and bringing it with him into the store-room, he and his friend saw the robbers stretched at the bottom of the cases, one dead, and the other having his thigh broken. The noise of the fire-arms brought several of the neighbours to the house, and soon after the patrol arrived. This circumstance greatly annoyed Lecoq; as the public rumour of the discovery of the two robbers would, if it reached the ears of any of the band, prevent them from keeping their engagement for midnight, and thus frustrate his intention of securing them all. He, however, endeavoured to repair as much as possible the evil, by enjoining silence on those who entered the house. He also informed the lieutenant-general of the police, who sent him a company of soldiers, disguised, and who came to the house only one by one, where they were conveniently posted for the reception of the robbers.

It had scarcely struck midnight when the noise of several feet was heard approaching, and soon after

they stopped opposite the door of the house, whilst at the same time five knocks were given upon one of the panes of the window of the store-room; the door, after a moment's delay, was cautiously half opened, and four men successively entered, followed by another figure in female attire. The door was then slapped to violently, a whistle was blown, and instantly numerous torches and tapers were brought from the adjoining rooms, which lighted up the hall, and exhibited to the stupefied banditti the muskets of thirty soldiers levelled at them. In despair, they dropped their arms, and were seized, bound, and carried off to prison. Before their departure Lecoq went up to the female figure, and putting a lamp to her face, beheld features totally unknown to him. The woman was not Lady Guilford. Lecoq's disappointment and astonishment were extreme. The next day, however, he received a note, which in some measure cleared up the mystery. This note, which exists in the archives of the police, was brought to him by a porter, who said it had been given to him by a lady in a thick veil. The contents were as follow:—

"Tremble! One of us must perish. Yesterday I was near your house, when the impatience of my two agents rendered abortive my plan; but wishing to revenge myself on the new captain of our troop, and the unworthy rival he has preferred to me, I did not warn him of the fate of our advanced guard, but allowed him to proceed on the expedition, knowing that he would thereby become your and the police's prey. I have succeeded, and they will now expiate the scorn they treated me with. You may judge from this if my vengeance knows how to reach those that incur it. It is your turn next, young *faufaron*, who imagine that you are secure from my blows, by having made yourself a *mouchard*, when at best you are good for nothing else than to be!"

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Peuchet adds, in a note—"After this letter, the conclusion of which is expressed in too energetic terms to be repeated to ears polite, the report breaks off abruptly, several pages having been torn out of the police register. We are, therefore, ignorant of the *dénouement* of Lady Guilford's history; but from what we have seen of it, it is abundantly clear that this was not the last of her adventures."

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From the United Service Journal.

REMARKS ON FENIMORE COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN continuing our notice of this work, which the author has designated as history—and which, as he says, he has given to the world—we purpose giving some few remarks upon the action between the United States and the Macedonian, which terminated in the capture of the latter; the comparative force of the combatants being as follows:—

Macedonian—Broadside guns, 24; No. lbs., 528; crew (men only), 254; size, 1081 tons.

*United States**—Broadside guns, 26; No. lbs., 864; crew (men only), 474; size, 1533 tons.

Before commenting on the action, we would draw our reader's attention to the amazing disparity of force between the two ships—greater, indeed, than between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*. In the first place, the *United States*, according to the tonnage, was half as large again as her opponent: she was superior to any ship of her class in the American navy; her sides were well defended by the thickness of the live oak—the cells of her main-deck ports being of the same scantling as our 74 gun ships on their lower-deck port-cells—that carronade grape could with great difficulty penetrate them. Here, indeed, was great capability to endure—more especially as this action was fought nearly the whole time out of pistol-shot range—the crew within thirty-one of being the exact double in favour of the *United States*, which ship had four broadside guns more than her adversary. To designate the capture of the *Macedonian* by such a giant in advantage as her enemy, a victory, is absurd; and here, indeed, did we not know Mr. Cooper by his writings, we might be inclined to give him some credit for the modesty of his statement—had his statement been correct. In the first place, he is anxious to make it appear that the *United States* tried every means in her power to close with the *Macedonian*; and, from the firing of the first broadside, all of which fell short—and during the first half hour engagement, which was at so great a distance that carronades were useless—Mr. Cooper talks of the close luff of the *United States*, and begins and finishes his account thus:—"It was soon apparent that the American ship was cutting her antagonist to pieces, while she sustained very little injury herself. As a matter of course, the English ship fell to leeward, while the American both closed and fore-reached upon her: finding herself far enough ahead and to windward, the *United States* at length tacked and ranged up under the enemy's lee. At this moment the main-mast of the latter had been shot away, his main and fore-topmasts were gone, his main-yard was hanging in two pieces, and no colours were flying. As the *United States* came up under the lee of the English ship the firing ceased on both sides, she hailed and demanded the name of her antagonist, and whether she had submitted. To the first interrogatory, Commodore Decatur was answered that the ship was the *Macedonian*, 38, Captain Carden; and to the second, that the vessel had struck."

This is Mr. Cooper's statement—calculated to make the victory certain, the *opposition* or the disposition to *annoy* most trivial, and to *endure* insignificant—calculated, if any Englishman is silly enough to credit the vain boasting of this imaginative writer, to make men believe that the *Macedonian* was sacrificed without resistance—that she used every means to *escape*—that she came reluctantly into action—and that, whilst Decatur was keeping a close luff to get near his antagonist, that antagonist was endeavouring to avoid an action, and was only forced into it when she was so riddled aloft as to be unable to maintain her superiority of sailing.

* Chamier's edition of James's Naval History.

In the first place, when the two ships discovered each other, the Macedonian was about twelve miles on the weather bow of the United States, and no sooner was the latter seen than the former set her studding-sails and bore up in chase. Mr. Cooper even begrudges Captain Carden the honour of any disposition either to chase or to engage: he says—"It was soon ascertained that the stranger was an enemy, and every exertion was made to get alongside of him, though the English ship having the advantage of the wind, *which she tenaciously maintained*, was enabled for some time to prevent it." It will be seen hereafter how Mr. Cooper has availed himself of an alteration in the determination of Captain Carden to fabricate the above; but this is quite evident—the Macedonian had far the advantage of sailing over the Waggon, as the lumbering United States was called; and had Captain Carden chosen to avail himself of his heels, and Decatur altered his mind and *in reality chased*, it would have been the tortoise in pursuit of the hare; not all the close luffs in the world could have forced on an engagement—the Waggon would soon have been distanced, and the Macedonian still an English frigate. But what was in reality the fact? Why, this: that no sooner had the Macedonian advanced to within about three miles of the United States—and as it was 7.30. A.M. on the 12th of October, she must have been as easy to make out as a reef-point in a topsail:—this close luff of Mr. Cooper was turned into a sudden order to "wear ship;" and the United States, instead of chasing, and of "using every exertion to get alongside," "*wore*" and actually kept two points free, to get away if possible. It was impossible even for those the least inclined to see an enemy near them to disguise the truth: the Macedonian, which at three miles distance in broad daylight had been mistaken for a 74, alas! was now made out by some cooler champion of his country's cause to be a frigate two-thirds the size of the United States; and as the Macedonian closed fast, and there was no possibility of escape, a better face was put upon the affair—the United States wore round again on the larboard tack, and hauled sharp up.

Even in this second exhibition, the men who have served in our navy, under our spirited leaders, will discover a lingering dislike to the action on the part of the United States. An English captain would not have lost a foot of ground—he would have brought his ship close to the wind and tacked; but with an enemy to windward, and at the distance of three miles, he never would have wore and lost even an inch by the manœuvre. We mention this more strongly to mark the palpable inaccuracy of Mr. Cooper's statement: it was the Macedonian which chased, and not the United States: it was Captain Carden who bore up to meet his adversary—not his adversary, who kept the close-luff, and used every means to get alongside of the English ship. If the preface of the action is so contrary to historical fact, what shall we say to the action itself?

Captain Carden, wishing to preserve the weather-gage, now hauled close up, and as he passed the United States, on opposite tacks, the latter fired Mr. Cooper's broadside, some of which fell short, some of which passed over the Macedonian. The English frigate now wore in pursuit, and owing to her superiority of sailing (the reader will remark that the

United States, so anxious to engage, never hove-to for her adversary to come up—never tacked to reach her more quickly—not a bit of it) continued keeping clean full until the Macedonian reached, at 9.20, A.M., a position on the larboard quarter of the American frigate, both ships being, of course, on the larboard tack.

The action now commenced. The first broadside of the United States carried away the mizen-topmast of the Macedonian, which fell in the main-top, and, as Brenton well remarks, reduced the "superiority to an equality of sailing,"* and gave Commodore Decatur his heart's best wish of the power to close his adversary—for, with a mizen-topmast gone and gaff shot away, even the Waggon might have kept her luff, and hugged the wind better than her disabled adversary. But, no: in spite of Mr. Cooper's history, so beautifully imagined, this disposition to grapple—this manifestation of using "every exertion to get alongside"—was, we are bound to assert, disregarded; for the United States, now the equal of the Macedonian in point of sailing, "kept her enemy in one position on the quarter in a *running fight*."† The United States kept two points off the wind, and so continued until 10.15, when she laid her main-topsail to the mast, and allowed the Macedonian to come to close action. The enormous superiority of force, by 11.10, A.M., rendered the English ship a wreck: she was still to windward, and made an effort—a desperate effort to board; a shot cut the fore-brace, the only remaining yard to which a portion of a sail which could be serviceable still clung; the yard swung round, the ship was thrown into the wind, and the last chance lost. She struck her colours, when all further resistance was useless, and after having *endured* an action of one hour and three-quarters against a vessel 452 tons larger than herself.

Mr. Cooper having made light work of this action, and having from the beginning to the end laboured to save his friend Decatur from any blame, by advancing the most unblushing—the easiest refuted—statements, takes especial good care not to mention that in this giant ship, over the guns on her main-deck, was painted "Victory," "Nelson," &c., which was explained by Decatur himself thus:—"The men belonging to those guns served *many years* with Lord Nelson, and in the Victory; the crew of the gun named Nelson were once bargemen to that great chief, and they claim the privilege of using his illustrious name in the way you have seen."‡

Why do we mention this fact? Not in order to show that the Macedonian was taken by Englishmen—or that these men, trained under our greatest Admiral, were necessary for the capture of the frigate—we are no such fools: twenty or thirty such men, who would have paid the price of their treason by a morning's airing at the fore-yard arm, would naturally fight hard to save themselves such an unpleasant dependence: but the force was overwhelming without the addition; and Mr. Cooper, who was once a foremast-man in a merchant vessel, and who knows as well as any man, having had experience, that one

* Brenton, vol. ix., p. 59. James in diagram, vol. vi., p. 116.

† James's Naval History, vol. vi., p. 114.

‡ James.

good seaman is worth four of landmen—might, in this impartial history given to the world, (alas! this is an ungrateful world, and very slow to acknowledge the favours showered upon it by so creditable a donor,) have mentioned the *fact*—which he might have got from the very best authority, his own darling Decatur—or from Lieutenant Allen, who was promoted for this action, and from whom, no doubt, the story of the hot coal was procured, which we mentioned in the preceding part of this notice. Mr. Cooper endeavours by every means in his power to decry and depreciate the defence of the Macedonian (we trust this will fall under the observation of some of the brave fellows who defended that ship, and that a personal explanation might enlighten the historian): he starts by insinuating that she hugged the wind to avoid the action—that she was chased like a merchant-schooner, and compelled to fight. “She was smaller, of lighter armament, and had fewer men than her opponent, of course; but the disproportion between the force of the two vessels was much less than that between the execution;” thus does Mr. Cooper sum up his remarks.

In Mr. Cooper’s “England” he mentions it as a national disgrace that the writings of the English should hold such dominion over the minds of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States! Can he doubt the reason now?—can he wonder that men of common understanding should yield to the opinions of another nation, when their own authors, and men whom we remember to have heard in Paris dignify themselves as the American Walter Scotts, write histories purposely to deceive them—and who come to their laborious task with minds biassed, with eyes purposely blinded—without the slightest liberality, the slightest disposition to enquire, or the slightest desire to record the actual fact? Mr. Cooper need not rail at the Quarterly Review—that Review is powerful enough to endure all his vituperation, and not likely to be *annoyed* by the small fire of his insignificant broadside: so long as Mr. Cooper writes with the equal veracity of his history, so long will America gladly turn to the pages of the English historian, who is proud to offer them the praise they deserve, and who never allows any petty spite to warp his mind or turn him from the straight path of honour and of truth.

It is impossible in the space so limited in a Journal of this description to follow the author now under review through all the mazes and wanderings of his pages: we, therefore, pass over all the actions of the smaller vessels—every one of which is erroneously stated, and in every one of which the same disposition to ridicule the glory of England, and the same disposition to enhance the valour, power, and discipline of the United States Navy, is observable—and come again to the capture of another English frigate, the Java, by the Constitution.

The constant successes of the Americans—for, most prudently, the relative force of the combatants was never accurately given, either in the despatches or in the public prints—had swollen our Trans-Atlantic enemies with some very excusable vanity: for a young nation, they had done wonders; and the oldest nation could do no more than capture whatever was opposed to them. It is in vain to disguise from ourselves that the capture of these frigates, although opposed by so very superior a force, had a great moral

effect upon our own countrymen: they, like the readers of Mr. Cooper’s history, were deceived: excepting as far as the fact that one frigate had captured another, few troubled themselves to inquire into the minute details of the action; the merchant, the banker, the country gentleman, all shook their ominous heads—“Another of our frigates has been captured by a frigate; the naval glory of our country is fast flitting away: we may yet live to see Napoleon on the shores of England; neither our property, nor our household gods and goddesses are secure: our wooden walls are crumbling into ruin; our sailors are beaten, our pride is humbled.” Such is a specimen we remember to have heard when two frigates had been captured: now came a third, and then dismay was unbounded.

The Java was formerly a French frigate, the *Renommée*. Like almost all the frigates built by that nation, which seems to have taken the build of a woman for the model of their ships, swelling out below, and small in the waist, she was broad on her lower deck and narrow and contracted above. She mounted 46 guns and a boat carronade. She had on board 397 souls, 300 of which formed her complement, the 97 being supernumeraries, a large proportion of whom were Marine Society boys. It is stated by Mr. James, whose authority can scarcely be doubted, so accurate is he even in the most trivial details, that* “out of the whole crew of the Java, when she sailed from Spithead on the 12th November, 1812, amounting to 300 men and boys, the whole number of petty officers and men, exclusively of those of the former that walked the quarter-deck, who had never been present at an action, amounted to fewer than fifty.” The Java was to convey Lieutenant-General Hislop and suite to Bombay, and was piled and crammed with stores for ships building in Bombay, and with the luggage of the governor and his suite. The force of the Constitution has been given before, and, with the exception of her having landed two of her 32-pounder carronades, and taken on board one 18-pounder carronade, mounted on a travelling carriage, her armament and complement remained unaltered. She was under the command of Commodore Bainbridge; Commodore Decatur having retired, as Mr. Cooper says, to give another a chance of being as fortunate as himself. The action was warmly contested from ten minutes past two, P.M., until twenty-five minutes past four, when the Java, being a complete wreck, her fore and mizenmast gone, her mainyard shot away in the slings, the ship perfectly unmanageable, her guns rolling in the water, 22 of her crew killed, her Captain mortally, her First-Lieutenant severely, 102 in all wounded, the Java struck her colours, and was taken possession of by her huge antagonist. There was at one time of this action a dawn of hope in favour of the Java, but the immense power of endurance, with the greater power of annoyance, being so decidedly in favour of the American, the beam of hope was soon overclouded, and not a chance remained.

We are not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Cooper’s account of this action, excepting that it is perfectly unintelligible to the seaman who feels disposed to reduce it to a diagram, and there are a few mistakes relative to the manœuvres executed during the two

* Vol. vi., page 127.

hours and a quarter the ships were engaged. However, in one respect he is right: the Java was captured, and was afterwards burned by the captors; and from the following extract of Mr. Cooper's history, vol. 2d, page 138, the surviving officers and seamen of that gallant crew may rest satisfied that they fought until they could fight no longer. Mr. Cooper is wrong in the action's duration; but time is much too insignificant an object to the historian, whose fingers, like Allen's, burn with the hot coal ardour of recording success. "This combat lasted near two hours, from the commencement to the end of the firing, and it was warmly contested on both sides, but with very different results. Although there was more manœuvring than common, the Java had been literally picked to pieces by shot, spar after spar, until she had not one left. Her foremast was first cut away near the cat-harpings, and afterwards by a double-headed shot about five and twenty feet from the deck. The main-topmast went early, and the mainmast fell after the Constitution hauled off. The mizenmast was shot out of the ship a few feet from the deck, and the bowsprit near the cap. Her hull was also greatly injured; and her loss in men, according to the British account, was 22 killed and 102 wounded, though there is good reason for supposing it was considerably greater: Commodore Bainbridge stated it at 60 killed and 101 wounded."

Why, we ask, does Mr. Cooper suspect the official accounts returned to our Government by Mr. Chads, who succeeded to the command after Captain Lambert was wounded, and who wrote the despatch in consequence of his Captain's death? It would occur to us that any man who lost his ship would be glad to increase rather than decrease the number of killed and wounded. It would show that he made a greater resistance; that he struck when the slaughter was tremendous; that a greater sacrifice of life would be criminal; that an insufficient quantity remained to work the guns, or refit the ship. No, no, this is not Mr. Cooper's object; he wants to establish that the Americans were better gunners, that they were cooler under fire, directed their engines with surer effect, and that, in spite of being opposed by the lords of the ocean, their valour was unwavering, their skill uncontrolled by the slightest emotion, and that, with all the calmness of old experienced sportsmen, they brought down their birds right and left. This is his object, and, in order to keep up appearances, he forgets his previous statements, and when over-boiling for the honour of the discipline, courage and coolness of his countrymen, forgets what he had penned in the preceding page, and remarks—"The Java, like the Guerriere, had been well handled, but her fire had been badly aimed; and it began to be no longer believed that the broadside of an English ship was as formidable as it had been represented. It would seem that the Constitution actually wore six times after the action fairly commenced; and allowing for the positions of the ship, the lightness of the wind—[we beg leave to say that the Java was going ten knots an hour when the first shot was fired]—and the space that it was necessary to run in order to avoid being raked while executing these evolutions, it is probable that the cannonade did not actually occupy an hour."

This quotation, put into English, means—"It is

true the action was said to have occupied two hours and a quarter; but I want to show that we picked the Java to pieces in an hour. I want to show our superiority in discipline and in coolness; and I think that a ship of the Constitution's magnitude ought to have swallowed up her antagonist in half the time she took or required to effect it." Then, by way of making the fire of the Constitution so very superior in point of direction, Mr. Cooper has appended a note, in which he states that "The Constitution mounted 54 guns, and threw 677 lbs. 5 oz. (observe the accuracy of the ounces) of metal at a broadside, the apparent deficiency between the metal and the known calibre of the guns arising from short weight of shot. On the other hand, the Java is said to have mounted 49 guns, and to have thrown 605 lbs. of metal at a broadside. . . . There may not have been perfect accuracy in the statement alluded to, but it is probable that the actual difference between the broadsides of the two ships was much less than the apparent."

Now the whole of this note is erroneous; but it is purposely erroneous, for *inaccuracy* never could have been so wide of the truth. The Constitution threw a weight of 740 lbs.—we do not calculate the odd ounces—and the Java only 517,—we imagine that the light weight. Mr. Cooper says—"That the American shot, during all this war, were generally light would seem to be certain," would never make up the deficiency. This statement of Mr. Cooper, endeavouring to decry the defence of the Java, is not much calculated to enhance the honour due to the captors; but, fortunately, other historians, both American and English, have preceded him, and the sister-ship, although not quite so thick in her sides as the Waggon—the President—has been placed alongside of a sister-ship of the Java, in Portsmouth Harbour, and we speak, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that in regard to size the Java could have been stowed away in the Constitution, and that in weight of metal there was more than 120 lbs. difference in each broadside. Our readers may consult every authority, as we have done, and they will find Mr. Cooper's zeal for detraction to have overshadowed his discretion as an historian—they will say, that he is a man totally devoid of accuracy, contradicting himself at every page, burning with hatred against this country, and giving to the world a history as envenomed with spite and malice as it is overflowing with bitterness and mistakes. We will quote once more before we reverse the picture of American triumphs. "Throughout the whole of the transaction, connected with the interests and feelings of the officers and men he had captured, Commodore Bainbridge manifested a liberality and delicacy that tended to relieve the miseries that war necessarily inflicts, and which appear to have left a deep impression on the enemy."* We place in juxtaposition the following from James's Naval History:—"The manner in which the Java's men were treated by the American officers reflects upon the latter the highest disgrace: the moment the prisoners were brought on board the Constitution they were handcuffed. Admitting that to have been justifiable as a measure of precaution, what right had

* Cooper, Baudry's Edition, vol. ii., p. 139.

the poor fellows to be pillaged of almost everything they possessed?" "Look on this picture and on that." But even James shall not save them—Cooper himself shall convict his countrymen. "The Constitution," he says, "did not lose a spar! She went into action with her royal yards across, and came out of it with all three of them in their places: of her crew, nine were killed and twenty-five wounded."

Now, if Commodore Babbidge's report be true, that 60 of the Java's men were killed and 101 wounded, and if the Constitution repaired all her rigging—which we know she did—during the hour she hauled off previous to taking possession of her prize, why were the poor, fatigued remains of the Java's ship's company handcuffed?—why were they pillaged, plundered, robbed?—why were they treated as if they had fallen into the hands of the worst French privateer?—and why does Mr. Cooper add this miserable statement to his others? It is evident the Constitution's crew could not have been afraid of the wretched remnants of their adversary; then, why handcuff them? why rob them? "Oh!" says Mr. Cooper, "Time is a great blotter-out of memory; I will assert the contrary to that which was credited at the time; twenty-seven years dims recollection; now is my time to add 'this circumstance' to enhance the glory of my countrymen." Mr. Cooper may rest assured that there are many hearts which yet beat, and many minds still active, who will not allow so flagrant a mis-statement to pass unnoticed, and who feel more pity than hatred at the poor little mosquito who would sting and buzz, but who can be crushed by the slightest effort, or drowned in the smallest drop of ink. Espartero, who commands about as ragged and as hungry a set of ruffians as ever carried a musket, had one of his precious marauders shot the other day for robbing his vanquished enemy: a little of Espartero discipline might have saved the credit of the great conqueror of the Java.

In this notice of Mr. Cooper's book, it will be evident that we have not, as the schoolboys say, "shirked" the subject. We have gone through the frigate actions in which America was successful; we have given them praise, just praise, for their conduct; and we readily repeat the credit which is due to a young nation for such success, however great the disparity of force, against so powerful, so highly-disciplined a navy, as that of Great Britain. We shall now, not upon hearsay authority of partial friends, but from the dispatches of the officers and the works of the historian, follow Mr. Cooper through his details of actions, which, although maintained with great spirit and bravery, terminated in the success of the English.

Whoever reads the work under review will observe the difference of style when the historian is writing of personal friends and casual acquaintances. It was in vain to attempt much in favour of Commodore Rodgers, beyond his firing the first gun of the war—he did nothing but run away upon every occasion; but something might be made of the services of Captain Porter, who commanded the Essex, and who made at first a very successful cruise in that frigate in the Pacific, although almost every one of his

prizes were recaptured, and his frigate ultimately taken. Captain Porter was taken in the Essex by the Phœbe, Captain Hilliar, and Cherub, Captain Tucker; and as the force was so superior on the side of the British, and the action fought under such untoward circumstances on the part of the Essex, we do not feel inclined to enter into any details. The Essex made a fair resistance—she never availed herself of her only chance of escape—the action was creditable to Captain Porter—and far be it from us to detract from his merits, however much we might be inclined to quarrel with his dispatch; this, however, is unnecessary; we are not reviewing the literary productions of Captain Porter, but the poetical prose of his historian.

Mr. Cooper makes it appear that Captain Porter went to Valparaiso in the Essex on purpose to await the coming of the Phœbe; that he was perfectly in ecstasy when he heard of her arrival, although a little disappointed at finding her accompanied by the Cherub: still, however, the gallant Porter entertained a hope that circumstances might occur which would cause a separation of the two ships, in which either of them would become easy captures to the Essex. There is a slight discrepancy here: we are told by Mr. Cooper that the reason assigned for the destruction by fire of the Java, in preference to taking her into a port almost within sight, St. Salvador—"The difficulty of obtaining masts of the necessary size" (he says, p. 139,) "*the distance from home, and the risk of recapture on nearing the coast, united to render it expedient to destroy her.*" In another part we are told that the American frigates, on distant stations, were ordered to avoid an action, on account, even if they were successful, of the difficulty of getting the wounded bird to its nest in America: still, however, the ardour for naval glory overcame every obstacle, every order, and Captain Porter, according to his fulsome historian, awaited the arrival of the Phœbe. These are his own words:—"Without paying much regard to this circumstance (the Chilean Government being favourable to the English,) however, Captain Porter determined to remain in or off the port in waiting for the Phœbe, 39, Captain Hilliar, one of the ships sent out in quest of him, under the impression that her commander would not fail, sooner or later, to seek him at that place." Then again—"Captain Porter ascertained to his satisfaction that he could easily outsail either of the enemy's vessels; but his object was not so much to escape, as to capture the Phœbe, which he had reason to think he might do, could he bring her to close action without her consort's interference:" in fact, nothing was so easy as to capture the Phœbe, although it is singular enough that the Phœbe cruized off Valparaiso for six weeks, blockading the Essex, and Essex junior (a whaler captured from the English, formerly the Atlantic, which mounted twenty guns—ten long 6-pounders, and ten 18-pounder carronades—with a complement of ninety-five men,) the Cherub being always in company. This latter vessel mounted twenty-six guns—eighteen 32-pound carronades, six 18-pounder carronades, and two 6-s; her size, in comparison with the Essex junior, being nothing near the difference as between the Constitution and the Java. Now, if Porter was so determined to fight, why did he not sacrifice the Essex junior to the Cherub: for in the mean time,

* James's Naval History, vol. vi., p. 136.

according to Mr. Cooper, he could have taken the *Phœbe*—and, of course, afterwards, the *Cherub* and her prize would have been an easy victory! Captain Porter was no such fool, and was no such desperate fire-eater: he wanted to bolt; for six weeks he never let an opportunity slip if it offered; no timid rabbit ever crouched closer to the ground than the *Essex* hugged the harbour—for upon one occasion when the *Cherub* was six miles to the northward of the *Phœbe*, and the wind very light, Porter in the *Essex*, with the *Essex* junior in company, got under way and stood towards the *Phœbe*: the latter ship instantly hove-to, to await the arrival of both, but, unfortunately, by some accident a gun was fired from the weather-side: the noise, without the shot, was quite enough—the *Essex* and the *Essex* junior hauled to the wind on the starboard tack and stood for the anchorage, followed by the *Phœbe* under a crowd of sail. We mention these facts merely to contradict the rhodomontade in which Mr. Cooper has indulged.

At last we come to the action and the capture, and it is impossible to resist a smile at the description of the discipline, the gunnery, the misfortunes, the concatenation of evil which befel the *Hero*. Mr. Cooper shall speak for himself: we would not spoil his poetry for the world—it is so genuine American—so full of the flourish of imagination—so full of the best style of Cooper's Cookery, that we give it verbatim, although we shall afterwards *pick him to pieces*, as the *Constitution* did the *Java*. "As there was no time to lose, sail was got on the *Essex*, when, on opening the enemy, Captain Porter took in his top-gallant-sails, hauled close to the wind, and made an attempt to pass out by keeping his weatherly position. Everything looked promising for a short time, and there is little question that the ship would have gone clear, but in doubling the head-land a squall carried away the main-top-mast, throwing several men into the sea, all of whom were drowned. Nothing remained, of course, but to endeavour to regain the port, or to fight both the enemy's ships under the additional disadvantage of being nearly crippled. Finding it impossible to beat up to the common anchorage in his present condition in time to avoid the enemy, Captain Porter stood across the entrance of the harbour to its north-eastern side, where he let go an anchor about three miles from the town, a mile and a half from the *Castello Viejo*, which however was concealed by a bluff, half a mile from a detached battery of one 24-pound gun, and within pistol-shot of the shore. Notwithstanding this position the enemy continued to approach, and it soon became evident, by the motto-flags and jacks *he set*, that it was his serious intention to engage. The *Essex* in consequence cleared for action, and attempted to get a spring upon her cable, but had not succeeded in effecting this important object when the *Phœbe*, having obtained an advantageous position nearly astern, about 4 P. M. opened her fire at long-shot. At the same time the *Cherub* commenced the action on the starboard bow. The fire of the *Phœbe*, from the double advantage she possessed in her long guns and her station, became very destructive, as scarce a gun from the *Essex* could touch her. The *Cherub*, however, was soon driven off, when she ran down to leeward and engaged from a position near that taken by the *Phœbe*. Three long 12-s were got out aft,

and they played with so much effect on the enemy, that at the end of half-an-hour both his ships hauled off the land to repair damages. This important fact, which is affirmed by the Americans, is sufficiently corroborated by the accounts of the enemy.

"During this first attack the *Essex*, through the great exertions of the master and boatswain, had succeeded in getting springs on the cable no less than three different times, but before the ship's broadside could be brought to bear they were as often shot away. The ship also received a great deal of injury, and several men had been killed and wounded. . . . Notwithstanding all the disastrous circumstances under which they engaged, and the superior force opposed to them, the officers and crew of the *Essex* were animated by the best spirit, and it was not possible for efforts to be more coolly made, or better directed. The enemy was not long in making his repairs, and both ships next took a position on the starboard quarter of the *Essex*, when it was not in the power of the latter vessel to bring a single gun to bear upon him, as he was too distant to be reached by carronades." His fire was very galling, and it left no alternative to Captain Porter between submission and running down to assail him. He gallantly decided on the latter. But by this time the *Essex* had received many serious injuries in addition to the loss of her topmast: her top-sail-sheets, top-sail-halyards, jib, and fore-topmast-staysail had all been shot away. The only sail that could be got upon the ship, to make her head pay off, was the flying jib, which was hoisted when the cable was cut, and the vessel edged away, with the intention of laying the *Phœbe* aboard. The fore-top-sail and fore-sail were now let fall, though, for want of tacks and sheets, they were nearly useless. Still the *Essex* drove down on her assailants, closing near enough to open with her carronades. In a few minutes the firing was tremendous, the people of the *Essex* proving their discipline and their gallantry at that trying minute in a way to justify all the high expectations that had been formed of them, though their decks were already strewed with killed, and the cockpit was crowded with the wounded. *This work proved too hot for the Cherub, which hauled off a second time*, nor did she come near enough to use her carronades again during the remainder of the action, keeping up a distant fire with her long guns. "The *Phœbe* discovered no disposition to throw away the immense advantage she possessed in her long 18-s; and when she found the *Essex*'s fire becoming warm, she kept edging away, throwing her shot at the same time with fatal effect, cutting down the people of her antagonist almost with impunity to herself. By this time many of the guns of the American ship were disabled by shot, and the crews of several had been swept away. One particular gun was a scene of carnage seldom witnessed in a naval combat, no less than fifteen men, or three entire crews, falling at it in the course of the action; its captain alone escaped with a slight wound. The scene of almost unresisting carnage had now lasted near two hours, and finding it impossible to close with his adversary, who chose his distance at pleasure, Captain Porter felt the necessity of taking some prompt measure if he would prevent the enemy from getting possession of his ship. The wind had got more to the westward, and he saw a hope of running her ashore at a spot

where he might land his people, and set her on fire. For a few minutes everything appeared to favour his design, and the Essex had drifted within musket-shot of the beach, when the wind suddenly shifted from the land, paying the ship's head broad off in a way to leave her exposed to a dreadful raking fire. Still, as she was again closing with the Phœbe, Captain Porter indulged a hope of finally laying that ship aboard. At this moment Lieutenant-Commander Downes came alongside the Essex, in order to receive the orders of his commanding officer, having pulled through all the fire in order to effect this object. He could be of no use, for the enemy again put his helm up and kept away, when Mr. Downes, after remaining in the Essex ten minutes, was directed to retire to his own ship, and to make preparations to defend, or at need to destroy her. On going away he carried off several of the Essex's wounded, leaving three of his own men behind him in order to make room in the boat. The slaughter in the Essex having got to be horrible, the enemy firing with deliberation and hulling her at almost every shot, Captain Porter, as a last resort, ordered a hawser to be bent to the sheet anchor, and the latter let go, in order to bring the head of the ship round. This effected the object, and once more the Americans got their broadside to bear, remaining stationary themselves, while the enemy, a good deal crippled, was drifting slowly to leeward. Even in these desperate circumstances a ray of hope gleamed through this little advantage, and Captain Porter was beginning to believe that the Phœbe would drift out of gun-shot before she discovered his expedient, when the hawser parted with the strain. There was no longer any chance of saving the ship. To add to her distress, *she was on fire, the flames coming up both the main and the forward hatchways,** and for a few minutes it was thought she must consume. An explosion of powder also occurred below to add to the horrors of the scene, and Captain Porter told his people, that in preference to being blown up, all who chose to incur the risk might make the attempt to reach the shore by swimming. Many availed themselves of the permission, and some succeeded in effecting their escape—others perished, while a few, after drifting about on bits of spars, were picked up by the boats of the enemy. Much the greater part of the crew, however, remained in the ship, and they set about an attempt to extinguish the flames, the shot of the enemy committing its havoc the whole time. Fortunately the fire was got under, when the few brave men who were left went again to the long guns. The moment had now arrived when Captain Porter was to decide between submission or the destruction of the remainder of his people. In the midst of this scene of slaughter he had himself been untouched, and it would seem that he felt himself called on to resist as long as his own strength allowed; but his remaining people entreated him to remember his wounded, and he at last consented to summon his officers. Only one, Acting Lieutenant M. Knight, could join on the quarter-deck! The First Lieutenant, Mr. Wilmer, had been knocked overboard by a splinter, and drowned, while getting the sheet-anchor from the bows. Acting Lieutenant

Cowell, the next in rank, was mortally wounded. Acting Lieutenant Odenheimer had just been knocked overboard from the quarter-deck, and did not regain the vessel for several minutes. The reports of the state of the ship were fearful: a large portion of the guns were disabled, even had there been men left to fight them. The berth-deck, steerage, ward-room, and cockpit were full of wounded, and *the latter were even killed by shot under the surgeon's hands.* The carpenter was sent for, and he stated, that of his crew he alone could perform any duty: he had been over the side to stop shot-holes when his slings had been cut away, and he narrowly escaped drowning. In short, seventy-five men, officers included, were all that remained for duty; and the enemy, in perfectly smooth water, was firing his long 18-s at a nearly unresisting ship, with as much precision as he could have discharged them at a target. It had become an imperative duty to strike, and the colours were accordingly hauled down, *after one of the most remarkable combats that is to be found in the history of naval warfare.***

"*Ohe jam satis est!*" "*Partiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus!*" Half a score more of quotations might be appended to the above. Goodness! what an inventive—what a creative mind must have been given to Fenimore Cooper, Esq. of the United States' merchant service: we have not robbed him of a word: it is every syllable between inverted commas, as it stands in Baudry's edition, and we hail in this great historian the personification of Burke's description of genius. Now it's our turn. How many shot does the reader think was enough to satisfy the Cherub, and make her haul off?—fifty or sixty between wind and water?—or a couple of hundred through the rigging?—thirty or forty killed? The Cherub received four shot in the hull!—four, not another; and lost one man killed, and three wounded, two of which were slightly, and her captain severely. The Phœbe, that unfortunate vessel, with so cowardly a captain, that she kept out of reach of Porter's carronades, had eight shots in her hull, and had four men killed and seven wounded: not another either grazed, scorched, or frightened. Now, what becomes of the tremendous fire of the Essex, which made Hilliar keep away? What now becomes of the ship's hauling off to repair damages? And what now becomes of the three long guns which played with so much effect upon the enemy? There is not a man in the United Service Club who will not throw himself back in his chair, and ha! ha! out loud, as he reads Cooper's fancy action; and when he is told that there is not one word of truth in the Essex having caught fire, for the flames which Porter invented, and which is mentioned in his "*Journal of a cruise in the Pacific,*" were never seen by any one on board the Phœbe or Cherub; and what is more extraordinary, the flames never burnt a rope, a chip, a beam, a plank, or a sail, or left the slightest mark upon the deck or combings of the hatchway, notwithstanding they raged with such fury, that Mr. Cooper says, "*it was thought she must consume.*" When Porter tried to run his ship on shore, it is mentioned that the wind changed, and she anchored. Then it was that Porter cried out "*fire and flames,*"

* The Italics are our own, meant to mark passages which are totally destitute of truth.

* Cooper, vol. ii.
† James, vol. vi., p. 287.

It had the same effect upon that highly-disciplined crew—men who so coolly, so deliberately aimed their guns, and who would fight whether the captain would let them or no—that a large dog has on a flock of geese which are standing near a pond. In they go—splash here—hiss there—legs and wings all at work to get away; so did this gallant and highly-disciplined crew—in they went like a cartridge into a gun, bottom foremost, and seam downwards—head over heels, splashing, dashing, and kicking—leaving the flames to be fanned by the breeze as they struck out for the shore; in which operation, not having in their fright remembered that they could not swim, thirty-one were drowned. Well, poor fellows, of course they were frightened, when every shot either cut away the spring or the cable, or dowed the carpenter overboard by hitting the slings, and all the time, too, that the *Phoebe* was so far off that she was out of the reach of a carronade of the *Essex*! It was enough to frighten that crew; although we are told that when she was taken “buckets of grog were found on deck to give them Dutch or double courage.”* Well, let it pass. One or two things is certain,—the *Essex* was either in very bad discipline, or her captain was not the most cautious of officers: any other man would have anchored with springs on his cable; and any other crew could have shifted the topmast and gone into close action. The topmast was carried away at three o'clock, and the first shot fired by the *Phoebe* was at 4 h. 10 m.—time enough to have rigged and shifted half-a-dozen masts, with a disciplined crew: we have seen it done in a frigate, in the face of, and under the fire of, thirteen sail of the line, in twenty minutes. Porter might have shifted his topmast and gained the proper anchorage, had he known how to profit by circumstances. We have dwelt somewhat too long, perhaps, upon this action, merely because Mr. Cooper has made a mountain of a molehill: we should have passed it over as a fair resistance to superior force, and at once come to the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*.

Mr. Cooper is now fairly put to it to save his nation's credit. The American gunnery, the American discipline—not the giant superiority—are given as the causes of the capture of the *Guerriere*, *Macedonian* and *Java*. Now he is met by an equal force,—a whole populace waiting in premature exultation to see the English frigate towed into harbour,—pleasure-boats under sail to witness the conflict and cheer the victors—every circumstance to excite the one and cow the other. The *Chesapeake* sails for the purpose of *whipping* the audacious frigate which insulted the free city of Boston, by daring to blockade it, with a harbour close at hand, should she dislike the action and wish to return; whilst the antagonist was a lone ship, on an enemy's coast, nothing friendly at hand—with no inn, and no commanded dinner at which to place her beaten prisoners. We all know the result of this action: in eleven minutes the whole affair was ended, and both ships made sail, apparently, as uninjured as when they began. Such an avowal we could not expect from Mr. Cooper: he is as full of apologies as a delicate lady solicited to dinner in damp weather. First of all, the crew of the *Chesapeake* are disaffected because their prize-

money was not paid; but if they were confident of success why were they clamorous, when that evening it might have been paid, with the distribution of the worth of the *Shannon* in perspective!—nay, so very mutinous were they, that Mr. Cooper mentions one Portuguese boatswain's mate “as particularly troublesome,” and that Captain Lawrence “went into this engagement with strong reluctance, on account of the peculiar state of his crew.”

There is not a word of truth in it. Lawrence came down like a brave officer flushed with victory (for he had captured the *Peacock* whilst in command of the *Hornet*): he came unsolicited; he chose his own time, his own breeze, and with a certainty of having the weather-gage. Then “Mr. Page, an officer of experience, a gentleman from Virginia, was ill on shore;”—then, “Mr. Ludlow, of New York, who came as First Lieutenant, was a very young man, and in an entirely novel situation;” and “there was but one other commissioned officer in the ship, two of the midshipmen acting as third and fourth lieutenants, and now performing the duty for the first time;” and about a dozen more apologies equally puerile—equally immaterial; but here comes the gunnery again. “The *Chesapeake* did not fire until all her guns bore, when she delivered as destructive a broadside as probably ever came out of a ship of her force. For six or eight minutes the cannonading was fierce, and the best of the action is said to have been with the American frigate, so far as the general effect of the fire was concerned.” That's rather odd! Broke says, “Finding the *Chesapeake's* men flinching from their guns,”—we suppose on account of a little warmer fire than the *Shannon* herself received, he called his boarders; but Mr. Cooper is all for boarding, which would have been done, and the tide of victory turned, had not “a bugleman been substituted for the drummer in giving the signal; and this man, a negro, was so much alarmed at the effect of the conflict, (poor blackie, he had never had his woolly head in such a scrape as this!) that he had concealed himself under the stern of the launch; when found, he was completely paralyzed by fear, and was totally unable to sound a note.” He turned *white* during the action, and was only recognised by his thick lips at the muster afterwards. Immediately after this passage comes this,—to show, we suppose, how clean the *Chesapeake's* decks were to muster her boarders,—“The upper deck was now left without an officer on it above the rank of a midshipman; and even when the boarders had been summoned in the slow and imperfect manner that was allowed by the voice, in the confusion of the combat, *they were without arms*.” Were they indeed? Then the ship must have been in the most villainous order ever imagined, and the Americans had yet to learn how to muster their men at quarters previous to going into action. But, Lord bless us! we had a hundred chances of losing the battle. What do you think of this? Here is, indeed, what is called “stepping gingerly.” “When the enemy entered the ship from his fore channels, it was with great caution, and so slowly, that twenty resolute men would have repulsed him.”

There was no occasion for any hurry—no one was on deck to oppose the entry; and certainly—for it is distinctly stated, that when Captain Broke “stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail, just abaft the fore rigging, on the muzzle of the *Chesapeake's* after-

* James.

most garraade, and thence over the bulwark upon the quarter-deck—there was not an officer or man to be seen.”* Then comes Mr. Cooper’s usual assertion, with a circumstance to lean against for support—a Sampson’s post for a weak argument. This Portuguese boatswain’s mate comes to his aid, thus: “The remaining officers appeared on deck, and endeavoured to make a rally, but it was altogether too late, for the boatswain’s mate mentioned had removed the gratings of the berth deck, and had run below, followed by a great many men. As this man performed this act of treachery, *he is said* to have cried out, ‘So much for not having paid men their prize-money.’” His closing remarks on this action are quite worthy of him, and show how rancorous—how erroneous are his statements:—“It has always been a prevalent illusion amongst the people of Great Britain to believe themselves superior to most other nations in pure personal prowess; and the Chesapeake having been taken by boarding, this peculiar disposition was flattered with the impression that they had prevailed in a hand-to-hand conflict, and that their seamen had only to go on board American ships in future in order to be triumphant. This error, in the end, lost them several vessels, (we do not know how, when or where?) for a more hazardous experiment cannot well be made than to attempt carrying a ship of force by boarding, before she has been virtually beaten with the guns. It is scarcely *exceeding the truth to say that such a circumstance never occurred.*” He is a good man at a naval history, is Mr. Cooper. We remember, at the battle of St. Vincent, that Nelson passed from one ship he had boarded and carried into another ship, and carried her also, she being quite out of the way of shot. What has Mr. Cooper got to say concerning the cutting out of the *Hermione*, done by another frigate’s *boats*, by boarding without firing a shot? What has he to say to the same gallant method in regard to the *Chevette*? In the action of the *Speedy* and *Gazette*, in 1801, Lord Cochrane had the worst of the action in regard to the guns: he therefore boarded his opponent, and, in spite of all the exultation of the crew, carried her. We could multiply instance on instance: every one of the numerous hand-to-hand conflicts in the multiplicity of “cuttings out,” so often successful to the British Navy, gives the flat denial to this statement of Mr. Cooper.

It would be unreasonable, after the extracts we have given, to expect any thing like a true, just and candid avowal of the circumstances attending the capture of the *President* by the *Endymion*. Mr. Cooper gives Decatur great praise for about the most mad idea that ever entered into the brain of a hero—that of bearing up, boarding the *Endymion*, and exchanging ships, in order that Decatur and his crew might escape from the *Pomone* and *Majestic*. It appears from Mr. Cooper’s romance of the navy, that the *President* outailed the *Pomone* and *Majestic*: he particularly says, “the *Razee* was dropt materially.” So why he should invite the *Endymion*’s crew to exchange ships we cannot conceive; if he could have captured her, both ships must have got clear off. The three guns fired by the *Majestic*, and which all fell so far short that the *President* never

returned them, are magnified into two or three broadsides; and Mr. Cooper yields the *President* to the *Pomone*, and not to that ship which had fought her within half pistol shot (and which, in fifty-four minutes, was in chase again, every sail shifted, every rope spliced) for an hour and a half, and which ship ceased firing because she imagined from the *President* hoisting a light that she had struck her colours.

Mr. Cooper may gloss over the failure with the varnish of exaggeration, but we defy even the most ardent, the most enthusiastic of his admirers to give him the credit he so earnestly labours to court: all his *circumstances* fall to the ground when closely examined: not even Allen’s hot coal, or the Portuguese Boatswain’s mate, with the words he “*was said*” to have uttered, will have any weight with readers who try every argument by the test of ridicule—and ridicule is the test of truth. We give him credit for the zeal he has bestowed in behalf of his country; we applaud the few liberal sentiments which must ever be gratifying to a republican nation; we can make allowances for the feeling inherent in his breast in the cause of America; but we despise his purposed blindness, that *Miopia*, which prevents his seeing beyond the page he is writing; we cast the book aside as too flat for a novel—too erroneous for a reference. The world, if they compare his statements with those of Clarke, of Brenton, of James, of Marshall, will only read the *Naval History of the United States* by Fenimore Cooper to blush at his prejudices, and to laugh at his *facts*. It has, we believe, already sunk into comparative insignificance, and we trust this review (for be it borne in mind we have most carefully extracted word for word of his book in the many quotations we have given) may keep down the incumbrance of inaccuracies in the mire of forgetfulness. We read his “*England*,” and wondered how he could have published it; but in the midst of our wonder the fire of the *Quarterly Review* sunk it before our eyes. We had there a strong specimen of his jaundiced eyes, and another proof that men made great by the notice of an aristocracy unfortunately too accessible to foreign adventurers can never withstand the incumbrance of the honour thus indiscreetly lavished upon them, and abuse the load they are too weak to carry. Smarting under the merciless literary exenteration of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Cooper pens his history:—the days of miracles—are over, and we never expect to find a man whose mind is running over with the yellowest spite give an impartial account of the operations of that nation who have scored his back with the oat-o’-nine-tails of criticism. In concluding our notice of the naval part, we remark that Mr. Cooper, to a certain extent, has given up the English for the American language: but this is optional, and we do not quarrel with him for “*setting*” an ensign, or any other Americanism.

We now turn briefly to notice some inaccuracies in that part of the history relative to operations on shore. When Sir Peter Parker was killed, and his officers and men walked quietly to their ship, after having taken the American camp, and driven 500 men, with 120, into the woods, Mr. Cooper relates it thus:—“In one of these skirmishes, Captain Sir Peter Parker, of the *Menelaus*, was killed, and his party driven off to its ship.” At *Bladensburg*, which is thus described by James, Mr. Cooper has

* James, vol. vi.

mistaken thousands for hundreds, as we shall show.* "The affair (for it hardly deserves the name of battle of Bladensburg) ended, it is well known, in the route of the Americans, from whom ten pieces of cannon were taken, but not above 120 prisoners, *owing to the swiftness with which the enemy went off*, and the fatigue which the British army, *about 1500 of whom only were engaged*, had previously undergone. The retreating American troops proceeded to Washington; and the British troops, including the rear division, which, just at the close of the short scuffle, had arrived upon the ground, halted to take some refreshment." Faith! according to Mr. Cooper, it was no slight scuffle. The English army amounts to 5000 men; they are opposed by the most insignificant number. And thus Mr. Cooper relates his version of the story which, when contrasted with the despatch of Major-General Ross, who commanded the English army, is amusing enough:—"After a good deal of uncertainty concerning the movements of the enemy, it was understood he was marching directly on Washington, and that it was intended to fight him at Bladensburg. The flotilla men and marines left the yard on the morning of the 24th of June, and they arrived at the battle ground on a trot, [we never heard of riding to a battle-ground before on a trot,] and were immediately drawn up about a mile to the west of Bladensburg, holding the centre of General Winder's position." Here, as Mr. Cooper has forgotten to do it, we beg to mention that in a letter from General Armstrong to the editor of the Baltimore Patriot, it is stated that General Winder had under his command, including the 15,000 militia he had been directed to call out, as many troops and seamen as would make his total force, men assembled, 16,300; but another writer, an American, makes the amount, including 600 seamen, at only 7593 men. Between the exaggeration of the one, and diminution of the other—splitting the difference, as they say, perhaps nearly the true amount may be estimated.

"After a sharp skirmish in front (continues Mr. Cooper,) where the enemy suffered severely in crossing a bridge, the militia fell back, and the British column appeared following the line of the public road. The entire force of the flotilla men and marines was about 500 men; and they had two 18-s and three 12-pounder ship-guns, mounted on travelling carriages. Captain Barney took command of the artillery in person, while Captain Miller had the disposition of the remainder of the two parties, who were armed as infantry. The marines—seventy-eight men in all—formed a line immediately on the right of the guns, while the seamen, 370 men, were drawn up a little in their rear, and on the right flank of the marines, on ground which permitted them to fire over the heads of the latter. Although the troops that were falling back did not halt, Captain Barney held his position; and as soon as the enemy began to throw rockets, he opened on him with a sharp discharge of round and grape. *The column was staggered, and it immediately gave way.* A second attempt to advance was repulsed in the same manner, when the enemy, who, as yet, had been able to look down resistance by his discipline, advancing steadily in column, was obliged to make an oblique move-

ment to his left into some open fields, *and to display.* Here he threw out a brigade of light troops in open order, and advanced in beautiful style upon the command of Captain Barney, while the head of a strong column was kept in reserve in a copse in its rear. Captain Miller, with the marines, and that portion of the seamen who acted as infantry, *met the charge* in the most steady and gallant manner, *and after a sharp conflict, drove the British light troops back upon their supporting column.* The marines and seamen manifested the utmost steadiness, though it was afterwards ascertained that the light troops brought up in their front amounted to about 600 men. There can be no question that a couple of regular regiments would now have given the Americans the day, but no troops remained in line (they had all run away) except the party under Captain Barney, and two detachments on his right that were well posted. Having been so roughly handled, the enemy made no attempt to advance directly in front of the seamen and marines; but after forcing the troops on their right from the field by a demonstration in that direction, they prepared to turn the rear of Captain Barney, in order to surround him."

Heavens protect us! where is the shade of the gallant Thornton—the noble Wood—or the substance of Sir William de Batho—that they haunt not the writer of this libel! Our 86th Regiment drove the American force like chaff before the wind—the standing unmoved the charge is pure fiction—and the battle of Bladensburg is a worthy pendant to that of the Guerriers, Macedonian, or Java: they had chosen their own ground—been reviewed by their President, Mr. Madison, "whose martial appearance," says Wilkinson, in his Memoirs, vol. i., p. 766, "gladdened every countenance, and encouraged every heart."

As guardians of the honour of both Services, we have felt it our duty to contradict, in the plainest manner, the misrepresentation, the glaring inaccuracies, of the work under review: we have given the comparative forces of the combatants from our best authorities, namely, the official documents, and the historians we have before mentioned: we have given Mr. Cooper's words faithfully: we have not added a word, or falsified a sentence. It will be seen that our frigates yielded to ships far more capable of endurance, far more able to annoy: we challenge inquiry—the Macedonian and the United States can still be examined—the Constitution yet floats—the sister-ships of the Java and Guerriere yet exist: we only desire fair statements, made upon historical record: we give all praise to the Navy of the United States, and would not detract from the credit they deserve for their exertions; but we fearlessly condemn the work written by the partial historian founded upon hearsay evidence, ungenerous in its statement, and erroneous in its matter. We now leave Mr. Cooper's Naval History of the United States to sink in the waters of forgetfulness, for history is only buoyed up and supported by truth: it has floated but a short time, and this last shot will send it to the bottom without an effort even from its publisher to rescue it from that oblivion to which it is consigned by its general inaccuracy, partiality, and misrepresentation.

* James's Naval History, vol. vi., p. 308.

From the Athenæum.

UP THE RHINE.

By Thomas Hood, Esq. *Baily & Co.*

INDUSTRY and experience may enable a man of small powers to play a limited number of melodies; but it is genius, as contradistinguished from assiduous cleverness, which can alone give him mastery over "each mood of the lyre," and enable him to impart grace and freshness to the oldest and most hackneyed street-music. So *be-Rhined* has the Rhine been, for the last dozen years, by English tourists, that its beauties have become a little distasteful. Yet a Bulwer, evoking a fairy troop, though of rather May Fair-ish elves, could give to that desecrated stream, and its crumbling towers and towns, an original and peculiar interest; and a Hood will hardly fail to excite sensations yet more vivid and less hackneyed, while leading his legions of amused companions even Up the Rhine!

We are not sure that Mr. Hood has ever presented himself before the public in an aspect more engaging, or better calculated to do his varied powers justice than in the volume before us. There is fun, as usual, and of all gradations, from broad Farce, provoking the broad laugh, upward to that delicate and thoughtful Rabelaisque humour, to which the lip but replies by a curl; there is diversity of character also; while the spirit of the scene has, without any parade or preparation, at times exalted him to an eloquence and poetry which few of his contemporaries could surpass. Here and there we meet with those inimitable little touches of national manners and peculiarities which only a keen eye can see, and a perfectly-trained hand throw off. The satire, too, is always on the right side; no travellers' wonders—no cant borrowed second-hand from the *salet de place*—no beggarly account of empty pages "to make up a show."—But *paucas pallabris*, as Christopher Sly hath it. We had better let Mr. Hood recommend himself, by means of his own paragraphs, than bury his gifts and graces under the superfluity of wordy panegyric.

This new tour of the Rhine, then, consists of the contents of a family letter-bag. The party consists of a hypochondriac Uncle Orchard, who walks "like the Night"—not "in beauty," however, but under the shadow of Death—sees warnings, not sermons, in stones—poison in the running brook, and scarves and hat-bands in everything. Like Lord Brougham's *Eidolon*, Uncle Orchard writes doleful tidings and farewell-letters to his friends once a-week; and retains a physician at a salary of two hundred a-year, though he is, all the while, as hale, honest, and hearty aquire as any in Kent! Through the following chink, an extensive prospect of his nature and propensities may be seen:—

"My uncle (writes his nephew,) who is both a lover and a capital judge of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warming in his gig,—influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, be it said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognized the traveller in his rear, than he

applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved his pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead, and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily, 'Hang it, man, pull up! I'm dying, doctor, I'm dying.'—'Egad,' cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, 'I think you are! And I never saw any one going so fast!'"

We must make short work in describing his recently widowed sister, Mrs. Wilmot, who is like Malvolio, "sad and civil," tearful upon all possible occasions when "poor George" occurs to her—desolately resigned to the strange discomforts of steamboats, custom-houses, *tables d'hôte*, and spare beds, yet possessing all the exacting nicety and cumbersome housewifery of an untraveller Englishwoman. Nor have we more than a line wherein to say, that her Abigail Martha Penny is own cousin to the incomparable Win Jenkins; and that Frank Somerville, the nephew, is the man of the world—for we are impatient to see our party fairly embarked. There is, however, no embarking for them until the doctor has given minute directions as to the no-ailments of Uncle Orchard. Mrs. Wilmot, moreover, is curious to know whether the air of the Rhine will agree with her nephew, for, like "poor George," he appears delicate.

"Madam (said the doctor) a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going to is of the least possible consequence."

Even after this their departure is delayed by "a mysterious complaint in the luggage, which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest." Then comes the leave-taking:—

"Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine," said the doctor. "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, fast relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Phoo! phoo!—good-bye, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It's my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly—I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

The whole cargo are, at last, on board the *Lord Melville*, where they straightway fall to "what Willis the pen-man calls *Pencilings*, but which ought rather to be denominated *Inklings*." A wherry from Gravesend seconds their wish to encounter those characters whom the Heads and Trollopes would have us believe are as certain to be found on board a steamer as if they were booked and paid for *bel* Messrs. Hoffman and Schenk. It brings them an Englishman, one John Bowker—English every fibre of him—

"A punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry-wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard—"

—and his antipathy, a little yellow-faced loquacious, cool, calculating American, “up to every thing.” John Bull frets “like a gummed velvet” at every new aggression and claim to omniscience made by this Universal Traveller: indeed it appears that Yellow-face “made himself very unpleasant on board—wouldn’t be sick or anything,” for when that dreadful moment arrived, known to every land-sailor, when the joys of touring are all merged in qualmish ejaculations of human misery, and reflections on human folly,—

“John Bowker said to me (writes Somerville,) almost choking between his affliction and his passion, ‘and there’s that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a vile cigar in his mouth! I can’t understand it, sir—it’s against nature. As for me,—I shall die of it! I know I shall!—I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now—but it was only the pint of port!’ As he spoke, the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam ends. ‘I suppose,’ said my uncle, ‘that’s what they call a water-spout.’—‘It’s a squall!’ said the Yellow-face. ‘It’s a female scream,’ cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress, that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. ‘It’s the lady o’ title,’ said the mate; ‘she was above sociating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage—lucky she didn’t go overboard, coach and all.’ My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. ‘Do you pretend to say there’s a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won’t even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow-creatures?’”

One glimpse more, which makes Barry Cornwall’s “dull, tame shore” appear, be it ever so bleak and dreary, an Elysium of blessedness.

“And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landmen to sit or stand. Indeed, it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning,—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak,—every bulkhead seemed to fret with an ache in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound, as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these, the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronache over us on an Æolian harp,—the clatter of hail,—the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and, at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium.”

Next morning, when John Bowker first crawled upon deck—

“‘A pretty considerable bad night, sir,’ said his Antipathy by way of a morning salutation. ‘An awful one, indeed,’ said the red face,—‘of course you’ve been sick at last.’ ‘Not a notion of it.’ ‘Egad, then,’ cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion, ‘you must have some secret for it worth knowing!’ ‘I guess I have,’ answered the other, very quietly. ‘Renounce me, if I didn’t think so!’

exclaimed the red face in a tone of triumph—‘it can’t be done fairly without some secret or other, and I’d give a guinea, that’s to say, a sovereign, to know what it is.’ ‘It’s a bargain,’ said the yellow face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. ‘Now then,’ said the Carnation. ‘Why then,’ said the Yellow Flower of the Forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, ‘you must jist go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life.’”

As to the storm we had better let Martha herself give an account of it:

“To Rebecca Page, at the Woodlands, near Becknam, Kent.”

“DEAR BECCY.—Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty’s brinx, Such a terrificle storm! * * * They do say elevin other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It begun in the afternoon, and prevailed all nite,—such a nite O Grashus! * * At such exisus theres nothin like religus, and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundred times over and never wunce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckily Missus was too much decomposed to attend to it, but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Beccey its awful work when it comes to sich a full unbuzzoming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the very bottom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they ant wen all their kissis cum to fly in your face. Makin free with trifles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd loafe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a littel of Missus’s tea and sugger seams no grate matter partickly if youve agreed to find youre own, but as I no by experience evry ownce will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wikked caddy Key giv me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abated, to chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xample and give up watever goes agin yure consins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torr’a purpus witch I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—partickly as I have drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but wen yure at yure last pint wat is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a livin cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales. The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her atax. No wagis on earth could rekoncile me to a sea goin place. * * But I mite as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or Frencho. At last Martha says she we are goin to a world where there is no sitivations. What an idear!

But our superiors are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servants. * *

"Howsomever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forrin city, by name Rotter D—m. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I suppose with their moist climitt the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furniter is kep like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumboddy's work to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean as John Futman said when his master objectid to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate. * * As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yuure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cookey receat for How to smook yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luv to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure loving friend,

MARTHA PENNY."

Thankful are we to know that "Mr. Orchard and party" did arrive safely at Rotter D—m," as Martha Penny chooses conscientiously to spell it. The hotels, however, were all crowded, and our red-faced friend, John Bowker, rejoiced not a little at his good fortune, in getting housed at the New Bath, one of the best on the Boompjie. But when after supper, and "making himself comfortable," he retired to bed, there, according to his own report—

"Renounce me, Sir, if I didn't see that infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!" "Yes, Sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white—just like a poached egg. I don't think I shall ever eat one again—he has quite poisoned the idea, Sir, he has, upon my life!" However, I told him quite civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. 'I'm afraid there is,' said he; 'what's your number?' 'My name,' said I, 'is Bowker—John Bowker—and I'm number seventeen.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's just where it is—my name is Take-care-of-yourself, and I reckon I'm number one.'"

While approaching the fine old city, writes Somerville—

"We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin-windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows—in fact, floating houses; while the real houses, scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water—the very Dryades, to keep them dry, being favoured with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart colour, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a

steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back."

Martha Penny saw matters in a less grotesque point of view, describing Holland as "a cold, mashy, flatulint country, and lies so low, they're only saved by being dammed." Mrs. Wilmot's weak spirits were considerably affected by this perilous-looking distribution of land and water: but, though she cried all her first night in foreign parts, she was not beyond the remedy of the English woman's panacea—shopping. She went in the morning to buy choice hyacinth and tulip-roots, and ran up a little bill of 70*l.*—to say nothing of a provision of Dutch "shirting and sheeting, and napkins and towelling for home use." But "the vulgar Venice" did not detain our travellers long; they began to creep up the Lower Rhine; and on board the steamer again fell in with bluff John Bowker, who worked himself up into a frenzy with tales of the cool impudence of his American antipathy, and anticipations of further meetings, by which his pleasure was to be poisoned. According to the proverb, that "those who will, may," his prophecy comes true. The Yankee embarked at Dordrecht, and "aggravated" the Englishman's "choler" almost to what Martha Penny calls "the Colliery Morbus," by his free and easy contempt of all established regulations. With but a steerage purse, he had quarter-deck propensities; and, in spite of John Bowker's awful frown, crossed the line of demarcation, and deliberately read the prohibition which forbids all incursions of fore-cabin passengers upon the domain appropriated to those of the saloon. Hear how the old English bile broke loose!—

"Cool, isn't it?" asked the chafing Bowker; 'he can't say *now* he has had no warning. Renounce me if I don't name it to the Captain, I will, upon my life! What's to become of society, if we can't draw a line? Subversion of all order—levelling all ranks; democracy let loose; anarchy, sir, anarchy, anarchy, anarchy!' Here his vehemence inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath, hot and hot. 'I suppose he calls that American independence! (*A walk.*) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (*Walk.*) It's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker, senior, could never abide them—never! (*Walk.*) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories.—Says my father, 'I've an idea you're an American.' 'I guess I am,' said the captain. 'And pray, sir,' said my worthy parent, 'what do you see in my face to make you think I'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else?' Yes, sir, he did, upon my life. He was quite consistent in that! (*Another walk, and then a full stop.*) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm?' I could not help smiling an assent. 'Well, sir, I know it. I am warm. It's my nature, and it's my principle to give nature her head.'"

Every Rhine tourist knows the discomforts of a night at Nimeguen. Perhaps our readers also, who have never, by German travelling, been taught the art of sleeping in the form of the letter S, may sympathize with unhappy Mr. Orchard, while making his first acquaintance with—a spare bed on the Rhine.

We collect the following particulars from a letter of Sommersville's:—

"I found my worthy uncle laying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead—a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half a yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel,—looking equally handsome, glossy, cold and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. 'Frank, I've passed a—miserable night.' Not a doubt of it, thought I, with a glance at his accommodations. 'I hav'nt—sleep—a wink.' Of course not (mentally). 'Did you ever see such a thing as that?' with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. 'If I moved—it fell off; and if I did'nt, I got—the cramp.' Here a sort of suppressed groan. 'Frank,—I've only turned once—all night long.'"

But even such repose as may be obtained in the scanty curtainless box, and under the bag, or ball, of feathers, which make up the thing by the Germans mis-called a bed, was denied to some of the travellers; for at one hotel they were raised, in the middle of the night, by the report of fire-arms from one of the dormitories. Some conjured up an awful tale of suicide, others thought only of an onslaught of "Les Braves Belges,"—for the party travelled before the Convention had set matters at rest:—

"Some shouted 'Fire!' others cried 'Murder!' and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, 'The French! the French!' In the mean time, the patrol gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the butt-end of a musket, the company entered, *en masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright coloured silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wandering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back window at Paddington."

Not less ridiculous was the mistake made by Mrs. Wilmot on the following day. Good woman! her tender cares centered upon a small male creature, who abected all her English notions of propriety, by choosing to drink a huge glass of Dutch gin. Her motherly flesh and blood could not stand this; and she strove to take the glass from the child by main force. Think of the feelings of a gentlewoman, delicate, prudish—and a trifle purblind, too, we must believe—on finding that the object of her philanthropy was a dwarf! The scene is capital but we cannot make room for it.

At Emmerich, the frontier town of Prussia, Mar-

tha gets into a squabble with the custom-house officers. The latter, it appears, seized Aunt Wilmot's bale of Dutch linen. Sommersville gives us a humorous account of the scene:—

"The holland was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. 'But it is goods for a tax,' said the officer. 'It's no such thing,' said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free trade; 'the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can't be taxed in Germany.' 'You shall see de boke,' said the officer,—'you know vat is a tariff?' 'It's a fiddlestick,' retorted Martha, waxing angry. 'It is de Yarmen Commercial Leg,' said the douanier. 'Leg or no leg,' replied the championess, 'it's not going to walk off with my misais's property.' 'Why for, den, you not declare it?' asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared, she knew nothing about declarations. 'If you seize the linen you shall seize me,' said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woollack."

Martha has her own comments on this affair:—

"Only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linin being confiscated by the Custom-house Cessars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I told the officers, the King of Garmany orna't to think only of the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin."

Passing Dusseldorf, with its painters—whose costumes Mr. Sommersville deservedly laughs at—whose genius he deservedly praises—we arrive at Cologne. Here we disembark; and here Fun gives way to Poetry, being silenced for the moment by the sight of "the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and, as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God."

We shall go on for a while in the same strain:—

"'Tis a miracle of art—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never, perhaps, was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is, of its exquisite lightness: to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not 'of the earth earthy,' but of heaven and heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards.—The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seems to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burthen of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular, it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster

Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a 'dim religious light,' I was almost overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn the 'Dies Iræ.' In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or devoted to some peculiar attribute of the Deity: as such, each had its proper character, and long since the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think that such would have been the case, were a future explorer to light on the relics of our Langham Place or Regent Street temples; would an antiquarian of 2838, be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory! Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith? But I will not moralize; only as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, 'Will such an edifice ever be completed—shall we ever again build up even such a beginning? The cardinal virtues must answer the question. Faith and Charity have been glorious masons in times past—does 'Hope's Architecture' hold out equal promise for the future?'

Often as this glorious architectural fragment has been described, we doubt whether the spirit of its beauty has ever been so felicitously communicated to language as in the above fragments. They are introduced *en* preface or showman's trumpet, into the midst of these delightful, gossiping letters, with their droll and shrewd notices of 'St. Ursulus and her Eleven Thousand Old Maids,' as Martha Penny calls them—of the house of Rubens, of St. Peter's Church, where Mr. Orchard had "a warning"—and of the *table-d'hôte* with its queer cookery, and its amusingly mixed society, both shocking to Mrs. Wilmot's ideas of propriety: and the more so, as her participation in their miscellaneous vulgarity was witnessed, and doubtless commented on to her disadvantage, by Lady De Faringdon—the carriage Exclusive of the *Lord Melville* steamer. Whether the common soldier's uniform at table, or the preserved bullaces served with roast veal, or the cloud of smoke, after dessert, was the more terrible to the nerves of the delicate lady, we cannot decide.

With this sociable joviality, a table song might naturally be expected—a new version of the Rhine wine *Red* for instance. Mr. Hood has felt this, and accordingly has given us a ditty;—but it is a *dressing-table* song, and has nothing to do with the juice of the grape, being

To * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE water.

The old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung;
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne!"

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flow'd towards Her I love best—
That it flow'd towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

Here, too, Somerville meets with an old collegian, who favours the party with his experiences in rhyme. We can but spare room for a verse or two.

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three
crowns,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads held a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your patha,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Martha Penny, too, communicates her own peculiar trials and experiences in Cologne. She, like the rest, is perfectly bewildered by the splendours of the Cathedral, both outwardly and those of the "Interim Witch is performing Hi Mass;" with the glories of "the Priest insensed with the perfumery," and with the sanctity of "the empty skulls of the wise kings, as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their Christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it be'ant red glass." Unlike her far-away kinswoman Win, who was enticed to the "New Gerusalem" of Methodism, Martha is seduced by these shows, and it may be presumed one of the "mail sex," to take up Catholicism. But she herself confesses that—

"Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picfers, and the gelding and the calving, I felt perfectly dizzy, but wen the sunshin came rainbowin thro the painted glass winders, and the orgin played up, and the Quire of singers with their hevlin vices, and the Priest was insensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was amost controverted into a Cathlic afore I knowed were I was! Luckily, I rekollected Transmigration, which I cant nor wont believe in, and that jump't me up agin on my legs."

But more of this on a future day.

"Next to fine sites, (she concludes,) Colon swarms with raggid miserable objects, but I'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy except she's corded up over night, and on a Porter's back in the morning. To-morrow you'll find us on the map of Coblense. I did hope we had dun with steaming, and were to go Dilligently by land: but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enotigh, the coach is divided into three cages, and catch me travellin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chose to be misleaders, we ar sure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down, then for the Postyilion to pull 'em up. But sich is forrin traveling."

We are sorry that we "can't stop to shock" our home-keeping readers with any more of these racy disclosures. In seven days, however, they shall be acquainted with the further progress of the Family Party.

ON THE EXTINCT GENERA OF ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

YOUR Correspondent FIDES (September, p. 546) has greatly misunderstood the intentions of my communication, inserted in your June Number, respecting the supposed connection between the sin of man, and the mortality of the brute creation. Nothing could be further from my design than to bring any such charges as he refers to, against any one student, or advocate, of the useful science of geology. I wrote as a humble inquirer, not as a presumptuous accuser. More I need not say to all that my opponent has written upon the point of "fairness." Yet I do conceive, that as he himself, for a time, had his difficulties, so I may innocently have mine, on the abstruse subject before us; too "abstruse," I conceive, to admit of the parallel that he has drawn between it and a theorem in *mathematics*. Nor will I deny that, on mature thought, as well as on further

investigation, (not that I have, strictly speaking, studied the facts of geology,) I see great difficulties in the hypothesis that I myself advanced in your June Number; particularly the difficulty arising from the necessary destruction of animalcules by those animals that feed upon the grass, to which such animalcules adhere. So also as to *carnivorous* creatures. Yet I would not forget the prophecy, that the lion shall eat straw like the ox, (Isaiah xi. 7;) from which it appears to follow, that birds and beasts of prey might possibly have lived in Paradise, without feeding upon other creatures. Here, however, I am suggesting, not dogmatizing; or rather submitting an idea, which I shall readily surrender, on its being fairly shewn to be unfounded either in reason or Revelation.

I cannot conclude without noticing the inference which FIDES is disposed to draw from the words of St. Paul, (1 Corinthians xv. 22), namely, that *brutes*, as well as *men*, will share in the final resurrection. Now St. Paul, in the foregoing passage, makes use of the word "*Πάντες*;" which, from its *gender*, is surely inapplicable to the *brute* creation. This your Correspondent will, I doubt not, readily admit, though he seems, for a moment, to have overlooked it. On the whole, I must assure him, in parting, that my object in this (as in my last) communication, is not to assail others, but to inform myself. Trusting that I have done this in the spirit of that Christian "*charity*" which doth not "*behave itself unseemingly*;" I am, &c.

Πάντες.

"The above paper being explanatory of what our much-respected Correspondent considers has been misapprehended in his previous letter; and also stating, that upon maturer thought he sees great difficulties in his former hypothesis, it seems but justice to insert it, though we had closed the general discussion. We can cheerfully attest of a correspondent, of more than twenty years standing, that the spirit of his concluding remark always characterises his papers. Perhaps, however, we ought to add, lest otherwise we should be pressed to admit a rejoinder from FIDES, and to carry the controversy into another volume, that it did not appear to us that FIDES gave as his own opinion from the words of St. Paul, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive," that brutes as well as men will share in the resurrection; but that he alleged, by way of *argumentum ad absurdum*, that this inference pressed upon those who thought that the death of irrational animals could not have taken place without the fall of man; for that the texts which they adduce to shew that the brute creation were first subjected to death on account of man's transgression, would equally prove that they await "the redemption of the body" at the resurrection. The course of the argument between our correspondents was to the following effect. The geologists contended that they discovered fossil organic remains long anterior to any vestiges of the human race, and which must, from the circumstances under which they are found, be much older than six thousand years, or many times that period. Their opponents said that there could not have been death before Adam's transgression. The geologists challenged them to prove this from Scripture, maintaining, in the words of FIDES, that "death was penal to man, who was created for

immortality; and animals partake of the evils arising from man's fallen condition; but an animalcule might have lived and died after the enjoyment of its little span of life, on the very day that Adam was created, without its death being penal; and that "there is nothing in Scripture to disprove this;" the notion being merely a floating idea, not grounded on any warranty of holy writ. In reply to this, such passages are quoted as 1 Cor. xv. 21, "Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead;" whereupon FIDES argued, that if in this death is included the death of the brute creation, their resurrection must be included in the next verse, which says, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Our correspondent *Ilorius* replies, that *Ilorius* being masculine, could not include brutes; but FIDES might rejoinder, that it was not the geologists, but their opponents, who said brutes were included in the former verse; for all that the geologists said was, that if you include them in the one, you must also in the other. The geologists maintained, that such passages speak only of mankind; though the gender of the word *Ilorius* would not of itself be decisive; for notwithstanding in English "the brute creation" is neuter, there are corresponding words in Greek and Latin which are masculine or feminine; and where men and women are included, a general masculine word is used; and might possibly still be used where there was no express intention of excluding what in English could not be comprehended under a masculine term. But the grammatical point is of no consequence; for *Ilorius* says, very justly, that the death and resurrection spoken of in 1 Cor. xv., relates only to the human race; and the geologists had said precisely the same; only when verse 21 was quoted against them, FIDES urged in reply verse 22, as an *argumentum ad hominem*.

We have no wish to interfere in the controversy; but as Romans viii. 18—23 has been quoted, to prove that there could be no death of animals before the fall of man, it would have been open to FIDES to take the same argument respecting that passage, that he did respecting 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22; namely, that if the death of animals is there included, their "redemption" also is included. We say this, not as arguing the question, but only as shewing that those who do argue it, should, in quoting texts, consider whether the context will uphold their interpretation. Dr. Doddridge, who had no geological hypothesis to serve, says that to make the stress of this passage rest upon "the brutal or inanimate creation is insufferable; since the day of the redemption of our bodies will be attended with the conflagration which (instead of ushering in their redemption,) will put an end to them." So again, when part of Rom. vi. 23, was quoted, "The wages of sin is death," to shew that there could have been no death of animals before Adam's transgression, the geologist might have replied, that the statement can be only commensurate with the other part of the verse, "But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." It seemed to us that this was what FIDES meant—though as we do not know who he was, we speak conjecturally. The geologists had asked for texts to prove that every animalcule that inhabits air, earth, or water, was created for immortality, and could not perish till Adam fell; and

when texts were alleged, they replied, that if these texts were applicable to the case, (which they denied,) they proved more than their opponents would admit. It seems however to us, if we may interpose a word, that the whole argument is irrelevant on both sides: for the life and death which the geological professors at our Universities, and geologists in general, say they find such irresistible proofs of in the extinct genera and species of fossil remains, they maintain, must have been very, very, long anterior to the six days' work recorded in the first chapter of Genesis; so that the alleged pre-Adamite world, and the world when prepared for the abode of man, were separated from each other by a chasm; and hence it would not be correct to apply to the one what relates solely to the other. The geologist might say to his opponent, "you allege that the Bible speaks only of the six days' work, and of subsequent events; that no text bears upon any anterior state of things, for that there was no such state. You are therefore not entitled to apply what is said of the consequences of man's transgression to a pre-Adamite world. You must shew that there was no such world; for if there was, then by your own concession the death pronounced upon man, even if it were proved to have included brutes, had nothing to do with a previous order of things. It might be that animals were, for wise and merciful reasons, *originally* intended to live and die; and were not created for immortality, even though death, which was penal to man, was connected also with penal circumstances to the inferior animals after his transgression."

There is also another point upon which, to save a rejoinder, we may add a passing word. Our correspondent *Ilorius* had asked "If death can *fairly* be supposed to have had any place in an unfallen world?" In reply, FIDES said, that if by "fairly" was meant *reasonably*; he thought that it was as reasonable (and he believed it also to be consistent with Scripture) that animals should die for infinitely wise reasons connected with the Divine purposes in the creation, as that they died because the human race had sinned; but that if the word "fairly" implied that any Christian geologist could wish to deal *unfairly* with the question, he could not conceive of such a thing; for why should he desire to cheat himself or others about a matter of physical science, any more than about a matter of mathematical demonstration? Now *Ilorius*, in his present letter, considers Fides as drawing a parallel between geology, which is full of difficulty, and a "theorem in mathematics." But he evidently did not draw it as to the matter of certainty, but as to impartiality of inquiry. He said that some religious opposers of the doctrines of modern geology do not address themselves to the subject with a perfectly unbiassed mind, as they would to a mathematical demonstration; whereas he thought they ought to do so;—that it was not a question of fairness but of fact; that no religious geologist could wish to contravene Scripture; but that his opponents might wish to contravene the plain inferences of geology, before they had "fairly" weighed the arguments in favour of them, because they were of opinion that they contradict the sacred narrative; which their upholders deny. The present letter of *Ilorius* proves that he at least is willing both to weigh, and, where he thinks "fairness" demands, to concede.

We have offered these remarks, not as umpires, but to spare further controversy. It is somewhat curious, however, to observe how extremes meet. To avoid the force of the argument put by Mr. Melvill and others, respecting ravenous beasts and animalcules, it has been hastily said, "How do we know that animalcules, or even ravenous beasts, existed before the fall of man; might they not have been created afterwards?" This is a random plunge into a slough in the hope of jumping over an obstacle. Even if the hypothesis were allowed, it would not obviate any one of the difficulties which are alleged against geological inferences. The geologist argues from the state of the earth's strata and organic remains, that there were races of animated beings upon our globe long before the era of the creation of mankind. His opponent says this could not be, for there could be no death before the fall of Adam. The geologist asks in reply how the ground could be trodden, or air breathed, or water drunk, or grass or herbs or fruit eaten, without destroying insect or animalcule life; or how predatory animals, from the minutest microscopic speck to the lion or the shark, could live without the food for which alone they are adapted. To get rid of the difficulty, the hasty replicant says,—How do we know that animalcules existed then, or any predatory animal? But if not, there must have been a creation after the fall; a most gratuitous hypothesis, for which there is not a shadow of foundation in Scripture; and the geologist may justly argue that if a single animalcule was made after the Fall, Scripture says nothing of it, there might equally have been animals before the six days' work, though neither is that mentioned in Scripture. But enough of a random suggestion intended to get rid of the difficulty of animalcules and carnivorous animals; but which, if admitted, would not solve the other difficulties which are alleged against the hypothesis that all things endowed with the breath of life were originally adapted for eternal duration and multiplication, but ceased to be eternal, by the Divine decree, in consequence of human transgression.

There is another consideration connected with the geological question, which we do not recollect that any of our correspondents have touched upon; and which, though still without making ourselves parties in the discussion, we will advert to. The doctrine taught by the geological professors at both our universities, and generally adopted by geologists, is, not merely that animal life existed for a very lengthened period before the creation of mankind, but that it was bestowed by the Almighty in successive stages of development or organization, up to the period when the Scriptural six-days' work commences. In opposing therefore the geological doctrine of remote animal existence, we must prepare to answer also the argument of succession; for if we were to admit succession, and yet disallow protracted pre-Adamite existence, we should bring out the conclusion that the present races of animated beings are not all as old as Adam, but have been gradually created from time to time during six thousand years; a notion both unscriptural, and opposed to the most decisive language of facts. For observe the extent of the question. It is not whether some races of beings are even now successively added by the Almighty to former acts of creation, as some (but we think

not warrantably) maintain; but whether all the extinct genera and species of animated beings are of Adamite and post-Adamite chronology. We will copy from a recent number of the Quarterly Review (June, page 111) a passage which shows the confidence with which the most eminent geologists speak of the successions of creation in extinct genera and species. Now if this alleged succession be supposed to intervene between the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis and the six days' work, no additional difficulty is made by the idea of successional acts; for if the mention of a pre-Adamite animal creation was omitted in the sacred oracles, as not being of any religious concern to mankind, of course nothing could be revealed as to whether it was single or successional; but if the inspired text does not allow the parenthesis between the first and succeeding verses of Genesis i. of a now extinct animal world, then we have to reply not only to the argument of time but also of succession. The facts, for instance, adduced by the Quarterly Reviewer to prove succession, must either be shown to be compatible with the doctrine of a single act of creative power; or if succession is admitted, it is driven to the six-days of creation and the short period which has subsequently elapsed. We merely suggest the facts for the consideration of our readers; and the reason we have said so much upon the subject is, that we have thought some of our correspondents have been rash in taking up this or that hypothesis or interpretation to get rid of an objection, without sufficiently examining whether their arguments might not cut both ways. The following is the passage from the Quarterly Reviewer:—

"Mr. Murchison's work contains a description and catalogue of the organic remains by which he has succeeded more especially in identifying and distinguishing his 'Silurian system' from other earlier formations. Elaborate engravings are given of about three hundred and fifty species, three-fourths of which are new to the scientific world. And it is upon this that the chief merit of our author's labours is based, since he demonstrates that, independently of all local or mineral distinctions, these Silurian rocks contain vast quantities of organic remains—a fauna of their own—totally distinct, except in a very few individual instances, from the fossils of the overlying systems. It is by the establishment of this fact that he is authorised to claim for his system the remarkable individuality and extension of character which justifies its separation from all the earlier deposits, and has enabled other geologists already to identify it in other parts of the earth's surface, of which it constitutes, according to recent information, a not inconsiderable portion.

"The evidence thus brought forward affords an additional proof of the important truth which, as we said above, geology had already established; that each great period of change, during which the surface of our planet was essentially modified, was also marked by the successive production and obliteration of certain races of animated beings."

"Not that every ancient formation was tenanted by creatures absolutely peculiar to it;—the large natural groups of strata only, or, so to speak, systems, can be thus distinguished; but every great movement of newly-deposited matter—every considerable change in the character of the deposits,—was

accompanied by the appearances of new races of animals, and the destruction, and total vanishing from the face of the earth, of the great mass of those species which previously lived, and moved, and had their being there, but whose construction or habits were probably unfitted for the new state of things which the progress of great physical revolutions had brought about. And the evidence of this fact is not confined to one locality, but is general to the whole surface of the globe, which has been as yet investigated by geologists. We do not mean that these changes were every where synchronous: no doubt, while one district was undergoing rapid mutations, both of its mineral structure and organised existences, others were, for the time, stationary and quiescent, as is notoriously the case at present. But, sooner or later, changes of similar character invaded these quarters also; and there is every reason to believe that, within periods of considerable extent, every part of the earth's surface was, in turn, subjected to analogous variations of its physical condition, giving rise to analogous changes in its organic life.

"That the entire series of these changes, from first to last, were *progressive*, not *cyclical*, as some geologists are inclined to contend,—that the dynamical agencies affecting the earth's surface have diminished in energy, as the organic creation has become more complicated, multiform, and perfect, is a part of our geological creed which we are glad to find Mr. Murchison supporting by his authority and additional evidence. It is true that the *Metamorphic* theory of the origin of the crystalline rocks, so ably brought forward by Mr. Lyell, in his recent elementary work, if admitted as we believe it must be to a considerable extent at least, introduces much confusion into the hitherto received chronology of formations—(indeed the frontispiece alone of Mr. Lyell's book is enough to throw a Wernerian into fits) yet we cannot see how the evidence afforded by the unquestioned progressive development of organised existence—crowned as it has been by the recent creation of the earth's greatest wonder, Man—can be set aside, or its seemingly necessary result withheld for a moment."

[The Editor of the Museum suggests to the reader that, if he will turn to Dr. Chalmers's Sermon "on the New Heavens and the New Earth," he will find its speculations connect themselves in a very interesting degree with the theory of the successive changes of the Globe.]

From Tait's Magazine.

ARTISANS' OUT-DOOR HYMN.

BY HARRISON ELLIOTT.

WHEN Stuart reign'd, God's people fled,
Chased like the helpless hunted hare;
But, kneeling on the mountain's head,
There sought the Lord, and found him there.

Lord! we too suffer; we too pray
That thou wilt guide our steps aright;
And bless this day—thir'd Labour's day—
And fill our souls with heavenly light.

For failing bread, six days in seven
We till the black town's dust and gloom;
But here we drink the breath of heaven,
And here to pray the poor have room.

The stately temple, built with hands.
Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadle stands,
And thrusts the child of toil aside.

Therefore we seek the daisied plain,
Or climb thy hills to touch thy feet;
There, far from splendour's heartless fane,
Thy weary sons and daughters meet.

Is it a crime to tell thee here,
That here the sorely-tried are met;
To seek thy face, and find thee near;
And on thy rock our feet to set?

Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies;
Where sings the woodlark on the tree.
Beneath the allience of thy skies,
Is it a crime to worship thee?

We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,
Content to toil, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of thy Word
Alone assail'd our foes and thine.

Thy truth and thee we bade them fear;
They spurn thy truth, and mock our moan!
Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,
And thou hast left them to their own.*

* See Rebecca's Hymn in "Ivanhoe."

TO A PHYSICIAN.

Oh! watched for, longed for, through the heavy
hours
Of pain and weakness. What a gift is thine!
What a proud science, godlike and benign!
To pour on withering life sweet Mercy's showers,
And on the drooping mind's exhausted powers
Like a revivifying sunbeam shine—
For thy next smile what sleepless eyelids pine!
What sinking hearts, to which the summer flowers
Can breathe no joy! How many a day
I heard thy footsteps come and die away,
And clung unto that sound, as if the Earth,
With all its tones of melody and mirth,
To me had nought of interest—nothing worth
The brief bright moments of thy kindly stay!

E. M.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SCOTTISH SONGS, BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE LASS'S BEST TOCHER.

Tune, "The Wee Pickle Tew."

Some folk they will threep that siller is a'
We need through this life and the tuilze o't;
That wedlock without it is naething ava,
But a cruisie that wants the uilze o't:
But gie me a lass that's couthis and leal,
And ane, abune a', that loes me weel,
And your Miss wi' a tocher may gas to the deil,
Or them that care mair for the spuilze o't.

Though gear be a' gude, there's mony mae things
Ane never suld meeu to a' sairing o't,
The joy and content an eident wife brings
Are no to be had for the wairing o't.
A sark to your back will your rich dame sew,
Or bake you a bannock to cram your mou,
Or darn your hose, or milk your cow?
Sic wark, gude faith, she'll be spairing o't.

It's no that a woman suld-drudge a' her life,
But a birr now and then at the spinning o't,
Is a thing that sits aye unco weel on a wife,
And it lichtens a house wi' the dinning o't.
When a chield makes up to a quean wi' a pose,
Can he look for my lady to feed on brose?
And sic may be her kitchen afore life's close,
Whate'er may has been the beginning o't.

A blythe blinking e'e, and a weel-faured face,
A mou that's wordy the preeing o't,
A lo'esome shape, wi' a step o' grace,
To cheer ane's e'e wi' the seeing o't;
A mind weel plenished wi' hamely sense,
And a warm bit heart that thinks nae offence,
O' these mak a tocher, far, far abune pence,
Or a' that earth has for the gieing o't.

THE MEN-FOLK.

TUNE—"The Sutors o' Selkirk."

O! dule on the creaturs o' men-folk,
They 'll no tak a tellin' ava,
Langsyne, I am sure, they micht ken folk
Are willin' to wed, ane an' a';
I think I may answer for ithers,
A lass kens fu' weel by hersel,
And at wedlock gin ony hae swithers,
It's mair than I ever heard tell.

It's true we maun pit a shy face on't,
And look as we fain wad haud back

Or weeners wad say we were brazen't,
And sae mak' an awfu' mistak;
But troth the hale maitter is seemin',
To tell ye nae mair than is true,
For mornin' and e'en we are dreamin'
O' some bit lad comin' to woo.

Some women may think it provokin'
To hear thae things out o' the schule,
And tho' I am only outspoken,
May ca' me an even down fule;
But men, by my faith, will be asses
To heed sic wheejeen' ava,
As sure as the laddies like lasses,
The lasses like laddies an' a'.

Then come your ways ilka ane forrit,
And crouselly say out your bit say,
Lang hingin' the women abhor it,
And few will be found to say nay
Sae let nae blate callant gang frettin',
We a' like the conjugal yoke,
And baith sides suld thank me for lettin'
This muckle eat out of the poke.

SONG

To the tune of "Awa, Whigs, awa."
Burns.

Away, Whigs, away! away Whigs, away!
You're such a set of selfish knaves
You'll do no good to stay.

Our country must to ruin soon
By your vile tricks be brought,
Lost is her charter's ancient boon
For which our grandsires fought.

Our Queen you as a puppet treat,
A mask to hide your shame;
Our England's walls, her gallant fleet,
You've frittered to a name.

Our laws, in better days of old,
Above all power revered,
Are spurned by traitors base and bold
By your collusion cheered.

Our church is robb'd that you may thrive,
By "heavy blows" you hope
To crush her spirit, and contrive
To sell us to the Pope.

Then Whigs, away! brave Britons rise,
And guard, ere all be gone,
The land your sires were wont to prize,
Her altars, and her throne.

Then away, Whigs, away! away, Whigs, away!
You're such a set of selfish knaves
You'll do no good to stay.

From Tait's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF HARRIOT, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

THE world would seem, according to Mrs. Baron-Wilson, the biographer of the Duchess, to have been, for nearly half a century, under the most grievous mistake about the true character of Miss Mellon and Mrs. Coutts, whether as protegee, wife, or widow. Persons piquing themselves upon their morals, as well as the censorious and malicious, have united to do the Duchess of St. Albans grievous wrong. Indeed, the more liberal and indulgent portion of the public—those who accepted of her invitations, or her gifts and her patronage—have been equally wrong. They have rarely done more than set down the enterprising adventuress of the stage—the bold, buxom, and ambitious widow—at her true value, as a shrewd, clever, and amusingly audacious personage; systematically and successfully elbowing her way to notoriety, while she aimed at distinction; and, possessed of some good points of character, though, farther than appearances went, not troubled with scruples of any sort; and, if politically studious of certain flimsy proprieties, quite untroubled with the ordinary feminine delicacies, or the misgivings of a modest nature. But this is all mistake. Instead of the character to which natural disposition, and her training from infancy as a strolling actress, cursed with a violent, vulgar, coarse-minded, loving, and scheming mother, must, in the ordinary course of experience, have formed her, Mrs. Baron-Wilson's heroine comes forth a perfect paragon of the nobler virtues. The notions, in particular, which the evil-minded world formed of the long and intimate connexion of the sprightly and ambitious actress with old Mr. Coutts, the millionaire, are not only untrue, but the very reverse of truth; for, if she had been foolish and naughty, and not followed the ruled precedent of Miss Farren with the Earl of Derby, and set the example for that other precedent to stage heroines, the engagement of "the much esteemed Miss Stephens" with the married Earl of Essex—if, in short, the platonic of old Coutts and Miss Mellon had not been a real, *bona fide* platonic, then had Mrs. Baron-Wilson never condescended to write this biography. Nay, three were new features in this singular tie. Mr. Coutts, though he had a living wife, in a condition to call forth all the tenderness and respect of a husband, and three nobly-married daughters with large families, the children of the wife of his youth, had become paternally attached to his "blessed Harriot," as he fondly terms Miss Mellon; who again, from the extreme warmth and devotion of her filial feelings, so far surpassing those of his real daughters, was sometimes taken for his child! Even Lady Burdett, and Ladies Bute and Guildford, it is here stated, imagined their doting papa's new favourite their sister! Had they really chosen to affect preferring their old father as an unfaithful husband, rather than a superannuated dotard, infatuated by an artful, complacent, and not very scrupulous woman, the countenance which they are said to have given her—the cordial, social habits in which they lived with her at the early period of her connexion with Mr. Coutts—is not among the

noblest features of what is imagined the aristocratic character. We are not going to be in the least uncharitable towards Miss Mellon. In captivating the affections of the millionaire, and riveting his chains by every art and wile, and, above all, by the impudent hypocrisy of unbounded personal affection and exclusive devotion, she was only labouring in her vocation; but we have much less indulgence for the ladies who, if this history be correct, stooped to maintain some influence over their father's mind, and some hold over his purse, through so degrading a medium as his "blessed Harriot."

The fair biographer sets out by assuring her readers that, to those who were in habits of close intimacy with the Duchess, any vindication of her character must be superfluous. With this, we entirely agree; but we are further informed, "that, as the breath of malignity *has* endeavoured to taint her fame, it is a duty which the author owes to her memory, as well as one which she owes to herself, to set before the reader a true account of the chief incident of her life." This chief incident is the "patronage" of Mr. Coutts; and Mrs. Baron-Wilson is astonished that a wicked and censorious world can see any harm in a connexion so natural and harmless as an old married-man falling into a violent platonic or fatherly regard for a sprightly actress of twenty-eight, who perfectly adored him living, and worshipped him dead! who was his consoling angel—his ministering spirit—his solace against the indifferent or ungrateful daughters who sought to slight his "blessed Harriot," after she had legally obtained their mother's place. If there should be any remaining doubt about the immaculate nature of the early connexion, as there can be none whatever about the policy and prudence of the young lady, it is set to rest by the following facts and testimonials to character:—When, after the death of Mr. Coutts, his managing widow was found to have the sole power of his enormous wealth, there was a very general burst of public indignation, at the gross injustice of the old man, whom dotage alone could excuse, and which, naturally, fell upon the mournful relief. The "profligate press" malignantly assailed "her fair fame;" and the lady, rich enough to be the bride of Mammon; but sadly in want of a few scraps of character, determined to prosecute the slanderers. She retained Mr. Brougham and Sir James Scarlett, who were directed to consult with her *friends* the Marquis of Bristol, the Earl of Lauderdale, and others, and to examine certain documents on which she rested her vindication. Those documents consisted of many friendly and cordial notes from Mr. Coutts' daughters, shewing on what familiar and intimate terms they and their female children had lived with their papa's "blessed Harriot;" and some letters from Mr. Coutts himself to Miss Mellon. The preliminary court of honour, consisting of the noblemen we have named, rather shyed the idea of the Court of King's Bench; but nevertheless pronounced an opinion to the effect that they had never entertained a doubt of the blameless nature of the patronage of Mr. Coutts, nor the strict propriety of Miss Mellon's conduct. This was no doubt highly satisfactory; and the prosecution was dropped. It is unfortunate that the author is not in a condition to lay even one of these documents before her readers; so that, instead of forming their opinion on the alleged Lauderdale reports, they might

form their own judgment. We are sorry to find that the author's materials for compiling the memoirs, are of the most general and flimsy sort: nor does she seem to possess one original letter. Old Coutts' epistles, we are led to conclude, would shew him a very different person from what the world imagines; full of romance and high-flown sentiment, and with such feelings! Yet we cannot perceive that the author has even seen one of them! The familiar letters of Lady Burdett, the Countess of Guildford, and the Marchioness of Bute, to their father's consoling angel, must also be great curiosities—that is, if they now exist at all. These documents

“Consisted of a great quantity of letters from the daughters of Mr. Coutts to Miss Mellon, during many years, up to the time of her marriage; all couched in the most affectionate terms, making daily appointments for accompanying their father to Miss Mellon's house, or meeting him there; giving frequent details of their mother's health, or forming arrangements for bringing parties of their friends to Miss Mellon's villa at Highgate: all shewing, by their playful allusions, an almost sisterly intercourse between her and those admirably conducted persons. At that time they were all married to men of high rank, who likewise visited Miss Mellon, and received her among their youthful families.”

In one of Miss Mellon's chambers there were four little white cribs set apart for the four daughters of Sir Francis Burdett. Where, indeed, could so fair an example of the union of virtues and graces have been found, for the improvement of young female children, as in the dwelling of Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson's paragon and Mr. Coutts's protegee.

Having, in a general way, stated the claims of the virtues of the Duchess of St. Albans upon her commemorative pen, Mrs. Baron-Wilson enumerates and dwells upon each in a formal preliminary eulogy. And, first of the first, though, we fear, Hannah More and the then Bishop of London never guessed as much, “RELIGION was the most remarkable and striking quality of her mind.” This foundation-virtue is elaborately made out to have been at all times a characteristic of Mrs. Coutts. A cardinal virtue, eminently possessed and exercised by the Duchess, was CHARITY, in the sense of giving money—and a very good kind of charity it is. A third was GENEROSITY, (these leading virtues are all printed in epitaph characters in the original work,) and this was not merely generosity in giving, but in thought and conduct—as, for example, in bestowing large sums upon her husband's family, though she possessed letters from the imbecile old father,

“In which he has commanded her, under pain of his displeasure, not to plead to him in the cause of his family, who (in his opinion) had spoken and acted unkindly respecting her, after the marriage; and conjuring his “blessed Harriot,” by very forcible terms, not to share with them any part of the wealth after his decease which would be the cause of animosity towards her. Yet she had the generosity to persevere in pleading their cause, until she procured his forgiveness for the parties.

The forgiveness of the parties—but not any alteration of his testamentary dispositions: Mr. Coutts claimed the right to do what he would with his own; and his whole fortune was but too little to mark his sense of what he owed to the endearments and affec-

tion of his “blessed Harriot.” The other qualities for which the Duchess was remarkable, were cheerfulness, which never failed, and wit. She was also *amiably considerate* for those about her. Though not exactly celebrated for TRUTHFULNESS—a quality scarcely compatible with the proper management, for a dozen years, of a rich old gentleman who had his will to make—“a strong principle of TRUTH pervaded the Duchess' conduct, and implicit reliance might be placed on her word:—including, we fairly presume, her enthusiastic professions of attachment to old Coutts, living and dead, and her avowed extreme dislike of everything savouring of vanity, show, and ostentation; her genuine humility, and unobtrusive piety. Her “friendship” for Mr. Coutts was the leading incident in her life; and as Mrs. Baron-Wilson justly remarks, “There can no friendship be permanent which is not based on similitude of religious feelings between the parties; and it is a valuable fact, that all her favourite friends, and both her husbands, were known to be remarkable for their devotional feelings.” Happy Mrs. Coutts, and thrice happy Duchess of St. Albans. Her mother was a religious character also, and early imbued her daughter's mind with the piety of eating pan-cakes at Shrove-tide, and goose at Michaelmas; while she watched as rigidly over her morals as ever did Mrs. Peachum over those of poor Polly,—seemingly determined that she should never throw herself away on less than a lord or a rich old banker. “The actress's mother” is the gem of the work; the only piece of genuine truth and real life about it; we shall not lose sight of her, especially as Harriot, with a better natural understanding, and a much better education, was, in all points affecting her interests and destinies, quite mama's own scheming daughter.

Though we demur to the unmeasured measure of the higher virtues which it has pleased Mrs. Baron-Wilson to attribute to her gorgeous heroine, we do not mean to affect any extraordinary rigidity in judging of the moral character and conduct of a woman who, born and trained as we have noticed, in the most exposed condition in which a female can be placed, schemed to become the most prominent instance of the mean and sordid influences over the aristocratic, which modern times have afforded. We may have ten times more sympathy, and morally, if not prudentially, speaking, ten times more respect for many a frail and unfortunate member of the histrionic sisterhood, who has perished in shame and misery, than for the cool, wary, and prudent Miss Mellon—who, by the time she came to inveigle or cajole old Coutts, no longer, we apprehend, required the aid and tutelage of her watchful mother—than for the illustrious Dutchesess of St. Albans; and this without slighting any one of her good points. There was a hearty audacity about her, a thinly veiled hypocrisy, a cool, unconscious, well-tempered, easy effrontery, which must have been really diverting; and a merry and frank humour, and apparent good-heartedness, which were even amiable.

Mrs. Coutts is chiefly precious to the observer and the moralist, as a test of the omnipotence of Mammon in England in the nineteenth century. She was, at the worst, less base herself than the cause of bringing into light the latent baseness and poverty of spirit of those around her. What curious combinations of the insolent and the mean, the temporizing

and the contemptuous, it must have been the fortune of the poor stroller, become the full-blown Widow Coutts, surrounded by a cortege of proud English nobility, to witness and to enjoy. A little adroit flattery, with fair interest and good security, might have sufficed from princes of the royal blood to the worldly banker; but his magnificent relict, the blazoned impersonation of *scrip* and *omnium*, exacted deeper homage. Her worshippers must perform their "ducking observance" in the face of day, and in the eye of Fashion. How this shrewd insolent woman—in her spirit ever impudent, whatever gloze her manners wore—must have been tickled with the performance of the part her merry nature assigned to her high-born companions! On them she took ample revenge for all the humiliations she had endured in her Couttonian bondage. Dr. Johnson relates, as a fine trait in a gentleman living at Inverary Castle, that, when the Duke of Argyle rather unceremoniously ordered him to fetch something from another room, he obeyed, but whistled as he went, to shew his independence and social equality. The led noblemen, and young women of quality, bound to perform the heats of the Widow Coutts, durst not whistle.

The difference between the spirit of the age of bronze and bank paper, of chivalry and cotton-rage, was never more strikingly displayed than in the instance of the Widow Coutts. The cruel Saccharissas, and beautiful Parthenias, of past generations, presumed to be insolent, capricious, and haughty, in right of their indomitable and all-conquering charms, and to treat their lovers as Johnson said of his Widow Porter, with whom, however, he belled-the-cat "like dogs." But the well endowed ladies of the Age of Gold, which is the direct antipodes of the Golden age, sometimes treat their noble suitors like turnspit curs.

The Widow Coutts, "buxom, blithe, and debonnaire" as she was, and always affected to be, must, however, have digested a competent share of chagrin and bitter mortification in her time. There were proud and high minded members of the aristocracy, the gentry, and even of the commonalty, who would not fall down and worship Mammon in the newly painted and bedizened female image, and though disguised in the garb of Fashion. Whatever Mrs. Baron-Wilson may believe, many besides the "profligate" portion of the London press, which attacked Mrs. Coutts with an eye to her purse, despised the bustling and vulgar, vain and obtrusive dame, whom brassy honours and golden treasures, meanly acquired, only rendered more despicable in the estimation of the high-minded.

The long-suffering endurance and humiliations, by which this naturally passionate and violent woman acquired great notoriety and unbounded wealth, were never repaid to her in this life. Let every vain young actress, on or off the stage, similarly tempted, ponder her history. Miss Mellon herself was not without warning. The brilliant fortune of Miss Farren might have been understood by her at its true value, had she desired to profit by the lesson. It was probably the happiest period of her own life, when, having procured an engagement at Drury Lane, she became popular with the manager and the company, by her cheerful good humour, and readiness to oblige. Nor were her indifferent talents for

the stage of a kind to awaken rivalry. Miss Mellon, always prudent, never walked the high ropes, like the greater heroines. Her climbing was by creeping. About this time Miss Farren had disgusted the public by her airs and defiance of Kemble the manager, but had been compelled to give way, and to appear in a despised satin dress, which had been the mighty cause of the feud.

"Miss Mellon being then just introduced to the principal green room, (through the amiability of Mrs. Siddons,) very wisely thought it better to listen to the conversational style of the grand actresses, than to indulge her own *bavarderie*; and a great penance this silence must have been to her. Accordingly, when Lord Derby and other theatrical noblemen would assemble round Miss Farren, Miss Mellon used to stand near this glass of fashion. The great lady was very partial to the rustic belle, and, doubtless, she derived much professional benefit from her intercourse with the most elegant actress on the stage, whose refined readings of Lady Teazle, and the more elevated class of comedy, are to this day quoted as beyond attainment. Lord Derby was a very singular looking little man for a lover. Although at this time but forty-five, he looked fifteen years older. He had an excessively large head, surmounting his small spare figure, and wore his hair tied in a long thin pig-tail. This, with his attachment to short nankeen gaiters, made him an easily recognized subject in the numerous caricatures of the day.

Miss Mellon was one evening standing near the green-room fire, and, while waiting for the play to begin, she was humming some popular dance, and just tracing the steps unconsciously. She was roused by the voice of Miss Farren, whispering, "You happy girl, I would give worlds to be like you!"

"Poor Miss Mellon, recollecting her thirty shilling salary, thought she was ridiculed by "a lady with thirty guineas a week, who was to marry a lord;" and she replied, with some slight vexation, that "there certainly must be a vast deal to be envied in her position, by one who commanded what she pleased!"

Pressing her hand kindly, Miss Farren's eyes became full of tears as she replied, "I cannot command such a *light heart* as prompted your little song!"

If, instead of the *rank fudge* into which the author of this memoir has been betrayed, in attempting the apotheosis of her RELIGIOUS, CHARITABLE, GENEROUS heroine—who lived the life of the most amiable and virtuous of women, and died in the odour of sanctity—she had simply contended that Mrs. Coutts was no worse in any respect than the majority of her contemporaries would have been, if placed in her position, while few of them would have displayed her genial qualities, we should cordially have gone along with her; and have considered, which we still do, the poor base-born girl, who, by dexterity, became the richest woman, and one of the highest-titled dames of England, a much nobler creature than hundreds of the lordly things that swelled her train or bowed at her footstool. But, to make an angel and a saint of her! The world will stand nothing so incongruous.

It can hardly longer endure "Fair Rosamond," or Bulwer's "La Valliere." Let us think no more of

this, but take the clever, intriguing, and ambitious woman as she is. In her genuine character, she will afford both entertainment and instruction.

Like some other great adventurers whom the Christian public styles "fortunate," the origin of the enormously wealthy Widow Coutts—"ten pawnbroker's widows rolled into one"—was doubtful. Miss Mellon had a mother—a genuine "actress's mother"—often a much worse character than the actress herself; but, as to her father, history is either dumb or contradictory; and the parentage of the Most Noble the Duchess of St. Albans, like that of some other goddesses must ever remain wrapped up in mystery. The mother was the handsome daughter of a peasant near Cork, who, when her parents died, became helper, or woman-of-all-work, to a little shop-keeper or milliner, where she acquired those accomplishments of scouring rusty silks, and dying gauzes and feathers, which, with a swift needle, rendered her, about the year 1775, invaluable to a strolling company of comedians. She had made "the tour of Wales" once, when the company was scattered, and she returned to Cork. Her illustrious daughter was the consequence of an amour with a gentleman who "lodged across the way." This person is described as "Lieutenant Mellon of the Madras Infantry, home on sick leave." He was never heard of more, though a rumour that a person of the name had died in the outward voyage did not prevent Miss Mellon's mother from electing a lord as her gallant, and boasting through life of the high blood in Harriot's veins. Extremes meet. The mother of the Duchess, who, though she could neither read nor write, acted with shrewdness and cunning, seems to have been, in half-mad violence and vulgarity, the exact counterpart of the far-descended heiress of Gight, Byron's unhappy mother, as she is described by the too faithful pen of Moore. In their treatment of their offspring, each displayed the same brutal ferocity, alternating with pride, tiger-like animal fondness. Such was the parentage of the illustrious Harriot. We look back with amazement to the times of jocund, good-natured Nelly Gwynne, one of the great-great-grandmothers of the Duke of St. Albans. Our own times are as prolific of social wonders. Mrs. Coutts was too shrewd to repeat her mother's ridiculous tales about her noble if illegitimate birth, without the saving clause of "My mother says so and so." This woman's dexterity, with her needle, and accomplishments in dressing up old silks and gauzes made her so valuable to the strollers, that she made a second excursion into England, where her daughter was born. Shortly afterwards she married a lad of eighteen, named Entwisle, the sole musician of the company. The Irish woman was, at least, ten years older than her husband, whom she ruled with a rod of iron. This was about the year 1778, and Harriot was now a year old. But her real age is as problematical as her parentage. She was, as a child, "remarkably tall of her age."

The incidental glimpses of the strollers' wretched life, found in these volumes, is much more interesting than those sketches of the Duchess' doings which have been found recorded in Sunday newspapers and old play-bills. The Entwisle family was notorious for rows, the wife claiming to keep the purse, and the young husband being a person of vicious habits

and low tastes, exposed to great temptation by his vagrant profession. Though fond of his little step-daughter, he was unable to comprehend the grand projects of her scheming Irish mother, who was thus early calculating upon the advantages which were to arise to her from the beauty and fascinations of her well-tutored daughter displayed on the London boards! Entwisle did not grudge that part of his earnings—over which, however, he had no control—should be expended to the child's education, of which the expense was not great.

"At first, while they were too poor to hire any conveyance during their tours, Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle used to carry Harriot and his celebrated Cremona violin alternately; and afterwards, when their means were increased so as to allow of payment for one of the group to be conveyed from one town to another, it was always Harriot who was thus sent, and wrapped up in some rather finer habiliments than the pedestrian pair."

Mr. Entwisle, in the first year of their marriage, being obliged to seek another engagement, it was considered that Lancashire, his native county, would afford the best prospect. Accordingly, having packed up his famous Cremona, they set out, carrying Harriot alternately; and near Preston they encountered the Lancashire strolling manager, Bibby, who being then in want of a musician, was very glad to engage so excellent a performer. . . . Notwithstanding their slender means, however, Mrs. Entwisle devoted a portion of them to sending her little Harriot to a day-school.

The child is mother to the woman. Little Harriot, fond of frolic and play, and idle at her book,

"Used to relate, her custom was to enter the school room *with a face of importance*, as though conscious of being well prepared with her learning; and then, after making a knot of little creatures giggle by her nonsense, she would creep behind the open door, where, reading her lesson, she could defy the world and its cares."

Miss Mellon, we imagine, knew, through life, when to assume the *face of importance*. She was full of fun and childish mischief, yet, according to her own account, a great favourite with her school-mistress. One of her early repartees, if genuine, shows blood:—

"Miss Calvert one day endeavouring to check the invincible love of chattering which was inherent in her pupil, said—"O Harriot! does your tongue never lie?" And her companion, who knew thoroughly she meant 'lie quiet,' slyly answered—"No, ma'am, it never *lies*; that is so naughty!"

She was already on the stage in parts fitted to her age, or required by the exigencies of the manager; and she could also recite and sing to her step-father's violin, and was initiated very early into stage-begging and other minor arts and mysteries of the craft.

"Mr. Entwisle used to carry her to different houses, to dance hornpipes to his playing; and after executing the dance on the same elevated stage, she used to run round its edge to levy contributions for her avaricious relatives."

She could already dance neatly, and sing glees; and, what is more remarkable, somehow acquired a "diction remarkable for purity," and deep knowledge of the erudite beauties of Shakspeare! She never was *blue* in any shade, nor even a reader of romances;

and she very early began to "bode the silk gown," of which she got not merely the proverbial sleeve, but the full and ample garment—"When I am a fine London player," was already her style. She was constantly performing all sorts of parts, and had a salary of something less than four and sixpence a-week. About this time, she saw at Harrogate, in strolling excursions, Mrs. Jordan, and some of the lesser London stars. The refusal of the manager to raise Harriot's salary above 4s. 6d., made the virago mother revolt; and the daughter and husband, after a period of starvation, found another engagement, where the musician's salary was one guinea weekly, and the daughter's was raised, by degrees, to fifteen shillings. Wherever they went, the mother was dresser, and found scope for her millinery and feather-dying genius. They were now in Stafford, in the troop of a Mr. Stanton, who strolled in the midland counties, and was respectable in his private character. While hanging on, waiting for this engagement, the future Duchess made her first brilliant appearance in some small town, where no less than a Baronet and his Lady had commanded the "bespeak" of the Country Girl. The play was then in high fame from Mrs. Jordan's Peggy—and Miss Mellon was to take the same part! One of the wandering Thespians had to walk as far as Leeds to procure a copy of the play! There were great difficulties about Peggy's dresses; but Mrs. Entwisle was as pushing a mother as a young debutante could have desired; and neither daughter nor mother appears ever to have lacked anything they wished from false delicacy.

"Half-past six arrived, and the one musician (Mr. Entwisle) led off with 'Rule Britannia,' 'Britons Strike Home,' and 'The Bonny Pitman,' an air then, and perhaps now, a favourite in the north. Up went the curtain, and the play commenced. The house, or barn, was crowded to excess. The elite of the neighbourhood all attended—being more anxious to testify their respect to the baronet who patronized the performance, than their admiration of the dramatic company.

"The play, hurriedly as it had been produced, went on capitally. The family whose 'bespeak' had proved so attractive were in what, out of courtesy, must be termed the *stage-box*; and, at an early part of the evening, they singled out Miss Mellon (probably from her extreme youth and talent) as the principal object of their applause.

"Those who look at plays through the medium of metropolitan performances, can scarcely conceive what a young aspiring actor or actress feels, when making their incipient steps in a place scarcely the size of a dining-room, where they can hear every murmur of applause or displeasure, and catch a glance of hope from the 'Very well indeed' of a fashionable party on one side, or be depressed by the adverse 'Oh, dear!' of another. - - - - -

Miss Mellon sung between play and farce, (accompanied by the single fiddle,) and was encored; and finished her evening's exertions by performing Miss Biddy, in 'Miss in her Teens.' All succeeded capitally, so that the mother and daughter retired to rest, congratulating themselves on the result of the evening's entertainments."

The Duchess of St. Albans never could have been so triumphant in the royal drawing-room, to which

she pushed her way, as in this barn theatre. But the great family had discovered that some of Peggy's clothes had come from their own wardrobe. The Baronet was furious—his father's marriage-suit worn by Peggy as her boy-dress! The housekeeper was found the delinquent, and the eloquence of Mrs. Entwisle and her daughter disarmed the resentment of the angry gentleman. The family came to Miss Mellon's benefit, and the lady gave her the first good frock she ever possessed. Her luck was begun.

On first coming to Stafford, the vagrant family had lodgings at only 2s. 6d. a-week; but Harriot was sent to learn writing and arithmetic, for which her step-father paid by lessons on the violin. She was thrown back in her parts, as there were several respectable performers in the company. "It is," says her biographer,

"Known at Stafford, that her morning dress was too shabby for her to appear at the churches there, and her mother used to send her regularly to Ingestrie Church, (built by Lord Talbot, and adjoining his mansion,) because she was less liable there to incur remark on the poverty of her appearance.

"The vale between Lord Talbot's estate and the town was a great gathering place for the children to play; and Harriot, whose love of amusement was unconquerable, used to steal out perpetually from her close room to this pretty spot, where she was unrivalled among the 'young ladies' as a player at ball. Numbers of her playmates are now living, and well remember the disagreeable interruption which Mrs. Entwisle would cause in her daughter's athletic amusements, by driving her home with heavy blows, (some of which occasionally fell on the associates,) and, amidst dreadful reproaches, the perpetual taunt that she was 'a disgrace to the high blood in her veins.'

"The wondering children, who were all better dressed than the vagrant member of the aristocracy, used to torment poor Harriot dreadfully respecting the visionary grandeur. She bore it all in perfect good humour, if they would only play at ball with her; and their assemblies were delightful, until the light-footed Mrs. Entwisle would slip in amongst them, and disperse the terrified mockers of high blood like chaff before the wind."

Miss Mellon had always "a winning way," and could joke and wheedle herself into favour from a very early age. She became a favourite in the manager's family, and was invited to join their little parties. There was then a much less strict line of demarcation between the town's people in provincial towns and the players than now exists. The ladies lent Miss Mellon stage-dresses: and every kindness and mark of attention was punctually and gratefully acknowledged. She was at no time careless of her good fortune, or of the smallest means of advancing it.

"Giddy as she was, nothing could exceed her care of articles lent to her; if it were not too late, it is said they were always returned on the same evening after the party, or, at the furthest, early next morning. Her attention was frequently rewarded by a present of the dress which she had so punctually restored; and she began now to have a wardrobe of her own."

There was hope of a girl of this shrewd thoughtful sort, "riding in her coach." Her mother had

already begun to exercise the strictest vigilance over her movements. The padlock was in hourly use, but it was not clapped upon the mind.—The violence of the furious mother, and the sufferings and terror of the poor girl, are illustrated by the following anecdote:—After one of those *roues* in which Miss Harriot, at last, learned to hold her own part, the poor girl having received many blows, ran away, and spent the cold night in the fields; nor did she venture to creep to the manager's until twilight on the next day, when she was famishing with hunger, and blue with cold:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle, by an unfortunate chance, entered the room. Like a startled hare, Harriot flew into a corner behind the chairs to avoid her mother, who exclaimed—'Let me reach her—I will be the death of her!' All violence was, however, prevented, by the family of the manager, except the violence of a tongue which nothing could allay. 'Where have you passed the night, you young hussy? You, a high-born person's child, to go away from your mother—yes, you are a great person's daughter, though you behave so ill to me—but we little guessed the wretch you would turn out!'"

Such was the amiable mother of Miss Mellon, whose ambition and low cunning had yet no other object than her daughter's aggrandizement. As the mother did not obtrude herself into society—which would have spoiled all—but showed herself grateful and proud of any attention shown to her daughter, the shrewd and lively girl obtained a footing in several respectable families in Burton-on-Trent and Stafford, and was even patronised by ladies of fashion in those places. And where she found an opening, she never failed to improve the advantage. Her poor mother strove to keep her neatly dressed; and she made a rule both to take her to the door of the houses at which she was invited, and to fetch her home. The old ladies of Stafford gave her a high character as a well-conducted, industrious girl; highly-amusing, a pleasant singer, and a good dancer, and the most punctual person in returning whatever she borrowed neat and unspoiled.

In Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle's *roues*, they frequently broke all the crockery and glasses, and Miss Harriot had often to attend the rehearsals without her breakfast. Her miseries at home procured her sympathy and consideration abroad. She was received as a guest in a clergyman's family, and, finally, was patronised by the family of a banker in Stafford, named Wright. That town was, at this period, represented by Mr. Sheridan, who, on one of his electioneering visits, saw Miss Mellon (a handsome girl of seventeen) play in the "*Belle's Stratagem*," and the "*Romp*." In his usual hyperbolic style, he praised the talents of the dramatic favourite of Stafford, and held out some vague hope of a London engagement, which he was, afterwards, dunned into confirming by a positive promise.

"Thus making her happy at the moderate expense of a compliment and a promise, he departed, after his week of acting popularity. Mrs. Entwisle was enraptured, and saw visions of benefits and coronets. Mr. Entwisle dreamt of the bliss of perfect idleness; and as for Harriot, she was not sane enough even to think or dream. She did nothing but watch the post which was to bring news of the engagement. But all her friends doubted whether the volatile member

would give the matter a second thought; and they were right."

No letter ever came; and when Miss Mellon applied once more to Mr. Wright the banker, entreating him to jog the great manager's memory, an evasive answer was returned—"It was not worth Miss Mellon's while, with her talents, to appear at the end of a season." But Mrs. Entwisle and Miss Mellon were not thus to be baffled without another trial. Her benefit had produced fifty pounds and presents, and the family moved to London, to push Harriot's fortune. With the Wrights, her *grandest* friends, who had been very kind to her, she renewed her intimacy after she became a great woman; and, on her departure,

"When Miss Mellon went to take farewell of her best friends, Mr. Wright, sen., with a care almost paternal, gave her a small sum of money for her own use, and uttered the gratifying prophetic words (remembered by his descendants,) 'Farewell Harriot: heaven bless you child. If you conduct yourself as well as you have done ever since you have been known to our family, I shall see or hear of you riding in your own carriage!'"

Mrs. Baron-Wilson does not admire Sheridan: neither do we. It is scarcely possible to imagine a character more vicious and debased, in a man who escaped open disgrace. One rejoices to find opinion righting itself about the individual whose convivial wit, and, to say the least, unscrupulousness, for a time threw a false and mischievous glare around him. The following extract illustrates the character of both Sheridan and our much more respectable heroine:—

"The family party reached the metropolis in June, without friend or acquaintance, trusting solely to the promise of a manager almost unknown to them, and with a very slender stock of money to support them, in case of any delay respecting an engagement.

"The theatre had closed during the preceding month; therefore they considered that Mr. Sheridan was likely to be disengaged, and able at once to inform them of his decision. Accordingly, Miss Mellon, accompanied to the door by her mother, waited on him the day succeeding her arrival, to state the hopes which had brought her to London. After much hesitation, she was received by the great manager in the most slovenly of morning costumes, unshaven, and bearing the exhausted, dull look of the overnight's conviviality.

"Mr. Sheridan had not only forgotten his promise to Mr. Wright, but even Miss Mellon's name and appearance; nor was it until the production of his own letter to Mr. Wright, (in which he had desired Miss Mellon to come to London,) that he could recall any recollection of the circumstance.

"He then became prodigal of fine speeches to the mortified young creature, who was nearly fainting from this her first experience of worldly sincerity. He praised her mode of speaking, her effective personal appearance for her profession, and sent her away with an indefinite promise about 'keeping her in his mind,' which she could not very clearly understand, nor, perhaps, had he any intention that she should!

"On Miss Mellon rejoining Mrs. Entwisle, the latter overwhelmed her with reproaches for 'not having made Mr. Sheridan give her an engagement

for the opening season!' and, on the next day, the matron resolved to try her own skill for her daughter. But the diplomacy of the manager (whom Mrs. Gore has lately defined as '*the arch master of finesse!*') far exceeded the arts of his untutored countrywoman; and she returned home from her fruitless errand, saying, 'I saw he was telling me lies all the time, yet I could not catch him out with a direct one!'

"The proverb of 'Fair words cost nothing' (which must have originated in Ireland) seems to have been Mr. Sheridan's motto; for instead of stating at once the unwelcome truth, that 'there was no vacancy for another actress at Drury Lane,' he kept these poor people in uncertainty during three months, by his unmeaning promises, thereby preventing them from returning to the country, or accepting engagements from minor companies.

"At first they had taken lodgings near the Strand, in order to have a respectable address for the manager's expected communications; but as their means gradually melted, the provident Mrs. Entwisle considered the situation to be too dear, and accordingly they removed to a small house in New Street."

We are treated to some town adventures of the simple rustic Miss Mellon, (who had only trod the boards for above a dozen years,) which really look overdone, admitting the difference between London and the provincial towns. Her best feat was wheedling and coaxing a coachman into driving her over half the town without hire—"Would not dear old Mr. Coachman put her on just another street?" This was something to be proud of, though neither her greatest nor last conquest over the proverbial nigardliness and prejudices of old gentlemen. In Staffordshire, a Mr. Jervis, a magistrate, had so strong a prejudice to "vagrant players" that he would never grant them a license in his jurisdiction. Miss Mellon came, however, according to the story, favourably under the notice of Mr. Jervis, from having behaved with proper spirit when unceremoniously treated by his nephew and another London daudy, who did her the honour of requesting that she would descend from her rural chamber in a miller's house, with whose sister she was staying, and receive their visit.

"The amiable old pair took a great fancy to the artless, animated Miss Mellon, or, as she was always called there, 'Little Harriot the player.' She managed so well to remove the prejudice of the magistrate; and actually, by her ingenuous grace, wheedled him into granting a license for the obnoxious performances, besides patronizing them afterwards."

The authoress remarks:—

"There must have been something unusually winning and genuine in the disposition and manner of Miss Mellon; for it would be tedious to enumerate the number of instances in which the money-making mind of trades-people seemed to take a higher tone of generosity in her favour."

Miss Mellon had come from the provinces heart whole. Indeed, save her *grand* passion, sentimental or platonic, for old Mr. Coutts, which came on by very small degrees, she never appears to have had any love attachment. Her vanity was, at one time, somewhat interested by the attentions of a half-swindler, a West Indian, named Barry, who gave himself out as the heir of a very rich lady; but the

fraud was discovered, and the fact of the real object of admiration being Miss Mellon's salary, Mr. Barry was cast off with becoming spirit, and without any injury to the peace of mind of the young lady. Her mother often saw or suspected "detrimentals" in poor young men who got acquainted with Harriot, and was violent against such connexions; but no "actress's mother" could have desired a more prudent child. There was no sentiment, no romance in Miss Harriot; and, besides, her mother's watchfulness never abated. When her daughter was enjoying the valuable patronage of Mr. Coutts, a Belgian colonel, introduced by Mr. Coutts, visited in Little Russell Street, where the *millionaire* now regularly lunched. Mrs. Entwisle heard of this suspicious guest, and hurried up from Cheltenham, where she was settled with her husband, who, through her daughter's influence with Colonel Macmahon, "the Prince's friend," had been appointed post-master there—in virtue of her solicitation and his utter unfitness for the office. He was soon dismissed, in spite of his useful connexions. Mrs. Entwisle travelled by the night coach, and entered her daughter's house just after breakfast.

"She threw herself on the sofa—her countenance darkened with rage; and, after various strong interjections, screamed forth, 'That starving black fellow, I'll be the death of him!'

"Miss Mellon vainly endeavoured to ascertain who was the subject of so much vituperation; guessing it was another version of the old anti-matrimonial lecture, yet never imagining that 'the starving black fellow' could allude to Colonel Raguet, whose means were apparently ample, and who, moreover, was a fair, light-haired person.

"She was at length enlightened by her mother saying, 'He sha'n't marry you, Harriot—I'd kill him first! his very name proves him a beggar. Mr. Raggy, indeed! Just think of your being called Mrs. Raggy; a nasty, black, deceiving, fortune-hunting, foreign fellow; if you marry him, I'll be the death of you both!'

"Argument was in vain with the furious woman, so Miss Mellon did not attempt an explanation; and, in the midst of the storm, Colonel Raguet and a friend entered unannounced, for probably the old landlady was either baking muffins or measuring out milk at the time.

"Colonel Raguet spoke excellent English; and, finding a seat next to Mrs. Entwisle, rendered himself so agreeable that she was delighted with his conversation. After staying some time, the visitors departed, and she was enchanted with 'that nice fair-haired man, who must be a gentleman of fortune, from his dress and his horses; and if Harriot was going to make a fool of herself by marrying any body, why did she not fancy that real fine gentleman, who treated her with such respect, instead of that pennyless, worthless, ugly, black, ragged vagabond, *Mister Raggy*, who was sure to beat her!'"

We return to the amiable Entwises and their daughter, in a cottage rented at less than £10 a-year, somewhere about what is now the Surrey Zoological Gardens. For this dwelling the shrewd and active old lady, aware of the expense of furnished lodgings, and always trying to pay her way, purchased a table and three cane chairs, with other household gear on the same moderate scale; and, while waiting Mr.

Sheridan's awful fiat, mother and daughter gratified their tastes by fatiguing Sunday walks to see the fine people in the far distant Park. Their shabby finery and country habiliments drew impertinent remarks upon them, and offended Miss Mellon's sense of dignity as a householder.

"She would make her mother return to their little Surry cage, (with its sitting room about two yards square, holding a table and three rush chairs only,) and, in a fever of vexation, she would burst out crying, and say, 'Perhaps those impudent people have not a nice place with furniture of their own like ours!'"

The summer passed, and Sheridan continued obdurate, after Miss Mellon had applied to him much oftener than could be pleasant to the feelings of either a lodger or householder. The banker at Stafford was again applied to; and, at long last, having obtained an interview and reading, and, probably, flattering Sherry into good humour, Miss Mellon obtained an engagement at thirty shillings a-week, and came out in Lydia Languish. Her success in this character was very moderate; and Sheridan remanded her to a sort of probation for a time, that she might get familiarized with theatrical business upon the gigantic metropolitan scale. Michaelmas Day came round, and we have this illustration of some points of Miss Mellon's religion:—

"Mrs. Entwisle had brought her up with a firm belief in the necessity of complying with the superstitious customs attached to certain days, the omission of which would infallibly be followed by ill luck; and, therefore, the Christmas mince-pie, Shrove Tuesday pan-cakes, Easter tansy-pudding, or Michaelmas goose, must be tasted, though in ever so small a quantity—nay, even though disagreeable to the partaker, as was her own case respecting the Michaelmas dainty. An anecdote regarding the latter has been sent us by an individual who recollects her in New Street. To him she regretted bitterly that, on her first Metropolitan 29th of September, she should not be able to purchase a goose, for the sake of tasting a small portion to bring good luck. He adds, that the girlish delight she felt was excessive, on being informed that in some cook-shop near Drury Lane she might purchase even *one quarter* from the dish she only desired for its consequent good fortune. The little portion was accordingly procured, and Miss Mellon and her relatives were quite satisfied in having thus fulfilled a superstitious duty at the appointed season.

"It must be admitted, even by us 'doubters' concerning luck, that, if we are to judge by the event, Miss Mellon's system of tempting the smiles of Dame Fortune, was more successful than any which 'reasoning people' can recommend!"

The first five golden guineas that Coutts gave her at her benefit at Cheltenham, the largest *present*—as players call the charities which degrade their profession—she had ever received, she kept ever sacred as "*luck-money*." Those guineas were certainly attractive of gold. A good deal of mere book-making is executed with an account of Miss Mellon's performances in London and the provinces, and green-room anecdotes. It may be dismissed in one word. She had no genius for the drama; she could not feel, nor simulate feeling. She had no genius for anything; but she was industrious, persevering, shrewd

in every way, and always desirous to make herself useful; and thus she won her way to better parts and a higher salary, by imperceptible degrees. In summer she procured country engagements, and was a great favourite at Liverpool. This was about the year 1795. Mrs. Siddons was gracious to her; and, next winter, during the absence of Mrs. Jordan, she obtained some of this great actress's parts, and filled them respectably. Her provincial benefits and other emoluments now enabled the family to take better lodgings, and to come nearer the theatre; and they, finally, removed to Little Russell Street, to which poor lane the most noble Duchess long made an annual pilgrimage on foot, to view the spot, and "shed tears of pleasure." When Miss Farren came to her promotion by the death of the Countess of Derby, the funeral of the Duke of Hamilton's unfortunate daughter being immediately followed by the marriage of her rival, the admired actress, a further opening was made for the display of Miss Mellon's talents. She was, however, getting on so slowly at Drury Lane, that at one period she ruminated on accepting a more lucrative engagement from Astley; but calculation and far-sighted ambition prevailed. *Luckily*; for, observes Mrs. Baron Wilson,

"It is curious to reflect what change in the complexion of her fortunes might have resulted from her acceptance of Astley's offer. In all human probability she would in that case never have become Mrs. Coutts."

After Miss Mellon had got her mother and Entwisle settled at Cheltenham, she frequently visited them, and performed at the theatre there. The place was then rapidly rising; and the scheming Mrs. Entwisle proposed laying out her daughter's savings in building. One house was accordingly erected, and let at a high rent, and Mrs. Entwisle contemplated a whole row. Meanwhile, Mr. King, the master of the ceremonies, had the audacity to build on vacant ground immediately opposite Miss Mellon's house, and, by intercepting the view, lessened the value of her property. The angry and clamorous mother urged her daughter to come down to Cheltenham, to perform and take a benefit, and overwhelm the master of ceremonies; and now, at last, we get fairly to the golden dawn of Miss Mellon's brilliant day, and to old Coutts:—

"Mrs. Entwisle, by her frank lively manner, and love of gossip, was very popular among the middle classes; so that, with her innate skill, she had always the power of 'making good her own story' to a large majority, who, in their turn, spread the story further; and, therefore, when she detailed how hardly the master of ceremonies had behaved to the dutiful child, who had relinquished every shilling of her earnings for her mother's support, there were few residents in Cheltenham who did not hear of and sympathize in the tale.

"Miss Mellon accordingly came down to gather a golden harvest from such well-prepared ground. Her female friend, of course, accompanied her; and when these two handsome and ladylike young women, guarded by the Argus parent, Mrs. Entwisle, went round to request patronage, it may be supposed that few were inclined to refuse them: in short, Miss Mellon's benefit was such a dazzling triumph over the mortified master of ceremonies, that it is said he never forgave it.

"At that time there was, among the visitors at Cheltenham, an elderly invalid gentleman, who did not join in society, but passed many hours daily taking exercise in the Long Walk. Mrs. Entwisle soon discovered, from hints dropped by his servant to the lodging people, who, however, did not know his name, that 'his master, notwithstanding his penurious appearance, was considered one of the richest people in London; but that he was very unhappy in consequence of thinking that his wife, also advanced in years, was going out of her mind, which preyed on his spirits so much that he had been ill, and was now trying Cheltenham for a change.'

"Her immediate reflection was, that the richest gentleman in London might take a box at the theatre for the benefit night, though he were ever so sad; and this idea was communicated to her daughter. A respectful note of solicitation to that effect was given to the attendant at the pump-room, a few days before the performance, to present to 'the remarkable-looking old gentleman;' but as no answer was returned, the three females decided that 'the moping, thin, old creature, was too full of his own troubles to care about those of other people.'

"On the day but one after sending their note, Miss Mellon and her friend were sauntering very early in the Long Walk, when they were overtaken by the old gentleman.

"He introduced himself to Miss Mellon, whom he said he knew by sight in Drury Lane green-room, to apologize for not having sooner answered the application, for which he accounted by a great pressure of London correspondence; but he trusted his silence had been considered an assent to patronising her laudable filial efforts, of which he had heard admirable accounts at every turn in Cheltenham.

"The young ladies tendered their best thanks and brightest smiles; their new friend mentioned that he had had the pleasure that morning of sending to the post office his answer respecting the box; and, after a conversation of some length, they separated, mutually pleased.

"On hastening home, they found Mrs. Entwisle in ecstasies. There is no knowing what grand visions had been conjured up in her wild brain; but the tangible circumstance was, that she held in her hand an open letter from the old gentleman, 'the richest person in London,' who had enclosed five guineas for a box, which he desired should be kept for Mr. Coutts! Mr. Coutts!—THE Mr. Coutts!—well might the servant hint that his master was 'the richest person in London;' a man whose name was a proverb of wealth even in country towns. Thus Mrs. Entwisle raved, wondering at her husband's stupidity, that when any one had called for letters to Mr. Coutts, he had not directly guessed he was the thin old gentleman, and told her so! But the young friends defended Mr. Entwisle, by exclaiming against the idea of any one supposing that the *great* Mr. Coutts, who managed the royal family, and commanded everything he liked, could be an old, pallid, sickly, thin gentleman, in a shabby coat and brown scratch wig.

"Peace was soon restored, as Mrs. Entwisle was in a sunny humour after the day's adventure. The new acquaintance met generally in their early promenade in the Long Walk; and when the day of the benefit performance arrived, Mr. Coutts paid Miss Mellon the compliment of promising to occupy the

box, although he had only taken it to patronise her, without intending to go.

"As a mark of Miss Mellon's strong superstition regarding good luck, may be given the following pendant to the foregoing facts."

The story of the golden *luck-money* follows. On her wedding day, Mrs. Coutts shewed the five guineas, and they were again produced on the day that she honoured the young Duke of St. Albans with her hand. The happy acquaintance which ensured her the "blameless patronage," and ultimately the fortune of Coutts, commenced in 1805.

"From the period of the first introduction of Mr. Coutts to Miss Mellon at Cheltenham, a constant and friendly intercourse was kept up between them in London. There is little reason to doubt that this friendship was promoted by the scheming Mrs. Entwisle, by every expedient she could devise."

But Miss Mellon was now separated from her mother, and perfectly adequate to the management of her own affairs, and throve better perhaps without the old lady. The biographer gives her own ideas regarding the conduct of mother and daughter towards the rich banker.

"On this principle, then, we shall give here our ideas regarding the conduct of Mrs. Entwisle and her daughter towards Mr. Coutts.

"Numbers of their warm advocates assert, that they had no idea of Mr. Coutts becoming attached to and marrying Miss Mellon; but that they merely sought to take advantage of a weak and rich old man's patronage as long as it would last.

"From this opinion we differ totally. Let it be remembered how ambitious Mrs. Entwisle was, how unceasingly watchful to advance her child's position in the world, how careful (even ostentatiously so) regarding her daughter's moral conduct, never allowing her to be out alone, even when in humble life; so that she might bring with her a thoroughly good reputation. In addition to her ambition, Mrs. Entwisle was selfish, and inordinately fond of money. Hence, she had prevented her daughter from marrying through affection; because the former would derive no improvement in situation by it. She was clever, artful, and scheming, like the generality of the Irish peasantry; and, considering all her qualities together, we have little hesitation in expressing an opinion that, from this first introduction to the old banker, she had marked him for her daughter's husband."

But it was only the "blessed Harriot" herself who could accomplish this wish.

"We see and hear of such plans daily in the higher circles, where the system is for young innocent girls to try and barter their hands for rank and wealth, no matter how revolting the possessor of these advantages may be; and, in these nefarious schemes, we know that jewelled matrons lend the most incessant aid to their beauteous daughters, by plots to 'take in' any one they mark down as fair game.

"Why not, then, an humble edition of Almack's practices in Mrs. Entwisle and Miss Mellon? A legal gentleman, long in the busy world, has assured the writer that there existed a bond between Mr. Coutts and Miss Mellon, that if she would remain unmarried while his invalid wife survived, he would marry her whenever his hand was free to offer."

For such bonds there is the great precedent of

Miss Farren and the Earl of Derby; and, in our own times, the engagement of the "much esteemed Miss Stephens." Notwithstanding these high and virtuous examples, we have yet to learn that such engagements have come to be generally considered reputable. To continue:—

"On their return to London, the conduct of Mr. Coutts shews clearly that he intended to place Miss Mellon at the head of his house; for one of his earliest proceedings was to present her to his three daughters, the Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Guildford, and Lady Burdett. From the time of Mr. Coutts' first acquaintance with Miss Mellon, until his wife's death, these three irreproachable ladies were on the most sister-like habits of intimacy with Miss Mellon. They were at her house in Little Russell Street continually, the shopkeepers there recollecting their wonder at such grand carriages waiting for hours at so poor a place. They used to meet their father there by appointment, to call to take him home. These ladies were married to men of the world, and had daughters grown up; therefore there was every reason why they should have looked with rigid scrutiny at the stranger whom they invited to their houses, and at whose house they allowed their children to stay. They used frequently to make parties to lunch with Miss Mellon. The Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, with Lord Dudley Stuart and his sister, Lady Frances Sandron, did so several times.

"Miss Mellon's manner towards Mr. Coutts, which was totally different to her careless style, was doubtless the result of her mother's tutorage, and certainly was politic in the extreme. It was steady and respectful, like a daughter, perfectly free from any levity, (every one who knew the parties states this,) and, to prove her respect, no office was too humble, for instance, she never allowed a servant to open the door when he knocked, but either went down herself or requested the young lady living with her to do so.

"From her steady demeanour, she was generally considered by her friends to be an *unacknowledged daughter of Mr. Coutts*; and, from the friendship shewn to her by his daughters, they had possibly formed a similar conclusion."

The Ladies Bute, Guildford, and Burdett, would probably have repudiated the *sisterhood*; nor were they likely to believe in the "unacknowledged daughter." For the rest, the existence of their mother gave them security against that folly in their father, which, when he did marry, so strongly excited the indignation of the whole connexion. But it seems that the eccentricity and the "strong vein of romance—the high-flown romance" of the shrewd banker's character—laid him particularly open to the designs of Mrs. Entwisle. There is little doubt that the mother filled her subordinate part well when she had anything to do; but the winning Harriot—now twenty-eight years of age, even by the lowest estimate—must have ably backed her. The daughter soon became all in all to the vain, and lonely, and doting old man, who seems to have lived friendless and joyless in the midst of his enormous riches and numerous descendants. How he must have been caressed and flattered, and how gratified by the unremitted devotion—the entire dedication—to him of his "blessed Harriot," we incidentally gather from his widow's subsequent freaks and affectations,

which were not even given up after she married the Duke of St. Albans. If at first she might have been content to "burn old Simon" to warm her newer suitor, she afterwards took vehemently to "the dear old bit of wood;" and her last respectfully worded request, on feeling the approach of her own dissolution, was, that she might be removed to die in the room "where Tom Coutts had died." At that awful hour there may have been sincerity in her grateful feelings for the infatuated old man who had worshipped her; though, in imputing affectation, if not insincerity, we do her no injustice. We are told here that

"The name of Mr. Coutts was continually on her lips, his virtues magnified by the exaggerating power of affection—his statue the only ornament of her state room—his portrait decorated her favourite boudoir. The pillar on which he died was always placed in her carriage while travelling, as she never slept on any other."

"The blameless patronage of Mr. Coutts" was, at first, of great use to Miss Mellon in her profession, and

"Besides a great accession of theatrical 'friends,' the extreme probability of her eventual, and, perhaps not distant, union with Mr. Coutts occasioned Miss Mellon to be courted by a highly respectable and increasing acquaintance; and all ranks, from his Royal Highness the Duke of York to individuals of much humbler class, were daily making interest to inspect the interior arena of the new theatre."

She was now often, from good-natured impulses, liberal in money, and her friends took the liberty of guessing whence came the funds that were expended with a rather ostentatious charity or munificence; she was also become mistress of Holly Lodge and a carriage, and ventured on considerable insolence of manners where it was safe to do so. Yet she remembered the days of poverty, and, among other good deeds, was the secret benefactress of Kean, when he was waiting, in the utmost distress, the fist of the Drury Lane manager, as she had done that of Sheridan many years before. Miss Tidswell, his aunt, (and, by some probable accounts, his mother,) had long been her intimate friend, which might have moved her sympathy for poor Kean. By some perverse accident or other, her secret deeds of charity always found fame, and we do not imagine that she blushed very distressingly upon such occasions. But there was more than money given, there was really good-heartedness shewn by one of the grand dames of Old Drury.

"On the morning of Kean's first appearance she was introduced to him during the rehearsal, at her own request; of her motive there can be no doubt. He appeared distressed. Oxberry, who knew Kean, introduced them; Kean, perhaps, guessed her intention—be this as it may, his manner was such, that, it is believed, she feared she might rather wound than soothe his feelings. Kean always spoke of her in terms of admiration, and he was so truly a democrat, that he could seldom be brought to utter a word in favour of the rich, be they who they might. Her kindness (for in the forlorn situation in which a poor, ill-used, and ill-dressed provincial actor stands at our national theatres, even to speak to him is a kindness) was strongly contrasted to, and not improbably caused by, the cruel and uncalled-for observations of

an actress of great histrionic merit, who 'wondered where the little wretch had been picked up!' and even went the length of advising him 'to return to the country; for, amid such actors as surrounded him he could have no chance.'"

Miss Mellon's retirement had been speculated upon since her Cheltenham conquest, many years before; but she performed for several years, and, in 1815, left the stage abruptly. She had previously showed more of her mama's temper than was agreeable to her theatrical companions, and, for some time, Mr. Coutts had taken offence at some of the theatrical persons who appeared at her dinners. "Her success in life," we are told, or, in other words, the generosity of her friend, "had excited the envious malignity of the less fortunate." Our main debate with Mrs. Baron Wilson is, that she will affirm the "good fortune" the great luck of her heroine. Mr. Coutts, though generally so munificent to her, was apt to take miserly fits, or whims and caprices of stinginess in paltry matters.

In brief, Miss Mellon was on ticklish ground, and Mrs. Coutts was dying. This was not unknown to her, and theatrical quarrels and squabbles got to a height which Coutts could not always tolerate. Mr. Coutts was also liable to little jealous or pettish fits, and the following scene, it is said, led to his protégée's retirement:—

"On the 7th of February, Miss Mellon was announced to perform *Audrey*, in "As you Like it." On repairing to her dressing room she found the door locked; but as she had brought her costume, she dressed in the ante-room of the private box.

"Mr. Coutts, whose great delight was to attend the theatre, fancied himself to be sufficiently well to be present at the performance; and he arrived soon after the play had commenced. Miss Mellon was considered the handsomest *Audrey* on the stage, the French peasant costume suiting her style. On this evening her dress was extremely fanciful and pretty, being a peculiar shaped black velvet hat, a yellow jacket, laced with black velvet, and a gold cross and heart on her throat: while the striped, full, and rather short petticoat, revealed very neat feet and ankles, in little buckled shoes, and yellow silk stockings, with black clocks.

"She was greeted with much applause, as being a favourite of the audience, and one who had not lately been much before them; so that, when the early scenes were over, she went to speak to Mr. Coutts, flushed with success, and hoping for his compliment also.

"She was, however, disappointed in finding his kind countenance wearing a serious expression, as, taking her hand, he said that he could not allow her to appear thus again.

"In dismay she inquired what was his meaning, and he explained that he could not bear to see her "made up" for the stage, and in such an absurd costume. He therefore hoped this would be her last appearance.

"His requests were so few, and she always had attended to them with such deference for his better judgment, that the matter of her retirement was settled from that moment: all originating perhaps in the "smart little yellow stockings with black clocks." She returned to the stage for her final scene, and at its close, having whispered to the astonished Thuc-

stone, that "she should never again be his *Audrey*," she stepped rather in advance of the other performers, curtsied profoundly several times to the applauding audience, not as *Audrey*, but as Miss Mellon, and such was the sole intimation and leave taking of her last appearance."

What did not Papa Coutts owe in requital for this prompt obedience, this entire devotion, in his adopted child!

Her biographer allows that her paragon of all the virtues had some little faults. She was reported to be profuse in the expenses of her table, even while Miss Mellon; but, with Coutts' bank at her beck, that, we submit, was a trifle. She was, also, somewhat ostentatious with her liberalities, but then she was liberal; and Dibdin bears testimony to her kindness, which it is fair and pleasant to repeat. "While many highly-respected actors have become extremely rich, and many virtuous and deserving actresses have been espoused by nobility and men of large possessions, very few if any have had the kind retrospection to assist or patronise their former professional associates." In an actor's eye, this neglect must be a deadly sin. One of her leading faults was blind ignorant fits of passion, in the style of her mother, directed against any one in whom she imagined offence against her state and dignity. She gave way to very furious outbreaks of rage. "At times the veriest trifle would cause such displeasure, that all dreaded where it might chance to fall; and, under this excitement, nothing that could be said or done at the moment could subdue it." . . . "She had been too long accustomed to command not to be extremely wilful; and nothing turned her determination from a point on which she had fixed, except her own altered resolution." . . . "Many persons include fickleness among her defects;" and, "finally, if a degree of pride or *hauteur* belonged to her disposition, it must not excite wonder, considering her rapid elevation, and the mixture of mortifications forced into her enjoyments in some instances, against which a naturally high spirit would rebel." In brief, the old proverb held—"Set a beggar on horse-back," &c. Miss Mellon did not ride out the race, but she often indulged in a canter on that road, and delighted to splash the poor plodding pedestrians, her old compeers.

Coutts must have been seventy-three, but as probably seventy-five, when he was first subjected to the fascinations of the experienced actress, who had been scrambling about the world for twenty-eight years. In 1815, his wife died, at a very advanced age. The unhappy lady (happy so far in being unconscious of her husband's folly and her own condition) had accidentally scalded herself to death. Her husband, then upwards of fourscore, chanced to be ill at the time; but the tragedy which follows deserves to be given in the author's own words. On Twelfth Day, Miss Mellon, who must have been well aware of the dying condition of Mrs. Coutts, who languished for some time after her accident, saw her amiable mother depart for Cheltenham.

"After her departure, Miss Mellon (who was always superstitious, and had, moreover, an especial dread of any occurrence on Twelfth Day) described to those around her, "that she was oppressed with an overwhelming presentiment that she and her beloved mother might never meet again, and

that her sensations were beyond description miserable." Her kind old benefactor also had been confined to his bed for some days; she had received no accounts of him; and fancying that he might be dying also, her excitable spirits gave way, and burying her face in the sofa pillow, she wept bitterly for a length of time.

"At last she heard her name feebly uttered, and, on looking up, beheld the figure of Mr. Coutts, holding by the door at which he had entered unheard. The early hour was quite unusual for his visits, which were always about two o'clock. His look was so ghastly, his tall miserable figure so attenuated by illness, his sunken eyes and faint voice were altogether so unearthly, that Miss Mellon, (who had not seen him for some days during his illness) thought he had died on the fatal Twelfth Day, and now reappeared to her. The poor man, indeed, was but little removed from death; he tottered to a chair, and saying, "*Harriot, she is dead,*" covered his face, and wept heavily.

"Miss Mellon's superstitious impression was, that her mother had been killed by an accident; and the wild scene of grief which ensued was highly painful. Mr. Coutts at last had strength to explain that Mrs. Coutts was that morning released from her frightful sufferings; and, though she had long been incapable of companionship for any one, yet, being the mother of his family, he was overcome by the shock, though long expected, and, since her incurable accident, less to be regretted.

"After making this communication, which he would not entrust to another, the invalid was carried down stairs by his servants, lifted into the carriage, and taken home to his bed.

"One, of the most wicked of the falsehoods told against Miss Mellon was, the statement that she was married to Mr. Coutts within a few days after his first wife's death."

Surely, "most wicked" is a strong phrase. With the long-understood engagement of the very suitable parties, considering the whole preliminary proceedings, a few days, or even weeks, could be of no earthly consequence. But the invalid, Mr. Coutts, was not quite ready to go through the ceremony, though the delay, as it might affect his "blessed Harriott," pressed heavily on his conscience! "Miss Mellon's youth was passing away,"

"And although he had given ample fortunes to his daughters, yet in his dying hours he could not bequeath a reward for Miss Mellon's attention and excellent conduct, without leaving grounds of slander which would turn his kindness into poison for her proud mind."

We hope the reader will preserve his gravity, if possible. Coutts sent for Raymond, the manager, "the great friend" of Miss Mellon, and requested his advice! Less than marriage would not save Miss Mellon's fair fame if he left her money by his will; just as if he had not been all along giving her money. Let the reader be grave and read on.

"Mr. Coutts then suggested the only alternative, namely, that they might be privately married, to give her a just claim to the sum he wished to bequeath, in case of his sudden demise; but he expressed a dread that Miss Mellon, with her *superstitious* feelings, and ideas of propriety, would not be brought to consent to an early marriage, although

his extreme illness should be sufficient warning against procrastination.

"Mr. Raymond had as little hope, knowing her wilful character and veneration for death; and Mr. Coutts was in despair, at his inability to justify one who had suffered much annoyance for his sake. He knew Miss Mellon placed more reliance on Mr. Raymond's advice than on that of any other professional acquaintance, and therefore the invalid offered him one thousand pounds if he obtained her consent."

Mrs. Entwisle, with her bold and impudent inventions, could never have played her cards half so well. She wanted skill, if not will. There can be no doubt that Coutts must have been in absolute dotage. One of his brothers died, after having been confined in a lunatic asylum for thirty years: another had fallen into mental imbecility as he advanced in life. He also must, at this time, have been a monomaniac in the hands of artful unprincipled people. Never else could he have so disgraced himself, and offered such gross insult to his daughters and his grown-up granddaughters, as that sudden marriage. We continue the narrative:—

"The physicians had given their opinion, that their patient required incessant and careful watching in his dangerous state; therefore there was no falsehood in the plea used by the ambassador.

"When he went on his awkward mission, Miss Mellon—who was in great distress at the illness of her friend—received the account of his increased suffering with deep anxiety. Lengthened reference was made to all his kindness to her and his family; then "the irreparable loss his demise would be to so many persons; the physicians' report, that the sole chance of his recovery depended on the incessant attention of some one interested for him; and, finally, that the sufferer had fixed his mind on having that attendance *from her only*, beseeching her thus to save his life!"

"Miss Mellon, agonized at the thought of losing one who had supplied the place of an indulgent father to her, saw, however, that even in case of his increased danger, she could not with propriety go to his house. Then Mr. Raymond proposed the alternative of matrimony; but she refused, with a decision which even startled one who knew her violent impetuosity.

They were several hours together; and, from the angry bursts of voice, a friend who waited for Mr. Raymond, thought some unpleasant dispute had arisen which his interference might quell; but, on entering the room, he saw poor old Mr. Raymond actually kneeling in entreaty before Miss Mellon, and the latter standing in such a state of excitement, that the unnoticed witness was glad to retire hastily from a scene which seemed past his influence.

"Mr. Raymond, skilled in human nature, allowed this violence to exhaust itself; and, when it changed to hysterical weeping, he taxed her with ingratitude to the only friend she ever possessed, in caring for the world's opinion of a delay more than for the chance of saving her benefactor's life; and he worked on her sympathies by every plea in the power of his eloquence to urge. He quoted the example of Miss Farren, whom she had admired so much; who, for a length of time, was publicly known to have been engaged to the Earl of Derby during even the lifetime of his first Countess; after whose decease,

Miss Farren was married to the widower within six weeks, without having a plea of his dangerous illness urged as the cause of such promptitude; and yet no one had been more respected or better received in society than the second Lady Derby. Why not the second Mrs. Coutts likewise? as the first Mrs. Coutts had been morally "dead" to the world for years! At last, worn out, if not convinced, Miss Mellon agreed that, if her benefactor *still continued dangerously ill*, by a given time she would obtain, by a private marriage, the privilege of going to his house to nurse him, should an increase of danger require it.*

Admirable, blessed, single-minded, devoted Harriot! It was to tender pity and affection that she yielded at last! We do not pretend to believe one word of all this—even as an acted drama, it must have been better managed—and yet own that Mr. Raymond fairly earned his thousand pounds; and we hope Mrs. Coutts, when she read her husband's will, made it at least two. She was always liberal to Raymond. That "most wicked falsehood," that the marriage took place in a few days after the first wife's death, which so "shocks and revolts" Mrs. Baron Wilson, is triumphantly rebutted; for it was *fourteen* days—each day no doubt an age to the parties—before Mr. Coutts was able to smuggle himself out to St. Pancras' Church; where he received that long-coveted blessing, the hand of his adored Harriot, and Mr. Raymond, in a snuff-box, of what metal is not said, his one thousand pounds.

The marriage was kept a dead secret, and Miss Mellon every day drove to her husband's door to receive the physician's bulletin of health. Perhaps Mr. Coutts had not yet made his will; but, however that might be, or if the devoted Harriot was now prepared for the *eclaircissement*, or for braving and defying the indignation of the family—

"In about a month from the time of her marriage she drove one morning to the door in Stratton Street, and one of the physicians came down with great concern, to tell her Mr. Coutts was considerably worse. Alarmed out of all her caution, she clasped her hands and cried, 'Good heavens, tell me all! I am his wife!' The astonished physician then very forcibly described the danger of Mr. Coutts; and it was resolved that she must at once assume her place in the house of her husband, the crisis of his illness requiring unremitting care.

"Such was, in reality, the "*gay* honeymoon of the poor dying old man of eighty-six, and the greatly afflicted object of his regard."

The afflicted bride! we must sympathize with

* She had always the pardonable whim of a much-flattered person, viz. that whatever came from *her* hand must be most acceptable to the invalid, and that her presence would bring comparative ease to those she loved. Thus it is said, when the Duke of St. Albans took the small-pox, during its preliminary shiverings, the Duchess thought nothing could be so efficacious as a Cashmere shawl from her neck; and one after another of those hundred-guinea articles was just worn by her for a few minutes and transferred to the chilled sufferer, although she knew her own dread of infection would never allow her to resume their use.—*Memoirs*.

her! But Mr. Coutts rallied, and the marriage was afterwards publicly celebrated "by a numerous assemblage of high distinction."

Poor Mrs. Entwistle! how she must have exulted in the great match of her well-tutored, high-blooded, daughter, for whom "Tom Coutts in point of birth was really no match." It is not likely that she ever saw the Lady of Woodham Walters in her married life, for she died in the sixty-third year of her age, in the following May, of gossip and drinking fat ale. Her funeral, by order of her daughter, was on the most splendid scale. It was discovered that, while ever crying out poverty, she had hoarded seven hundred guineas in specie. Entwistle with this wind-fall, ate and drank, but was not very merry, for four more years, when Mrs. Coutts erected a monument over him and her mother; which was afterwards succeeded by another, bearing the name and title of their affectionate and humble-minded daughter HARRIOT, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. What a fortunate woman was Mrs. Coutts now: yet the attacks of the "profligate press," and the coldness of the Coutts family, and of those who adopted their opinions, made her life a burden to her. To preserve Mr. Coutts alive was now her earnest endeavour; but she was unfortunate in her choice of physicians. We may imagine how Mr. Coutts' daughters took the singular scene here described—

"While Mr. Coutts was at Salt Hill, he fell and broke three of his ribs, an accident which caused serious alarm at his time of life. His sufferings were extreme; Mrs. Coutts sat up continually with the nurses at night, and his daughters assembled at the inn, under an impression that their father could not survive. About three o'clock one morning, the invalid seemed to breathe with such difficulty, that Mrs. Coutts and the nurses roused all the party, with the exception of the doctor, who had retired for the night. At length it was decided that his presence was absolutely requisite, and one of the group went to request he would rise. While dressing, it would appear that he must have worked himself up to that state of excitement which is often observed in highly nervous persons whose rest is interrupted after taking opiates; for, on making his appearance, instead of going to the patient, he levelled a torrent of anger at Mrs. Coutts in presence of the assembled party; he taunted her with a violation of the promise that he should never be called up at night; he referred contemptuously to her origin, her early poverty and profession; he ridiculed the infatuation of Mr. Coutts in his dotage, (the poor invalid lying insensible to praise or sarcasm:) in short, it is stated that there never was a more extraordinary or unprovoked outburst of rage. - - - The hasty violence of Miss Mellon's temper had been so often shown in the course of this work, that her deep anxiety and alarm about Mr. Coutts may be inferred from the fact, that she made no reply to the torrent of undeserved violence of the doctor."

But she afterwards forgave the doctor; old Coutts became convalescent, resumed his place in the Bank, and lived for several years; and the villa of Holly Lodge became the chosen resort of grantees and princes. *Lucky* Mrs. Coutts was always superstitious, of which this is a diverting instance.

"The steps at Holly Lodge, from the lawn to the hall-door, are composed of beautiful blocks of white

marble, that a statuary might envy; but the highest step is disfigured by two rusty, old, broken horse-shoes fastened to it, which she and Mr. Coutts (who was likewise superstitious) had found in the road, and they had caused these hideous bits of rusty iron to be nailed on the threshold to avert evil and bring good luck."

She was also a believer in *dreams*, and once dreamed she was tried, sentenced, and hung. Her hairdresser at the theatre interpreted the dream that she was to become a grand lady, and to hold her head very high, and perhaps attend the Court! And, twenty years afterwards, this expounder was summoned from Worthing, to dress the Duchess' hair for the drawing-room, according to her promise at the time. For this he received thirty pounds. The Duchess always loved to "elevate and surprise." She had another awful dream of encountering black lions that guarded a castle full of gold and diamonds, and of escaping from them by plunging into a river. The dream-expounder, who was a coach-builder, predicated that she would encounter temptation, and suffer from malignity; but, ultimately, pass through all dangers in purity and safety, and have such *good luck*, that she should keep "her coach." "You shall be the builder of it then," cried Miss Mellon; and the gracious Duchess, who piqued herself on being the spoiled child of fortune, afterwards frequently declared—"My good old oracle shall build my carriages as long as I can afford to keep one."

Allusion has been already made to her dread of some sad fatality on Twelfth Day, of which she used to cite numerous instances. She was a great observer of fortunate dates, birth-days, wedding-days, and the old festival days of the calendar, with the proper appliances for each; obliging her guests, half in earnest, to taste mince-pies on New-year's Day, tansy-pudding at Easter; to wear hawthorn on May Day, holly at Christmas; in fact, such obsolete customs as would have suited Bracebridge Hall and Irving's charming descriptions.

Many of the trifling customs of prejudice which Miss Mellon observed were followed, no doubt, for the purpose of making her friends laugh—such as, the lecture she used to bestow on the fire when the impatient gas would mutter as it escaped from its black prison, which sounds had the honour of being considered the voices of evil genii uttering maledictions on the parties around the fireplace, and the injurious effects can only be conquered by out-scolding the fuming coal. Another was, on eating an egg, she always made an aperture at both ends of the shell, so that the witches might not find shelter there, otherwise they were permitted to haunt with an incubus the luckless wight who had eaten the contents without taking the salutary precaution.

But there was one point of her superstitions which no argument could shake—namely, the idea that if thirteen individuals sat down at table, one of the doomed number would die within a year. So strongly was this absurd conviction impressed on Mrs. Coutts' mind, that she has been often known to send invitations to intimate friends just at dinner time, that her guests might outnumber the fatal thirteen."

And, when thirteen was the inevitable number, instead of making the butler sit down, or sending for the cook to make a fourteenth, she arranged that all

should rise and sit down again at once, that Death or the Devil might be perplexed in the choice of his victim. She was kind to the children of her friends, and often had them at Holly Lodge. She must, we presume, have been the legal Mrs. Coutts before old Queen Charlotte, in subservience to the Regent's tastes or necessities, gave occasion to this notice.

On the occasion of her grand guests arriving, the troop of children were deposited with the Highgate schoolmistress, now a very aged woman, residing there, bed-ridden, yet acutely retaining all her faculties: and she relates how great was the wonder caused among her usual scholars by the exaggerated declaration of, the new comers, that 'Harriot was going to have the Prince Regent and old Queen Charlotte to eat bread and jam, and peaches, and blanched almonds, for luncheon on that day!'"

Mrs. Baron-Wilson tells a great many anecdotes, showing how the shabby dress or sordid habits of the old banker, Coutts, made him frequently be taken, if not for a beggar, yet for a person in very distressed circumstances, to relieve whom was a charity; and how the wealthy man enjoyed the humour of such scenes. Mrs. Baron-Wilson has, no doubt, heard all these marvellous stories, and some of them may be true; but spontaneous charity to strangers, making no appeal to the feelings, is not constantly the habit of the benevolent English. Mr. Coutts died at the great age of ninety-one, by the account of his early acquaintance, the Earl of Dundonald—at the age of eighty-seven, by the belief of his family. His children were all assembled round his death-bed. What they said or felt when it was learned that the whole of his immense fortune had been bequeathed to his wife, our author does not venture to guess.

On the anniversary of her wedding, his grateful widow always visited the bank, and pressed her lips to the spots where he habitually wrote; generally remaining alone for an hour or so in the drawing-room, and on coming forth, it is said, her eyes bore witness that her feelings had been deeply affected.

The disconsolate widow, ever studious of the decencies, did not mingle in public amusements for above a year; and it was not for two or three years afterwards that, having rejected the addresses of the Duke of York, as is hinted, and also those of the presumptuous Mr. Elliston, she listened to the suit of the young Duke of St. Albans."

The "progress of the attachment" between the widow and the Duke was greatly facilitated, we are told, by their "mutual admiration of Shakespeare."

One of the Duke's youthful and motherless sisters became a frequent guest at Holly Lodge, and travelled in state with the desponding widow; and a few months after the Duke came to his title, he and his sister accompanied her in a grand progress in Scotland.

They visited all the principal towns, and stayed some days with each of Mrs. Coutts' friends—the Earl and Countess Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle; the Earl and Countess Lauderdale, at Dunbar Castle; Chief Commissioner Baron Adam, (the great friend of George the Fourth,) at Blair Adam; Sir James and Lady Stuart, at Caithness; (!) Sir J. and Lady Majoribanks; Sir John and Lady Stuart of Allanbank, (first cousins of Mr. Coutts;) Mr. and Lady Eleanor Balfour; and many others. But the

visit of most interest was that to Abbotsford. It is thus recorded in the journal of its gifted host. 'The Wizard of the North,' under date November 25, 1825.

"Mrs. Coutts, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford his suit thrived but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confident in sincerity; she had refused him twice, and decidedly; he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love; she allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least inclination that way.

"Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not.

"If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty [thirty] years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune; he seems good and gentle. I do not think she will abuse his softness of disposition—shall I say, or of—head? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs. Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion: recommended Logan's. One poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs. Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning devotee; and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, brisk, and jolly.'"

The Duchess did not need to turn devotee; she was always eminently pious. The first day on which, as a peeress of the realm, she was to attend the opening of Parliament, so occupied had she been all the morning with the pomps and vanities of the toilette, and other matters of ducal state etiquette, that she had forgotten to say her prayers. Just when stepping into the carriage, the tender-conscience Duchess remembered the sin of omission—dismissed the carriages—returned into her house—laid aside her diamonds and satins—and did penance, or made amends to heaven for some hours, in plain program! She, so favoured of heaven, to forget the gratitude she owed in return! It must have been quite a scene. Can there be any question of the enlightened Christianity and moral principles of so pious and self-denying a Duchess; who, moreover, ranked the then Bishop of Derry and his lady among her dear friends?

The skittish widow was as capricious, and hesitated as much about accepting the addresses of her noble and youthful suitor as she had done about marrying her octogenarian "patron." First, the Duke was sentenced to a year's probation, which trial, we presume, he had stood with courage and firmness; and then she accepted and then refused, and then again repented her stern refusal; and, as there was this time no convenient Mr. Raymond, sent a messenger post-haste after the groom, who carried her cruel missive, and who *luckily*—the Duchess was always lucky—overtook him.

"The world would say that she had tried for a Duke and failed! for who would credit the folly she had just committed! . . . On regaining the un-

graceful answer, she wrote another from the natural dictates of her first intention. This acceptance of his offer brought the Duke to Holly Lodge."

No time was now to be lost; the Duke behaved nobly "respecting settlements," leaving all to the generosity of the bride; and Mrs. Baron-Wilson is of the belief that those who imagine that the Duke married solely from mercenary motives are greatly mistaken. It is certainly greatly to his honour that she did not make him her heir. The Duchess's wedding gift to her young lord was thirty thousand pounds! or about a thousand for each year she was older than her husband. We do not notice here, though we recollect seeing in the newspapers at the time, that the happy pair claimed and obtained the *Dunmow Flitch* at the end of their first year of wedded felicity.

The magnificent doings of the Duchess of St. Albans in London, Brighton, Cheltenham, &c., &c., are they not blazoned in Sunday newspapers, and immortalized in fashionable magazines! so we leave them in their glory. To the greatest riches, she had now added the highest rank; but the thing did not work well. The lucky woman never seems to have been the happy woman. Her life would appear to have been a series of heart-burnings, bravado and mortification. She cut Cheltenham in a rage. She discarded ungrateful Brighton in disgust; nor, though the public authorities entreated almost, on their official knees, that she would come back and shine upon their eclipsed town, could she be moved to relent.

We may safely leave the moral of this lucky woman's story to the dispassionate reflection of the reader. We trust that, instead of indulging in malignant and envious feelings of her great good fortune, readers will see that there was much to pity in her life, and little to envy. Her only substantial distinction was enormous wealth, and it failed to acquire for her either love, reverence, esteem or true enjoyment. And does her conduct merit no blame? When she formed the scheme of securing old Coutts, she had not even the poor actress's plea of poverty to palliate disreputable artifices and sordid ambition. She was already in good and improving circumstances—rich for Harriot Mellon, and at this time honourably so. From the first hour of that connexion, every step was retrograde from respectability and from happiness. We are not going to debate the exact nature of the connexion; it is enough that the world will ever believe that it was quite as pure and platonic as suited Mr. Coutts' principles and tastes, and neither more nor less so.

A pitiable drudge in the galling harness of fashion, the poor Duchess became at last; striving, with failing health and sinking spirits, against the heavy load; and bitterly feeling that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A gentleman at Brighton, who seems grateful and well-disposed to her, relates a good deal about her private life in her latter years.

"From the crowd and heat of those festivities, both of which were very apt to be oppressive, her Grace would sometimes seek a respite by taking me aside, and chatting about olden times, green-room jokes, popular actors, plays and play-writers; her beaming features and melodious laugh attesting the delight she took in these reminiscences.

"Twice, in instances of this nature, and nearly in the same words, has her Grace exclaimed—'A'

those were pleasant days!—those were pleasant days! Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say of the two extremes of life—as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No: the signal, the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite *minds* of the two classes, as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move; can any thing be more *'weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,'* than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill, as toiling in the stupid monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, is declared to be vulgar."

"Sometimes she was obliged to retire at a very early hour, or not appear at all, being confined by indisposition to her couch in her own room, while the whole mansion, echoing to the sound of bands of music, and the merriment of the dancing crowd, was at the same time pervaded by the fumes of the preparing banquet; accompaniments to which no other invalid would have willingly exposed herself for the sake of gratifying her acquaintance."

The gratification of her vanity had now become a habit, and her passion for *ecarté* might be at least equally interested with the desire to oblige. The Duchess of St. Albans, when Dr. Brewster, one evening, sent his pretty toy, the kaleidoscope, to the universal patroness of the arts and sciences, related an anecdote of her childhood. The shrewd girl had been wont to exhibit some such thing to her childish companions, at the rate of a couple of pins for a peep; with which pins she forthwith hastened to an old woman to exchange them for lolly-pops. The story is illustrative of her life of restless, unsatisfying grandeur; with this material difference, that the lolly-pops of fashion and luxury, bought with her cleverly acquired hoards, were no longer sweet to the taste, though the appetite for them had not abated.

Her biographer must pardon us for saying that she kept up her affectations of sentiment to the last, or that they had become part of her nature. Mr. Coutts, who, in his dotage, was as romantic, superstitious and sentimental as herself, or as she chose to make him, had on his death-bed promised to revisit her as a *little singing bird*—of all the poetical incarnations of connubial love. She was always looking out for him from her boudoir window in Stratton Street; and if a bird (ten to a hundred a sparrow) did enter her room, tempted by the offered food, the

artless Duchess "would, for the remainder of the morning, be as happy as a child whose playmate had returned." Now, some hard-natured persons may be tempted, Mrs. Baron-Wilson fears, to believe that "this is all very well *acted*;" but no—"a deeper insight into her character always brought the conviction, that at all times there was not a sufficiency of *acting* in her *artless nature* even to procure from the world common justice, much less a false reputation for sentiment." This passes! Our mouths are shut, and we take leave of our author in the hope that, before she writes another biography, with better and fuller materials, she may also have seriously inquired, in what good fortune in life should really be held to consist. Mrs. Siddons, with splendid genius in her profession, was an instance of true good fortune; for she was beloved and respected for her virtues. Mrs. Inchbald, a woman of much higher genius, industriousness, frugal, charitable, unselfish, devoted to her relatives, maintaining her integrity in the face of great temptation, we also consider an eminent instance of true good fortune. From her obscure lodging, blessed with competence, and even with moderate wealth, honourably acquired, she could afford to look serenely down and pity the rich banker's favourite, or the uneasy Duchess driving to Court in her blazing equipage. No, no, we are well content to take Mrs. Coutts as she was, with all her faults and failings, "burly, brisk and jolly;" but we repudiate the artificial puffed-up personage presented to us in these volumes. This may be Mrs. Coutts' funeral sermon, but it is not her memoirs. And the simple truth would have made a much more popular and interesting book.

The will of this celebrated lady was quite in keeping with her character. She seems to have regularly kept an account of the large sums she generously disbursed among Mr. Coutts' daughters during her life, which she was in the habit of showing to her friends and visitors. Instead of devoting any part of the great wealth, of which she had obtained the command, to public objects, or to some purpose of humanity; instead of even dividing it fairly and judiciously among the numerous descendants of Mr. Coutts, she chose, like the dying old man in St. Leon, to transmit her perilous gift to one young lady, who, we should hope, may have the virtue to feel humbled at being preferred, by the mere caprice of this vulgar woman, to all her own family, and the other grandchildren of Mr. Coutts. This is the only way in which enlightened morality and common sense must regard the extraordinary will, by which the Duchess must have intended to create, with an enormously rich heiress, a prodigious posthumous sensation.

Let us conclude by inquiring, if there be any one wise or feeling woman, who can envy her prosperity; or, looking to her whole life, any one man of honour and sense who would calmly desire for his daughter or his sister the brilliant lot of the unfathered beggar-child, and poor strolling actress, who died at last the richest woman in England, and the most noble Duchess of St. Albans?

From the Metropolitan.

A SCENE IN MALAGA.*

BY MAJOR HORT, OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

THERE is scarcely an Englishman who, in the present age of steam and velocity of travelling, has not deposited himself and portmanteau on board one of the many hundred vessels daily leaving the Thames for the Mediterranean, and instead of sauntering away his time in the libraries of Margate and Ramsgate, listening to the squalling voice of some "infant phenomena," or "precocious genius," and at the same time losing his money in raffles to obtain prizes wholly devoid of utility, now speeds his way towards Lisbon and Cadiz, and frequently extending his voyage to the Rock of Gibraltar, considers his wanderings as but half completed without strolling through the beautiful Alameda of Malaga, or gazing with admiration and awe at the elaborately decorated "Patio" of the Alhambra.

Ten days from London, and frequently a lesser period than a week from Falmouth, suffices to carry the adventurer to Gibraltar, including a sufficiency of time allowed on the voyage for enjoying a cursory glance at Lisbon and Cadiz. So far the veriest cockney within sound of Bow bells may journey without hindrance or interruption; the steam-vessels are manned by Englishmen, the passengers from home are mostly of the same nation, and until the traveller leaves the Rock in a Spanish boat, and ploughs the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean, his own language is sufficient to carry him through all difficulties, and amply provide for his wants.

Once, however, with the Straits behind, and rapidly fading in the fast-increasing distance, everything assumes a different hue; the vessel is much smaller, and consequently far less convenient than the English steamers; the accommodation bad, the provider's department capable of considerable improvement, the shallow complexion of the passengers disown them as the children of our father-land; and the language which on all sides assails the ear of the wanderer gives little intimation of the sense of the speaker's conversation; in fact, all and everything around is Spanish; and if the aspiring traveller has not made himself in some degree conversant with the tongue, or, what is still better, provided himself with a companion versed in the ways and customs of the people, it would be far more advantageous to himself were he to turn his steps towards his old summer-quarters at Margate, rather than boldly dare the dangers of a foreign clime.

It is not, however, always the stranger who meets with disagreeable adventures and mishaps, for very frequently the Spanish "*caballero*" himself is made to deliver over part of his worldly possessions, at the risk of being anatomized with a sharp-bladed *cuchillo* in case of refusal. In brief, not many months have passed away since a gentleman, who for years had been resident at Gibraltar, and whose knowledge of the Spanish language was perfect, encountered a meeting with two natives of Andalusia, and that,

moreover, in the very heart of a populous city, which was anything but agreeable while it lasted, and had well-nigh proved fatal in its result.

Malaga was the scene of my friend's adventure, and bade fair to witness his last; but finally his better genius prevailed, and he escaped from the knives of the assassins.

Gentle reader, have you ever visited Malaga? If not, a view of the town from its beautiful and placid bay will well repay the troubles of your journey. There is something about Malaga which, to my imagination, has ever appeared more attractive than many larger and far more magnificent Spanish towns; the picturesque appearance of the old fort, towering over the many-coloured buildings beneath, and the massive walls and still unfinished turrets of the cathedral, cannot fail to attract the attention of all travellers. The latter edifice is a stupendous pile; it was commenced by Philip II., and in all probability will be completed—never; certainly not as long as the abuses exist in every department of this misgoverned and distracted Spain.

The interior of the building is, in point of size, truly magnificent; and had the plan and intentions of the original projector been carried on and executed by his successors, it would have ranked as one of the finest cathedrals in the country.

The time to visit Malaga is in the fruit season; then it is, more particularly than at any other period, that the streets and quays are crowded with persons, all engaged in freighting the vessels in the bay with the produce of the neighbouring soil. Wines of many descriptions, far too various to enumerate, and boxes upon boxes of the far-famed raisins, meet you at the turning of every street, while huge baskets of figs and enormous packets of lavender wend their way from out the various storehouses of the merchants, and are borne along to one common goal, the quay. And then the pleasures of a quiet stroll down the broad pathways of the shady Alameda, when the cool evening breeze springing up is so gratefully hailed by those who have been compelled to undergo the burning heat of the mid-day sun—the handsome houses on either side of the well-filled promenade, the plashing of the fountains, the sound of the distant guitar, the gay apparel of the men, and, above all, the bright eyes of the beautiful women—all tend to cast an influence over the senses, which we never can experience during an evening ramble through the most celebrated of any of our country towns.

It was on such an evening, and after having enjoyed the pleasure of gazing on the various animated groups that slowly sauntered by, that my friend, warned by the thick shadows of evening fast closing around, should have prepared to leave the rapidly thinning walks; lights were beginning to glimmer through the curtained lattices of the lofty *ventanas*, party after party disappeared, and in a brief space nothing remained to break the stillness of the night, save ever and anon the gay strains of distant music as it came floating on the breeze, or the joyous laugh of happy childhood, or the more melodious voice of some fair *senorita* warbling one of the beautiful ballads of her native Andalusia.

Lured by the delightful coolness of the evening, and yielding to the influence which was fast gaining the ascendancy, my friend was insensibly led into a

* The circumstances here narrated occurred but a short time since.

strain of musing, carrying him far back among scenes of other days—which, alas! never, save in imagination, can return, to the total extinction of all recollection of the lateness of the hour, and also of the darkness which reigned around. What may have been the precise nature of the gentleman's cogitations I cannot take upon myself to determine, neither would I boldly assert that he had not for some time past been actually asleep; however that may be, when he at length roused himself from his recumbent position, the lights, which had previously glittered from so many casements, were now rapidly withdrawn, all sound of mirth and music had long since passed away, and striking his repeater, he discovered that it wanted but a brief period of midnight.

To walk through the streets of London at that hour would not present the slightest difficulty to the mind, but to wander through the narrow alleys and blind passages of a Spanish town, between eleven and twelve o'clock, is an affair of a very different complexion. In the one case you are actually incommoded by the number of policemen who at every lamp scrutinize your features as though they expected to see "housebreaker" stamped on your forehead; while in the other you are equally liable to inconvenience, but from a very different cause, since you might as well expect to meet the whole of the metropolitan force, as anything approaching either in duty or appearance to a watchman; in short, no such functionary exists: the principal gentlemen who stroll about at so unreasonable a period being confined to those whose inordinate appetite for the property of others induces them to sally forth when darkness favours their designs, and also affords good opportunity of enjoying a feeling of gratified revenge by poniarding an intimate acquaintance, who may chance to possess the unenviable notoriety of enjoying a greater portion of some lady's favour than had fallen to the lot of another. Neither of these characters were precisely those whom my friend felt desirous of encountering; yet, having reached Malaga but on the previous day, he deemed it more than improbable that in so short a time he could have given cause for the most passionate to entertain a feeling of jealousy against so inoffensive a person as himself; and as regarded his property, he felt perfectly at ease on that score, conscious that a few dollars were the extent of the sum which at that moment he carried about him. Unhesitatingly, therefore, did the meditative gentleman pursue his homeward way, which abode, we must premise, was situated in a street leading to the quay, to reach which it was absolutely necessary to pass the mansion of the English consul, an excellent house in itself, but surrounded by many various dismal-looking entrances, leading whereto it might be difficult to assert. It was now about twelve o'clock; the wind, which before had merely added its refreshing coolness to the atmosphere, was rapidly rising, sweeping in its way long and thick eddies of dust round the many angles of the streets. The night had become extremely dark, and the very few lanterns—which by-the-bye were erected by the English merchants—scarcely sufficed to point the road.

My friend had just reached the house of her Britannic Majesty's consul, when a strong gust of wind, bearing in its vortex a mass of dust and rubbish, induced him suddenly to wheel round rather than encounter the nuisance. With his face thus standing

until the unwelcome assailant had swept by, our benighted wanderer fancied he perceived the figures of two men in the distance, who to all appearance were stationary as himself, and possibly from a similar motive.

Now, the visible proof of two persons walking in the public thoroughfare of a large city would not, during daylight, excite any feeling of astonishment; but at the hour when my friend discovered their presence, the knowledge of the fact was the reverse of agreeable. Should they have any design upon him, what chance had he against two persons, who, in all probability were well armed, whilst he had not so much as a walking-stick wherewith to defend himself in case of emergency? Yet, after all, was it not possible that they were harmless individuals wending their way home, and probably in as great awe of him as he possibly could have been of them?

Thus soliloquizing, the gentleman turned towards his dwelling, and recommenced his walk, yet not fully satisfied with the appearance of the individuals he had discovered. My friend, every now and then, turned his head to ascertain if he was followed; when, to his excessive annoyance, he perceived that, whether he proceeded fast or slow, the figures maintained the same distance from him as when first he observed their presence. To prove the fact more fully, my friend stopped suddenly in the street—so did the others; and when, determined to ascertain whether they were purposely dodging his steps, he walked towards them, the figures steadily retreated as he advanced.

His feelings now partook of a sensation somewhat allied to alarm; and having by this time again reached the consul's door, it occurred to him that, as a prudential measure, it might not be altogether unadvisable to knock, and obtain some weapon wherewith to defend himself, if attacked. With this view he entered the lofty archway of the building, and had already raised his hand to demand admittance, when the natural aversion which a man has to being suspected of timidity, induced him to pause ere he summoned any of the inmates to his aid; besides which, the very act of the figures retiring, as if alarmed at his having turned back, was strong presumptive evidence of an anxiety, on their part, to avoid him as pertinaciously as he was desirous of getting rid of them. Moreover, should it afterwards appear that the objectionable persons were actually acquaintances of his own, the story of having called up the consul in the middle of the night to afford him protection would undoubtedly be published throughout Malaga, as a most extremely pleasant story to relate, and a pretty strong instance of the weakness of his nerves.

Cogitating to this effect, he released the knocker from his grasp, and was about to leave his sanctuary, which was completely hidden in shade, when his departure was arrested by hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, and in a few seconds the very persons he so much dreaded passed him by. The cautious manner in which they progressed showed the little confidence they placed in the safety of the streets, and for the instant during which they stood under the solitary lamp, which is intended to illumine the open space, our adventurer was enabled to remark their contour and their dress. By the latter, they were evidently peasants of Andalusia; and by the former—if honest men—certainly under small

obligation to nature for having inscribed "rogue" most legibly on the countenances of both; one, the least repulsive-looking of the two, was a man upwards of six feet in height, while his companion was extremely short, and gifted with as villainous a visage as could be invented for the direst imp in a Christmas pantomime.

The Spanish "ladron," or robber, however, is not precisely the style of gentlemen which romantic young ladies are apt to image to themselves, neither is that most respectable member of the community correctly represented by those intellectual individuals on our stage, who stalk forth with well-rouged faces and black moustaches, having their backs and shoulders protected with an exuberance of curls, as was the fashion in the days of Charles II., while on the summit of their heads what is technically termed a large Spanish hat figures to considerable advantage, ornamented with a long drooping feather, descending half way to the ground. So far from such an appearance approaching to the costume of the present day, the two worthies who, on the occasion related, stealthily took their way past the consul's door, were habited in the high steeple-crowned hat peculiar to the province, and not unlike the sombre beavers commonly worn in the time of Cromwell, saving that, instead of the enormous brim, a peculiarly-fashioned and very small upturned ridge was substituted; the remaining part of the dress of the before-mentioned persons was picturesque enough, if viewed when beautifully delineated on paper, but when seen in its native squalidness was dirty and unprepossessing in the extreme.

Be it remarked, however, that round the body each wore the thick coarse red sash wherein it is the custom of the country to carry money, cigars, or whatever necessities may be required, not excepting the never-failing accompaniment of the Spaniard, his constant companion—the knife.

Truly glad was the benighted gentleman on beholding the departure of such undesirable companions, and as they appeared steadily to bend their course in the way which it was his object to traverse, he deemed a few minutes well spent in his present retreat, confident that each moment so expended would increase the distance between the strangers and himself. Thus determined, my friend lingered on, until conjecturing that the obnoxious persons must have long since passed away, he noiselessly vacated the shady archway wherein he had esconced himself, and fearlessly and with speed passed onwards towards his home.

Having been thus detained considerably longer than his accustomed hour in the streets, our adventurer found the increasing coldness of the air, and a naturally good appetite, gradually becoming sharper; and as the anticipation of rest and refreshment which awaited him at his domicile passed through his mind, he gradually increased his pace until but the lapse of a few moments more were sufficient to bring him to his door. But such a consummation was not readily to be achieved, for when within fifty paces of his dwelling, and grasping the latch key in his hand to prevent any unnecessary delay at the portal, our unhappy pedestrian found himself, as if by magic, encircled by a pair of athletic arms, while at the same moment a sharp knife was passed loosely across his throat, with the voluntary promise that the utterance

of one syllable would most indelibly increase the pressure of the blade.

So sudden and effectual was the attack, that even had our acquaintance been prepared, it would have been impossible to ward off the discourteous embrace; and when by close scrutiny he recognised the faces of the wanderers, and by the smarting of the divided skin covering his windpipe was enabled to judge pretty correctly as to their intentions, the unhappy prisoner gave himself up for lost, though determined, as far as in his power lay, to struggle to the utmost for liberty and life.

Acting on this principle, he commenced an expostulation in far from moderate terms, but the effect of his harangue proved diametrically opposite to that expected; for, finding their prisoner bent on exclamation, the smaller ruffian of the two thrust his hand into his sash, and pulling forth an enormous circular cork, such as is used to stop up the apertures of large oil-casks, drove it into the mouth of the sufferer by main force with the hilt of his knife.

The agony resulting from this operation must have been intense, for the mouth, though stretched to its utmost limits, was incapable of holding so huge a substance; the horrid consequence was, that the sides of his face were actually torn by the brutality of the wretch, and while hardly able to breathe, the blood flowed so copiously from the wounded cheeks of their victim as to place him in momentary dread of suffocation.

Then commenced a systematic pillage; and so bitterly enraged was the lesser robber at the insufficiency of the booty, notwithstanding that the gold repeater fell a sacrifice to their rapacity, that, uttering a horrid imprecation, he again unclasped his knife, rushed upon his prisoner, and had it not been for the interference of his accomplice, the unfortunate object in their power never would have seen the sun of another day. As it fortunately chanced, the latter of the two bravos most strenuously objected to further force being used, adding, that although their spoil had proved far less valuable than they had anticipated, yet it was worse than frivolous to add murder to robbery, since no benefit could thereby arise to them; but, on the contrary, the perpetration of the act might, and most probably would, lead to certain detection, and consequent strangulation for their reward.

Thus apostrophised, the greater ruffian of the two, albeit by far the smaller man, reluctantly and with much abuse returned his knife to the sheath; but naturally savage, and worked up to a pitch of fiend-like brutality, he thrust his bony knuckles within the neckcloth of his victim, and twisting the handkerchief with his utmost strength, would most undisputably have placed my acquaintance beyond all necessity of rescue, had not the latter sinner again stepped forward and preserved his life.

Let any one, whose good fortune hitherto has protected him from such a fate, picture to himself what the feelings of the wretched man must have been. At that hour of the night it was impossible to expect aid from any quarter, and left in the grasp of two determined villains disappointed of a rich booty, one of whom had twice attempted his life, what could he expect from such hands but death, and in all probability a death of the most appalling description?

In a short time his person was again subjected to

a rigid examination, which proving as fruitless as before, the comrades withdrew to a short distance from their prisoner, having previously warned him not to stir on peril of his life.

The dreadful gag which had been forced within his mouth occasioned intolerable anguish; his neck yet smarted from the effect of the divided skin, and the murderous grasp of the robber felt fresh upon his throat, his arms were pinioned behind, and as his persecutors stood but a few paces away in deep and earnest consultation, the impracticability of accomplishing his escape by flight was too great, and the certainty of death, if overtaken, too undoubted, to induce him to dare the risk. Presently a sound as of a distant footstep fell on his ear, and eagerly the poor wretch listened in the faint hope that deliverance was at hand. Neither was the noise unheeded by his captors; for, bending to the ground, they endeavoured to ascertain the direction from whence the unwelcome arrival might approach. Steadily, and at measured intervals, the steps drew nigh, and at the same moment the clang of a sabre trailing on the ground proclaimed the owner of the weapon to be armed.

"Demonio!" suddenly muttered the smallest ruffian, as rising from his recumbent posture he made a thrust with his knife at the unarmed prisoner, which, fortunately glancing by a button of his coat, saved him from further danger than the infliction of a slight wound only on the breast.

At that moment the other robber, seizing their prize by the arm with considerable violence, thrust him before them towards one of the many dark passages abounding on the spot, and where the bright influence of the sun even at mid-day could scarcely lend a straggling beam to illumine the almost pitchy darkness. To what exit could so dismal a place lead? Was it possible that an outlet beyond what the eye could scan, might place the adventurous explorers on the broad quay? or was it merely the entrance to one of those dreary and ill-ventilated vaults, pointing to the accumulated stores of some affluent merchant stowed below? Of what extent the passage might have been, the captive had not the means of ascertaining; for, on proceeding about a dozen paces in the gloom, the ruffians stopped, and having placed my friend between them, and posted his back against the wall, each drew his abominable knife, and holding one of the instruments at his throat and the other at his breast, they enjoined the deepest silence.

Louder and louder grew the echoes of the stranger's footsteps as he sauntered slowly up the street; but having reached the entrance to the dark passage where the victim and his gaolers stood secreted, the new-comer made a short pause, and having drawn his sword, a very common and necessary precaution in similar situations, he entered the very passage where the robbers and their charge lay *perdu*.

Although the figures of the party that first entered, owing to the extreme darkness, were invisible to the stranger, yet as he advanced, and necessarily closed up the aperture of the entrance, the outline of his form might well be traced against the uncertain lights without; and as he paced onwards, his sword extended at arm's length, it may be readily surmised what were the feelings of the captive at finding aid so near, that the stranger passing onward almost

brushed the victim with his cloak, and yet so utterly impossible was it for the prisoner to claim the assistance placed as it were within his grasp, that his heart sank within him, as, undiscovered by the intruder, the sound of his departure was momentarily lessened in the distance.

That the passage in which they stood possessed another outlet exclusive of that by which it had been entered by them did not now admit of question; but to attempt to escape by flight was even more impracticable in that dismal vault than might have been the case, had he subjected himself to the trial in the open street.

The dreadful gag, and many though not dangerous wounds which the prisoner had received, caused him excessive pain, and the agony of mind necessarily attendant on such an awful situation proved nearly beyond what nature could sustain.

It was now full two hours since his capture, and during the whole of that long and awful period he had existed in expectation of suffering an immediate and cruel death; and as the last echoes of the stranger's footfalls died away in the distance, and the brigand's breathing more freely gave indication that they considered their danger past, my unhappy friend, firmly conceiving that his last hour had arrived, mentally offered up his prayers for aid to that Being whose power he was confident could preserve his life, and confound the machinations of his enemies even in an instant.

Once again the smaller savage approached his fast-sinking victim, and, with a most diabolical exclamation, would unquestionably have sheathed his knife in the prisoner's breast, when at that most critical moment a noise of a person entering by the way the other had departed, stopped him ere his bloody purpose could be accomplished.

The vile intention of the wretch being thus frustrated, the two ruffians, not caring to take a second chance of detection, skulked stealthily towards the entrance of the passage, and treading noiselessly on the pavement without, crept into the silent street, and were seen no more.

Steadily the person approached, whose providential coming had in all probability saved my friend's life; yet, as it was fully as objectionable to be put to death in mistake by a stranger as purposely by the robbers, he judged it the wiser plan to remain passive until the man had passed, when, dreading the reappearance of his persecutors, he fled as rapidly as his declining strength would permit towards the place where he well knew some egress must be found; nor was he mistaken, for hardly had he traversed twenty yards when a sudden rush of fresh air convinced him that the portal was at hand, and in a few seconds he emerged from the lonesome avenue upon the quay, and within a few doors of the mansion where he dwelt.

Weeks had passed into months ere the evil consequences of the harsh treatment he had received were obliterated from his person; and though promises of reward were liberally offered for the detection of the parties implicated in the foul and cowardly attack, not a clue towards discovering the perpetrators could be gained; all remained a mystery, in as far as any disclosure was effected relative to the delinquents, and as time wore on, the sufferer allowed the affair to pass from his mind, and the transaction, when by

accident it was recalled to his memory, bore relation but as an adventure which occurred in the distant days of auld lang syne.

Time, with the usual rapidity of pace, rolled onward on his course, and the evening of a beautiful summer-day saw the hero of my tale landing from a well-appointed yacht, in which he had accompanied some friends to point out the beauties of Malaga.

"Buenas dias, caballeros," uttered some half-dozen and half-apparelled ragamuffins to the party on stepping ashore; and, exactly similar to the good old custom in England, each of the polite welcomers proceeded to appropriate to himself certain particles of the baggage for the nominal purpose of conveying the articles to the domicile of the right owner, or, failing to discover his abode, appropriating the property to themselves.

"I know your face to a certainty," exclaimed our friend of midnight suffering, to a long bony fellow, who, among the others, was laying his hands on any article he could seize. "Surely I've seen you before now!"

"No, senor, no es posible," calmly replied the lathy mendicant; but my friend could not be mistaken in the man, for it was he who, although ruffian as he proved himself on the night of the adventure, more than twice preserved his life from the dagger of his companion. Under those circumstances, would it have been just to have seized him on suspicion of the crime? and even had he ventured so far, what proof had he of the man's identity, saving his own bare word? None; so passing onward without further comment on the matter, he joined the party to which he was attached, and his first and most energetic recommendation which he uttered to each individual was—carefully to avoid dozing on the Alameda until midnight.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE REBEL CHIEF.

A Scene in the Wicklow Mountains, 1803.

"WELL, sir, you are still disposed to proceed on the secret service which you volunteered?"

(This question was put by the late Colonel A——, adjutant-general in Ireland at the period above stated, to a lieutenant of the ——th regiment, then on Dublin duty, who attended for the great man's orders.)

"I am ready, sir, at any moment, to proceed on my hazardous mission," respectfully answered the lieutenant; "but, considering the risks of such a service, I trust it may not be deemed unreasonable on me to request some pledge or guarantee from the Government, for the fulfilment of the terms on which I venture to undertake it—namely, promotion, and the proclaimed reward, for the death or apprehension of the Rebel Chief; or in the event of loss of life, a competent provision for my family."

The cold and cautious A—— attempted to parry off any direct pledge on the part of Government, not from any sinister views, but solely from official jealousy, which fired at the base idea of an inferior officer presuming to dictate terms. He suggested to the subaltern, "whether he did not risk the

favour of Government by doubting the strict performance of any promise made by it?"

"With the utmost deference, colonel," replied the subaltern, "to you and the Government, I beg to refer to the case of the officer who lost his life on a similar service some months back, on the failure of his attempt, but without the slightest reproach on his courage or discretion; and whose widow is now dependent on the precarious charity of the benevolent—all parties in the State shifting the blame from themselves. The Treasury required the vice-regal order to pay the compensation promised—the Lord Lieutenant, humanely disposed to yield, referred the claim for the recommendation of the Commander of the Forces; but that distinguished officer (who has assumed the command since the transaction occurred, and knows not the critical circumstances under which the deceased officer undertook this dangerous service) sets his face against the claim altogether, as offering a precedent for officers stipulating for personal reward for services which it is only their duty to perform. Thus, for a point of etiquette between public departments, the compensation to this hour remains in arrears. With this picture before me, sir, I trust you will deem me excusable in requiring some specific pledge, if merely an official letter, which would leave my mind at ease with respect to my family, whatever fate awaited me."

A frown on the brow of the man of office, and a cold bow of dismissal, with orders to await further instructions, sent the poor subaltern away in no very enviable mood.

Of all public functionaries, your high military chiefs are surely the most intractable and cold-hearted; they seem to feel as if their *dignity* would be compromised, should they, for a moment, descend to the level of common sense and kindness. It would really appear as if those heads of department had been chosen for those unamiable qualities alone, to fill stations, abroad and at home, where the nicest spirit of discrimination, the most humane and liberal consideration for the feelings and remonstrances of all those (particularly of inferior rank) who claim their protection and justice, should form their chief qualifications for office. It would be an invidious and ungrateful task to refer to particular instances within our own times, but a glance at the list of those high functionaries, (colonial and domestic,) for the last half century, would establish the fact. The inferior officer would be forever ruined in his profession, who should convict his superior of oppression or injustice. The lecture just read to an adjutant-general by a poor lieutenant of the line, about to proceed on a perilous and yet inglorious enterprise, curdled the blood of the man of power, with momentary hatred of the humble subaltern. And this was A——, a brave and honorable soldier, who at Vimiera signalized his valour, and who perished, on the retreat to Corunna in 1809, amidst the general regret of his gallant companions in arms! Surely there must be some hidden curse in office, which withers and dries up the nobler fountains of the heart, or freezes them into a cold forgetfulness of the fine and generous feelings of our nature! an opinion, which, of course, will be denounced by the officials of all ranks; but let that pass; so long as man is the painter, the lion will be drawn as prostrate at his feet.

The capture or death of Holt, the Rebel Chief of

the Wicklow Mountains, had long been an object of deep anxiety with the Irish Government. This extraordinary man, of whom little was previously known, save that he had been a farmer in comfortable circumstances, took the field in 1798, as chief of a formidable body of rebels; over whom he held a separate and uncontrolled command. Participating in the short-lived triumphs which the early successes of the insurgent army afforded, he subsequently shared in its defeat; but, being a man of uncommon vigour of body, great mental resources, and a master of that kind of vulgar oratory and persuasive address which is so effectual with the Irish, he succeeded in attaching to his green standard, under all his reverses, a tolerably large force of those desperate outlaws—the scattered remnants of the late formidable rebel army. With these he withdrew, at the close of the above year, to the fastnesses of the Wicklow Mountains, the wild scene of his nativity; with every glen and valley of which he had been familiarized from infancy. Within the mazes of this untravelled region, Holt found means to elude all the efforts of military skill and enterprise, to seize him by force or ensnare him by stratagem. The utmost ingenuity was exercised to mislead and harass the King's troops in this mountain warfare. The rapidity of the rebel's movements, and his apparent ubiquity, baffled all the plans of the professional soldier: military science was put to shame by the superior tactics of the mountain chieftain. In this manner he held all the powers of Government at defiance for upwards of four years.

On the breaking out of the ill-concerted and feeble insurrection of 1803, Holt once more descended from the mountains, in all his former terrors, to join a large body of rebels from the adjacent counties of Kildare, Wexford, and Meath, which, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, were to rendezvous in the vicinity of Dublin, and be ready to pour in their force in aid of the metropolitan outbreak, on a given signal. Holt had actually advanced, on the evening of the 23d July, so near to the scene of action as Rathfarnham, (a village only a league from Dublin,) when his further progress was suspended by the intelligence of the defeat and dispersion of the disorganized rabble which attacked Dublin; and which, although contemptible in numbers and array, and without any known or ostensible leaders, took the Government so much by surprise, that their precipitancy alone averted the most lamentable mischief. The atrocious although unpremeditated murder of the Lord Chief Justice Kilwarden in the streets, when on his way to attend a council, would have proved but the prelude to more extensive butcheries, had the rebellious crew had any one man of talent and sufficient daring to direct their excited energies. The insurgents, to the amount of some thousands, had preceded within musket-shot of the Castle of Dublin (the seat of Government) ere their mad career received a check, by the appearance of a body of cavalry and infantry, called suddenly to arms. Had such a man as Holt been at their head, there can be little doubt that the Lord Lieutenant, and the officers of the State, would have become the prize of this desperate attack; but in vain the rebels looked for a leader. They stood a volley from the infantry, and a charge from the cavalry, with desperate resolution; but, unled and unsupported, they fled in all directions through the numerous streets and alleys; and, under

cover of the falling twilight, escaped with comparatively small loss. The fate of this body decided Holt's movements. He saw the chance was lost by the rashness of this premature attack—which, happily for the tranquillity of the country, was so speedily put down—and withdrawing his own followers from their allies of the hour, he made an instant retrograde movement, anticipating that every effort would be made to cut off his retreat to the mountains. His march was unceasingly pursued while the darkness of night afforded him an escape from observation; and the morning's light saw him and his band of rebels safe within their old positions, unbroken in numbers and unsubdued in spirit.

The proclamation of martial law, the calling out of the yeomanry for permanent duty, and the reinforcement of all the military posts in the districts bounding on Dublin, in a few days restored some show of tranquillity to the lately alarmed and still agitated city. But the insurrection, though checked, had not been entirely crushed; but few prisoners were taken in the night's action of the 23d, and of these not one person of note or respectability: the reputed leaders and promoters of the movement were yet at large.

Holt, once more secure within his chain of posts, unknown and inaccessible to all but the experienced mountaineer, defied all the powers of the executive. Various expeditions were undertaken to bring him to action; but not one met with even partial success. His superior knowledge of the scene of warfare enabled him to anticipate and defeat every movement of the troops. His scouts were numerous and faithful: nothing in the garb of soldier or stranger could enter the mountain district without Holt being immediately apprized of the circumstance. Itinerant beggars, sham cripples, even children, were on the look-out to guard his haunts, and make some signal on the approach of danger. His depredations were laterly confined to mid-night attacks on the small parties of troops scattered along the extensive line of military roads which had for some years been in progress through the mountains. In the course of one night, his parties had been known to sweep away all vestige of the labour of weeks—plunder the provision magazines—demolish the guard-houses—disperse and drive in the picquets, pursuing them, pike in hand, to the very gates of their stockaded barracks—then disappear, as if by magic, before the morning's dawn, leaving neither trace nor clew to their mountain retreat; while, on the very next night, a similar and equally vigorous attack would be made on a post thirty miles distant. "Holt," the Rebel Chief, was at once a word of terror and reproach. Five hundred guineas of reward were offered by Government for his apprehension; yet, amongst the shoeless, ragged, half-starved outlaws he commanded, not one could be found to betray his chief! Was this a virtue or a crime? Posterity will answer the question!

The officer whom we have introduced to the reader, as a volunteer for this dangerous enterprise, was a young Scotchman, of the humblest fortunes. He had served in Holland and in Egypt with much credit; and was esteemed by his corps as a man of distinguished courage, fortitude, and perseverance. With a young wife and two children to support on his humble pay, his enjoyments, it may be supposed,

were but few. Life he held at nought, except for the sake of his family, to whom he was fondly attached, and for whose benefit he volunteered this present hazard. The excellence of his character in his regiment gained for him favourable consideration at headquarters; and the pledge he so earnestly requested having been unreservedly given, he prepared for his departure with his characteristic zeal and alacrity.

Whatever plans he might originally have contemplated to effect his purpose, they were forced to yield to one arranged by a conclave of official dignitaries, before whom he appeared, to receive his instructions. He was directed to select a non-commissioned officer, and twenty of the most active, intelligent, and trustworthy men from his own regiment, to accompany him as the expeditionary force. The soldiers were to be disguised in the uniform of the drivers of the commissariat waggon train, himself wearing that of a sergeant-conductor of that corps. Thus equipped, the whole were to be incorporated, and march with a detachment of the commissariat train conveying the monthly supply of provisions and stores to the several depots established in the new line of road in the mountains, (in the progress of which the officer was to collect all the information he could obtain of the rebel chief and his parties.) This duty performed, the whole party was directed to take the short route across the mountains on their return towards Dublin; on which track it was supposed they might fall in with some of the parties of the rebel chief, and, by possibility, himself. This *ruse* was suggested, it was said, by the then Commissary General, as a bait for the rebels—several small bodies of whom had, on former occasions, intercepted detachments of the waggon train on this route; and to whom they offered no molestation, (that corps being an unarmed body,) except a rigid examination for concealed arms or ammunition. Several of the drivers attached to the present expedition alleged that, on some of these occasions, they had seen the *General*; but subsequent events proved that his precautions to conceal or disguise himself were so effectual, that, of the various descriptions published of his person, appearance, and equipment, not one was found to be correct.

Plunder, beyond the means of subsistence for his daily diminishing force, no longer appeared to be the object of the rebel chief, whose hopes of a successful rising had all been abandoned, when he learned the capture and execution of that ill-fated youth, Robert Emmett; and, as a last resource, he contemplated an escape to America; previously to which, he sought to reduce his followers, and eventually disband them, as opportunities offered for their return to their distant homes with safety. They had stuck by him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and he determined to share their perils until he alone was left to encounter the last danger. This state of the rebel chief's affairs was in part, known to the Government, and it was imagined he might be captured by a *coup de main* in some unguarded moment of fancied security: such was the object of the present expedition.

The convoy marched from Dublin about forty strong, including the military whose arms were concealed on the carriages. After a march of four days, during which the whole line of posts were supplied, the party proceeded on their return with the empty cars, taking (as previously arranged) the old moun-

tain track—a road so little used, since the year 1798, as to be scarcely distinguishable from the naked face of the barren mountain. On leaving behind them the last military post, the party halted at noon to water and feed the cattle, forming their bivouac beside a mountain stream. The lieutenant took that opportunity of distributing the arms and ammunition, and giving his final instructions. Each soldier was directed to seat himself beside his musket on a car, to be ready for instant action, but on no account to make any display of the arms until the moment for using them arrived.

An idiot boy, (who either was, or assumed to be dumb) in a state of destitution, had attached himself to the party the first day it entered the mountains; and who, for the reward of a biscuit, and fragments of the men's rations, had rendered service by fetching water, and cutting heather, for cooking, on the three preceding days' marches. Of this wretched object no suspicions whatever were entertained; but his sudden disappearance, during this short halt—no one could tell how or where—raised a momentary alarm; and although it was accounted for, by some, as the boy's terror at the sight of the fire-arms, the lieutenant could not divest himself of the suspicion of treachery; and therefore drew together his party in as compact a body as the long line of cars admitted, enjoining the strictest silence, and concealment of the arms. The party proceeded unmolested, and, apparently, unobserved, for two or three hours, gradually surmounting a long range of hills, which they had been ascending since morning; when, on rounding a projecting knoll which lay in their route, the ears of the lieutenant, who had ridden a few yards in front, were saluted with the whizz of a ball, which passed within a few inches of his head. The order—"Halt! stand by your arms," brought in an instant twenty fine light-infantry men into rank, and ready for action. As yet, however, no enemy appeared. The party then cautiously advanced, until, having left the knoll a couple of hundred yards in their rear, the lieutenant once more halted them and prepared for action. Feeling satisfied that they were in the presence of an unseen foe, he made a keen reconnaissance of the position, and more particularly of that part over which the thin blue smoke of the lately discharged fire-arms still lightly floated. Orders were given to the sergeant of the drivers' corps to form his cars in a hollow square, into which the party might retire and sustain the battle, in the event of an attack from superior numbers. This precaution taken, the officer dismounted, and, armed with his double-barrelled gun, proceeded to take a nearer view of the localities of his ground. In front, and about a mile distant, was the towering summit of the Ram's Head; beneath the craggy base of which stupendous cliff, lay their scarcely discernable route: on the right, an open and partly broken range of sterile mountains for many miles, extended towards Blessinton: between which and their present position, and not above three miles distant, a small military party was stationed during the day. The left presented the rough and tangled side of the mountain, sweeping with a continuous descent far as the eye could reach into the deep and lonely valley. The chief object in their rear was the knoll they had so lately passed, between which and the party nothing could approach unobserved. There

was not a tree or shrub of sufficient size to form an ambuscade for any number of men within the whole range of his vision; but the lieutenant's ready eye saw that the low brakes of furze and tufts of fern, as well as the detached pieces of rock, which lay scattered about, afforded a secure shelter for a single lurking foe. The afternoon was overcast and sultry; that awful stillness which is only to be found on the mountain or in the desert, reigned around, unbroken by a single sound from the lips of the well-disciplined soldiers. Silence and the most intense anxiety prevailed for a quarter of an hour, without a move, without a whisper, when the lieutenant fancied he perceived a slight motion in a brake of furze about fifty yards on his left. He stealthily approached the spot, with a keen and fixed gaze, when his suspicions were confirmed by seeing a human face cautiously rise from the furze, and, after casting a wary look upon him, again bury itself in the brake. He had just time to send a bullet in that direction, when he beheld the idiot boy rolling and scrambling down the slanting mountain side, as he conceived, wounded; he soon, however, sprang to his feet, bounding off like a deer, and, before the lieutenant could discharge his other barrel, his figure disappeared, as if the earth had opened to receive him. With greater caution the officer rushed forward to secure the traitor, shouting to the sergeant to send a file of men to his aid; but just at that moment a body of rebels, to the number of fifty or upwards, sprung up from every brake and tuft, like tigers from their lair, roused by the lieutenant's fire, and commenced their attack on the party with a savage fury, sufficient to appall more gallant hearts. Their assault was met by a steady volley, which checked their advance, and sent some of the assailants, writhing in agony, down the mountain's side. Nor was the rebels' volley ineffectual. Three soldiers fell wounded by the first discharge; after which several attempts were made to storm the position into which the soldiers had taken shelter, but each attack was met with vigour. Several of the rebels were bayoneted while scaling the cars which formed the temporary safeguard; but against such a superiority in numbers, a much longer resistance was hopeless; particularly as the drivers' corps were entirely useless from want of arms. Fortunately the rebels seemed to be but scantily supplied with ammunition; they had therefore to depend chiefly on their pikes—a weapon which the troops could not have contended against, but for the protection afforded by their barrier of cars. An effort, however, became necessary to extricate themselves from this unequal contest. Availing himself of a momentary cessation of hostilities on his front, the sergeant despatched two of the drivers from the rear, unobserved, to search for the officer, for whose safety he now entertained the deepest apprehensions. Perceiving the rebels concentrating their force to make one desperate attack on his little party, the sergeant, with a degree of skill and gallantry which would have done honour to a higher grade in the service, instantly determined to give the assault, rather than wait to receive it. One of the cars having been removed, the party made a vigorous sally on the besiegers of their position: forming a line, they poured a volley upon the rebel ranks, and then charged bayonets at the top of their speed for half a minute. The rebels, panic struck for the mo-

ment, dispersed and fled; while the sergeant and his party, taking advantage of their confusion, suddenly wheeled round, and were three or four hundred yards beyond the rebels' fire ere the latter had collected and reformed. Directing his retreat towards the nearest military position, the sergeant maintained his party unbroken, and kept his pursuers at a distance for some time, by the active fire of his covering party. But it was not in human nature to hold out much longer; the rebels were gaining ground each moment; every effort which skill and courage could suggest were made, but the odds were overwhelming. At length, seeing themselves within one hundred yards of the deadly pike, the gallant soul, with his panting and almost exhausted party, turned on their pursuers, and standing, like lions at bay, determined to sell their lives dearly. At this awful moment, the distant cheer of friendly voices (so different from the rebels' wild "Hurra!") broke on their ears, and revived their sinking but unsubdued hearts. Another, and a nearer cheer, followed by a random volley at the rebels, assured them that succour was at hand. In another minute, on came a party of fresh troops, headed by an officer, at a running pace, whose appearance soon turned the tide of battle. The sound of the musketry had fortunately reached the ears of the advanced sentinel of this picquet nearly an hour before; and the whole line having been placed on the alert, on the march of the party across the mountain, the officer, following the direction of the sound, lost no time in hastening to the rescue, and happily arrived in time to save a handful of gallant men from massacre. The retreat now became an advance, with fresh courage and renewed hopes. But the wary rebels, on the first appearance of the red-coats, had relaxed their pursuit, and having gained a rising ground, they discharged a few shots; then, with a simultaneous shout, fled like a flock of affrighted birds in every direction, leaving the bewildered military at a loss what course to pursue. A few bullets were sent after the fugitives, but with what effect could not be known.

The former position regained, the drivers, the horses, and carriages, were found uninjured. The rebels had disappeared at the same time with the troops, and no fresh party had approached. Having, in their united parties, thirty effective men, the officer directed his attention to a search for the missing lieutenant—a task which the sergeant, with half-a-dozen of his own men, anxiously undertook; but, after an hour's absence, they returned unsuccessful; and, to add to their fears for their officer's safety, the two drivers, who had been sent in pursuit of him during the action, returned about dusk, exhausted with fatigue, and in utter despair at what all now considered the certain loss of the gallant lieutenant. They had traversed miles in various directions without seeing a human being, or any trace of footsteps, save in the immediate vicinity of the position; and also the impress of the bodies of the rebels in the clumps of furze and fern. It was evident that they had withdrawn from that side of the mountain for the present. The wounded soldiers were despatched, on a car, to the nearest military post, for surgical aid, and with a demand for a reinforcement. The united party made their arrangements to bivouac for the night in their present position, placing sentinels at all points, and lighting a fire to attract the attention

of the absent lieutenant, should he still linger in their vicinity.

We must now return to that luckless adventurer whom we left in full chase of the traitorous impostor, and whose sudden disappearance so astonished his pursuer. In the ardour of his pursuit, and with his eyes intently fixed on the spot where the boy had so unaccountably vanished, the lieutenant fell headlong into a narrow but deep ravine, or mountain gully, with a grassy bottom, the edges of which were so thickly fringed with a border of luxuriant fern, as to be almost entirely concealed. In his rapid descent along its slippery bed, he became entangled with some living object, which clung to him with such desperate tenacity, that he felt it impossible to disengage himself, a further descent, accelerated by their mutual struggles, brought him on the green sward of a level patch of the mountain, clutched in the deadly grasp of the idiot boy, who now evinced a degree of strength far beyond that which his former apparently feeble and imbecile appearance indicated. The lieutenant had but a moment left for reflection; to use his gun were impossible, gripped and encircled as he was; but one dreadful alternative was left him, either to shake off his assailant, or perish in his grasp by the pikes of the rebel party. On setting out on this expedition, he had secreted in his breast pocket a short dagger, which he intended to use only in the last extremity, in the event of a close encounter with the rebels. This weapon he found means to disengage: in one moment it flashed before the starting eyes of the pretended idiot; in the next it was buried to the hilt in the nape of his neck. The long and piercing shriek of the wounded wretch, who, relaxing his hold, now lay rolling and bleeding on the earth, attracted a small party of the rebels to the spot. The lieutenant, surrounded and hemmed in by at least a dozen of pikes, was compelled to surrender. He was seized, disarmed, and hurried or rather dragged away, he knew not whither, by four of the party; while the distant shouts of the infuriated rebels, then engaged in close action with his party, mixing with the heartening cheers of his own men, as they sent in their steady volleys, rung on his distracted ear. Each moment hurried him still farther from the scene of action; but the regularity of the British fire, which he could recognise and distinguish from the flurried and only occasional discharges from the rebel arms, cheered him with the hope that they had not materially suffered, but would maintain their ground until succour arrived. To him this was but a melancholy consolation—his fate seemed fixed. After a harassing march or rather run of two or three miles, within the mazes of the trackless mountain, the prisoner and his escort descended into a wild and savage glen, which presented no other token of human habitation save a faint stream of dusky smoke, which stole along the heather, scarcely rising above its surface, as it issued from a low heather-covered hovel, towards which the lieutenant was conducted by his guard. After challenging those within, in the Irish language, and receiving their answer, one of the escort proceeded to blindfold his prisoner, by tying his handkerchief over his eyes. The first and most natural suspicion in the poor lieutenant's mind was, that his last moments in this mortal life had arrived; and he prepared to meet his fate in uncomplaining silence; but after the lapse of a few minutes, the bandage was

removed; the party who had been within the hovel on his arrival, having, as he presumed, retired during his temporary darkness. He was led inside. The floor of this wretched hut was some feet below the level of the surrounding turf, and had evidently been hollowed out to form a cavern of retreat. Here he was deprived of his watch, money, pocketbook, and his instructions from headquarters; and it was intimated to him, that no further removal was intended until they received the *General's* orders. The poor prisoner with a heart overwhelmed by grief and disappointment, gave way to the most poignant feelings of self-reproach, at his indiscretion in allowing himself to be betrayed to such a distance from his party. The thoughts of his own death, which he looked upon as the inevitable consequence of his capture, did not affect him with one half the bitterness of sorrow which his reflections on his failure and disgrace brought to his agonized mind. He knew not whether the traitor boy had perished by his hand or not; but the certainty, that to his treachery he owed his misfortune, stifled all feelings of remorse at the summary vengeance he had inflicted. The evening, already lowered; the dark clouds rolled down the mountainside in gloomy masses; the sun for a moment appeared, and, shedding the blood-red tinge of its departing rays on the peak of the lofty Sugar Loaf, sank beneath the dark and distant hills. An awful gloom hung over the dreary scene! The lieutenant, overpowered by chagrin, and worn out by fatigue, sunk on his rude couch of fern and heather, to seek a brief repose, when his unsettled slumbers were disturbed by the tramp of many feet outside the hovel, and the piteous groans of some persons, whom he concluded to be the wounded of that day's action. One of the two men who had been left to guard him, repaired to the opening of the hut, and, after holding some converse with a party outside, whose tone (although in a language not understood by the lieutenant,) seemed to imply command, the guard returned to the side of the rough bed of the captive, intimating, that the shelter of the hovel was required for some of their wounded comrades. Misery levels all distinctions! The poor lieutenant was preparing to resign his humble berth; but this the guard refused, and even, in respectful terms, expressed his concern at the inconvenience the officer would be exposed to in that miserable place. Four unhappy wretches, with gun-shot wounds, were borne in, and a rude litter of heather spread for their repose. But a night of horror ensued. Distant thunders rolled along the desolate range of mountains which surrounded their dismal glen, through which the moaning wind swept in sad accordance with the piercing moans of the unfortunate unattended sufferers within this narrow prison. As the night advanced, the elements seemed to be engaged in horrid conflict; the awful peals of thunder following each other in rapid succession, united in wild reverberation, while the vivid lightning seemed to bestow permanent illumination on this contracted scene of human suffering and terror! The wounded wretches, agonized by pain, and tormented by a burning thirst, cried aloud for *water!* or a bullet to end their misery! But it was not until after midnight that the torrent, rushing from the mountains by a thousand rills, afforded a supply of the grateful fluid, to the parched lips of the almost expiring sufferers. Nor was it less acceptable to that

silent sufferer, the captive lieutenant, into whose portion of the welcome draught one of his guards insisted on pouring a drop of whisky, while the other prevailed on him to accept a piece of biscuit, the slender remains of their last plunder. The officer received these proofs of kindness with an expression of gratitude; and was then taught the lesson, that pity and humanity had yet a resting-place within the rebel's bosom.

The night was one of unmitigated horror within the wretched hovel, and with the detachment on the distant mountain almost equally so. After a night of care and anxious watchfulness, their morning broke without tale or tidings of the respected and now lamented officer. The Dublin party proceeded on their march to head-quarters, with the painful conviction on their mind that their gallant lieutenant had fallen a victim to the savage vengeance of the rebel Holt.

When the first beams of the morning's light broke through the crevices of the hovel's roof, it disclosed a horrid scene. Two of the unhappy wretches had yielded up their guilty spirits during the night, and the others lay senseless to all but the torment of their festering wounds. The lieutenant implored his guard to allow him to enjoy the invigorating air of the early morn, if only for a few minutes. His jaded senses required that relief: he had awoke from feverish dreams only to the keener reality of his error and misfortune. Great was his surprise and gratitude at finding his request complied with; and his guard was in the act of assisting him to rise, when some voice of authority suspended the movement until the bandage was placed over his eyes: this done, he was led forth. Some person appeared to enter as he departed; and he fancied he heard a prayer, in the Latin tongue, uttered in a low tone of voice. By the time he had reached, according to his calculation, a dozen yards from the hovel's entrance, he was halted, as if for the inspection of some, to him invisible, spectator; after which an order was given, in a tone of authority, (but in the Irish language,) which, after a few moments preparation, set the captive and his guard once more on the march. More than half an hour elapsed, during which period they were constantly ascending, ere the bandage was removed from the eyes of the lieutenant, when he was invited to repose by the guard, which had been increased to four. He cast his eyes around, but sought in vain the scene of the last night's horrors: all about him breathed peace and tranquillity. They had reached a verdant and sheltered spot, where the blooming heather, refreshed by the late rain, scented the air with its grateful perfume. The morning breeze, playing over his burning cheek, revived, with almost magical effect, his physical powers; while the painful certainty of his hopeless captivity, and probable execution before that glorious sun which now rose in splendour over the glistening mountain top should again set in darkness, weighed heavily on his heart. All his attempts to stifle the thoughts of wife, of children, and of home, were vain; they predominated over all others, and could not, for a moment, be banished from his tortured breast. He could not but believe that his doom had that morning been pronounced. The party whose arrival at the hovel caused such a stir, and before whom he was led, blindfolded, for inspection, was, perhaps, the Rebel Chief, into whose power he had so unguardedly thrown himself; or, if not the

chief, some second in authority, whose sanguinary decree would meet with prompt obedience. Would the Government consider his destitute family entitled to provision under all the circumstances of his failure? Stunned by these reflections, he resumed the march, passively, almost listlessly, moving beside his guard, wrapt in deep and gloomy meditation. After a silent march of two or three hours, they gradually wound their footsteps down the mountain side, and at length reached a secluded valley, through which a narrow rivulet flowed. On the bank of this stream stood a solitary cabin, of rude formation, two sides being afforded by nature, in the projecting points of a moss-covered rock; the others by walls of mud and straw; the roof securely thatched with the rough produce of the soil. There was an air of security in this romantic spot, (which appeared to be shut out from human observation,) that rendered it a most fitting place of retreat. A few domesticated goats browsed about, undisturbed in this peaceful little valley; all beyond and around which was wildness and desolation. As the party approached the cabin, three half-clad but robust children ran forth, as if to greet with their embraces some anxiously-expected visitors. The sight of these little ones kindled all the father's feelings in the heart of the poor captive: and when, on nearer approach, they accepted his proffered hands, he took the little savages one by one to his arms, while tears of fond recollection poured down his manly cheeks. The mother of these children, who appeared for a moment at the door of the cabin to answer the inquiry of one of the guard, beheld this affecting sight with all a mother's tenderness; and, retiring within the cabin, she returned in another minute with a large bason of milk and a piece of girdle-bread, which was respectfully presented to the lieutenant by one of his guards. Seated on the rivulet's bank, a short distance from the lowly dwelling, and surrounded by the children, he enjoyed in thankfulness his humble and, as he imagined, his last repast. During this period of repose and refreshment, he perceived, as he thought, a degree of restless anxiety in the countenance of his guards, who had evidently expected to see some superior in that lonely valley. One of the two men who had so kindly relieved his wants the night before, ascended the mountain's brow, at the desire of the woman; but returned to express, as the lieutenant supposed, (for the conversation was carried on in Irish,) his disappointment. A long consultation took place, the woman apparently urging delay, in which she was seconded by the guard who had passed the night at the hut, while the two strangers who had that morning joined seemed much disinclined for any. The lieutenant heard the word *general* mentioned as, on each occasion, one or other of the party looked up the mountain track. After a racking suspense of nearly an hour's duration, the guard moved slowly from the cabin, encircling their prisoner, who moved his hands in grateful thanks to the woman as he cast his last look on her and the children. Leaving the rivulet's side, the party proceeded through the valley, which darkened to the view as the impending rocks rose in awful and abrupt masses on either side, screening from sight the noonday sun. Suspicious looks, and low whispers, passed between the guards. The impatience of those who had that morning joined, and the unguessed reluctance of the others, to execute some im-

portant order, of which he was, of course, the object, left no doubt on the lieutenant's mind as to his approaching fate. Not more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they left the cabin, the direct distance from which could not have exceeded a furlong, when, after a brief altercation between his guards, one of those of the preceding night approached to his side, and, with evident emotion, announced that "*their march had ended!*" a sentence which struck on the ear of the captive as the signal for immediate death. His heart for a moment sank under the shock; the colour forsook his manly countenance as the thoughts of all most dear to him rushed on his distracted memory: he cast his eyes towards the blue unclouded heavens, which shone like a narrow streak of light above the horrid chasm, and on his knees resigned himself to silent prayer! With his face buried in his hands, he remained undisturbed for several minutes, and almost unconscious of existence, when he felt himself gently enfolded in the arms of some kind benevolent being. On opening his eyes, he beheld, kneeling beside him, a venerable looking man, in soiled and faded black clothes, who, with all the fervency of the priestly profession, entreated him to accept the consolations of religion in these his last moments of life!

The guards, on the approach of the priest, had withdrawn to some short distance; but as the doomed one cast his bewildered glance around, he perceived one of them armed with his own double-barrelled gun. Hitherto he had anticipated a horrid and ignominious death by the pike or the halter; it was therefore a relief to the gallant soldier's mind, to think (as appearances indicated) that he would at least meet a soldier's death! Even that thought brought its consolation. Grateful for the attentions of the reverend Father, he felt all the difficulty of declining, without offence, his spiritual aid; but the kind pastor, availing himself of the privilege of his sacred office, to extend the respite between life and death to the latest possible moment, listened to those communications on his worldly affairs which the afflicted lieutenant thought fit to confide to him. He was requested to write to his wife (whom her devoted husband already considered a forlorn widow) all the circumstances of his capture, his sufferings, and ultimate fate! Then taking a kind farewell of the deeply-affected priest, he declared to his approaching executioners his readiness to meet his fate. With trembling hands and palpitating heart, the good pastor took on himself the last sad office of placing the bandage over the eyes of the victim; and, with a fervent benediction and invocation to divine mercy, was about to hurry from the horrid scene, when the shriek of a female voice—the cries of "STOP! STOP!"—the sound of fast approaching footsteps—fixed him to the spot. Standing, with uplifted arms and exposed breast, in front of the kneeling lieutenant, he suspended the execution. In another minute, the bandage was torn from the captive's eyes by that generous woman who had so lately and kindly relieved his necessities. She was followed by a stern but care-worn looking man, in plain attire, but armed at all points, whose angry chidings could not, for a moment, arrest her humane purpose. After him crept the children, with fearful step; and when they saw their mother raise the drooping lieutenant from

his kneeling posture, they instantly ran towards him and renewed their caresses.

"O spare his life, husband of my heart!" cried the woman. "O father of my children have mercy upon him! On my bare knees, I ask it."

The poor children, seeing their mother on her knees, in the attitude of supplication, happily unconscious of the awful cause, knelt beside her; and, catching the infection of her tears, put up their little hands, and cried aloud—"O father, father!"

The husband advanced towards his captive with haughty stride and scornful brow, while his quivering lip and moistened eye betrayed his better feelings.

"Look!" said he, while his varied passions almost choked his utterance—"Look upon that poor woman! now pleading, on her knees, for the life of him who came, under a mean disguise, into the last wretched retreat your cruel government has left us—our wild and desolate mountains—to destroy the life of her husband! her only support or protection on earth! and throw these poor innocents, destitute and despised, on a hard unfeeling world. Behold the REBEL CHIEF! the proscribed, the hated HOLZ! whose blood you were sworn to shed, now before you! These"—pointing to the papers of which the lieutenant had been despoiled the previous day—"inform me of all your plans! and this proclamation shows for *what* you sought my blood. Oh," added the rebel in a subdued and melancholy tone, "one half of this reward would have transported me and mine to a far distant land of liberty; but nothing but my blood will satisfy your rulers. You see, sir," said the chief, scornfully, "that we can yet defend ourselves!"

The lieutenant would not condescend to offer a word in vindication of his share in the expedition; and, scorning to supplicate for life with such an enemy, he folded his arms, and coolly said—"I am in your power, chief—take your revenge!"

The peculiarly broad Scotch accent in which these words were uttered seemed to startle the rebel; who hastily called one of the guards to his side, who received from his chief some angry rebuke, and a command to order the others to fall back. Turning to the lieutenant, he again addressed him, saying—

"No, sir—your life is now safe! but had you been an *Irishman*, as your name implies,* by Him who died for us on the cross, you should have been shot like a dog, and your bones left to bleach on the wildest crag of our naked mountain! As it is, your life is no longer in danger. Thank that broken-hearted woman for the delay that saved it. She saw you caress her children; she felt that you were a father; and for the sake of *that* father, who, God knows how soon, may stand in need of all their prayers, she pleaded for your life; and it is now granted."

The rebel chief then raised his still kneeling wife, and pressed her fondly to his heart; then, turning once more to the captive, said—

"You must be content to remain our prisoner, and share our mountain misery for a few days. The same men who have been your guards shall remain with you, as well to prevent escape as to protect you

* The Lieutenant bore the name of a family peculiarly obnoxious to the Irish in those days.

against the vengeance of others. The blood of five poor souls lies on your head, and those who sent you; but fear nothing from me."

Then, taking up a child in each arm, whom he alternately kissed, he strode away towards the solitary cabin, closely followed by his wife. The good priest, with tears of joy in his eyes, took an arm of the lieutenant in kind support, who on the other bore the youngest child of this ill-fated pair, whose little arm was entwined round his neck. In this order, followed by the guard, the whole party reached the miserable cabin, into an inner apartment of which the lieutenant was led; the interior, consisting of three comfortless chambers, presented a melancholy picture of that state of danger and privation to which this once respectable family had been reduced. Here, left to his reflections, the poor captive found leisure to contemplate his strange and anomalous situation. But, half an hour before, the doomed and detested enemy—now the pardoned and protected *guest* of the rebel chief. While pondering on the strange events of the last twenty-four hours, and still half doubtful of his ultimate fate, one of the men left to guard him broke in on his reveries, to intimate that the priest was about to take his departure, and had obtained the chief's leave to receive the lieutenant's commands. The worthy man entered; and, having expressed his joy at the happy termination of the captive's late heavy trial, renewed his promise to write to the wife of the officer. But *how* to announce the glad tidings of his safety?

"My mission," said the priest, "into these wild scenes is now accomplished. I am permitted to communicate to your family your personal safety—more I know not. Led into these dreary regions in the darkness of the blind, even so I must return on quitting this valley. Miles must be traversed ere I gain my well-known road, and then the light of heaven will be restored to me. Though death and danger stand in our path, the ministers of our religion dare not deny the Christian's rite whenever it is demanded—even to the guilty outlaw. Farewell, stranger! Your bidding shall be faithfully performed. And, O may the mercy of the rebel teach your heart the lesson of pity and forgiveness! Heaven prosper you!"

In a few minutes the noise of a horse's footsteps called the attention of the lieutenant, who, peeping from the single pane which formed the window of his prison, beheld the good pastor depart with bandaged eyes, taking the route up the mountain's side by which he had himself that morning descended. The horse was led by one of the ragged crew, while another walked beside it, each armed with a pike and pistol. Exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, the prisoner sought that repose which his late sufferings demanded. And here we must leave him—secure at least of life—to take a view of what was passing in the capital.

On the evening of that eventful day, the defeated party reached Dublin. The sergeant who took the command, on the supposed massacre of his officer, was next day examined before a privy council, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of all the events of their brief but calamitous expedition. Rendered furious by fresh defeat, and disappointed vengeance, that sanguinary party, to whose dominions the destinies of unhappy Ireland had been too long

committed, were loud in their demand for fresh sacrifices. All moderate measures, all invitations to concession and surrender, were denounced; and vengeance was their cry! Alas! against whom? A poor unfortunate outcast, who scorned their power; but yet one whom a word of kind promise would have brought a voluntary captive within the castles. Blood had already been profusely shed—accursed martial law, with all its horrors, had contaminated and despoiled the land. Executions, attended with all the brutalizing and disgusting butcheries consequent to a conviction for high treason—the hanging, beheading and embowelling, (literally performed,) had stained and polluted every leading street of the metropolis. Yet was there one party unsated, whose cry was still—"More blood!" A fresh expedition to the mountains, consisting of one thousand light troops, was recommended; a renewed proclamation issued, increasing the reward for Holt's body, dead or alive, to ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS!!! and a free pardon to his betrayer or assassin. These had scarcely been posted on the walls of the city, when intelligence reached the family of the lieutenant of his perfect safety, with the addition that he owed his life to the clemency of the generous Holt! The letter, written by the priest to the lieutenant's wife, appeared in all the papers; many of the proclamations were, in the course of that night, torn down or defaced, and songs and placards in favour of the brave Holt substituted. All this was wormwood to that odious party whose names will descend to posterity with merited execration.

The untalented, but merciful and humane Earl Hardwicke, was the Viceroy of that day; who, following the counsels of the British Cabinet, had hitherto resigned himself to the guidance of the dominant party, but now called to his confidence and aided the few enlightened patriots who boldly withstood their country's degradation, and proudly maintained their independent station, untainted by bigotry, unsubdued by corruption, and unawed by those terrors which sent to exile or the grave so many of the friends of freedom and of law. Under their advice, the plan of a general amnesty was drawn up, in order to be submitted to the British government, and one which would embrace the greater number of the deluded rebel party that yet remained in arms. This measure was, of course, warmly opposed by those whose trade was discord, who lived on the distractions of their common country; but was hailed by the more humane and politic as a coming blessing to the long distracted nation.

In the course of a week the lieutenant himself arrived at the headquarters of his regiment, having been unconditionally released. He reported that, within the last few days of his captivity, an important change in his treatment had taken place: his gun had been restored to him, together with his watch and other property; he had been allowed the range of the mountains, with only one man as his escort, and him he considered more as a protector than a guard. The chieftain's band had been dissolved, and had retired by numbers each night to their different destinations; but few remained of the once powerful Holt's rebel party; and those apparently his own relations or dependents.

The chief himself disappeared for a few days; but, on his return to his lonely cabin, he hastily removed

his family, and, within a few minutes from their departure, the humble fabric was consigned to the flames! Holt, seizing the arm of the lieutenant, and pointing to the blaze, exclaimed—"Behold, sir, the last poor shelter of the rebel chief is now destroyed! You are free! Your guard shall guide you to within a short distance of a military post. We have now nothing to conceal; and you will travel with open eyes. Farewell."

The lieutenant expressed his sense of this generous conduct; and, taking the chieftain's hand, bestowed a grateful pressure, as he bade him farewell, wishing him happier days.

"One week more sir," replied Holt, "and I shall be happier, or in my grave!" Then, pressing the officer's hand, he hastily withdrew.

A few days subsequent to the lieutenant's return, an unusual bustle and whispering in the castle and its purlieus, indicated that some important event had occurred. The preparation for the march of the battalion of light infantry for the Wicklow Mountains were all at once suspended; and, to add to the surprise of speculators, a regiment of Highlanders, which had long occupied the position on the new line of road in that district, for the defence of the works, was called in. The usual conjectures—a French fleet off Bantry Bay, or Loughswilly, or Galway, formed the gossip of the passing hour; but, in another day, the mystery was cleared up, by the public announcement, that the rebel general, Holt, was a prisoner in Dublin castle!

The lovers of military law, and of the atrocities which that law sanctioned, were rejoicing in the prospect of another victim, when their hopes and expectations were suddenly checked, by a piece of intelligence, which set the "loyal" in a frenzy: no less than that Holt had made his peace with Government, and was to be allowed to depart, himself and family, to the colonies, under his Majesty's pardon, and at the expense of the Crown!

It was not until the lapse of some weeks that all the circumstances of the surrender of this extraordinary character became known; and, as they were of a romantic, and rather heroic description, the name of Holt obtained a degree of honourable celebrity for the while, which his former fortunes could not have promised; while they threw a veil of pity over his past errors.

On the dispersion of his followers, he collected, from the various places of concealment in which they had for years been secreted, whatever remained of his once respectable property; and having released the officer, and restored those articles, of which he had been deprived, he removed his family to some place of safety; then, assuming the plain dress of the ordinary farmers of that county, found means of eluding all the military posts and patrols during a rapid night march, and arrived in the suburbs of Dublin, unobserved and unknown. Here, it would appear, he must have remained a day or two in secret, collecting such information as the newspapers afforded, or as his private friends in the city could convey. He learned the safe arrival of the lieutenant, and saw the fresh proclamation for his apprehension or death, in which his person was (fortunately for him) most inaccurately described; a copy of which he found no difficulty in obtaining. With that in his pocket, and a paper, written by a friend,

in the name of Fitzpatrick, addressed to Mr. H—a magistrate of the county of Wicklow, (and a gentleman holding a confidential office under the Crown,) in which offers were made to give some important intelligence respecting the rebel Holt, he boldly rode off for that gentleman's residence, situated about fifteen miles from Dublin. This was a daring proceeding of Holt, in his native country too; but he had set his life upon the hazard.

Arriving at an early hour in the forenoon, he found, paraded in front of the mansion, the corps of yeomanry, which the magistrate commanded, many of whom had been within the length of the rebel's pike in the hour of action; but before whose gaze their late formidable chief now quietly passed unheeded, to present his credentials to the servant in waiting.

In a few minutes he was summoned to the study of Mr. H—, whom he found at his table, amidst a mass of papers, the most prominent of which was the new proclamation. The chimney-rack was filled with arms of all descriptions; and the captain's holster pistols, which he had just finished loading, lay beside him on his table. He eyed Holt with a scrutinizing glance as he entered, but could perceive nothing in his calm and quiet appearance to excite fear or suspicion; however, to show that he was not to be taken by surprise, he took up one of his pistols, as if examining the priming, remarking that "in these times, it behoved every one to be on his guard; and now, Mr. Fitzpatrick, be seated." Holt drew his chair close to the magistrate's table, whose hand still rested on his pistol, and who thus continued—"You tell me in this letter that the person of Holt is known to you?"

"Perfectly, sir, as well as my own brother's! I have known him from childhood," answered the rebel.

"Look, then, at this description," said the magistrate, offering the proclamation to Holt.

"I have one, sir," (unfolding that which he had brought from town,) "and certainly see some slight difference; but to me all descriptions are unnecessary; and, furthermore, sir, I can now give you a solemn assurance that I have the means of placing the rebel in *your* hands!"

"Then the reward shall, in that case, be yours; but why not have given information at the castle? when a sufficient force might have been sent with you to ensure his capture."

"Force, captain! ah, no! Holt never can be taken by force! You shall shortly know my reasons for making *you* the instrument of his capture; but for myself, it is not the temptation of the high reward that leads me to surrender him; for, O God! 'tis hard to give up a fellow-creature to an ignominious death, for the sake of paltry gold! to sacrifice a broken-hearted, and, perhaps, penitent man and his innocent family, for the lucre of money; not a guinea of which could ever bring luck or grace on the betrayer. No, sir, there are higher and better motives for my appearance here—the peace and tranquillity of the country I love."

"Whatever are your motives, Mr. Fitzpatrick, I trust you do not mean to deceive or baffle us; if you do, sir, we have our remedy, you know. You should recollect that this rebel has been for years the terror of our country, the enemy of his King and his Government."

"No, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Holt, with an energy that rather startled the magistrate, "of the Government only—not of the King! It is my belief, that were the Lord Lieutenant to offer the poor man his life and liberty, he would withdraw for ever from the scene of his past crimes, and from the country, in which he has now neither house nor home, friend nor protector."

"That may be your opinion, sir; but no terms will ever be made with the rebel until he is in the power of Government; for what security could he offer for his compliance, even supposing that the Lord Lieutenant humanely consented to accept of his submission on these terms?"

"His honour, sir!" replied the rebel, with an emphasis which in an instant raised a feeling of suspicion in the magistrate's mind that he was conversing, if not with Holt himself, with some one of his band in the immediate confidence of the chief. He grasped his pistol, while he alternately glanced at the description given in the proclamation and the form and features of his visitor; then fixing his full dark eye on the yet unmoved and firm countenance of the stranger, authoritatively demanded—

"And pray, sir, who are *you* that thus so confidently vouch for the honour of the rebel chief?"

"Himself!—the unfortunate Holt!"

The magistrate attempted to raise the pistol, on which his hand had for some time rested; but ere he could accomplish the movement, one was close to his head, in the firm grasp of the rebel's hand, who, in a tone of humility and supplication, cried—

"Easy, easy, captain! Your hand, sir, must not be soiled by my poor blood; or, if it must be so, *we die together!* Hear me, sir. I promised to explain why I made *you* the instrument of the rebel's capture. You have been a blessing to our poor country under all its misfortunes, and often arrested the hand of the murderer from the throat of his unresisting victim. Unable to check the atrocities you hourly witnessed, without compromising your own character for loyalty, (that hackneyed cant-word of the tyrants of our island,) you have seen our poor houses in flames—our herds destroyed or plundered, our crops trampled upon—and ourselves hunted like wild beasts, by a brutal foreign soldiery, or the still more savage native yeomanry let loose upon us to drive us to that rebellion which the Government itself provoked. You have seen all this; but *you*, sir, never wantonly oppressed us. Not a stick of your plantations, not a hair of your cattle, nor a sheaf of your crops, have ever been injured or plundered by me or mine. Whilst others were the firebrands to keep alive the flame of the rebellion, you, sir, were always the peace-maker to mediate between the weak misguided rebel and the all-powerful Government. To you, sir, I surrender myself!—do all you can to protect my poor wife and children, then dispose of me as you please."

Then drawing from beneath his coat another pistol, he placed the muzzles of both towards his own breast, while he thrust them forward to the hands of the magistrate, saying, "Now, sir, the Rebel Holt is your defenceless prisoner."

A thousand conflicting feelings agitated the breast of the magistrate, a man whose humanity was equal to his courage, (and both were unquestionable.) All that rancorous feeling which, a few moments before,

he entertained towards the daring rebel gradually yielded to sentiments of pity for his misfortunes, and admiration at his magnanimity. Ardently did he long to save him; but there was a bigoted council, and justly exasperated Government, to be won over to the side of mercy. His chief hope rested on the well-known humanity of the Lord Lieutenant. To see his Excellency—to make the *first* impression—was the great object of the magistrate's solicitude. A pledge once given by the humane Hardwicke, would ensure the safety of the rebel's life. His resolve was instantaneous. Ringing his bell, he ordered four horses for Dublin, without a moment's delay; and intimated to Holt the necessity for his being confined to the house till his return; assuring him that his name should not be divulged, and that no restraint, beyond confinement to the House, would be imposed on him. The officer next in command of the troops was called in, and informed that the stranger had made some important disclosures, and had still further communications to make to Government, and must not be lost sight of for one instant; but no questions were to be asked or answered, except as to his personal wants, which the servants were ordered to attend to. With a mind oppressed by anxiety, but still not wholly divested of hope, the worthy magistrate set off for Dublin Castle; and, in the course of a long and secret audience with the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, he rendered a full and, of course, the most favourable account of his most extraordinary interview that morning with the Rebel Chief, concluding with the announcement of his unconditional submission to his Excellency's clemency. Pity, mercy, and sound policy prevailed over all narrow or vengeful feelings. The pledge was given; and Mr. H—— that evening returned to his mansion, the joyful messenger of pardon and of peace.

Next morning, without any parade, or even an escort of troops, the magistrate conveyed Holt in his carriage to Dublin Castle, where, for safety, he was lodged in the apartments appropriated for State prisoners.

Every information which the grateful Holt could afford was given with fidelity, and with no ordinary show of talent, shrewdness, and good sense, during his several examinations before the Privy Council. He acted as guide to the band of general and engineer officers who proceeded to the Wicklow Mountains to examine the various positions in which the rebel chief for so many years had sustained himself. Passes through apparently unfathomable gulphs, (the mere existence of which rested but on traditional accounts)—by means of which, communications were held with distant posts with a rapidity which baffled all professional calculation—were explored under his guidance. New lines of road, branching off from the great military way then in progress, were suggested and marked out by the intelligent Holt, as opening a ready access to the very heart of the mountain recesses. These, and every other service he could render, were his peace-offering and atonement for past offences, and an humble testimony of gratitude for Royal clemency.

In another month the fallen chieftain, from the deck of the vessel which conveyed this wretched family to a far distant shore, cast a long and lingering look on the blue hills of romantic Wicklow, the

scene of his triumph and of his sorrows; and, pressing to his bosom the faithful partner of his past perils and future fortunes, he bestowed a tear and a blessing on the country of his heart.

From Chambers' Journal.

A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

SOME of the greatest distinctions amongst the people of this country arise from the trades and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster, and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own peculiar characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes and tone of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who imagine themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native land. We will answer for it that there are few who have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenware we are daily using, from the common red flower-pot to the most superb table-services of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or lamb resting under a highly verdurous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments for the mantel-piece, or chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them? Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Peak of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of considerable elevation, and intervening valleys, and to those who travel through it by night, presents a remarkable appearance. The whole region appears one of mingled light and darkness. Lights are seen scattered all over a great extent in every direction—some burning steadily, others huge flitting flames, as if vomited from the numerous mouths of furnaces or pits on fire. Some are far below you, some glare aloft as in mountainous holds. The darkness exaggerates the apparent heights and depths at which these flames appear, and you imagine yourself in a much more rugged and wild region than you really are. Daylight undeceives you in this respect, but yet reveals scenery that to the greater number of passengers is strange and new.

They see a country which in its natural features is pleasing, bold to a certain degree, and picturesque to a still greater. There is the infant Trent, a small stream winding down from its source in the moorlands towards the lovely grounds of Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, through a fine expanded and winding valley, beyond which rises the heathy heads of moorland hills towards Leek. Among and between the pottery towns are scattered well cultivated fields, and the houses of the wealthy potters, in sweet situations, and enveloped in noble trees; but the towns themselves are strange enough. As you overlook them from some height, they appear huge stretches of conglomerated brick houses, chiefly of one size and kind, interspersed with, here and there, a much larger one, with great square manufactories; with tall engine chimneys vomiting black volumes of smoke, and with tall conical erections, much like those of glass manufactories, which are the pot-hovels in which they bake their wares in ovens or furnaces. As you advance, new characteristics present themselves at every step. Except just in the centre of each town—for, to use the lofty language of a historian of the Potteries, they are a *catenation* of several towns, though the dwellings of one reach pretty near to those of the other, as Lane-End, Lane-Delph, Stoke, Shelton, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, &c.—You see no good shops, or houses which indicate a middle class, such as, in fact, the majority of common towns are composed of. There are, generally speaking, but two classes of houses as of people—the thousands of those of the working order, and the fine massy and palace-like abodes of the wealthy employers. In the outskirts, and particularly about Lane-End, you find an odd jumble of houses, gardens, yards, heaps of cinders and scoria from the works, clay-pits, clay-heaps, roads made of broken pots, blacking and soda-water bottles that perished prematurely, not being able to bear "the furnace of affliction," and so are cast out "to be trodden under foot of man;" garden walls partly raised of banks of black earth crumbling down again, partly an attempt at a post-and-rail, with some dead gorse thrust under it; but more especially by piles of seggars, that is, a yellowish looking sort of stone pot, having much the aspect of a bushel-measure, in which they bake their pottery ware. Many of these seggars are piled up also into walls of sheds and pig-stys. The prospects which you get as you march along, particularly between one town and another, consist chiefly of coal-pits, and huge steam-engines to clear them of water, clay-pits, brick-yards, ironstone mines, and new roads making and hollows levelling with the inexhaustible material of the place, fragments of stoneware.

As you proceed, you find, in the dirtiest places, troops of dirty children, and, if it be during working hours, you will see few people besides. You pass large factory after factory, which are generally built round a quadrangle with a great archway of approach for people and waggons. There you see a chaos of crates and casks in the quadrangle; and in the windows of the factory next the street, earthenware of all sorts piled up, cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, tea-pots, mustard-pots, inkstands, pyramids and basins, painted dishes and beautifully enamelled china dishes and covers, and, ever and anon, a giant jug, filling half a window with its bulk, and fit only to hold the beer

of a Brobdignag monarch. In smaller factories, and house windows, you see similar displays of wares of a common stamp; copper-lustre jugs, and tea things, as they call them, of tawdry colouring and coarse quality, and heaps of figures of dogs, cats, mice, men, sheep, goats, horses, cows, &c., &c., all painted in glaring tints laid plentifully on; painted pot marbles, and drinking mugs for Anne, and Charlotte and William, with their names upon them in letters of pink or purple, or, where the mugs are of porcelain, in letters of gold.

While you are thus advancing, and making your observations, you will generally find your feet on a good foot-path, paved with the flat sides of a darkish sort of brick; but, ever and anon, you will also find your soles crunching and grinding on others, composed of the fragments of cockspurs, stilts and triangles, or, in other words, of little white sticks of pot, which they put between their wares in the furnace, to prevent them from running together. You pass the large and handsome mansions of the master potters, standing amid the ocean of dwellings of their workmen. You meet huge barrels on wheels, white with the overflowing of their contents, which is slip, or the materials for earthenware in a liquid state as it comes from the mills where it is ground; and at the hour of leaving the factories for meals, or for the night, eut pour and swarin about you men in long white aprons, all whitened themselves as if they had been working amongst pipe-clay, young women in troops, and boys without number. All this time imagine yourself marching beneath great clouds of smoke, and breathing various vapours of arsenic, muriatic acid, sulphur, and spirits of tartar, and you will have some *taste* and *smell*, as well as a view, of the Potteries; and, notwithstanding all which, they are as healthy as any manufacturing district whatever.

Such is a tolerable picture of the external aspect of the Potteries, but it would be very imperfect still, if we did not point out all the large chapels that are scattered throughout the whole region, and the plastering of huge placard on placard on almost every blank wall, and at every street corner, giving you notice of—plays, and horse riders, and raffles? No: but of sermons upon sermons; sermons here, sermons there, sermons every where! There are sermons for the opening of schools and chapels, sermons for aiding the infirmary, for Sunday schools and infant schools, announcements of missionary meetings and temperance meetings, and, perhaps, for political meetings also, for it is difficult to say whether the spirit of religion or politics flourishes most in the district.

The Potteries are, in fact, one of the strongholds of dissent and democracy. Nine-tenths of the population are dissenters. The towns have sprung up rapidly, and, comparatively, in a few years, and the inhabitants naturally associate themselves with popular opinions both in government and religion. They do not belong to the ancient times, nor therefore to the ancient order of things. They seem to have as little natural alliance with aristocratic interests and establishments of religion as America itself. This people, indeed, are a busy swarm, that seem to have sprung out of the ground on which they tread, and claim as much right to mould their own opinions as to mould their own pottery. The men have always

been noted for the freedom of their opinions, as well as for the roughness of their manners. But in this latter respect they are daily improving. Nearly twenty years ago, we have seen some things there which made us stare. We have seen a whole mob, men, women, and children, collect round a couple of young Quaker ladies, and follow them along the streets in perfect wonder at their costume; and we have seen a great potter walk straight through a group of ladies, on the footpath, in his white apron and dusty clothes, instead of stepping off the path; and all that with the most perfect air of innocent simplicity, as if it were the most proper and polite thing in the world. We also remarked at that time that scarcely a dog was kept by the workmen but it was a bull-dog; a pretty clear indication of their prevailing tastes. But their chapels and schools, temperance societies, and literary societies, and mechanics' institutions, have produced their natural effects, and there is no reason to believe that the population of the Potteries is behind the population of other manufacturing districts in manners or morals. Were it otherwise, indeed, a world of social and religious exertion would have been made in vain. It is not to be supposed that such men as the Wedgwoods, the Spodes, the Ridgways, the Meighs, &c. &c., men who not only have acquired princely fortunes there, but have laboured to diffuse the influence of their intelligence and good taste around them with indefatigable activity, should have worked to no purpose. Nay, the air of growing cleanliness and comfort, the increase of more elegant shops, of banks, and covered markets, are of themselves evidence of increased refinement, and therefore of knowledge. One proof of the growth of knowledge we could not help smiling at the other day. We had noticed some years ago that a public-house with the sign of a leopard was always called the Spotted Cat; nobody knew it by any other name; but now, such is the advance of natural history, that, as if to eradicate the name of spotted cat for ever, the figure of the beast is dashed out by the painter's brush, and the words, The Leopard, painted in large letters, in its stead.

As in most populous districts, the Methodists have here done much to improve and reform the mass. John Wesley planted his church here, and his disciples, under the various names of Wesleyans, New and Primitive Methodists, are numerous. The New Methodists have in Shelton one of the largest chapels they have in the kingdom. The very Christian names abounding here seem to imply that there has long been in the people a great veneration for the Scriptures. In no part of the country do the names of the Old Testament so much prevail. We verily believe that a complete catalogue of the population would present a majority of such names. Every other name that you meet is Moses, or Aaron, Elisha, Daniel, or Job. This peculiarity may be seen in the names of almost all the potters of eminence. It is Josiah and Aaron Wedgwood, Josiah Spode, Enoch Wood and Aaron Wood, Jacob Warburton, Elijah Mayer, Ephraim Chatterley, Joshua Heath, Enoch Booth, Ephraim Hobson, Job Meigh, &c. &c. Fenton the poet, who was from Fenton in the Potteries, was *Elijah* Fenton.

But if the potters have been fond of ancient and patriarchal names, they have been equally fond of

modern improvements and discoveries in their art; and when we recollect that little more than a century ago the Potteries were mere villages, their wares rude, their names almost unknown in the country, and now behold the beauty and variety of their articles, which they send to every part of the world, not excepting China itself; when we see the vast population here employed and maintained in comfort, the wealth which has been accumulated, and the noble warehouses full of earthenware of every description, we must feel that there is no part of England in which the spirit and enterprise of the nation have been more conspicuous.

From the Metropolitan.

A WELSH BARD AND THE PROPHET BROTHERS.

SOME ten or a dozen years ago, death robbed Wales of a worthy known there by the title of *Jolo Morganwg*, *bardd with fruit, a defod Beirdd yrys Pridain*; "Bard according to the rights and institutes of the bards of the island of Britain:" whose lot, although cast unfortunate and in a humble sphere, prevented not a poetical existence from hearing traits of interest, or from echoing to our social agitations in the profound retreats of thought and fancy, as may the depths of ocean to the storms along its surface.

This late successor to the harp of "wilde Cambria" had come of a father who was a mason, and who brought up his sons to the same craft; but of a mother of whom it was ever a pride to him to relate how she descended from a superior though decayed family, and that of her he had learned to read English, in a book of verses called the *Vocal Miscellany*. She also sang; and the hymns she warbled to his infancy thrilled in his memory through life. By all but her he had been looked upon in his youth as stupid and unintelligent; for he was then silent and moody; without language for what he felt; a frequenter of woods and solitudes, meditating on nature as on a volume full of matter, but in an unknown tongue.

Such he continued until about twenty-five years old, when, his mother dying, he fled his home, and travelled as a journeyman mason into England. And now it was that he first betook himself seriously to books, as to the study of the great outward type of other men's thoughts;—in vain seeking a medium for the deeper vibrations of his own being,—in vain any key to the shadows which encompassed him, or some glimpse into the mysteries that beset and appalled him like enigmas of the Sphinx. And while thus straggling down the "broad way" of Society, he continued to the end fiery and indignant in resisting the modern Procrustes, and preserving his nature from the trivial standard,—a warfare of manifold sufferings! Notwithstanding which, and the neglect and penury that were its ultimate consequences, perhaps the part of his destiny which more peculiarly oppressed him, lay in certain hard thoughts and misconstructions, and in the perplexity in which even himself lived and died, about his own principles; for his emotions, his sensibilities, his senti-

ment, his reason, were all in perpetual conflict, and impelling him in ever-varying directions!

And so he pilgrimed it on through life, latterly, in his native vale of Glamorgan, with a walking-stick higher than his head, and a wallet of books and papers across his shoulder. Often he might be seen, like Ben Jonson, with a book in one hand and his towel in the other. When he had learned to fabricate his thoughts and fancies into Welsh phrase and metre, he entered the Bardic order after the rites transmitted from the Druids, and was then everywhere welcomed by the *Cymry*, for the sake of the song, the *Englyn*, or the tale of old times. He also wooed the muse, not unsuccessfully, in English; and having attracted attention by some electioneering verses, he was presently encouraged to give to the public two volumes of English poems by subscription. While in London, under the care of publication, upon this and other similar occasions, several who moved in the higher walks of literature distinguished him with their notice; and by some of them haply, he may not yet be forgotten. Indeed, there is a letter of Mr. Southey's published, in which he says, that in memorial of respect he had shadowed the old bard under the name of *Jolo*, in his *Roderick*. It has also been said that at the literary meetings of Saturday nights at Longman's the bard had attended and astonished them all, particularly Mr. Ellis, Mr. Canning's friend, who was pleased to invite our "journeyman mason" to his house. In his "gurgulous old age" he used to take credit for having once posed Godwin with a long-winded argument at a Mr. Clive's; where they used to dine weekly, with Gilbert Wakefield, Harris, Priestly, Aikin, Barbauld, Dr. Abraham Rees, and some others. He had even asked Dr. Johnson, at a bookseller's shop, which of the two English grammars was the best; and received for answer, that "either was good enough for him." But beyond all was the adventure which our title indicates, to hold his admiring countrymen agape.

For the fame of the prophet RICHARD BROTHER'S had extended into Wales, and lingers even yet amongst her mountains. It is not forgotten there with what high pretension he came forward as Nephew of God and King of the Hebrews, to lead his people into the plains of Jordan, there to establish the New Jerusalem. Nor was his mission to those only who at present belonged to the synagogue: but, adopting the doctrine of Metempsychosis, he would recognise by a peculiar light in the left eye all whose souls had ever animated a circumcised body; and he even made honourable distinction of those who had been of the tribe of Judah in any former stage of existence. It was as such that he challenged Mr. Pitt, and some of the royal family, for his especial assistants. His plans, too, for the projected city amazed even persons skilled in architecture, by the magnificence and beauty of his "celestial order." Neither were his implicit followers few nor despicable. The gifted Haltedred, whose story was so tinged with the colours of romance, and whose accomplished *minderrant* seemed to escape from one Magick-Castle of Thought, only to fall spell-bound into another, had now come forward with this conviction that this was the predicted lion of the tribe of Judah.

Our bard, happening to be in London in those days, was easily led by curiosity, and that David

Williams to whom poor authors are indebted for the Literary Fund, to pay a personal visit to Brothers, under guise of purchasing his Book of Prophecies, which, after a custom formerly not uncommon, he sold at his own house. Here they met Brothers himself, who invited them into a parlour, where they took seats, and were courteously entertained by him. Nor was it long before they felt themselves strangely affected by his converse. For as he described to them the manner in which the revelations had been communicated to him by angels,—often heard in the very room where they then sat, and often visibly crossing him in his solitary walks,—the lustre of countenance with which his heaven-ward soul rayed forth on them, made our Welshmen's hearts burn within them while he spoke, and ceased not for a long while after to haunt their imaginations.

At that time Brothers was everywhere the topic of conversation; and our bard omitted not, upon occasion, to entertain his companions with the narrative of his own visit to the prophet. But one day, at a dinner-party, he had come, after sundry ambages, to a somewhat high-flown description of the angelic sounds in which the revelations had been communicated to Brothers, when he was suddenly dumb-founded by a fiery navy captain, with only one arm and one eye, who offered to wager him a thousand pounds that it was all the doings of a certain little French ventriloquist, by whom the said captain, amongst the rest, had been frightened out of "Will's" only a night or two before. The Welsh stone-cutter, altogether gravelled by the offer of such a bet, was fain to retreat from his position by promising to pay a second visit to Brothers, to try and detect the practices of this Frenchman; who was described, by the way, as a person of low stature, affecting a naval dress, and addicted to the display of a pair of legs, the calves of which cut in at a right angle.

But when, in much simplicity, he set about to redeem his promise, the object of this second visit had well-nigh been defeated, even at the threshold; for Brothers now recognised the mark of his elect in the twinkling gray eye of his visitant, and with a bright and beaming countenance was about to welcome him into the new faith. The bard, however, recovered himself enough to bring about the projected questions. Nor at first, indeed, did Brothers show any reluctance in his replies. He said that the angels, three or four in number, always met him in his walks veiled, and never appeared in his house, although often heard there; and that the revelations, although clothed in varied aerial sounds, did seem to come from only one voice. He even acknowledged, with some hesitation, that beneath their veils the angels appeared dressed in no celestial fashion. "But why," said he, "should they not assume the garb of the time and place of their appearance? And who, now, could bear the splendour of immortal countenances?" However he soon became unable to restrain his agitation; and upon the inquiry as to whether he had observed anything peculiar in the legs of one of them, he besought the object of such interrogation, with an emotion that to our bard was altogether convincing. Yet, wishing to proceed circumspectly in so grave a matter, he postponed the explanation to a future day.

But to poor Brothers that day never arrived; for, of a sudden, government threw him into prison, and

thus disconcerted all the bard's plans for a discovery. Yet he presently cast about, and taking pen in hand, indited an epistle to Mr. Pitt, setting forth his opinion of the manner in which Brothers had been practised upon, and how the origin of the matter appeared likely to be French. In reply came a note from the minister, requesting an interview at the Treasury, at a time appointed. When the bard repaired thither, he was shown, as he used with some complacency to relate, into a room of great length, from one end to the other of which extended a table, surrounded with chairs, each opposite a portable writing-desk. Presently the "heaven-born minister" entered, and astonished him with the presence of a civil, ordinary, snub-nosed, gentleman. When the merits, as above, had been canvassed, Pitt intimated an intention to sift the matter, and promised further communication; but afterwards again the object of government proved to be sufficiently answered by having the influence of this spiritual monarch limited to Bedlam.

To our bard, however, the "divine madness" of the prophet was never any proof that he had not been the dupe of others; and he would often contend before his admiring *Cymry*, that such an hypothesis had no small corroboration in the fact that not only among the prophet's followers were Bryan and Wright, who declared that such a deliverer of the Jews had been shadowed in the *revelations at Avignon*; but also in that Bryan (who was not unlike to Brothers in radiance of countenance, and a calm but most infectious enthusiasm) had been himself in the first place spirited to Avignon by a voice heard in the night, while he resided at Bristol. To that cabal at Avignon, therefore, it appeared to him not unreasonable to attribute the origin of these projects of Brothers, as well, perhaps, as of others, that have now and then startled us with their explosion beneath the feet of Time. Our bard also learned of his friend Mr. Southey, (whose attention and interest had been caught by the same matter,) that a commission once issued from the Inquisition at Rome to ferret out the constitution, aims, and practices of the Avignon Society; but that the report which the commissioners published so quickly disappeared, that Mr. Southey never could procure a copy, even although he sought for it through persons of no inconsiderable influence in Italy.

From the Metropolitan.

WHAT DE FELLEBERG HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION.

THIS is a little book, but the subject of which it treats is the greatest which can occupy the attention of civilized man. This subject is education, in its widest and highest sense, including moral training, as also the art of bettering the physical condition of the poor, by teaching them practically and theoretically the great science of agriculture. We believe that while preserving the secrecy of the name, we may state that the volume has been published under the auspices of a person not less distinguished by rank than an ardent philanthropy, and a generous anxiety for all that tends to promote the morals and well-being of society. It is sad to reflect how little

has been done in England to direct attention to the important experiments that have been long in progress in Switzerland. In our own reading we have scarcely met with anything (in English) about De Fellenberg and his institutions, except a short article in the "Penny Magazine," one or two articles in the "Quarterly Journal of Education," and a small pamphlet by Mr. Duppa.

Besides an admirable sketch of what De Fellenberg has really done, the pages before us contain a lucid view of the history of education and society in Europe at large. Our inclination would lead us to a long essay upon these important topics, but we have neither time nor space to indulge it; and, after all, we doubt whether we could say anything so good as what is here said by our author. We shall, therefore, simply extract a few passages to convey some notion of a little book, which we most earnestly recommend to the attention of all who have heads capable of thinking, and hearts capable of feeling for their fellow men—and especially to the study of all who are aware of the necessity of reforming education, of which we may say now, even as Milton said in his days, that this is "one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof the nation perishes."*

In the following passages the merits of De Fellenberg, and the demerits and criminal apathy of governments in general, are not overrated.

"The name of De Fellenberg is familiar to all the civilized nations of Europe and North America, and may now be mentioned without offence. This expression implies that it once was otherwise. Yes; the age in which he has lived having been one of political storms, every name which was eminent enough to appear above the surface of the troubled waters was claimed or denounced by a party; none could escape. Even those who disclaimed all party, but who, from the highest motives, thought they were not to live for themselves alone, nor to hide their talents in a napkin, but to labour, like the holy men of old, according to the light given them, for the permanent good of their fellow-creatures, were exposed to a moral martyrdom, from the ignorance, misconception, and hostility of their contemporaries.

"Schools and education had certainly been heard of from the time of Rome and Greece—had not been totally destroyed at the fall of the Empire—and had in a degree revived with the revival of learning: but the kind of education which Fellenberg contemplated with its application to the lowest as well as the highest class of society, was so new, that it is still a novelty in enlightened England, after his forty years experimental labours at Hofwyl. The great object to which he had determined to devote his life was the practical solution of the question, whether it is possible to influence and form the human character by early discipline and instruction; to set the motives, feeling, and passions in a proper course; to fix in the mind moral and religious principles, giving rise to corresponding habits of action; to store the mind with just ideas, and the heart with Christian sentiments. He wished to raise the school from a mere technical system to one of intelligence;

and from a place of irksome constraint to one of pleasing and beneficial occupations.

"As these objects had never been attained, nor even attempted, with a direct, specific, and undivided purpose, Fellenberg's wise and benevolent plans for the improvement of character were looked at as dangerous innovations in the usual mode of bringing up the young, and as connected with some deep, secret plot for the subversion of society. He had, therefore, to contend, during many years, with a combination of ignorance, prejudice, and, we fear we must add, in some instances, of malignity. Before his time, almost the only medium of instruction for the people was the pulpit; almost the only means of discipline, of training and forming character, were domestic; which domestic training consisted in a short intercourse between parent and child at certain hours of the day, when labour was over; and in permitting the children, during the rest of the day, to wander at large in the streets of towns, or the fields of the country, encouraging each other to vice and impiety. It was this pernicious training which Fellenberg proposed to supersede by one of order, method, and discipline; to put useful employment in the place of mischievous idleness, and hourly christian instruction and superintendence in the place of total neglect and ignorance. Was such a scheme feasible? and if so, would it not be better and more christian than the former state of things?"

"Fellenberg was led to study this question in consequence of observing the state of Europe, at that time convulsed by the French revolution. The ambition of political power was the moving principle of the few, to which the many were made subservient, and the lives of all, instead of being passed in the exercise of peaceful virtues, with the hope and expectation of a better world, were exhausted in the rage and passions of savages. Fellenberg groaned over this exhibition of human ferocity,—over the social ruin which it occasioned,—over the total absence of christian character which it betrayed. He beheld christian men, as they called themselves, tearing one another to pieces, and for no ostensible good,—the mere instruments of the few ringleaders of the world's misery. Human nature seemed to have discarded all virtues, and to have become the receptacle of that assemblage of vices denounced by the apostle—'envy, variance, wrath, strife, hatred, sedition, drunkenness, revellings, adultery, murder.'

"Fellenberg at first imagined that something might be done amongst the rulers of mankind, the directors of the political storm, to calm this turbulent state, and to introduce harmony into this chaos; but he found them totally indifferent and apathetic, and blind to all but the scene in which they lived. Every man forms a horizon for himself by his actions, thoughts, and reading. The demagogue sees nothing but the mob before him; the soldier, nothing but the battle; the politician, often, especially in troublous times, nothing but the intrigues around him. None but the christian philanthropist can take an enlarged view of man in his present and future hopes—his social conditions, his capabilities of improvement, the possible extent of happiness or misery for which he may be born. The Bible presents him with the ideal perfectibility of universal man; inspiring those who drink deep into its spirit with high

* "Of Education. To Master Samuel Hartlib." Milton's Prose Works.

and noble hopes for the welfare of humanity, and with an ardent desire to promote it; while those who are wholly absorbed in the business of life remain pagans in a christian age, and all their ideas of man are mean, low, and perishing; to them man still continues 'a brute that perishes.' Fellenberg, therefore, found no sympathy from the statesmen of his day; they were callous to the common social rights of states and of men, as well as indifferent to all views and projects of moral improvement. In fact, what does the mere politician, whether demagogue or tyrant, require of man, but to be a blind instrument in his ambitious grasp? He wishes his follower to have enough mind to direct his physical strength most effectually according to the command of a superior, but no more. It is the enlightened politician—the legislature properly so called—who considers man not as a tool with which he is to work, but as a ward committed to his charge, and for whose character, usefulness, and happiness, he will be held responsible at the day of judgment.

"Fellenberg living in such an age of vice, impiety, and misery, felt keenly the degradation and corruption of man; and also that this was no new state of things, though an aggravated one. He saw that Europe had never been practically christianised; that she had been converted from paganism little more than in name; and that her barbarism had never been extirpated. He beheld in history a swarm of nations issuing from savage forests, conquering a comparatively civilised nation, separating into feudalities, continuing their war with each other, ignorant of letters, studying no art or science but that of the sword. The outbreaks of modern revolutions were nothing but a continuance of the history of the race. It was no new or sudden volcano, acting by new and unknown laws: the causes were deeply laid in the ignorance and barbarism of the people, and in the pugnacious and arbitrary principles of the rulers. We are not here questioning the providential wisdom of the history of man, as shown in the European march from barbarism and paganism to civilisation, Christianity, and rational and constitutional liberty: but we cannot insist too strongly upon our primitive barbarism and ignorance, and the total want of any general moral means of removing them, beyond the formalities of religion; lest it should be imagined that the mass of the people among our ancestors were in possession of ample and efficient means of moral and religious instruction.

"Fellenberg was one of the few who traced the tumults and troubles of his age to the moral depravity of men in their social relations. With the Bible in his hand and an enlightened philosophy in his heart, he considered society and men as they were in fact, as they ought to be as Christians, and as they might be under a proper guidance and system of early discipline and instruction. Unlike others who had preceded him, but with partial and theoretic views of the subject, he did not propound his ideas to the public in writing; but, convinced of the truth, power, and force of the principles he had arrived at, he determined upon submitting them to the test of an experiment, to which he pledged his talents, property, and life,—and for so doing was denounced as the enemy of his race!"

The next passage contains solemn truths which will be recognised by all who have had their eyes

open, and which will, or ought to, call up the most serious thoughts.

"At one time vice was the test of loyalty, as piety was of disaffection; and the spread of infidelity was by some considered as a sign of national prosperity. We venture to say that these feelings and judgments are not yet extinct. *In our own age it has been scarcely creditable to belong to Bible or missionary societies; and infant-schools were once considered as the nurseries of freethinkers, or as the visionary projects of Utopian philanthropists.* It seemed to be absolutely necessary that mankind should experience practically the utmost horrors, misery, and anarchy of vice and ignorance, and have that experience reiterated upon them generation after generation, before they could be convinced of the inherent and indefeasible malignity of vice, and of the sublime beauty of holiness. The French revolution did indeed strike terror into the hearts of men, and made crime at length detestable. Not that it was the first or only consequence of vicious principles which Europe had witnessed—far from it—for she was bred in war and rapine; but vice appeared in a new garb, and less under the direction of its usual leaders. Still the horror that was felt was more political than moral. Men feared the miseries of vice as exhibited in public convulsions: but they continued blind to its effects on social and domestic happiness. Provided the state were free from change, they cared not for the tears shed in secret over the degradation of private infamy. Another step was necessary in the moral demonstration; which was, that public prosperity and security should be deemed to be utterly incompatible with private vice."

"We have said that parents, as soon as society passes from the barbarous state to the pursuit of arts, are totally incompetent to educate their own children, and that the artificial education of the school must commence. This is true of all classes of society, as well as of the lowest. Education becomes an art, as well as the manufacture of articles of consumption. It becomes subject to the law of the division of labour; and they who engage in it will excel in it by the same necessity that a mechanic excels in his peculiar occupation. Upon this principle schools become necessary for all classes, to supply the want of time, attention, and knowledge, in parents of all ranks. If mankind had been capable of anticipating and foreseeing their own wants before they were pressed upon them by a painful experience, schools and schoolmasters would have been coeval with the first transition from a state of barbarian war to one of incipient civilisation and the cultivation of the arts. But man cannot foresee, and can only learn by pain and sorrow how to obviate the recurrence of similar suffering. The formation of character by means of schools—i. e. by means of systematic discipline and instruction—is a new thought. Schools were first established for other purposes; and when established, the formation of character was not an element in their system, nor is it so yet. Schools were established for the sake of mere knowledge; for cultivating the intellect, not the heart. The progress of society required a certain number of persons who could read and write, in order to fill, in church and state, certain offices which had sprung up from the necessities of society; and it was long before these

necessities were really supplied. Of those who were thus educated, some turned their attention to literature and general knowledge, and thus opened a new field for the employment of the human mind—a field of mere abstract knowledge and speculation, totally unconnected with practical purposes.

“But by the same condition that the practical position of government and of the church required that a certain number of persons should receive what was called a learned education, the position of affairs in the middle classes of society also began to make some education appear desirable. Persons were not fitted to carry on the common business of life without a certain amount of instruction; and as only one kind was to be had, men were obliged to send their children to the schools which happened to be in existence. These schools were all of the same character: the subjects taught, and the mode of teaching, were the same, whatever condition of life the pupils were intended for; and this system was a necessary one under the circumstances, because some of the scholars being intended for the learned professions, as they were called, became the principal objects of the master's care. He adapted his system to them; and the others were obliged to follow it, and to make the best of it, though it might not be the best preparation for them and their professions, as it was supposed to be for others.

“In order to understand the history of schools, and to make allowance for the defects of the early ones, and through this history to improve our own, we must consider that the early schools were confined in the materials they had to work with. These were few and scanty both in kind and degree. Every science and art had to be discovered before it could be taught: grammar and logic, geography and maps, arithmetic, geometry, and natural philosophy, elementary history, the mythology of the classics, illustrations of manners and customs, dictionaries,—everything had to be constructed; so that it is wonderful what and how the early schools contrived to teach. The subjects taught, and the mode of teaching, had to undergo a progress of discovery and improvement, like all other sciences. It might have been expected, the teachers should have discovered what they were most in want of; but we should bear in mind, that their time and thoughts are occupied, not in discovering, but in teaching. Many of the most important materials of teaching are derived from other professions. The teacher only selects and concentrates what he finds useful to his purpose. The early schools, of necessity exceedingly imperfect, have unfortunately entailed their imperfections upon their successors. The objects they contemplated were unfavourable to enlarged views, or to anything like an educational system. With them education was a mere apprenticeship to the learned languages—a mere trade, not a science. They professed to teach one thing, and one thing only, the grammatical elements of Latin, and perhaps, of Greek. We say elements, because that degree of teaching which consists in writing and speaking those languages with facility, has hardly yet been attained in any school. This leads us to consider a wonderful fact, that, though every child learns to talk his own language while he is a child, yet, after ten years' teaching of the Latin or Greek language, the scholar has not learnt to speak, and scarcely to

write it. The withering effects of this contracted system of teaching, this limiting of instruction to Greek and Latin, were not so much felt in the higher departments of society, for which it was chiefly intended, because such instruction occupied only a portion of a long period of pupillage, and because no other knowledge or science was required in some of the professions; while in others, personal labour and perseverance made up for all deficiencies of elementary teaching. And we must never forget that the innate powers, faculties, and principles of the human mind, are not to be judged of by the results of any teaching which has hitherto prevailed. Teaching cannot create: mind is a creation. Teaching is only moulding that which already exists; and this moulding, if not conducted skilfully, and agreeably with the original laws and intentions of the Creator, will only deface his work, instead of bringing it to its intended perfection. The mind of original ability and talent, therefore, made its way amid all difficulties, and amid the vices of all teaching, to its proper station in the world of mind, and was no proof of any excellence in the system under which it was trained. With the majority of minds it was far different. A contracted and dry system was to them a second nature, and frustrated the first which they had received at birth; and the faults of the teaching were imputed to the original creation. Thus nature became libelled by the very persons who ought to have worshipped her: the beauties they had defaced were pronounced never to have existed, and the distortions of art were asserted to be natural deformities.

“The incurable and ruinous consequences of this contracted system were seen and first remedied in the profession of arms. As the art of war became a science, and dependent upon mind more than upon brute force, real knowledge, a knowledge of arithmetic and geometry, became the only basis upon which it could be erected. Government was therefore obliged to establish schools of its own, adapted to its purpose; not merely schools for completing education, analogous to universities, but elementary schools for teaching the simplest properties of numbers and space. When other persons demanded that these elements should be made a part of teaching in schools, they were pronounced unnecessary and useless, except for certain mechanic arts. When admitted, they were taught by permission rather than upon principle, and a certain air of contempt was thrown over them. Elements upon which depended the perfection of the arts of war and national security and independence, and upon which the whole fabric of the universe was created, were pronounced to be contemptible, and are still held in all the higher English schools to be of very inferior importance.

“The middling classes of society also at length perceived the imperfect and inadequate teaching of the schools. At the age when parents were obliged to remove their children from school, they found them not only deficient in all knowledge calculated to prove practically useful in the employments for which they were destined, but even in that to which their time had been solely devoted. Not to have been taught useful practical knowledge, was an evil; but not to have been taught that which alone had been attempted, was more serious still. These middling classes, however, had not the power, like government, of correcting these evils: they could not establish

schools and professorships of their own; neither their time nor their funds allowed of it. They were compelled to accept what the schools offered, and to make the best of it. Fortunately the consequences, however injurious, were not so fatal as they would have proved in the other case, had that also been without a remedy. Inferior and limited teaching rendered them a less intelligent class of people, less skilful in their employments, less capable of improving their situation and circumstances, less useful members of the community, with fewer resources, fewer means of self-recreation and rational amusement, and left their moral character much lower than it ought to have been; but it did not expose these classes to absolute ruin, as would have been the case with the nation, had government not taken the education of its military servants out of the hands of the common schools."

* * * * *

"The last half century has seen such changes in European society, manners, habits, education, arts, and sciences, as cannot be paralleled in the history of mankind. One of its grandest features has been a moral one: it has been the era of Bibles. In all ages of the Christian dispensation, missionaries have been sent forth, more or less, to announce the glad tidings of salvation to all lands; but in none has the Bible itself been sent forth to be its own herald, with or without the accompanying missionary, with the same zeal or to the same extent. In no former age had it been felt, that nations of professing Christians might be enveloped in pagan darkness as much as those who never heard the name of Christ; and that the possession, and therefore the spirit of the Bible, was in many Christian places as rare as in pagan land. This was a great *moral discovery*, however strong the term may appear to be; and the men who could make and feel the value of that discovery possessed no ordinary mind and heart, and were an earnest of the moral spirit which was awakening from its slumbers. This spirit could not fail to diffuse itself into all those subjects which concern the character, happiness, and improvement of man. It should have been watched, appreciated, and directed, instead of being confounded with a mere revolutionary mania. If, indeed, this spirit had not sprung up, all Europe would probably have run the same course of 'decline and fall' as did the empires of old. The Bible stood between us and the precipice, and saved the world politically, as the divine Author of Christianity had saved it morally.

"It was this moral spirit which prompted the education of the people at large—of the lowest order of society, as they have been called. Education had begun to spread among this class beyond the mere demand for it of which we have spoken; but it was expensive, and extremely imperfect, even in imparting the trifling elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The importance, however, of this degree of education, as the handmaid of religion and morality, was beginning to be perceived; and though the ostensible object was principally the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, the real object was an ulterior one—namely, the improvement of character, and the acquisition of Christian instruction. When it was discovered that, by proper arrangement, one master might teach the elements to three hundred, or even five hundred children, as perfectly as to a

few, the moral spirit of the day was roused to carry such a system into practice; and the magnificent idea occurred of giving to every Christian child a Christian education.

"The era of popular education had therefore begun—it was the companion of the Bible era. Both had the same object in view; the moral improvement of all mankind, of the universal race, as far as might be permitted by the conditions of this imperfect stage of existence. The one was the foundation, the other the super-structure; the one was the light of the world, the other the guide by which that light was, humanly speaking, to be reached and disseminated.

"But the schools established upon this principle could imitate at first none but those which preceded them in their immediate object, which was, as we have said, more intellectual than moral. They proposed to improve the methods of attaining the elements of knowledge; and though the Bible was introduced as a class-book, yet the mode in which it was read partook more of an intellectual than of a moral exercise. Spelling-lessons were made from it, and detached parts were extracted for reading-lessons, which lost much of their force by being separated from their context; and sometimes sentences were associated for the mere purpose of learning to read, having no connexion in sense with each other. Besides, it is very possible to learn to spell and read, without having any comprehension of the sense. At this day, the children of those who speak the Gaelic language in Scotland are taught to read English fluently, without understanding it. The effects of these schools, therefore, were less perfect than had been anticipated, though as good as, under all the circumstances, could be expected by those who had a practical knowledge of early education, and of the intricacies of the human mind, and of the numerous difficulties to be overcome, before the results of education can be reduced to anything like certainty. An opinion is now very generally gaining ground, that these schools have not attained all that was desirable, and that their methods require and are susceptible of improvement—that they have been too exclusively intellectual and mechanical—that they do not sufficiently influence the moral habits, and therefore the religious principles of the children. The term *education* is beginning to be understood in its full and legitimate sense, as affecting the whole character of the man, moral as well as intellectual, but principally the former; that its great end and aim should be to form good practical principles and habits, and not great readers and arithmeticians: and these ideas have spread from the lower to the higher schools. *Man may be useful and happy with literary attainments, but not with inferior moral principles and habits.* The miseries of the world in past ages have been occasioned by its vices, not by its ignorance of languages, arts, and sciences, any farther than as the latter may influence the former. *There is a growing conviction that the great antidote to vice and crime, and therefore to political disturbances, is to be found in an improved moral education in the mass of the people.*"

In relating what De Fellenberg has done, our author does not forget the ground-work laid by Pestalozzi—that man who was in truth the great friend of humanity and practical religion, and who became a martyr to the grand cause for which men were created. Passing over the agricultural establish-

ment Hofwyl, which has been described by Mr. Dappa, we come to the following account of Meykirch:—

"When Fellenberg had proved experimentally the truth of his ideas by the success of his agricultural school, he proceeded to prove it still more decidedly by the colony of Meykirch, six miles from Hofwyl. In the year 1816 he purchased fifteen acres of woodland. Thither he sent a master with about twelve children. They were to build themselves a house, to clear and cultivate the land, and to employ their leisure time in learning to read and write, and the elements of knowledge. They were supplied with tools and materials from Hofwyl, and with food till they could raise enough for subsistence. In seven years they repaid all the expenses of their outlay, which was about 150*l.*, and maintained themselves upon their little territory. Fellenberg calculates that fifteen acres of land would support a colony of thirty children upon this plan, which is the greatest number suited to such a system; and that it might be established upon land not available for the general purposes of cultivation. The only difficulty is, to obtain a superintendent properly qualified by temper, character, religious principles, and a complete knowledge of details.

"This colony was compared very naturally to the story of Crusoe upon the desert island. It drew all its supplies at first from Hofwyl, as Crusoe did his from the ship. The children were delighted at the comparison, and worked at their enterprise with the greatest alacrity and zeal, and became naturally strongly attached to the cottage reared by their own hands, and the land converted from a waste to a garden by their own labour. When these little emigrants arrived at the spot which was to be their future home, they found nothing but a shed on the side of a precipitous mountain, under which they slept upon straw covered with sail-cloth. They had to level the ground, and with the earth and rock to form a terrace in front, which soon became a garden. The cottage they built was of one story, with a basement which became the kitchen and dairy, which occupied together twenty-five feet in front. Above this was one room, about twelve feet wide, for the day-room, behind which was a dormitory of the same size, and behind this a stable of the same length, and about nine feet wide. An open gallery was in front of the day-room. At each end of the building was a shed about fifteen feet wide, and running back upon a level with the stable. So that the whole front of the building was fifty feet, and the depth thirty-three; and it was finished in about two years. The colony subsists upon milk, potatoes, and bread. Three hours a day are devoted to instruction, the rest to labour accompanied by explanations. The same system is pursued as at Hofwyl:—reading, writing, drawing, singing, natural history, the history and geography of their country, common arithmetic, mental arithmetic, geometry, land-measuring; a portion of botany, so far as relates to agriculture; the nature of soils and manures, and the rotation of crops; planting, sewing, spinning, weaving; social prayer night and morning, religious conversations, Bible lessons; the feelings and affections aroused into action in the midst of their tasks; the duties of life pointed out, as depending upon their relation to one another and to their heavenly Father, his univer-

sal love to his creatures, and the inexpressible glories of his works. In the prayers which the master and pupils offer up morning and evening, they never omit to refer to the advantages and blessings which they enjoy in this asylum, nor to pray that all orphans and destitute children, in all the world, may everywhere find kind protectors who may establish similar asylums for instructing and educating them, so that they may become good Christians and useful members of society.

"This colony is one of the most affecting sights in the world. To behold the happy results of youthful labour, the intelligence of the children, and their contented and grateful dispositions, living upon a fare which most people would despise, and eating nothing but the produce of their own exertions, having converted a wilderness into a garden, and made the desert to blossom as a rose.

"When Meykirch was first established, they wanted water. To attain it, they were obliged, under the direction of a skilful workman, to excavate a passage into a sandstone rock five feet in height and two hundred and eighty in length.

"On Sundays, they attend the service at the chapel of Meykirch, and very frequently at Hofwyl."

"We may take this opportunity of observing, that an industrial education in these days is totally different from what it was, or could have been, a century ago. It would then have been mere labour without mental exertion, and without principles either moral or religious: that seems to have been the character of many of the old charity-schools; the children were kept to constant labour, like animals, in unwholesome apartments, and upon a bad diet, without any mental instruction whatever; they were consequently cramped in mind and body; the masters frequently abused their office, and over-worked and ill-treated the children. The present day-schools, which attend merely to mental instruction, however imperfect in forming character, are still far superior to the old charity-schools. But the enlightened labour-schools of Fellenberg gives to labour a moral character; and the instruction with which the labour is accompanied, and the intelligence and kindness of the superintendent, give to the same name a totally different meaning. In this school the children, even if they were never to learn to read, would become more intelligent, and better qualified for service, than most of those who are now educated in our best national schools; they would have a practical knowledge of an extensive kind. Agriculture taught in this way comprises in itself a vast fund of knowledge, and all of it of importance: soils, geology, mineralogy, drainage, land-measuring, manuring, chemistry; plants, vegetables, forest trees, fruit trees, botany; implements, machines; animals, for labour or for food—their habits, food, management—are but a few of the particulars.

"In Fellenberg's school the knowledge is chiefly communicated to the children by word of mouth, not from books.

"The secret of the system lies with the educator."

There is one little fact in the history of De Fellenberg, with which we were not before acquainted. His mother, it appears, was the grand-daughter of the celebrated Dutch Admiral Von Tromp. The noble-minded educator has devoted forty years of his

life, and the whole of his private fortune, to his plans of agricultural and educational improvements. He has not been better treated than the other great benefactors of mankind, who have had to attack established prejudices. At first his attempts drew upon him the odium of the aristocratic party, which were suspicious of his intention and the consequences of his plans, and subsequently the democratic party assailed him, thinking his plans equally hostile to their interests.

In the appendix our author gives a short but interesting account of an agricultural school for orphans at Fearnhead, near Warrington, Lancashire, in which the Swiss model has been successfully followed by Mr. Cropper, a member of the Society of Friends, whose efforts in this direction are so laudable.

The little volume is exceedingly well timed, and will tend to give a proper turn to that excitement and inquiry which now exist on the subject of national education. We again and again claim our reader's attention to the whole book, which may be read through in a single evening.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR.

A VISION.

I.

At eve I rested on a turfy knoll
By the seashore, beneath a rocky height;
And all around was tranquil as my soul;
The lord of day bid farewell for the night
To all the gentle waves—a gorgeous sight;
I gazed with pleasure on his latest ray,
And saw the west in all his robes of light,
White, gold, and crimson, and the journeying day
Half down the blue horizon vanishing away.

II.

Then all the world seemed lone, the storm was still
The shouts of billows now were heard no more,
But, like the music of a gushing rill,
The infant waves were singing on the shore;
Like hymning children, learning to adore
Their Father, God, their song was sweet and low;
And in their play they laved the pebbles o'er,
And tossed the little limpet to and fro,
The billows sleeping by them till the winds should
blow.

III.

The south horizon was a dreary view;
The dismal billow was the boundary there,
And clouds that rose above the mournful blue
Spread o'er the endless waters everywhere.
And still the clouds which seemed to awe the air,
All silent now as if it feared to stir,
Rose darker, like the midnight of despair,
And higher still, as if they would deter
Some proud Armada's host or fearless mariner.

IV.

And in that dark pavilion slept the wind.
While gazing o'er the ocean far-outspread
The dreamy moon enchained my passive mind.
I saw the lazy billow raise its head,
And then sink down as if it sank with dread—
As if it knew the storm was sleeping near,
And feared to wake the maniac from his bed.
I heard a footstep by my startled ear,
And suddenly I saw an aged man appear!

V.

His hair was white—his ample forehead high;
I thought I saw an ever-active ray
Burning in his intolerable eye,
As if a fire, which nothing could allay,
Was in his bosom burning life away—
I often heard a weary sigh from thence,
As though his restless spirit seemed to say
The inward agony was too intense
For her controul—too fearful for her sufferance.

VI.

And then his features changed; a sudden fear,
Vague, yet increasing, bound me, as it were
With chains of ice—for now did he appear
As if appalled; his look a withering stare;
His face grew bloodless, and his hoary hair
Rose up erect—his eye so burning, now,
Like a cold hearth when not a spark is there.
Again he changed, and his contracting brow
Told of the agony to which he would not bow.

VII.

We watched to see the far-off storm arise.
Ere long he spoke, still looking o'er the tide:
"Behold, my son, to yonder distant skies
That ocean flowing, fathomless and wide,
Is unsubdued, and darkening in its pride;
It scowls on heaven, and laughs at man's controul
And holds as captives millions who have died
Where those insulting waves for ever roll.
Oh, as that ocean is, so is our monarch's soul!"

VIII.

"He comes, he comes," cried he; "the tempest
raves;"
The wind arose, and walked upon the sea,
And called around him all the darkening waves,
Which rose in wrath, as if he set them free
From all the deeps below—as Anarchy
Calls up around the insurgent multitude
To swell the drunken roar of "Liberty."
Meanwhile the skies assumed a sterner mood,
And waves urged waves to shore, like hosts by hosts
pursued.

IX.

I saw the old man watch my startled mind,
And now observed a rainy mist prevail
Far o'er the sea and wandering with the wind.
"Look there," he said; "the shrouded dead are pale,

For now the rude waves, wakened by the gale,
Disturbed the sea-deeps where they found repose;
They now, in crowds, tell o'er the fearful tale
Of their wild shipwreck and their many woes,
To waves that only mock, while still the deaf wind
blows."

X.

I turned to where he pointed; crying "See;"
And o'er a mountain, while the old man bowed,
The moon rose red in her full majesty.
Then howled the winds—the shores cried out aloud,
And, like a vast, innumerable crowd,
Which falls before the idol it adores,
The frantic billows rose to grasp the cloud,
And, rolling, tumbled on the deafening shores,
As if the hosts of hell came bursting from her doors.

XI.

And then, retiring, all the waves deplored,
And o'er the sands rolled backward to the main;
And, like the wail of nations when the sword
Of some resistless tyrant, drawn again,
Is threatening death and centuries of pain—
When freedom leaves the land, and all the brave
Are dead or dying on the battle plain—
Such was their voice, and each receding wave
Was like a dirge sung o'er some mighty monarch's
grave.

XII.

The thunder rose, and gave his mandate—then
As smitten by the arm which he defied,
The falling demon, not to rise again,
A sheet of flame came diving to the tide;
The shores, the billows seemed as if they cried
Like children, when the tyrant thunder spoke,
And the loud wind was heard as if it sighed,
Like grief that sighs above the heart it broke,
Their voices nearly drowned when that dread peal
awoke.

XIII.

Again the thunder rose—the lightnings came,
His fearful ministers; what light they shed!
Beneath, the earth seemed throbbing through her
frame—
Our System shattering o'er my reeling head,
And all the clouds in frantic horror fled
From that reverberating voice, and they
Broke from the lightnings flashing fast and red,
Like rebel crowds dispersing in dismay,
When vengeance blears upon them on the battle day.

XIV.

"If you embrace the high resolvé to see
The God we worship, and the Prince we serve;
His power, weak mortal, shall be given to thee—
But dare not then, oh, dare not then to swerve,
Though you feel agony in every nerve,
From thy intention; if thou dost, a slave

Thou shalt for ever be, for we reserve
Such powerless souls not in a silent grave,
But in those depths of pain from which no time can
save."

XV.

So spoke my weird companion where we were
Alone upon the shore; but now I thought,
While something whispered to my soul "beware,"
That we went onward till we swiftly walked
O'er lonely mountains, while the old man talked
Of strange and distant worlds, and still we saw
The red round moon before us, and were brought
Close to her orb; then overpowering awe
Came quickly over me, unable to withdraw.

XVI.

Throned in the moon one sat, while clouds fell round
In sable folds about his gorgeous throne,
Approaching me, and suddenly I found
Myself where all the crimson moonlight shone
On towering rocks and wildernesses lone.
The wail of winds—the roar of waves, below,
Came far and feebly, like a dismal moan;
I felt my senses stunned, as with a blow,
And horror seized my soul e'er she could fly from woe.

XVII.

That was the King of Torment; fearful name!
Like dark electric clouds, his brows and hair
Were black and matted, in his eye a flame
Seemed waving, as if the lightning there
Flashed forth defiance from his soul's despair;
His features wore, with all the awe of death,
That dusky red the moon's eclipses wear
When Fear's dark ferm, while nations dread to
breathe,
Stands in the shadowed moon and awes the world
beneath.

XVIII.

Recovering now, I thought I saw a star
Approaching speedily, and waxing bright
As it came near, though still it was afar,
Where all the sky was sunny to the sight,
And blue and mild as if it were not night,
But some elysium shone there free from storm—
And then I saw, like the Aurora's light,
A flashing robe about an angel's form,
While all the air felt soft, deliciously, and warm.

XIX.

And now I gazed on him who stood before,
And he was known! oh, yes! for well I knew
The dead whose memory I still adore—
The long-loved dead whom death, at last, withdrew
From those reluctant arms, when every hue
Of hope was gone, and whom I thought the wave
Had closed for ever from my wistful view.
Yet here he was; and oh, the smile he gave
Might throw the hue of Heaven even on the murder-
ing grave.

XX.

And all the majesty of earthly thrones,
With all the glories that around them shine—
The flash of gold—the blaze of all the stones
That Nature treasures in her deepest mine;
For which the lord of empires might repine
And dream of still in vain, oh! what were this,
And still far greater glory, to decline
And cast away for glory such as his,
And all the endless ages where that Spirit is.

XXI.

And surely never did the morning break
With such sweet gladness in his golden beam,
On those that wake from sleep, but only wake
To live all day in some delicious dream,
As he brought with him there; for he *did* seem
To bring such light and happiness to me,
That oh, I thought that moment might redeem
For days of pain—for long captivity,
When years and years were spent in longing to be free.

XXII.

As when from far, beneath the glowing sky,
A burning town arrests the traveller's gaze,
It's crimson mantle strikes his startled eye
And wearied heart with horror and amaze;
And o'er the tide of flames—the wrathful blaze—
Pause smoke and ashes, like a sable pall
Which grim Destruction, while she yet surveys
Her burning work, holds ready to let fall
O'er the low ruins, as o'er the dead, to mantle all.

XXIII.

So did the distant moon appear, as now
I felt that I was rushing through the air,
And hurried onward, but I knew not how;
I could not, as I passed along, forbear
To look a moment on the mountain where
I left my aged guide; can I forget
His look of inexpressible despair?
It haunts my memory and my pillow yet,
And lives with me as strong as passion or regret.

XXIV.

And now we stood upon the moonlight beach,
And feeling all my fainting spirit rise,
There first I heard the music of his speech,
The mild compassion beaming in his eyes
I still remember while my bosom sighs,
"They who, above this cold dim world, desire
Our heavenly kingdoms, are *The Truly Wise*."
I woke—methought I heard his voice expire
Like the departing tone of some enchanting lyre.

XXV.

It was a lovely hour; the mild moon sung
Her golden mantle on the sleeping tide,
And all along the shores the sweet waves sung
Some ocean-song, and where the caves replied

The worn-out west-wind in his slumber sighed;
The stars were listening from their thrones of light
To hear the wave-song as it rose and died:
And Hope, while smiling on my soul that night,
Pointed to starry worlds almost too dim for sight.
D. H. S.

Pencil Hill, 1839.

From the Metropolitan.

ON SEEING A MANIAC SUDDENLY SMILE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WHERE are those poor thoughts wand'ring now?
Almost a sunny gleam
Broke o'er that melancholy brow,
To light its cheerless dream!
So swift the smile shot o'er thy face,
As if relentless thought
Resolv'd, un pitying, to efface
The transient joy it brought!

O! was it borne on Future's wings,
So radiant—so bright?
Where Hope its gladsonne sonnet sings—
Of never proved delight!
Or was it of that joyous Past,
When boyhood's laughing hours
In sanguine projects speed so fast,
No disappointment lours?

It cannot of the Present be,
Wrapp'd in the fearful gloom
Of dull and drear insanity,
Which antedates the tomb!
Ah! sure it was of that fair sky,
Where reason lives again—
In holy calm reality,
Releas'd from folly's chain!

An angel, from that bright abode,
Sent thee that fleeting thought—
Painting the mercy of a God,
By patient sufferings bought!
Ah! who can tell what radiant gleams
Of future glory shine,
To light the maniac's brooding dreams—
Shed by a power divine?

From the Christian Observer.

TO THE EARTH.

SPEED on, thou ancient bark,
Through æther calm and pure:
To pining sense a prison dark;
To patient faith a sheltering ark;
Charter'd with heaven's own royal mark,
In covenant blest and sure!

Around the Isle of Light,
Thy beacon-tower, the Sun,
Trace, like a bird, thy circling flight;

Wrapt in cool shades, or flashing bright,
As yon true stars, of morn and night,
Tell how thy course hath run.

Haste; for thou bear'st the dead;
A moving house of graves!
Yet o'er each silent, sightless head
Thy surface thrills, beneath the tread
Of youth's gay dance; and hope hath spread
Flowers o'er thy gloomy caves.

Launch'd in Creation's morn,
Through Time's majestic portals;
Now bear'st thou, sear'd and voyage-worn,
Man's earliest dead, and latest born,
The love and hate, the fame and scorn,
All hopes and aims of mortals!

Unanchor'd and unmoored,
On thee is risked our all!
Rude surges rock the festive board;
Wash o'er the miser's coffer'd hoard
Yet still each pilgrim's niche is stor'd
With idols, great and small.

Haste! ruin round thee raves;
Time's ancient arches shake!
Decay creeps forth from mould'ring caves;
And dark mutations whelming waves
Shall burst thy spheres,—disclose thy graves,
And bid the slumbers wake!

Haste! for no home in thee,
Our heaven-bound spirits find;
Our wistful eyes no anchorage see,
In time or space, or earth or sea;
No rest in all immensity
For man's immortal mind,

Our hearts still yearn to hail
Those calm eternal hills!
The flowers we tend are faint and frail;
Those broken cisterns soil and fail;
We sigh for Zion's soft land-gale,
Her pure and living rills.

We seek that city grand,
The home of Deity!
By love's benign omniscience plann'd;
Bas'd through all depths, by God's right hand,
Rear'd to all height; whose pillars stand,
Built for Eternity!

In hope we watch and weep,
For One hath gone before;—
One only, whom thou couldst not keep;
By glory waked from death's short sleep,
He left thy chambers, dark and deep;
He claim'd the boundless shore!

Now, o'er his vacant tomb
A pure and peaceful dove
Is hov'ring seen; whose spotless plume
Rays of celestial light illumine;
Rearing, from bowers of changeless bloom,
The olive branch of love.

Hail: Messenger from land!
Sent from those shores unknown,
By Him whose scarred, yet conquering hand
Shall guide the ransom'd pilgrim band;
'Till friend with friend united stand
Around his Father's throne!

F. M. S.

From the Sunbeam.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

Ask'er thou why, the world despising,
Unsatisfied with joys terrene,
The Christian's soul delights in rising
To the world of bliss unseen?

'Tis not that earth affords no pleasures
Which he may taste with pure delight;
It is that brighter far the treasures
Known to faith but not to sight.

'Tis not that there are none around him
Whom his soul delights to love,
It is that stronger ties have bound him,
To the Holy One above.

'Tis not that he would bear no longer
The toil that is man's portion here;
'Tis that he longs with powers far stronger,
To labour in a higher sphere.

'Tis not that here, in darkness shrouded,
The present God he fails to trace;
'Tis that he longs, with eye unclouded,
To view his Maker face to face.

CONVERSATION.

One thing that occasions our finding so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that scarcely any one thinks less of what he is about to say, than of answering correctly what is said to him. The most artful and complaisant people content themselves with affecting to pay attention to what is said, whilst it is evident, from their looks and manner, that they are little attentive to it, and impatient to take up the conversation, without reflecting that they thus offend others, and fail to convince them on any point. Listening attentively, and answering to the purpose, is the perfection of conversation.

THE PRESS.

The press is a messenger of truth, the herald of science, the interpreter of letters, the amanuensis of history, and the teacher of futurity. Like the sun, it dispels the gloom of night, irradiates the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge on the world: it dilates the perceptions of man, extends his intellectual vision, inspires his heart with sensibility, and his mind with thought, and endows him with past and present omniscience; it directs his way to the temple of fame, and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE THREE WIDOWS OF FRANKFORT.

MANY years ago, whilst travelling on the continent, I was attacked by a slow fever, which, after clinging to me for some time, and baffling all my efforts to shake it off, fairly got the better of me, and laid me on a bed of sickness at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The inn at which I put up was clean and orderly; but an inn, in its best estate, is a desolate and uncomfortable halting-place for an invalid, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered for the exertion, I applied myself to find private lodgings, as my medical attendant declared that it would be still some weeks before I could safely travel.

The apartments I engaged were in the house of a tobacconist named Openheim, who kept a small shop in the town, and had his private dwelling in a narrow street, near the outskirts. I was so pleased with the neatness of the dwelling and the quietness of the situation, that I unhesitatingly engaged the rooms for the whole term of my intended stay.

The family with whom I sojourned, consisted of a father, mother and three daughters—the eldest of whom, named Gertrude, was twenty-five years of age; the next, Amelia, twenty; and the youngest, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, called Roschen; she resided, principally, with a distant relative, who kept a sort of school at some distance, and, at the time of my arrival, was absent. The two elder sisters were smart, merry, dressey young women, not remarkable for beauty, but still sufficiently pretty to be belles on a small scale, and flirts on a large one, whenever they found opportunity. This latter quality, indeed, had deprived Gertrude of no less than seven lovers—six of whom being neglected, in succession, for each other, were finally revenged by the seventh, who neglected her. But, at the time my story commences, Gertrude was in possession of an eighth, and he no less a person than a banker, from Cologne—twenty years older than herself, it is true, and not particularly handsome, but supposed to be possessed of no inconsiderable share of that unfailing beautifier—gold. Perhaps Gertrude might not have found Herr Steinbach quite so charming as she upheld him to be, had he been unprovided with that marvellous cosmetic. But she was poor; and his choice was a disinterested one, at least, which was enough, in itself, to win him some share of favour.

The Openheims were possessed of very limited means, but they seemed, on the whole, a happy family. They were forced to let their first floor, indeed, and the daughters took in fine needle-work, but they sang their old German songs over their tasks, with such cheerful, happy voices, that it did one's heart good to listen to them.

German manners are simpler and less formal than ours, and almost without effort either on their part or my own, I became domesticated with them as part of the family. My sitting-room, commanding a view of the street, was, for far the greater part of the day, untenanted. Theirs, on the ground floor, at the back of the house, overlooking a pleasant, old-fashioned garden, was infinitely more agreeable, especially when those two merry maidens were its inmates. There they laughed at my bad German, and correct-

ed my pronunciation, and sung ballads for my amusement with all the good-humour and simplicity imaginable. Then, they had a pet bulfinch, which was mightily taken with my whistling of the Irish melodies, which he would sometimes echo with a truth that was really surprising: and if it was evening, and we looked into the garden, ten to one there sat old Carl Openheim in the arbour, with his pipe in his mouth, and by his side, filling up the rest of the narrow bench, might be seen his wife, the roundest, neatest little housewife that ever existed, in her small, close cap, and her knitting in her hand. Then, towards twilight, we often heard the heavy step of Herr Steinbach, followed by the entrance of his somewhat burly person,—when I considered it only prudent to beat a retreat to my own apartment, which, (it is no wonder,) seemed rather solitary.

So six weeks passed away, and, at the end of that time Amelia, having taken me aside for the purpose, informed me, with much blushing and giggling, that the ensuing Monday was fixed for the celebration of her sister's marriage, and that she was commissioned to give me a formal invitation to be present.

"All our relations and friends are invited," said she, "even my little sister, Roschen, is coming from school on purpose, for it is the first wedding in our family, and as it is a far better match than any of us could reasonably have looked for, my parents wish to do Herr Steinbach and my sister all possible honour."

I gladly accept the invitation, and looked forward to the ensuing Monday with much pleasant anticipation.

Here I must just observe, that though Gertrude Openheim was about to marry a man much older than herself, plain enough, and very rich, there was nothing like a sacrifice in the whole proceeding. Her parents were, undoubtedly, much pleased that she should marry so respectably, but they loved her too dearly to attempt any restraint on her feelings or actions, in so important a matter. She had accepted Herr Steinbach of her own free will; her previous flirtations had left no very deep impression on her affections, and, amidst all her gaiety and good-humour, she possessed worldly wisdom to be quite alive to the advantages resulting from a marriage so much beyond her expectations. Herr Steinbach's offer she considered as a perfect god-send, which it would have been worse than foolish to refuse.

Fraulein Gertrude had chanced upon a party, given by a distant relative of Herr Steinbach's, who resided in Frankfort. The fete took place in honour of her wealthy relation's arrival, and, though its giver stood a little higher in the scale of Frankfort society than the Openheims, she was not insensible of the value of attractive belles, on such an occasion, and invited the smart daughters of the tobacconist accordingly. Here Herr Steinbach met Gertrude, was much struck with her appearance and her gaiety,—inquired who she was,—was introduced,—and, forthwith, became her devoted admirer. They had been engaged a few months, and for the last six weeks of the period, the somewhat elderly lover had managed to let his business detain him in Frankfort, and at length observed, it was not worth while to return home till after the wedding. So Gertrude, who, to tell the truth, was not yet tired of parading herself amongst her young friends as the betrothed

of the rich banker, and who, we may suppose, was not in any violent hurry to convert into a mere husband, a lover of whom she felt tolerably certain, was obliged to "name the day," and accelerate her preparations as much as might be. Saturday,—the last day but one before the important Monday arrived,—I was, as usual, admitted as visitor to the cheerful work-room, where chairs and tables were now strewn with the hundred articles of female finery deemed indispensable for a bride's wardrobe. I was much diverted at the make and appearance of sundry of the decorations, which might have caused a London milliner to lift up her hands and eyes in astonishment; and we were all talking and laughing, in the highest glee, when the door softly opened, and there stood before us a creature so lovely, that I could not suppress a slight exclamation of admiring surprise.

This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, as might be conjectured from the little, childish outline of her figure, which had evidently neither attained its full height or its entire perfection of shape; but a year or two older, if the intelligence expressed in her countenance could be trusted. Her eyes were intensely dark, at once soft and penetrating; her forehead so pure and smooth, that it had more the appearance of polished ivory than of living flesh; but the cheek, with its deep but changeable crimson—the soft, rich red lips—the dark ringlets, which trembled in the light air that played through the opened windows, all told, plainly enough, that no vision stood before us, but a lovely human bud, that should expand into a scarcely more lovely flower. She was dressed simply, in a dark travelling pelisse, of the plainest fashion, and one hand held a large straw-bonnet, of which she had just disencumbered her head, while the other was lifted up, as if her first burst of gladness had been checked by the sight of a stranger. All this was impressed on me in a few moments, for the sisters flew towards her, delighted, and half smothered her with caresses.

"Roschen! dear, dear little Roschen! when did you come? How was it we did not hear you? and, where is my aunt? Dearest, we have been so long—long for you,—and now you must come and stay at home, to comfort our parents for the loss of Gertrude; my darling, darling child!"

The moment I looked upon Roschen Openheim, I felt that there stood before me a creature as superior to those around her as the diamond to all other gems,—that this was one of the unaccountable instances in which nature places in an ungenial soil a plant of the rarest and most refined beauty. The elder sisters were merry, good-natured girls, but Roschen was a great deal more. Even in that early spring of girlhood, there was the stamp of *mind* on her countenance—of that pure and high intellect which casts so undefinable a glory over the perishable body that enshrines it. The familiar intercourse of weeks had produced kindly feelings in my heart towards Gertrude and Amelia; the silent gazing of an hour inspired me with intense and undying interest in *her*. I once said, in the bitterness of my heart, it had been well if she had made a less lasting impression on my mind, but I have lived to recall that saying.

The day of the wedding rose bright and cloudless, as a wedding day ought to be. The volatile Gertrude, and Amelia, the no less volatile bride'smaid, for once looked subdued and composed when all

around them was mirth, joy, and gratulation. Herr Steinbach behaved with all due decorum, and received his wife from the hands of her father with an air of tender protection, and solemn gratitude, that was really touching. The ceremony was over, the wedding-feast was eaten, and the happy pair, accompanied by Amelia, set off for Cologne, amidst the blessings and prayers of relatives and friends.

There was one present on that day, who, though she attracted little notice from others, in the general bustle and excitement of the occasion, had withdrawn my attention repeatedly from the scene that was enacting before me, and won my thoughts to dwell upon her with an indescribable fascination. That one was Roschen. Amidst the mirth that surrounded her she evidently was absent, and dispirited. Her dejection partook in no degree of the demureness of her elder sisters; it was not an assumption of the behaviour deemed proper to the occasion, but perfectly involuntary. I drew her aside, unobserved, and inquired what ailed her. Her eyes filled with tears:

"I do not know," she said; "I never was in this way before; I have heard people talk of a *presentiment*,—I think this must be one."

"Dear child," I replied, "of what kind is this *presentiment*? Surely it is not respecting your sister's marriage with Herr Steinbach?"

"Alas!" she replied sadly, "I almost wish it were,—it might be accounted for then, for it is natural to mistrust one's hopes, when they run in the track of one's wishes for a person so dear. No. It is not *that*, but—" She cast her eyes on the ground, and a deeper crimson suffused her cheek.

"Surely something distresses you on your own account, Roschen? You are not well, little pet, or somebody has been unkind to you."

"No one," she answered. "I had better tell the truth. Last night I dreamed a strange dream."

"Well, and so did I, Roschen; and so, I dare say, did half this company, if they only remembered it. But, come, what was this wonderful dream?"

"I dreamed it was my—my wedding-day, instead of Gertrude's; and he who stood beside me,—my husband, you know,—was very, very dear to me; oh, so dear, that I love him even yet, though he was only part of my dream!"

"Surely, prettiest," said I, smiling, "you are not weeping for the love of a lover who has no existence but in your own imagination?"

"I know not," replied the little maiden; "I only know, that I never had such a feeling towards any living creature; and I feel as if I were changed in my very soul since I laid my head on my pillow last night. But this was not nearly all my dream. I thought—must I tell you all?—I thought we had left the church, when we were married, and we went forth, we two, alone, to walk, and he was talking to me in a low, sweet voice. I remember not a word he said, save that it was something very dear; but the sound of his voice lingers in my ear still;—and we went on, hand in hand, through fields and pleasant gardens, till we came to the side of a beautiful river. Then the scene suddenly changed, and we were on the sea-shore, where the great waves rolled up to our very feet, and presently I saw that *he* was not by my side, but was struggling amongst the waves. He cried aloud for help, but there was —"

at hand, and I saw him swept away; and in my agony I awoke."

"And what then?"

"Nothing more. I tell you I awakened; and I never had a dream before that gave me such a mixed sensation of happiness and misery."

"And pray, Roschen, do you know any one at all like this visionary lover? Do you think you would know him again?"

"I never saw any one at all like him; and yet I seemed to have known him for years: indeed, his face is fast fading from my memory, but his voice, I think I shall never forget."

"Indeed, my child, the sooner you forget the whole dream the better. See, they are going to dance. I wish you had a younger partner than myself; but as there does not seem to be one at liberty at present, come with me, and let us see if a waltz will not help to lay this spectre bridegroom!"

Roschen looked up in my face almost upbraidingly, whilst the tears filled her large, dark eyes. She evidently felt annoyed at the jesting manner in which I seemed inclined to treat her communication; but she said no more, and we joined the dancers. She grew more cheerful in the course of the day; but when she was not talking or dancing, I perceived the same expression of melancholy pervading her face, and felt that she was still brooding over her ominous dream.

My after sojourn in Frankfort was too short to admit of my completing what I much wished to possess—a portrait of this lovely child; but I have, still, a coloured sketch, which conveys to me as perfect an image of what she was *then*, as the most elaborate picture could do. Long before I parted from Roschen, however, we had become fast friends. Had she been a few years older, it might have been otherwise; but between a man of thirty-five, and a girl of thirteen, free intercourse might safely be allowed; and her rich imagination, poetical temperament, and clear intellect, made her a far more delightful and instructive companion than most full-grown and full-educated women. Nor could I bear that this fair creature, so affectionate, and gifted, and beautiful, should be to me but as a lovely vision, seen with delight for a little time, and then lost for ever. It was sad to think that I should see her no more, and that she would forget me. I requested that she might write to me; and my petition was granted, as it was made on the grounds of the great interest I felt in the whole family, and my wish to improve myself in German composition. Some portions of her letters, received at different periods, I will translate as nearly as I can render them. They will help me to tell some part of my tale, and perhaps better than I could do it, in language entirely my own:—

"Frankfort, Aug. 18.

"Your letter, dear friend, was received with many welcomes, and pleased us much by the announcement of your safe arrival in England. I can imagine your delight at once more beholding your father-land. I have never yet left mine; but I believe that I should better fathom the depths of my love for it, had I been absent from it for a time. My sister Amelia has just returned from Cologne, where she left Gertrude well and in high spirits. She says that she was happier during this visit than ever she was before, and I am afraid is not so well contented

with our little home on her return as I could wish her to be. If I ask her what made her so happy, she immediately tells me of the crowds of people with whom Gertrude visits; of the fine dresses she wears, and the gay equipage she commands. I cannot understand the connection between happiness and these things—how they alone can fill the soul with contentment. If I must say the truth, I do not think all these fine possessions would have reconciled me to the thought of passing my life with Herr Steinbach—not that he is unkind or gloomy, by any means; but I do not see how he and a young person like Gertrude can think alike, or feel alike. But this may be only my ignorance: I am but a young foolish girl, and so Amelia often tells me when I talk to her in this strain. Yesterday I was present at a little fete given by one who was once my school companion, on her birth-day. All the other ladies were very merry, Amelia amongst the rest, and they amused themselves with singing and dancing to a much later hour than we usually remain up when at home. I felt unaccountably melancholy, just as I did at Gertrude's wedding, when you may remember I was so saddened by a dream of the previous night. It is very strange, but it always seems that, when I am partaking of any gaiety, that dream returns upon my mind, and I hear the same wordless voice echoing through my very heart that I seemed to hear then. The young ladies saw my dejection, and rallied me much upon it, saying they supposed I was beginning to think about some lover, which brought all the blood burning into my cheeks, and at this they laughed the more. I have never trusted that dream to any but you, and I would not tell it to another for the world."

The following was written a few months after:—

"It is an old but true saying that this world is full of changes. A week ago we were called upon to rejoice in the prospect of Amelia's marriage, and to-day we have been saddened by the news of the death of Gertrude's new-born baby. But joy after all is our predominant feeling, for our sorrow of course is principally for poor Gertrude's disappointment. I must tell you about Amelia's betrothment. Her Lover is not a countryman of our own, which is some little drawback on our pleasure; but he is so amiable and lively, and so much attached to Amelia, that we cannot disapprove of her choice. She met with him in Cologne, but she only mentioned him slightly to us as 'a Monsieur Alphonse Leroux, who visited Herr Steinbach.' It now appears that Monsieur Leroux was constantly at her side while she staid with our sister, and that he has been as constantly in her thoughts ever since she returned. I shall never forget how abashed she looked when she heard his voice inquiring for her! Surely there is nothing we recognise so soon as a voice!

"Amelia is to be married next month, and she too will go away to Cologne, where Mons. Leroux's business obliges him to reside. I shall naturally be grieved for the loss of my sister, but she seems so happy in the prospect that I am reconciled. They say I must accompany her to Cologne. I had far rather not, for every day endears my home more and more to me; but I suppose I must comply."

"Cologne, Feb. 18.

"Amelia is married, and has been so for more

than a week, and here am I at Cologne, I cannot say enjoying myself much. My greatest pleasure has been seeing Gertrude again; but even that has not been unmingled with pain, for she looks pale, thin, and worn. She says she has nothing to complain of, but that she is obliged to go out so often, and receive so much company on account of her husband's business, that it is seriously injuring her health. Her eyes, too, which never were very strong, look weak and slightly inflamed. She says she can neither sow or read small print with any comfort. Amelia and Alphonse seem extremely pleased with each other. He is so very polite to her, and so full of pretty speeches and little complimentary actions, that it is impossible she should not feel obliged to him; and yet it seems to me that there is a great deal of trifling between them which cannot last for ever; and I doubt if their's is, after all, an attachment that can live without such sugar plums.—But they are happy and pleased at present, and it is wrong and foolish to anticipate evil.

"I shall return to Frankfort by the middle of April. My father regrets much that I cannot be there to-morrow, to keep my fifteenth birth-day, as he always wishes me to be at home on that day whenever I can, and I have never missed it before. I shall enter my fifteenth year in less than twenty-four hours from this time. I am going on fast to be a woman now. I fancy that I have never been so much of a child as the children about me. When I was at school I never amused myself amongst the other girls, except we played at telling stories; then, indeed, they allowed that I excelled them all; and I used to delight in inventing the strangest things to make them wonder! I am afraid I am not quite like other people. My mother says I am but a poor housewife, and that she fears I shall never marry so well as either Gertrude or Amelia, for that young men in these times think of something else besides a pretty face. I do not mind this, however; I do not envy either of my sisters, and I do not think it will trouble me if nobody ever proposes for me. Whenever a thought on the subject crosses my mind, I think of all I felt and suffered in that unforgettens dream, and I shrink from the thought of a love that could be different from what I experienced then.

"I had a letter from home yesterday. My father desires that, when I write to you, I will tell you that the friend you speak of will be welcome in his house; that he remembers you with much regard, and will be pleased to show attention to any one you esteem. I hope he will not arrive at Frankfort till I return there, for I should like much to see one who has lately seen you."

The allusion to this friend of mine will require explanation, inasmuch as he is neither more or less than the hero of my story. Roschen little imagined that Frank Middleton had but one errand to Frankfort, and that to see her fair self!

François Middleton was the only child of a country gentleman of good family and tolerable fortune. He was many years younger than myself, yet we were close friends, and the circumstances of his possessing a fine natural talent for painting, joined to an enthusiastic love of all that is beautiful in art or nature, served to render our intercourse more frequent than it might have been in an ordinary case. Indeed a day seldom passed during my periodical sojourn in

town, without bringing Frank from his chambers in the Temple to my studio, and there he chanced to cast his eye on the sketch of Roschen's lovely head. He did not let me rest till I told him all I knew of the fair original, and again and again he turned the conversation to the subject of my "little German rose-bud." Our communings about her were neither short nor unfrequent, for I had fully as much pleasure in talking of her as he in listening, and the extracts which I read him from her letters had always to be repeated a second or even a third time. I little thought what effect these conversations were producing on the mind of my enthusiastic young friend, or that the image of Roschen had obtained such an ascendancy over his imagination that his feelings for her, all unknown as she was, already amounted to a positive passion. My astonishment, therefore, may be conceived, when, without any preface, he announced his intention of proceeding to Frankfort, and seeking out the beautiful reality of the shadow which haunted him continually. I vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting a scheme so vague and romantic. I represented the disappointment that might await him; that Roschen's beauty might not have fulfilled its early promise; that in manners she might be different from what he might expect to find her—in short, I proved to a demonstration that his plan was at best a foolish and a fanciful one. My objections were all met by a solemn declaration that, come what might, to Frankfort he would go; that if Roschen were in the land of the living see her he would; and that if she corresponded with the idea he had formed of her, he would woo, and, if possible, win her. At any rate, he said, if she were not such as he had imagined her, his delusion would be dispelled, and the fierce fever which was preying on his very heart would be allayed: he should look on the past as a dream, and try to shake off its influence for ever. Finding that argument availed nothing towards disposing him of his resolution, or infatuation, whichever it may be called, I agreed to give him a letter to her family, recommending him as an inmate on the terms on which I had been received by them; and to this Roschen had alluded in her letter, as I had written before-hand to know if my friend could be accommodated in their house for a short time. I had no misgiving as to Frank's conduct. I knew him to be perfectly well-principled and honourable, and I did not fear that Roschen would ever have cause to repent the acquaintance she would thus make.

His health, really materially injured by the excited state of his feelings, and the facilities afforded for sketching by a continental tour, were pleas to which his indulgent father yielded at once, and he left England, with his parent's blessing, a tolerably well-filled purse, and a heart full of the hopes and ardour of youth, to undertake his wild adventure. Before he had been a week in Frankfort he wrote to me, and the progress of his fortunes will be best told by the following passage from his letter:—

"I have seen Roschen, and that is equivalent to saying that I love her, with all the devotion of which a human heart is capable. It was the embodying of my vision when she entered the room where I sat, and it seemed to me that her form and features were perfectly familiar to me. Your account of your first sight of her seemed transferred to my own experience;

I cannot think she is changed from what she was at thirteen, though I dare say she may be taller and more formed. Her hair (do you remember her beautiful black hair!—yet, how could you ever forget it!) was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in profuse waving tresses on her shoulders. I never beheld a face so perfect both in form and expression, and better, far better, is the lovely spirit within.

"There was one singular circumstance attending our first interview. When she entered the room it was some seconds before I could overcome my emotion so much as to speak to her. But presently, as I was addressing some observation to her father, she started at the sound of my voice, and turned full towards me with such a searching eager look as I shall never forget, her face being first deadly pale, and then suddenly suffused with an intense blush. When I afterwards asked the reason of her emotion, she replied, 'that she thought she had known my voice;' and my question seemed to agitate and distress her so much that I have not yet found courage to enquire farther on the subject. Pray heaven that that young and innocent heart be not already occupied!"

Frank had no real cause for jealousy. The most substantial rival he had to contend with was the dreamy phantom whose memory through nearly two years, and those years when thoughts and impressions come and go in quick succession, had clung unvaryingly to her imagination. It was the voice so long treasured in the echoes of her heart, that now for the first time in the living world had struck upon her sense; what marvel if she were agitated? Yet here I beg most distinctly to disclaim any intention of throwing an air of German mysticism and *diablerie* over my story, for I utterly renounce the idea that there was anything supernatural in the dream that had troubled the fancy of the young and imaginative girl. That there was strange coincidence between some of its features and after events, I am willing to allow, but nothing more.

I did not hear again from either of my correspondents for several weeks, and then I received a joint letter from them—Frank's share of it glowing with joyful exultation; Roschen's a mixture of bashfulness and candour, just what I should have expected from her under the circumstances.

"I cannot conceal from my dear friend," it began, "that Frank's love for me has made me very happy—too happy, perhaps, for this uncertain world—nor do I forget that you, under God's guidance, have been the cause of my present state of prosperity. My heart was drawn to you from the first day of our meeting, and yet I never trembled at growing fonder and fonder of you every day: I never shunned to look into your eyes, nor blushed if you touched my hand. Ah! it was not so when I began to love Frank! I surely loved *you* as his forerunner: there was gratitude awakening in my heart for the blessing that you were to be the means of procuring for me, even though I was not then apprised of it. Do you recollect the dream—the mystical voice, that left an everlasting echo in my heart ready to respond to the one tone that it could have distinguished amidst ten thousand? Alas! that dream had a dark side, which too often overshadows my memory, and I sit and weep lest *that* too must be fulfilled!"

Three months more passed, and another epistle from Roschen reached me by the hands of no less a

messenger than Frank Middleton himself. He had been suddenly recalled to England by the information he received of his father's dangerous illness, and Roschen's letter, sealed with black, bore tidings of sorrow and death. She wrote thus:—

"We cannot long have joy unmixed with sorrow in this changeful world, dear friend. The leaves are already dropping from our household tree: my sister Amelia is a widow. Poor Alphonse Leroux was seized with a fever on the third of this month, and died after six day's illness. Our grief is indescribable, and the loss to Amelia will indeed be a heavy one; for, besides the grief of parting from so kind and attentive a husband, she is left almost penniless. Monsieur Leroux doubtless intended to make a proper provision for her when his business should have increased; but they lived up to their income during the first year of their marriage, so that beyond a trifle there will be nothing left for Amelia after all debts are paid. She will go to my sister Steinbach for a while, and then return to us; most likely she will come with Gertrude to my marriage, which, if God returns my betrothed to me in safety, will probably take place in six or seven months. Poor Frank! He, too, is called to suffer, for he does not expect to find his father alive when he reaches England. I regret bitterly now that I did not more urgently entreat him to inform his father of our attachment in its first stage. It will now, I fear, never have the sanction of a paternal blessing."

Even so it proved. The elder Mr. Middleton lived but a few hours after his son's arrival at home, and died without giving him one sign of recognition. Frank staid no longer than was absolutely necessary for the arrangement of his affairs, but returned to Germany as soon as he possibly could.

His marriage with Roschen, however, was delayed from various causes, for upwards of a twelvemonth after Mr. Middleton's death. At last I received an account of its celebration in a letter written at the request of Roschen by the widowed Madame Leroux; and certainly her epistle displayed more feeling than I had given her credit for in her gayer and younger days.

After a description of the guests, the entertainment, the apparel of the bride, and such like weighty matters, it continued thus:—

"I tried to smile, and to cheer dear Roschen as much as I could, but nevertheless the remembrance of my own marriage, so gay and happy as I was then, and the thought of my present desolate condition, hang heavily on my heart, and I fear I was cheerful with a very poor grace. Indeed when Roschen and I were alone in her chamber, just before she left us for her own house, I attempted to speak jestingly to her, for I saw she needed to see us all gay and glad to support her under the trial of leaving her early home; but it would not do—the tears would force themselves into my eyes, and then we fell into each others arms, and wept. Gertrude was not with us, as we hoped she would have been. She could not leave her husband, who is far from well in his health; some say the credit of his house does not stand as high as once it did. I fear there will soon be another widow amongst us, sisters."

Her foreboding was no idle one. Herr Steinbach died a few weeks after Roschen's nuptials, and the widowed sisters returned to reside with their parents,

who, poor as they were, and becoming daily more infirm, could ill have borne the burden, had not their slender means been aided by the small annuity saved from the wreck of Steinbach's property for the benefit of his widow, and by frequent and freely-given assistance from Frank Middleton.

Seven years passed, and I seldom heard from my friends. Frank disposed of the greatest part of his English estate, and, yielding to his young wife's affection for her native land, resided almost entirely in Germany. Carl Openheim and his wife died within a short time of each other, and one child, a little girl, was added to Frank's family circle. At the end of these seven years Middleton visited England, for the purpose of investing a large sum of money in a more advantageous manner than he could find an opportunity of doing on the continent. Having effected his object, he left London in a small vessel bound for Hamburg, where he had some further business to transact. Five days afterwards the vessel was driven on shore a total wreck, every one on board having, as it was supposed, taken to the boat, and perished with their fragile refuge.

But if I was shocked to the very soul by these dreadful tidings, what was the agony, the overwhelming horror of Roschen, when they reached her? She, whose life appeared bound up in his—she, the beautiful, the gentle, the imaginative being, whose whole soul was a world of love and tenderness, was thus rendered in one moment utterly desolate. The deaths of her sisters' husbands had been heavy bereavements and deeply felt, but all seemed to understand at once that Roschen's affliction was not to be put in comparison with those.

Sorrow, however passionate, must subside. It is a merciful ordination of a merciful God, that, except in a very few cases, grief, however true and abiding, loses in time its sharpness; and as soon as Roschen was sufficiently calm to attend in some measure to what was passing around her, it was proposed that the three sisters, uniting their incomes—or rather the incomes of Gertrude and Roschen, for poor Amelia had none—should reside together in the house that had been their parents'. This plan was put into execution, and the three sisters, so prosperously wedded to all appearance, and so early dressed in "weeds of woe," were soon called, *par excellence*, "The three widows of Frankfort." Attached to each other as these sisters certainly were, and dear as Roschen's little girl, Franchette, was to all of them, they might, notwithstanding all that had passed, have lived in peace and contentment; but affliction had not yet done with them. The property which should have been Roschen's and her child's, on the death of poor Frank, was withheld from them, at the instance of the heir-at-law; and though there was little doubt that the dispute would finally be decided in favour of the widow and her child, she was meanwhile sorely harassed and distressed by the cessation of the income, on which she depended for subsistence. Her father's property, with the exception of the house they occupied, had gone to satisfy his creditors, and the Widow Steinbach's annuity was quite insufficient for the support of four persons, allowing them the merest necessities of life; but the state of poor Roschen's mind, while suffering under her accumulated trials, will be best depicted by herself:—

"It is hard, dearest friend, to find that I cannot even have quietness in my affliction—I, who, but for my little child, want nothing but to lie down and die in peace. I declare to you that the petty annoyances I have to endure, the sense of oppression and wrong that is perpetually stinging me, the daily necessity of thinking and talking about the paltry embarrassments that press upon me from all sides, are less easy to be borne than the one overwhelming agony, which crushed my heart and desolated me at once and for ever. I had a positive anticipation of luxury in sitting calmly down with my sorrow for life—sorrow so hoarded and so sacred, that no one should ever venture the attempt to divorce me from it. I had satisfaction in thinking that I might give up all my worldly affairs to the guidance of my sisters, who are better fitted for such superintendence than I am—that I might ponder for ever on the lost one, and every day recall some trait of mind or feature, that I might add it to the image I would enshrine in my memory. I trusted that meditation on *him*, and prayer to God, might occupy much of my time, and that the hours I should spend with my little girl (whom I meant to place at some school near at hand) should be passed in recalling and keeping alive in her mind the remembrance of her father, in expanding the buds of love that were already wreathing round his image in her heart, and which may have been checked by the untimely blight that has fallen on our prospects. Thus I hoped my life would pass away, and that when I laid me down to die, or rather to live once more, rejoining my beloved, I should have known that I left behind me a monument to his memory of my own raising, sheltered in the fair temple of my daughter's heart. But it is otherwise ordained of me. The fatherless and widow are ever deemed fit subjects for oppression, and all that can be done to distress and disturb one is done by my husband's cruel relative. Were it for myself only, I feel I could not support the struggle; but if I yield who shall protect my child, and what must support my sisters? I see another heavy trouble already overshadowing us; my poor sister Gertrude is threatened with blindness, and that of a kind which I am told can never be removed by any skill. To us, who are even now compelled to derive the greatest part of our subsistence from the work of our hands, a severer affliction can scarcely be conceived."

Gertrude's loss of sight soon became total, and she was thus disabled from assisting in the delicate needlework, to which Amelia and Roschen were now obliged to apply with redoubled assiduity, the poor remuneration of their toil scarcely affording them a livelihood. For two years, however, the sisters struggled on, but at the end of that time their prospects seemed even darker than before; their health was impaired by constant toil. Roschen's lawsuit remained still undecided, and the Widow Steinbach, from an accident, had become lame as well as blind.

Over against their humble dwelling there resided a personage, of some note in the neighbourhood, for his eccentric habits and his reported wealth. Herr Schobeln was not a native of Frankfort, but had resided there from his childhood, having been brought up by an aunt, who at her death left him a considerable property, which he was supposed to have increased to an immense amount—how was not exactly known. He carried on no visible trade or profession,

but was supposed to be connected with some lucrative business at a distance, ostensibly carried on by others, for he frequently disappeared at irregular times, for uncertain periods of from one to five or six months, and no curiosity, however eager, had yet been satisfied as to where he went or how he employed himself during those absences. He never spoke of having any relative but the aunt with whom his youth had been spent, and who was to the full as reserved and eccentric as himself. None ever appeared as his visitor, and though he was civil to his neighbours, *en passant*, he never invited any one of them to enter his doors. He kept no domestic but one old woman, and she was only employed for a few hours each day, and lodged with her son in the next street. Yet his manners displayed nothing of either gloom or misanthropy; on the contrary, he was peculiarly courteous in the little intercourse he held with his fellow-creatures, and particularly kind to his old attendant, whom he always paid liberally. Moreover, he was remarkably well-looking for his years, tall, well made, and possessed of a high, bold forehead, slightly fringed with silver hair, and an intelligent, open countenance. He had lived in the same house ever since he came, and long before Carl Openheim had purchased the little messuage now inhabited by the three sisters. The family had always been on good terms with Herr Schobeln—that is to say, they had regularly exchanged salutations when they met, and the solitary had regularly sent them the first salad of the year, raised in the plot of garden which he cultivated with his own hands; in return for which he as regularly received a small basket of their finest pears when the season came round. But they had never exchanged a word with him beyond a passing “good day,” and therefore their surprise may be imagined when, one fine summer’s evening, Amelia, who generally acted as portress, opened the door to Herr Schobeln. Still more were they astonished when, in compliance with the polite invitation which Madame Leroux uttered as the sentence that came most readily to hand on the occasion, Herr Schobeln walked in “with stately step and slow,” and, after bowing politely to Roschen and Gertrude, seated himself in the arm-chair which had been their father’s, with as much ease and friendliness of manner as if he had been on the most intimate terms with them all his life; moreover, the lamp being lighted, they perceived that Herr Schobeln was attired with unusual splendour in a court suit, which he had never been known to display before, save on the occasion of some public rejoicing, or on such festivals as Easter and Christmas. He did not, however, make any attempt at commencing a conversation, until Roschen, conquering her sense of embarrassment as well as she was able, inquired to what fortunate circumstance they were indebted for the honour of a visit from Herr Schobeln? “Pardon me, ladies,” replied the guest, “for having caused you some little surprise, I had almost said alarm, by my unlooked-for appearance in your house; and allow me, in as few words as I can, to explain its meaning. For many years I have lived in almost entire solitude, and truly I cannot say I have lived unhappily. I have had my books, my flowers, my household matters to attend to, and I can assure you time has never hung heavily on my hands. Many have wondered at my solitary mode of life, and a thousand

strange surmises have been afloat respecting me. I need not tell you that they have all been incorrect, and I am now going to confide to you the true reason of my singularities. My absences from home have occasioned much conjecture; it has been supposed that I was secretly connected with some lucrative trade, which I had sufficient cause to keep secret. I tell you at once that it was not so, and that what wealth I happen to possess is that bequeathed to me by my aunt, considerably increased, I own, by my frugal method of life. In early youth I wished to travel, and I did so. I became attached during my wanderings to a very beautiful Swiss lady, and we were betrothed to each other. But, during a separation of unusual length, several of my letters to her were lost, or, as I imagine, intercepted, by one who had professed himself my friend, whilst in reality he was my rival. At any rate he prevailed on Blanche to forget her vows, and become his wife. His after conduct to her was most cruel, and that, and the discovery of the perfidious arts he had used to gain her consent to be his, so preyed on her mind, that she became deranged, and that so completely, that she was obliged to be placed in strict confinement. Her husband died a few years afterwards, and I then sought an interview with her, hoping that some glimmering of sense might be restored by my presence. She did not appear to know me at first, but after a time a faint dawn of memory seemed to steal over her mind, and she called me by name, weeping like a child. I weary you, ladies, by this relation; I have no right to intrude it on you, but I have a purpose in doing so.”

The sisters all declared they were much honoured by his confidence, and deeply interested in his narrative, and they begged that he would proceed.

“After our interview she was calmer than she had been since her malady first appeared, and in future, in her wildest moments, the very mention of my name appeared to soothe her, and invariably produced a flood of tears, which seemed to relieve her much. My occasional presence, too, seemed productive of benefit, and it was suggested to me by one well-skilled in the treatment of cases similar to hers that I should frequently visit her, and remain in her neighbourhood for a longer or shorter period, as our interviews seemed to soothe her or otherwise. I removed her from the asylum where she had hitherto been immured, to the house of a skilful surgeon, who sent for me whenever he deemed my presence might be useful. Till within the last few months I had the satisfaction of feeling that I lessened her sufferings, and was serviceable to the being whom I had loved best on earth. She does not now need my care.”

He stopped in some agitation, but resumed in a few moments.

“Thank God, her reason was restored before her death, in all the clearness and strength of her youth. She knew me, and thanked me, and her last act was to place her wasted hand in mine, her last word a blessing on my name. Dear ladies, the being who occupied my whole thoughts and affections is gone, and the sense of loneliness presses heavily upon me. My heart has been so long used to have an object on which to expend its sympathies, that I am unhappy in the want of it. Why should not we be friends? You have all been sufferers, peculiarly tried, and so have I; there is much of equality in our circumstan-

ces, and I have come to you this evening to say what I never said to a family in Frankfort before—'Let us be friends.' Suffer me to visit you sometimes, to take an interest in your affairs, and as far as I am able to render you my assistance."

The three widows were certainly much astonished at Herr Schobeln's manner of introducing himself to their acquaintance; but they were touched and interested by his story, and the earnestness with which the solitary man appealed to them for sympathy. They could not refuse his request, and therefore intimated that they should be happy to receive him when he felt disposed to visit them.

One of the party, however, soon began to feel some little regret that their assent had been so easily given. Scarcely a day went by without some present of fruit or vegetables, or other small matters, being conveyed by the ancient serving-woman of Herr Schobeln to the humble home of his fair neighbours, and very shortly not an evening passed in which his tall person might not be seen occupying the large leathern chair of the deceased tobacconist. Roschen felt somewhat annoyed, despite the natural kindness of her heart, because their privacy seemed effectually broken up. Amelia, on the contrary, was secretly delighted, for she had thoughts on the subject, which however, she would not have communicated to Roschen for the world. She did, indeed, venture on a few distant hints of good fortune to arise from this new intimacy, though as to the particular form in which it was to come she preserved an oracular silence; and Roschen was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to attempt to unravel the mystery, or to regard Herr Schobeln as anything but a very good neighbour, whose visits would be far pleasanter if they were not quite so frequent.

But during Roschen's absences from the sitting-room Amelia felt no such restraint in conversing with the Widow Steinbach. They talked on the subject of Herr Schobeln's visits, and speculated thereon to their hearts' content. Poor Gertrude, deprived of the power of making her own observations on the state of affairs, always applied to Madame Leroux for the result of her's, and their dialogues were generally carried on in something of the following strain:—

"Well," the Widow Steinbach would say, by way of commencement, Roschen's languid step having died away, and her chamber door having closed on the sufferer—"Well, so you tell me that our neighbour, Schobeln, wore last night a new cinnamon vest, with gold buttons; is it not rather strange for him to get a new vest?"

"I never remember such a thing before," Amelia would rejoin; "he used always to wear a black one, and I never saw him in any other, except the one belonging to his best suit, which he wore the first evening he came, you know."

"It is very strange," said the Widow Steinbach.

"What is strange?" said Amelia, innocently simpering a little though, and stealing a glance at the mirror, which perhaps she would not have done had her sister been able to observe it.

"I don't mean the new vest only," pursued Gertrude, "but the whole thing; his coming at all, after knowing us by sight so many years, and now his coming so regularly every night."

"Well, that is strange certainly," assented Amelia.

"But I think I can find a reason for it, strange as

it is," continued the Widow Steinbach. "What would you think, Amelia, if he should be coming to look for a wife?"

"A wife, sister!" said Amelia, with a very good tone of surprise.

"Aye, a wife, Madame Leroux; why should not he seek a wife as well as another, especially now, he has no more trouble or expense about that mad lady, you know? Why should not he have found out that a lonely home is not a happy one, and that a kind face and a bright smile by his fireside, and a kind hand to smooth his pillow if he were ill, would be a blessing? He is rich—we are poor; why, if he should ask one of us in marriage, should we say to him nay? It is not of myself I speak; my infirmities are a sufficient answer to any thought that might arise on that subject; but if he offer to marry either you or Roschen, why should you refuse the means of escaping from this life of toil and poverty?"

The tears of Amelia were by this time flowing fast, but her sister continued—

"You are the best judge yourself to which his inclinations tend; I should think he would most likely choose you, for Roschen's sorrowful voice alone would put such thoughts about her out of any man's head. It must be you, Amelia, and I trust and believe it will prove so, and therefore already I say, 'God bless you with him!'"

Amelia was much pleased at hearing this opinion expressed by Gertrude.—Herr Schobeln's attention had been hitherto divided so equally amongst the sisters, that she had felt some difficulty in her mind as to which was the favoured fair one. She had a real respect for Herr Schobeln; she knew he was rich, and she had no objection to become the partner of his fortunes, not indeed with a mere selfish wish for her own exaltation, but to have the pleasure of sharing her comforts with her sisters. Widow Steinbach's speech had confirmed her in her opinion that it was herself and not Roschen whom he sought; and she already saw herself the mistress of the old house over the way, felt her light step bounding through its large rooms, and up its wide staircases, rummaged its chests and odd corners, and heard her own laugh ring through the long-silent apartments, as she brought to light some article of strange fashion or curious workmanship. She already felt in fancy the delight of procuring for her sisters the means which should supply Gertrude with the comforts her infirm state rendered necessary to her, and exempt Roschen from her laborious employments. She lived day by day in a happy dream of the future, only wishing that Herr Schobeln would be a little more explicit at once, that she might commence altering her dresses for the wedding, which she had not yet ventured to do, though she had already turned them over many times, and contrived how they might be remodelled to the best advantage. Why did not Herr Schobeln speak? He spoke at last, and to Amelia herself by herself; yet his avowal had the effect of a sudden thunderbolt, shattering to atoms the fairy palace of her hopes and anticipations. He spoke, and after a long preamble concerning the disagreeables of solitude and the pleasures of the married state, he finished his harangue by begging, humbly begging, that Amelia would propose him as a suitor to her sister Roschen! What Amelia said, or how she received the unraveling of his intentions, cannot be known, for she never

know exactly herself. She remembered something about pleasure and honour, and endeavouring to meet his wishes, and then flew to the Widow Steinbach to disburden her mind of the astounding intelligence. But Gertrude did not sympathize with her exactly as might have been expected. "They had been mistaken;" that was all—she saw great cause for thankfulness that the wedding and the wealth would still be in the family, for of course Roschen, though no doubt she would be astonished, would never be so mad as to refuse him, if it were only for the sake of little Franchette. She shifted Roschen into the character of bride, which she had hitherto marked out for Amelia, with wonderful facility, observing in conclusion, that at any rate there would be a wedding, and they would all be at it. Very true; but it is a different thing to be the principal person on such an occasion, or a mere looker-on—there is a wide distinction between the importance of a bride and a bridesmaid, and between being the mistress and dispenser of this world's goods, and the humble recipient of them. All this Amelia felt, and a sense of deep disappointment and mortification, together with shame for the self-delusion she had been subject to, did at first possess her mind, though a certain pride swelling at her heart forbade her to say so, and urged her to acquiesce in the view Gertrude took of the matter with the best grace she could. Indeed such was the excellence of her temper and the elasticity of her feelings, that when a few hours after she informed Roschen of the proposal she was commissioned to make, she did it with a smiling countenance, and was really distressed when her sister declared her intention of refusing Herr Schobeln's offer.

Months went by, and not only once but many times, by the agency of her sister, personally and by letter, did Roschen refuse Herr Schobeln. There was, perhaps, a lingering hope in Madame Leroux's heart that the determined coldness of Roschen might lead their neighbour to recollect that his cruel fair one had a sister, neither old nor ugly, who might not be so indifferent to a similar proposition; but months, as I have said, went by, and Herr Schobeln determined to write once more to his obdurate charmer, and if she still continued unpropitious, to leave the town where he had already been much talked of as the rejected suitor of the beautiful young widow. Roschen received his letter, retired to her chamber, where she remained some hours, and on her return to the room where her sisters were sitting, calmly but coldly announced her intention of accepting Herr Schobeln.

Let no one who reads this tale burst forth with the hacknied quotation—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" Roschen had done nothing rashly—nothing that could possibly subject her to the charge of fickleness or folly. The image of Francis Middleton, the first, the only loved of her heart, was as fresh in her memory as ever; this she had told Herr Schobeln, even while she acceded to his proposal. But he was gone; lost to her for ever in this world—her own health was failing, and, should she die, what would be the fate of her orphan child? who would carry on the struggle for her rights, which her mother had never yet abandoned? Then the Widow Steinbach: how could Amelia, in the event of Roschen's death, both wait upon her and work for her own support?

All these things had been considered and reconsidered, and thus it was that Roschen had consented to be the wife of Herr Schobeln.

The sisters, who had been apprehensive that, after all, there would be no wedding in the family, were overjoyed at Roschen's decision. Of the sacrifice she was making for others they had no comprehension. They were thankful that she had *changed* her mind, and they had no conception of the slow and most painful process by which that change had been effected. Roschen wept bitterly over her unappreciated sacrifice that night, as she knelt beside her sleeping child's couch, and poured out the agony of her soul before her Maker.

There was no occasion for the alteration of old dresses for the bridal, as Amelia had supposed there would be. Herr Schobeln sent the richest stuffs and silks that could be purchased in Frankfort as presents both to the bride elect and her sisters. Every preparation was made on a splendid scale.—The old house, so long the subject of much ungratified curiosity amongst the towns-people, was now filled with workmen, and the gossips who gained admission were much disappointed to find it was so like other old houses. The wealth which the neighbourhood had so long taken for granted, was now presented to its eyes in the visible forms of rich carpets, curtains, and furniture of every kind.

The arrangements for the wedding feast were made in an equally liberal style by the direction of the bridegroom, and all Frankfort talked of nothing but the change that was taking place in the circumstances of two persons so unlikely to marry as the rich bachelor and the broken-hearted widow, and above all so unlikely to marry each other.

Perhaps even in the early bloom of her beauty Roschen had never looked so lovely as on the morning of her second wedding-day. The rich material and plain fashion of her snow-white dress suited well with the pure and intellectual character of her countenance, and the expensive lace veil which shaded her pale brow lent fresh delicacy to the outline of her features. There was no wildness in her dark eye; no convulsive motion of her lip—all was hushed and composed as the calm depths of her own resolved spirit. She felt grateful to Herr Schobeln for all he had promised—a home for her sisters, protection for her child, unbounded kindness to herself, though she felt in heart the last would not long be required. Since they had conversed more frequently and confidentially together, the bridegroom's feelings had undergone a change; he loved Roschen more than ever, if it were possible, but his love was blent with a respect that partook of the character of reverence. Indeed on the bridal day she seemed to awe even more than she had charmed him, and he moved and spoke in her presence with a deference that was scarcely lover-like.

The strangely assorted pair stood before the altar, where, ten years before, Roschen's young heart had throbbed so wildly, as her hand was placed in that of Francis Middleton, and the words pronounced which made her his own. She seemed to herself, in the present instance, to be enacting a part in some pageant in which she had no real interest. If this ceremony meant anything; if she were *really* the bride of another, could she stand there so calm, so self-possessed? It was impossible.

The ceremony began; there was a little stir at the door amongst the crowd who were passing in to witness it, and then voices were heard as in altercation. The clergyman paused and commanded silence, but still the people struggled, and still angry voices sounded. Suddenly Roschen started and turned round, gazing earnestly towards the door and listening with eager attention. A moment more and the bride sprang from her station at the altar, passed quickly through the crowd, who instinctively fell back to give her way, and was caught in the arms of a tall sunburnt man, in shabby sailor's clothes, whom she and no other knew—knew in an instant to be her own Francis Middleton!

He had been washed overboard early on the fatal evening of the wreck, and, clinging to a floating spar, had been picked up by a small outward-bound vessel, and thus escaped the fate which awaited those who took to the boat. This vessel in her turn was doomed to disaster, being taken by a pirate, and all on board her were butchered or made prisoners. He had suffered sickness and slavery and imprisonment, but all had been overcome, and he had just reached Frankfort in time to save Roschen from becoming the wife of another.

"So there will be no wedding after all!" murmured Widow Steinbach, with something of a chagrined expression, when she was hastily informed of these particulars. "Of course I am delighted that Frank is alive and come home to us again, but it is a pity all these preparations have been made for nothing!"

"I would not have you be too sure of that," said Herr Schobeln at her elbow, and he spoke in a cheerful voice, very unlike that of a man who had just experienced so heart-rending a disappointment.

Widow Steinbach treasured up the words, though she was too wary to startle Herr Schobeln by asking for an explanation of their meaning; but at the first opportunity she communicated them, with sundry notes and comments of her own, to Madame Leroux.

Again did Amelia's heart beat high with hope, and visions of altered old dresses and splendid new ones flitted before her mind's eye, together with the celebration of nuptials, whereat she herself was a principal personage; and reveries *would* come, and hopes *would* haunt her on the subject, notwithstanding her wise resolves against castle-building for the future. *This* time, however, her anticipations were realised. She became the wife of Herr Schobeln, and a happy wife too, despite the difference in their ages; and she reigned mistress of the old house and its handsome modern furniture, and rummaged every cranny and corner from garret to cellar, just as she had pictured to herself that she should, long before. She was not destined to become a mother, but she was of too contented a disposition to fret about the matter; and her kindness, unconcentrated by that absorbing feeling, maternal affection, flowed out to every creature around her. Herr Schobeln never had cause to repent the return of Frank Middleton, and only wondered how it was that Amelia had not been his choice in the first instance. The widow Steinbach found a home with her newly married sister, and little Franchette became the recipient of all the spare affections of Amelia's heart, and in process of time the inheretrix of a great part of Herr Schobeln's

wealth. I have visited Frankfort again within the last few years, and passed some days at the mansion of Herr Schobeln, and the humbler home of Frank and Roschen; and I can truly say I have seldom enjoyed more heartfelt satisfaction than in witnessing the contentment and prosperity of the three sisters who had formerly been known and pitied as "the three widows of Frankfort."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AN ODDITY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. GORE.

VALUABLE hints concerning the morals and manners of an historical epoch, are often to be derived from the sectional history of persons, little distinguished from the mass by virtue, understanding, or social position. The flippant dandyism of the regency for instance, would be better understood by posterity, from a perusal of the memoirs of Beau Brummell than from half a hundred more important biographies; and the corruption and coarseness engendered in the higher classes of female society, toward the close of the last century, by the prevalence of gaming, could not be better illustrated than by a correct picture of the *coterie* of Albina, Countess of Buckinghamshire; or a sketch of Lady Betty Luttrell, who closed a disgraceful life, sweeping the streets of Norwich, as the penalty for an act of swindling.

As regards the manners of the present day, we could point out a dozen individuals, both living and recently defunct, a sketch of whose lives and appearance would do more to illustrate the reigns of our two last sovereigns, than all that has been sung by the laureat, or said by the Cabinet Cyclopædias and Penny Magazines—those chartered chronicles of useful knowledge. But it is probable that posterity will judge us from the discreet pages of partial biographers; and pronounce upon the nineteenth century, in the prim attitude in which it places itself when avowedly sitting for its picture.

Nothing is more amusing than to find an occasional rent in the tapestry of history, through which its reverse may be examined. The stately times of Louis XIV., for instance, and the formal epoch of Louis XIII.;—how delightful to find them divested of their tinsel and buckram, in the pages of some contemporary, and ex-professional writer. How diverting, for instance, and how characteristic is the career of the eccentric Madame Pilau!

"But who," we hear our readers exclaim, "who on earth was Madame Pilau? We never even heard the name! It is certainly not of literary—it is certainly not of political interest. It must be some foolish *nom de guerre*!"

Yet, time was, and only a trifle of two hundred years ago, that not to know Madame Pilau was to argue yourself unknown. The first remark hazarded in Paris, on the occurrence of any extraordinary event, from the queen and her court down to the quizzical old Hugonot ladies, residing between the

Faubourg St. Antoine, and Charenton, was, "What will Madame Pilau say of it?"

During the ascendancy of Cardinal Richelieu, Madame Pilau was the privileged Mrs. Grundy of the French capital. She was allowed to say any thing that came into her head, because nothing seemed to come into it but what was worth saying. She was the pacificator of family feuds—the banterer of all established abuses, the bringer to reason of all obstinate old men, or fanciful old women;—the Mrs. Makepeace, in short, of both the court and the city.

"But to attain this singular ascendancy," methinks we hear our readers resume, "this woman must have been extraordinarily beautiful; or backed by great advantages of birth and fortune?"

So far from it, that she is recorded to have been, from her earliest youth, the ugliest woman ever beheld. She knew it, and took pleasure in adverting on all occasions to her own unseemliness. "I am the only woman in the world," she used to say, "who have accepted with a courtesy those two grievous misfortunes, called ugliness and old age."

With regard to her origin, Madame Pilau was the daughter of one obscure attorney, and married to another. She appears to have been born about the year 1580;—for at the coronation of Louis XIV., in 1654, at which she figured, she was more than seventy years of age. A small fortune, bequeathed to her by a certain Madame la Fosse, a rich widow of no great reputation, afforded her the means of mixing in society; and her gay humour and serviceable disposition, soon rendered her a general favourite! Her husband's residence was in the Rue St. Antoine, containing, at that time a considerable number of the hotels of the highest aristocracy, and closely adjoining the Place Royale; so that, inhabiting the most fashionable quarter of the town, she was in some sort intermingled with the great world.

The ladies of the Place Royale (the Grosvenor-square of Paris, during the reign of Louis XIII.) did not enjoy the most unsullied reputation; and if we are to believe the songs, and Pont Neuf of her day, Madame Pilau, who, from her extreme ugliness was exempt from all suspicion of gallantry, passed for being an evil counsellor to those younger and handsomer than herself. It was said or sung of the beautiful Madame de Maison, first, that she was no longer so cruel,

"Depuis qu'elle fut a St. Cloud

Avec Madame Pilan;"

and of the celebrated Madame de Chalais we learn,

"Brian Sanpire

Et n'ose dire

A la Chalais qu'elle fait son martyre,

Un moment sans la voir lui semble une heure

Et Madame Pilau veut qu'il en meure."

The good lady herself, however, seems to have greatly resented, and completely exculpated herself from such accusations.

"It is not my fault," she observed publicly to the Bishop of Langres, at a great dinner at his house, "that the morals of the Place Royale are at so low an ebb. When first admitted to the society of Madame de Rohan and her set, which I find remarkably agreeable, I soon saw that a woman who had so little birth or beauty to recommend her, would be voted insupportable if she set up for a rigid moralist.

and was always intruding her lectures. Those who see me on terms of familiarity with these gay ladies, are charitable enough to suppose that I am at heart no better than the rest; whereas, if the truth were known, it would be found that I have kept more of them out of mischief, than they care to admit."

On her own showing, however, we perceive that Madame Pilau's advice chiefly regarded the propriety of keeping up appearances. Prudence and not virtue was the one thing needful.

"Why in the world must you commit yourself by writing to your lover?" was her inquiry of Madame de Castille, and a circle of her giddy associates.

"Because without an interchange of letters, we should feel that we were entertaining them no better than chambermaids!" was their reply.

A correspondence was at that time an affair of first-rate pedantry. Most of these thoughtless women belonged eventually to the set of the Hotel Rambouillet; to deride whose pretensions to wit, Moliere wrote his inimitable comedy of "Les Precieuses Ridicules."

Madame Pilau was a prodigious favourite with the Cardinal de Richelieu, who appreciated her strong natural sense, and was amused by her anecdotes concerning the great families of France. As far as her *bon mots* have reached our time, they consist in straightforward exposition of the plainest truths, in language far from refined. Anne of Austria, who often invited her into her private circle, used to laugh heartily at her sallies; and during a dangerous illness, by which the old lady was attacked fifteen years previous to her death, both the king and the queen-mother used to call daily at her door to make personal inquiries on their way from Vincennes to the Louvre.

Her bosom friend, the Princesse de Guemenee, used to say to the queen, "Make Madame Pilau divert your majesty with such and such an anecdote,"—alluding to various stories she had been heard to recount at the arsenal, which was the resort of all the wits and fashion of the day.

During the troubles of the Fronde, the inhabitants of the quarter St. Antoine were in the greatest consternation in the expectation of a blockade. Madame Pilau hurried to the President de Chevre for his advice, who assured her that the enemy would indeed force their entrance by the Porte St. Antoine, and that their cannon would be so placed as to sweep the whole street.

"Never mind," said Madame Pilau; "in that case I will creep into the crooked cross-streets."

The President at length succeeded, however, in persuading her to decamp from her house; and as her husband had been many years bed-ridden, she took an affectionate leave of him previous to her departure.

"I am forced to take myself off to the other end of the town," said she. "You, my dear good man, have nothing to fear. When the troops come into your room, you have only to close your eyes and pretend to be dead."

This *ruse* perfectly succeeded. A few years afterwards Pilau departed this life in reality, leaving his widow in such easy circumstances, that she was thenceforward called "Pilau the Dowager."

She had one son who was of a devout turn of mind.

They resided together; and instead of making a display of their wealth, gave away large sums in charity to the poor. When her son injured his health by the strictness of his devotional practices, Madame Pilau exclaimed, "What can you mean, my dear Robert, by all these efforts? Do you intend to go a step beyond paradise?"

In all respects, her son was a source of annoyance to her. Her house and establishment were models of neatness and elegance, and visited by the first society of the court; but the dirty habits of Robert Pilau often put matters into confusion.

"Don't worry yourself, mother; I shall improve as I grow older," said the sloven; and he was then in the fifty-third year of his age.

His mother once made him a present of a handsome winter mantle, which accorded so ill with the rest of his dress, that he was taken for a thief who had made away with a rich cloak, and so severely beaten in the street that his life was despaired of. Robert Pilau made it his last request that those by whom he had been injured might not be prosecuted. Being nearly as eccentric as his mother, he had made an enormous collection of invitations to funerals—the *billets d'enterrement* still in use among the French.

Madame Pilau was occasionally diverted in public, by overhearing exclamations of horror at her extreme ugliness.

"Ah! my pretty lady," she would reply, "I have worn better than you will. Such as I am now, I was at fifteen. Which of you, at seventy years of age will be able to say as much?"

In the "*Clelie*" of Mademoiselle de Scudery, she figures under the name of Arricidie, as a person of singular philosophy, but the highest merit. On visiting the authoress a short time after the publication of the work, she observed, "You must be indeed a woman of genius, for you have converted an old rag into cloth of gold."

Madame Pilau was frequently applied to by families of distinction to undertake explanations requiring more than usual firmness and presence of mind. The Duchess d'Aumont used to say, "When Madame Pilau is no more, how will people ever obtain justice from their relations?" Nothing, however, would ever induce her to recommend a servant or a tradesperson; "offices," she said, "in which people were sure to disoblige all parties." Her functions, indeed, were of a far higher order. When the Duc de Tresmes, at eighty years of age, was on the point of death, no one could induce him to perform the customary offices of religion. His son, the Marquis de Gesvres, consequently addressed himself to Madame Pilau, who visited the sick man, and, though insulted by his physicians, who bade her "hold her preaching," persevered till she succeeded.

She was also frequently selected to undertake the charge of large sums of money for her friends. On one occasion she missed five hundred livres from a sum thus deposited, and thought proper to discharge a favourite servant, the only person besides herself who had access to it, and who chose to resent her inquiries. It afterwards appeared that the owner of the money had returned furtively, and carried off the missing sum, which he had placed in a small bag expressly for the purpose of theft, as remorse eventually urged him to confess. Madame Pilau imme-

diately recalled her servant. "I paid you handsomely on dismissing you," said she, "that it might not be said that I picked a quarrel with one of my household as a pretext for a shabby action. I now give you a pension for life of two hundred livres, in atonement of an unjust suspicion; and if you choose to return to my service, I will double your wages."

When she was on a visit to the Princesse de Guemenee, at the Chateau of Muedon, Servieu, the *surintendant des finances* (a man enormously rich and equally influential), gave a magnificent entertainment, to which Madame Pilau accompanied her friends, the Rohans. Servieu, enchanted to receive a person so universally known, made her unlimited offers of service.

"Keep your good intentions for those who are in need of them," she replied. "Robert Pilau and I are too well off to stand in need of you. All I request is, that whenever we meet, you will be as gracious as you are at Meudon, for you have nothing to fear from me. I am one of the few persons who never have anything to ask of you; and am probably the only one in France who dare say so in such plain terms."

One day, when visiting at the Hotel de Chaulnes, the duchess did something to offend her. "Because you are a duchess and I the wife of an attorney, you fancy yourself privileged to be impertinent," cried she; "but either you must treat me with the respect due to your guest, or I will never set foot in your house again. I am independent in mind and circumstances, and care very little to reckon a duchess more or less of my acquaintance." She had scarcely left the hotel when the Duchess de Chaulnes wrote her a letter of apology couched in the handsomest terms.

Madame Pilau had a similar explanation with Chavigny, then one of the most influential men in the kingdom; who ever afterwards treated her with the utmost deference, and forestalled all her requests. The Cardinal de la Valette, however, whom she offended by her plain speaking, threatened to have her tied upon the bronze horse placed in the centre of the Pont Neuf.

During her widowhood, three different suitors pretended to the hand of Madame Pilau. "But I must do them the justice to add," she used to say in telling the story, "that all three have since died in the *Petites Maisons*" (a lunatic asylum). One day the Abbe de Lenoncourt attacked her with ill-timed pleasantries in a large party. "May I enquire, sir, whether you have been condemned to be witty by a decree of parliament?" said she. "Nothing short of *that* can excuse your attempt." On another occasion the cure of a parish announced a series of sermons from the pulpit against dancing. Madame Pilau paid him a visit and advised him to desist. "You are talking of what you know nothing about," said she. "You have never been to a ball, I have; and can assure you that there is no sin in the matter worth mentioning."

Whenever any droll occurrence took place in Paris, Anne of Austria used to observe, "Madame Pilau would be worth hearing on that subject." On a certain occasion, the Cardinal de Richelieu, aware that Madame Pilau was acquainted with a thousand curious particulars of the life of the President de Chevre, one of the most irregular men of those irre-

gular times, entreated her to favour him with a few anecdotes; but not a syllable could be extorted from her, as she was apprehensive of doing an injury to the son of the president who still survived.

A woman of fashion, who was confessing to her that she had a lover, a secretary of legation, seemed inclined to boast that this was a solitary error. "*Ma mie!*" replied the shrewd old lady, "I see nothing to be proud of. There is more distance between none and one, than between one and a thousand."

At eighty-six years of age, Madame Pilau was near coming to an untimely end, from lighting a taper at a poisoned candle, composed by some lackeys for the purpose of stupefying one of their comrades. The old lady was recovered with some difficulty by the prompt administration of an antidote. Louis XIV. sent his first physician, Monsieur Valot, to attend her during her illness.

Madame Pilau was known by sight by half the population of Paris. When the remains of the Cardinal de Richelieu were lying in state, there was a great confusion among the carriages at the gates of the Palais Royal, which caused much consternation among the ladies. Madame Pilau, who was old and infirm, found herself suddenly lifted off her legs, and carried in the arms of a well-dressed man through the whole suite of apartments. She was the only one of her party who saw anything. On turning to thank her assistant, "You don't know me," said he, "but you once took an occasion of obliging me, as you have thousands; and I am happy in an opportunity of being useful in return."

Once, as she was hurrying to a grand church solemnity at the Minimes of the Place Royale, her foot slipped, and she fell into the mud. Her servants wished her to return and change her dress. "No, no!" said she, "There will scarcely be a vacant seat at church, and, in my present pickle, every one will be glad to get out of my way." By this means she obtained a seat.

When the Prince de Conde was attacking Paris, in 1652, "Your only object," said she to the prince, "is to effect the ruin of Cardinal de Richelieu; and a pretty piece of work you are likely to make of it! All your efforts will only establish him more firmly in power. You put the queen in fear of you; who fancies that, but for the assistance of the cardinal, it would be all over with her."

Madame Pilau survived to an extreme old age; and as she had no capacity for reading or amusing herself at home, she became eventually a nuisance to her acquaintance. The above particulars concerning her are attested by the MSS. of her contemporary and friend, Des Reaux, extant in the Royal library of Paris.

From the Spectator.

The Adamus Exul of Grotius; or the Prototype of Paradise Lost. Now first translated from the Latin, by FRANCIS BARRHAM, Esq. Second edition.

This translation is made from a rare copy, procured from the late Mr. HESSEN's library. Part or all of it was originally published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and Mr. BARRHAM has reprinted this "astonishing drama," to show us the true "prototype of *Paradise Lost*." If any admirer of MILTON is disquieted upon the suspected plagiarism of the great poet, let him spend half a crown upon the *Adamus Exul*, and be at rest. For the same sum any reader, critically given, will learn very easily the difference between a poet and a professor of jurisprudence. The scene of the *Adamus* is Paradise; the only subject, the eating of the Tree of Knowledge; besides a chorus, the interlocutions are five—Satan, an Angel, Adam, Eve and Jehovah. The first act consists of a long speech of Satan; but how unlike the soliloquy

"Oh thou that with surpassing glory crown'd!"

Instead of the remorse, and obduracy and anguish of MILTON's Satan, "thrice changed with pale ire, envy and despair," GROTIUS gives us the metaphysics and scheming revenge of a schoolman. The second act exhibits Adam and an angel discoursing, also somewhat scholastically; but the angel's description of the rebellion in heaven and his account of the creation contain the germ of the episodical narrative of Raphael in *Paradise Lost*, as they probably suggested it. The third act is occupied in a dialogue with Adam and Satan; the Devil tempting the First Man in vain, and going off in a huff—an incident not only contrary to Scriptural authority, but foolish on the part of Satan, as unmasking his presence and purpose. The fourth and fifth acts embrace the temptation of Eve, the compliance of Adam, their subsequent remorse and differences, and the final judgment of God.

"The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea."

And read in this fashion, some such general resemblance may be traced between the same scenes in *Paradise Lost* and the *Adamus*, as must inevitably occur where two persons handle a subject permitting in its nature little deviation, and whose treatment is partly chalked out by Scriptural authority. But in variety, nature and every thing which denotes poetical genius, the *Adamus* is entirely wanting.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1940.

From the Quarterly Review.

FRENCH ORATORS AND ORATORY.

Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires. Par Timon. Huitième édition. 2 tomes, 12mo. Paris, 1839.

TIMON is the well-known *nom de guerre* of M. le Vicomte de Cormenin, a remarkable man in many ways—of whose career and character it is absolutely necessary to say something, if only to enable our readers to judge how far his estimates of individuals may be warped by his own personal predilections and antipathies.

M. de Cormenin is old enough to have played a part, more or less prominent, under each of the three last grand systems or *regimes*,—the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution of July. Under the Empire he filled the post of auditor to the council of state, and was made a baron by Napoleon, whose victories he had celebrated in early youth by odes. During the *hundred days* he left Paris for the purpose of forming part of the garrison of a frontier town lying directly in the line of march by which the allied armies were expected to advance; but, finding valour unavailing, and this somewhat superfluous show of it having fortunately escaped the notice of his contemporaries, he made up his mind to drop politics awhile, and fall back upon the study of administrative law (*droit administratif*), which he has cultivated with eminent success. His acquirements in this branch of knowledge were not withheld from the service of the public in consequence of the want of concord between the government and himself: on more than one occasion he appeared before the chambers as an advocate of the crown, and, in pleading for a grant of a milliard of livres, by way of indemnity to the emigrants, he went so far as to term the measure "un acte populaire." Neither did he disdain to accept a favour from a source tainted with legitimacy; for under the Villele ministry he solicited and obtained, through the keeper of the seals (Peyronnet) letters-patent for the erection of a *majorat*, with the title of Vicomte. When, therefore, on the morrow of the Revolution of July, he was heard demanding a constituent assembly and universal suffrage, many plain-speaking persons did not

hesitate to denounce him as a Carlist in disguise. Very probably he was not at that time in the best possible humour with the movement party; and, after being at the pains to procure a new title and a majorat, he might reasonably have preferred a state of things in which he could make the most of such advantages; but at all events his supposed *penchant* for royalty has not prevented him from exerting himself to the utmost to annoy and disappoint its present and (perhaps) last representative in France. Louis Phillipe loves money; so does M. de Cormenin. Of all his majesty's projects, perhaps that touching the establishment of an appanage for the heir-apparent at the expense of the nation, was the one which he had most thoroughly at heart; and the discussion regarding it was the precise description of controversy in which our "Timon" was peculiarly qualified to shine. His Letters on the Civil List proved the death-blow of the scheme. His arguments, indeed, were answered and his figures of arithmetic upset by M. Linguay, in a pamphlet entitled "*La Liste Civile Devoilee*," distributed at five sous a copy by the court; but his figures of speech told better, and he might fairly be said to have gained the victory by style.

M. de Cormenin has been many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but he hardly ever addresses it—a circumstance to be kept steadily in mind when we come to examine his sketches of more venturesome co-temporaries. Once, however, when challenged by M. Montalivet on a question regarding the civil list, and all but dragged to the tribune by his friends, he extricated himself by a juxtaposition of figures expressed in a sentence, which effectually checked the laughter of the ministerialists. But he generally replies to the attacks made in the chamber through the press; and it is said that under Carrel's editorship he contributed an immense number of articles, of unequal merit, to "*The National*." He may be what Johnson called Bathurst, "a good hater;" but physiognomy is all a lie, if, with his low brow and sharp nose, he can hate with magnanimity. On one occasion, M. de Montalivet formally retracted the title of *Honourable*, which, he said, he had only given M. Cormenin by mistake in the hurry of debate. A parallel instance has occurred in our House of Lords, where Lord Brougham once drew an in-

vidious distinction between *illustrious* by deeds and *illustrious* by courtesy. So much for the author: now turn we to the book.

The first section or Study (the preliminary matter being somewhat affectedly divided into *études*), is entitled 'Of the Causes which constitute the peculiar kind of Deliberative Eloquence in each Country.' A few sentences will show that none but a Frenchman could have written it:—

"There are four things to be considered in parliamentary eloquence: the character of the nation, the genius of the language, the political and social wants of the epoch, and the physiognomy of the auditor.

"If the character of the nation is cold and taciturn, like that of the English and Americans, they will be excited with difficulty. Gifted with patience, they will be as little wearied with speaking as with listening. *They will set themselves at table to hear an orator during whole hours, as they would to drink or smoke.*

"If, on the contrary, the national character be irritable and *mobile*, like that of the French, it wants but a touch to make them believe themselves wounded, or a tap on the shoulder to make them turn round. Long speeches tire us, and when a Frenchman is tired, he goes away. If he cannot go away, he stays and talks: if he cannot talk, he yawns and goes to sleep."—vol. i., p. 8.

When M. Lerménier was in England—we mean the French professor, who nearly caused a revolution a few months ago by his perseverance in lecturing his class after forfeiting their favour by accepting one from the ministry—he spent almost all his evenings in the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons, and avowed an intention of repairing to America for the express purpose of studying the proceedings of Congress, so soon as he had thoroughly familiarized himself with the proceedings of the British parliament; but whenever, emboldened by this avowal, an interlocutor ventured to speak English, it was found that the learned professor was incapable of following a single sentence of the language in which the proceedings in question were carried on. M. Cormenin has evidently undertaken to draw parallels between three great deliberative assemblies with qualifications even inferior to M. Lerménier's: for an hour's study of the bare pantomime of debate would have induced him to doubt the justice of his remarks. Whatever may be the case with the American Congress, the English House of Commons is still one of the most critical and impatient audiences in the world, and the slightest recurrence to its recent history would have shown that its increased and increasing capacity for endurance has no connexion whatever with *national character*—in the sense in which it is understood by M. Cormenin. In the days of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, Grey, Plunkett, Canning, Copley and Brougham, every man who, from character or position, was entitled to address the house, or had any useful information to communicate, was sure of a fair hearing; but no bores or prosers of any sort were tolerated. The reason was, that the members, besides being as a body of a more cultivated and fastidious cast, were comparatively unfettered by any direct pressing apprehension of responsibility, and free to pursue the real objects of debate. It was then reckoned rather

discreditable to be eternally thinking about what your constituents might think; and we well remember the ironical cheers and laughter called forth by Lord Melbourne (then Mr. Lamb), in the parliamentary reform debate of 1826, when, in the course of a bitter and personal reply to Sir John (then Mr.) Hobhouse, he twitted his (now) right honourable colleague with speaking more for the hustings than the house. But since the measure to which Lord Melbourne during the first half century of his existence was so vehemently and (he then said) unalterably opposed was carried by a cabinet of which he formed a part, the practice has been introduced, and bids fair to become inveterate, of speaking almost exclusively for constituents through the press. *Veniam pelimusque damusque vicissim*—"Let me prose away long enough to occupy a column or two in the newspapers, and I will let you;" and, so long as his drafts on the patience of the house do not exceed in amount or frequency what is strictly necessary for this recognised object, almost any member may command an occasional hearing, though we should hardly venture to pledge ourselves, with M. Timon, that his fellow-members will set themselves at table to listen to him as complacently as they would to "drink or smoke." This senatorial virtue is only to be expected of representatives in the strict literal acceptance of the term; i. e., delegates bound hand and foot, by pledges or instructions, to be as regular as schoolboys at a call, and liable to be taken to account at a moment's warning for saying anything that they ought not to say, or leaving unsaid anything that they ought. Accordingly we find it in the highest degree of perfection in the Congress of the United States, where (as may be read in Captain Hall) each member has a little table to himself, on which he leans his elbows, or writes his letters, and where (as a recent traveller remarks) one-half of a speech is addressed to electors a thousand miles off, another half to the ladies in the galleries, and the remainder to the Congress itself. With regard to the French Chambers, we can well believe the difficulty of getting them to listen to anything but what tickles their vanity or excites their passions: yet, so long as written orations continue to be read from the tribune, surely the praise or dispraise of superior restlessness must be withheld. In a word, M. Cormenin's distinctions are altogether fanciful, and he might have spared us his philosophy until he had verified his facts: for to account for the assumed patience of the English by the coldness of the national character, is much the same as accounting for our assumed tendency to suicide by the same causes;—statistical writers having clearly established that three or four nations beat us hollow in this propensity, and that the Prussians undoubtedly stand first.

His next distinction is no better founded:—

"In the second place we must pay attention to the genius of the language. If the language be hissing, hard, and *un peu dédaigneuse* like the English, more importance will be attached to things than style. We shall not be offended by inversions or juxtapositions of words. *If the particular genius of the language permits the sense to be suspended, and the governing verb to be placed at the end of the phrase, it will be easier to keep up the attention of the audience.* Common figures, proverbial maxims, low and vulgar expressions, may be allowed, provided they be ex-

pressive. That which the discourse will lose in sobriety and conventional taste, it will gain in energy and truth. If the language be pompous and soft, like the Spanish or Italian, the speaker will aim at sonorosity of expression and the harmony of periods. Amongst the nations whose organization is musical, the ear requires to be flattered as much as the soul to be filled. *But if the language be noble, elegant, polished, correct, philosophical, like the French*, great preparation and long practice will be needed for public speaking. If the diction were too lagging, the speaker would sink into monotony; if too rapid, into hesitation. He will avoid redundant words and heavy epithets, which check the effusion of thought and embarrass the march of the discourse. He will bear in mind that the spirit of French assembly is so prompt that it seizes the sense of a phrase before it is finished, and divines the intention before it is well conceived,—so delicate that it revolts against repetitions, by the address of the *synonymies* what it may,—and so pure that it is wounded by the slightest neologism, unless it be brilliantly set, or springs, by an irresistible compulsion, from the force of the situation itself.”—*Ibid.*, p. 9.

When some one was expatiating on the merits of French to Mr. Canning he exclaimed—“Why what on earth, Sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par—*J’aime Julie—J’aime un gigot?*” This was hardly fair, since no language is happier in expressing the various shades of social sentiment, or affords an apter medium of communication between people of the world; but of all the languages, ancient or modern, in which the productions of human genius have been embodied, it is certainly the least fitted for any of the highest purposes of poetry and eloquence; nor are we aware, at the present moment, of a single imaginative poet or first-rate orator, who does not in his own person form a striking illustration of the difficulty of rising unimpeded, or keeping long upon the wing, in such an atmosphere.

As to the test proposed in the above paragraph—if a language were favourable or unfavourable to rhetoric in proportion as it permitted the sense to be suspended by throwing the verb to the end of the phrase, the Germans ought to excel all modern nations: and we must do them the justice to say that wherever (as in the Baden Chamber of Representatives) a fair opportunity has been afforded them they have shown no lack of proficiency in the art; but we doubt the alledged advantage, and whoever has been at the pains of examining the construction of Lord Brougham’s periods, will agree with us, that, even in English, the sense may be suspended too long. We may instance a well-known occasion when he contrived to interpose so much matter between the nominative and the verb, that all perceptible connexion was at an end; and (the verb being unluckily *idem sonans* with another word) the sense probably remains suspended to the majority of the audience to this hour: “My honourable friends—who did so and so—who saw so and so—who heard so and so—who said so and so, &c. &c. (each successive parenthesis forming a long sentence) know.” Whether the concluding word was *know* or *no* was the doubt.

The epoch is the third topic of consideration, and

the student is particularly recommended to keep flights of imagination and bold apostrophes for situations which justify them and moments when the audience is warmed for their reception. *Ibid.*, p. 10.) Plain and obvious as this precept may be thought, it is frequently neglected by first rate orators. Mr. Grattan’s burst of invocation: “Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation!”—forms the fourth sentence of the speech, and must have been uttered before the members were well settled in their seats.

The fourth topic, the necessity of considering before whom you speak, gives occasion to M. Cormenin to declare that the first-class orators are mob-orators, and that amongst these Mr. Daniel O’Connell is *facile princeps*.—

“Eloquence has not all its influence, its strong, sympathetic, stirring influence, except on the people. Look at O’Connell, the greatest, perhaps the only orator of modern times! What a colossus! How he draws himself up to his full height! How his thundering voice sways and governs the waves of the multitude! *I am not an Irishman*—I have never seen O’Connell—I do not know his language, I should not understand were I to listen to him. Why, then, am I more moved by his discourses, badly translated, discoloured, maimed, stripped of the allurements of style, gesture, and voice, than by all those heard in my own country? It is because they bear no resemblance to our rhetoric, tormented by paraphrase; because passion, true passion, inspires him—the passion which can and does say all. It is because he tears me from the ground, rolls with me and drags me into his torrent—that he trembles and I tremble—that he kindles, and I feel myself burning—that he weeps, and tears fill my eyes—that his soul utters cries which ravish mine—that he carries me off upon his wings, and sustains me in the hallowed transports of liberty. Under the impression of his mighty eloquence, I abhor and detest with a furious hatred the tyrants of that unfortunate country, as if I were the countryman of O’Connell, and I take to loving *la verte Islande* almost as much as my own country.”—*Ibid.*, 15.

It was by no means superfluous in the writer of this paragraph to assure us he is not an Irishman; and it will be necessary for him to assure us that he is not, and has never been, a great many other things, before we give him full credit for his enthusiasm. Yet let us be just to the member for all Ireland, the master-spirit of the Melbourne ministry, the influence behind the cabinet, greater (which is not saying much for it) than the cabinet itself. When Mr. O’Connell first appeared upon the stage, it was as the representative of a cause which, just or unjust, was well fitted to enlist the sympathies of the warm-hearted and unreflecting of all countries on his side, and there was then an earnestness, an emphasis, an energy, in his effusions, which looked and felt like truth. At that period he was sometimes compared to Mirabeau, with whom, in fact, he had little or nothing in common beyond a reckless abandonment of principle. But since he became a member of the British Parliament, he has done little more than repeat the old worn-out cuckoo song of “justice;” and on all great occasions he is uniformly outshone, in point of elocution, by a rival (Mr. Shiel) who had no chance at all with him on their original field of action,

the Corn Exchange of Dublin. Yet Mr. O'Connell had never a larger following, though he might have had a more respectable one, than now; and may still be seen distributing the patronage of the Viceregal government with one hand, whilst with the other, he retains a tottering ministry in place. How comes this? We fear the true solution of the problem is to be found in the demoralisation of Ireland, and that he is more indebted to the brutalised character of his ordinary audiences than to his eloquence. What, for example, have been his pet topics, his most effective appeals to the reason and imagination of his admiring, confiding countrymen within the year? Insinuations, preposterously unfounded, that an amiable and excellent nobleman, whose death was really owing to the prevalence of *Precursor* principles, had been murdered by his own son!—and assertions that Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were anxious to place their own friends about the queen for the purpose of compassing her death! In each instance the orator was vehemently applauded; and so well adapted, it seems, to popular feeling was the last topic, that it was forthwith plagiarised and worked up anew by a gentleman laudably desirous of keeping up the notoriety, if he cannot keep up the distinction, of his name. Now, is there an out-of-the-way village in England where a speaker could hazard such topics, without being denounced as a villain or laughed at as a fool? Then let us hear no more of equality in institutions till we discover some slight approximation to equality in morals, feelings, information and intellect; nor let foreigners blame us for refusing the first place amongst orators and patriots to an individual, whose best argument is a calumny, and his most effective figure of rhetoric an untruth.

"Study the Second," entitled "Comparison of Orators and Writers," we reserve until we come to discuss the claims of those members of the Chambers in whom the two characters are combined.

The Third, "That there are many Modes of Debating," describes three classes of orators, or, more correctly speaking, persons anxious to be considered in that light; namely, those who improvise, those who recite what they have learned by heart, and those who read what they have written.

Rousseau's grand maxim for the composition of a love-letter is, to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said. According to M. Cormenin, extempore speakers are pretty generally agreed to regard this maxim as equally applicable to the composition of a speech:—"They suffer themselves to be borne along by the current, visiting meadows, woods, cities, and mountains on their way, but they know not where to cast anchor or to land."

"And where the subject-theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Your reciter, on the other hand, is apt to produce an oration quite out of keeping with the time, and resorts to all sorts of tricks to make you believe he is extemporising. "He is never in harmony with his audience; he feels not the god within, the god of the Pythoness, who agitates and overwhelms; he has the eloquence which recalls and not the eloquence which

invents; he is the man of yesterday, whilst the orator should be the man of the moment; he is the man of art, not the man of nature—a comedian, who does not wish to appear one, and who is his own prompter." (p. 28.) The moral (though M. Timon does not draw it) from all this is, that the most effective speaker will be he who, thoroughly meditating his matter and arranging his arguments beforehand, trusts to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone. The precise expressions, the *ipsissima verba*, of a striking passage, indeed, may sometimes be written down and learnt by heart with advantage: for example, Lord Brougham has acknowledged that the peroration of his principal speech on the queen's trial was penned seven times over before he could satisfy himself; and no one who heard Mr. Canning's opening speech on Portuguese affairs in 1826, or his defence of Mr. Huskisson's commercial policy in the Silk Trade debate, could doubt that he was occasionally indebted to his memory. But, far from regarding this as a reflection on these two great masters, we cite it as a proof of their proficiency: the effective introduction of a got-up passage is amongst the highest triumphs of the art. For this reason we have always doubted the accuracy of Horace Walpole's account of Single-speech, Hamilton's single speech: "Young Mr. Hamilton opened for the first time in behalf of the treaties, and was at once perfection. His speech was set and full of antitheses, but these antitheses were full of argument, and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease." Our conviction is that Hamilton had anticipated the leading objections, and that the replying parts of his speech were as much studied as the rest. We happen to know that a modern single-speech hero, who came out during the Reform Bill debates, and deceived many good judges in the same manner, gave a fair copy of his speech to the reporters,—a fact which the initiated might have inferred from the identity of the reports in the principal newspapers.

A third class, the readers (*liseurs*), are described as "the gentleman who take their time, cough, spit, sneeze, lay their spectacles on the marble of the tribune, and rub the glasses with the corner of their handkerchief. They also have certain tricks of trade. They write close to make you believe from the look of the paper that they will be short. The deceivers! You will find that they will not turn over the leaf for some time to come. Their copy is like the index-hand of a dial which never moves." The obvious objection to this style of debating is well illustrated by Mr. Timon. "When I see the leaders of the opposition and the ministry crossing the steps of the tribune to the right and left, with their volumes of eloquence in their hands, I seem to see two armies dragging their artillery in parallel lines along the two banks of a river, without ever being able to reach each other."

Reading a speech is contrary to the regulations of our House of Commons: but the practice, though diminishing, still continues in the French Chambers; and for some years after the meeting of the States General (from which French popular eloquence bears date) hardly any other mode of regular discussion was understood. Even Mirabeau possessed little power as a *debater*—in the English meaning of the

word: almost all the bursts with which he occasionally electrified the assembly were prepared; and whenever he had a formal statement or argument to deliver, he read from a paper like the rest. M. Dumont relates an amusing instance of the embarrassment into which he was frequently betrayed by his indolence and undue confidence in his *faisceaux*. The scene is the debate on the *veto*.—

"There had been such a number of detestable speeches, that the presence of Mirabeau rejoiced everybody; but no sooner had he commenced than I recognised phrase by phrase the doctrine and the style of Caseaux. The clumsiness of the construction, the singularity of the expressions, the obscurity of the reasoning, soon damped the attention of the assembly. It was soon found that he was supporting the absolute *veto*, an additional ground for murmuring. Mirabeau, who had scarcely read over this hodge-podge to himself, becoming aware of its defects, soon threw himself into all the digressions, the common-places against despotism, and by some brilliant sallies obtained the ordinary tribute of applause from the galleries; but, when he returned to his fatal copy, the tumult soon recommenced, and he had great difficulty in finishing, notwithstanding his courage, which never abandoned him in a critical moment. I never saw him disconcerted but this once. He confessed to us that, as he proceeded in the reading, he was covered with a cold sweat, and that he skipped a full half without being able to substitute anything for it, because, in his over-confidence, he had neglected to study the subject."—*Souvenirs &c.*, p. 106.

All Chateaubriand's discourses were read, not spoken; which, we presume, is the reason why he has no place assigned him amongst M. Cormenin's portraits of orators.

The section on "The Professions which predispose to Parliamentary Eloquence" affords a curious illustration of the varying and contrasted elements of which the French and English legislative assemblies are composed. M. Timon says that the deputies whose tongues "vibrate with most fluidity and continuity" are the advocates, the professors and the military. The advocates meet with no mercy at his hands. Forgetting Mauguin, Odilon-Barrot, Dupin, Berreyer, &c., he can allow them no merit of any kind—"Rich in words and poor in argument, they are ever ready to talk for whom you wish, on what you wish, and as long as you wish: warm in language and cold at heart, they may be seen prostrating, beating, trampling upon a minister, and an hour after—(to the scandal of the country strangers perched on the back benches of the gallery)—they are discovered shaking hands with the individual whom they had just denounced as the greatest unchanged scoundrel upon earth."

The professors, he complains, rule the Chamber like a class. They begin, he ironically says, by depositing *their square cap* on the tribune, and the secretaries have sometimes surprised some of them (amongst others, M. Guizot,) in the act of *drawing the ferule* from under the magisterial gown. "They are vain, subtle, dry, imperious, dogmatic. They wish not to convince but to constrain. They have the stiffness of methods, the despotism of axioms." (p. 33.)

The military, he proceeds, approach the tribune with boldness, impatience and fire, as if they were

storming a battery; they carry their heads high; they have the gesture of command, and they look people in the face; they have full license given them as regards both action and speech. Thus General Foy was wont to use both fist and feet, to thump the tribune, grapple with it, and demean himself like one possessed. He foamed, and his passion found vent at each corner of his mouth. But they let him go on: the wearer of a square cap would have been put down at once. "For myself," adds our author, "let who will blame my taste, I prefer these rude soldiers, who unsheath their sabres and march right upon you, to your soft rhetoricians who assassinate you with pins."—(p. 35.)

M. Timon is quite welcome to his taste, though we cannot say we agree with him; but it is unnecessary to form any opinion upon the point, as our military leave their sabres at home, and roar, when they do roar, as gently as sucking-doves. Of professors, again (unless such people as Prime, Wakley, &c., are to be called *professors*), we have none whatever; and, considering the number of lawyers in parliament, the legal profession (with the solitary exception of Lord Brougham, who is an exception to everything) cannot be fairly accused at present of taking the lion's share in our debates.

The more immediate object of these preliminary extracts and remarks being the illustration of national differences, we refrain from dwelling on various other important considerations suggested by them, and pass on to M. Timon's "Classification of Orators according to their Disposition and Peculiarities." He first enumerates the imaginative, the logical, the pathetic, the malicious, which, we presume, is the classification, by disposition: then the economists, the jurists, the specialists (or practical men), the theorists, the formalists, the generalisers, the phraseologists and the interrupters, which must be the classification by peculiarities. Corresponding, or nearly corresponding, classes might probably be discovered in all numerous assemblies; but we have no space at present for a prolonged analysis or comparison, and will merely extract the description of the interrupters:—

"The interrupters are of two sorts: there are interrupters who speak and others who do not. The interrupters who do not speak make much more noise than those who do, for they imitate with a felicity of resemblance and a truth of execution which leaves nothing to desire, the cries of all the tame and wild animals that the Creator has scattered over the globe. They bray, bark, mew, crow, bleat, neigh, growl exactly like them. The interrupters who speak are very effective in the use of monosyllables, and the interjections *eh! oh! hi! ouf! what! how? heavens! ah!* They term this—not being able to restrain the expression of their feelings. They pretend that eloquence does not require such long speeches; that they need but a word, a single word, to convince or move. They desire the reporters to send them the proofs of the sitting to correct, and no sooner has the official journal registered their *oh!* or their *ah!* in its columns, than they write to their constituents, "You will see in the *Moniteur* of to-day that I have worthily discharged my legislative trust, and that I have not suffered the session to pass without saying something."—vol. i., p. 48.

Our own *reformed* House of Commons, we need not

say, can boast as many and as accomplished orators of this class as any chamber in the world. Our *crowers* and *mowers* are at least as pestilent now-days as the French.

To speak, however, of better days. The manner in which Mr. Pitt disconcerted Erskine belongs also to the category of what may be termed the pantomime of debate. It was well known that Erskine's vanity or sensitiveness was so morbidly acute, that the least mark of indifference put him out; and there is a traditional anecdote in Westminster Hall, that a decided advantage was obtained by an antagonist who caused an attorney, famous for yawning, to be placed between the advocate and the jury-box. On Erskine rising to address the House, Pitt placed himself in a listening attitude, and took up a pen as if with the intention of taking notes; but as the speech proceeded, he gradually assumed a look of the most complete indifference, and at length—at the very moment when Erskine was personally appealing to him, and their eyes met—he leant forward with a marked gesture of impatience, and flung the pen contemptuously aside. Erskine was seen to falter, and huddled up the conclusion of his speech. Pitt followed, and completed his discomfiture by disposing of the entire oration in a parenthesis: "I rise to reply to the Right Honourable member (Mr. Fox) who opened this discussion. As to the gentleman who spoke last, he really has done no more than regularly repeat what fell from the gentleman who preceded him, and as regularly weakened what he repeated." Erskine was regarded as a parliamentary failure from that hour, though we quite agree with an excellent judge, Lord Brougham, that it was from no deficiency in the required talents that he failed; witness, amongst others, his famous speech on the Jesuit's Bark Bill.

Let it here be observed, however, that interruption is a *ruse* not unattended with risk, and may chance to make the success of a speech and the reputation of an adversary. We may instance the case of Mr. Grote, who, according to his friend, Mr. Sydney Smith, would be an important politician if the world were a chess-board. He was reciting a diatribe against sundry persons unknown, alleged to be guilty of corruption, when a cry arose of *name*—"Name?" was the retort; "their name is *legion*." Mr. Grote has ever since been regarded as a miracle of wit and readiness, though we are credibly informed that it takes him an hour to understand one of his friend's jokes, and a month to compose one of his own speeches. Lord North, again, had little reason to congratulate himself when he ventured on an interruption with Burke. In a debate on some economical question Burke was guilty of a false quantity—"Magnum vectigal est parsimonia." "Vectigal," said the minister in an audible undertone. "I thank the noble lord for his correction," resumed the orator, "since it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage—Magnum vectigal est parsimonia."

Many of Lord Chatham's most characteristic effusions were elicited in this manner. "On one occasion" (the reporter is no less a person than Grattan) he had said, 'I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King,' and then he introduced the allusion to the figure drawing the curtains of Priam, and gave the

quotation. He was called to order: he stopped, and said, 'What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, but I now retract the condition. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country;' and he repeated what he had said. He then fired and oratised, and grew extremely eloquent. Ministers, seeing what a difficult character they had to deal with, thought it best to let him proceed."* Every body must remember Lord Brougham's exquisite adaptation of a passage from Milton, (applied with little inferior felicity by Burke)—

"What seemed its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

He caught it up whilst speaking, from a bystander, who chanced to whisper it to a friend.

The general tactics of ministries and oppositions, majorities and minorities, are next dwelt upon at length, with the time and manner in which the various sorts of arms (to borrow a military expression) are to be employed, from the heavy artillery of the set speechmakers, to the sharp, rattling, irregular fire of the questioners. But as no recipe is given for converting a majority of two into twenty, or inspiring the Duke and Sir Robert with an abstract desire of place, we fear that neither the Whig-Radical nor the Conservative leaders would be much edified by the sagacious precepts of M. Timon; with perhaps the exception of the following:—

"What is called ministerial eloquence is almost always nothing but false eloquence, commonplaces on morality and public order, phraseology, declamation, worn-out topics vamped up anew.

"It is the vehemence of passion, inspiration, uncontrolled emotion, the spur of the occasion, that give birth to eloquence. Now what is more dangerous for the statesman than these bursts? For he ought to possess the prescience of what he is going to do; busy himself about what he ought to keep back even more than about what he ought to put forth; preserve an entire command over others' passions and his own; be on his guard against enthusiasm; stop short, if necessary, in the very middle of his victory to make it surer, and never let fall any of those illuminated expressions that are picked up and played with by the press."—vol. i., p. 58.

Command of temper is recommended on other grounds:—

"Angry ministers excite the passions of the opposition as violent winds excite storms. Good-humoured ministers appease the passions, as a gentle breeze appeases the waves."—p. 57.

Lord North acted on this maxim; and perhaps the secret of the famous coalition is to be found in the conciliating demeanour which he uniformly opposed to the intemperance of Fox. Thus when contemptuously alluded to as "that thing termed a minister," he replied, "The honourable gentleman calls me *a thing*, and (patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds *that thing termed a minister*, he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become, and therefore I take it as a compliment."

The most striking of the axioms addressed by M.

* "The life and times of the Right Hon. H. Grattan, by his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P."—a very unsatisfactory book.

Timon to the ministers of particular departments is this:—

“Le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique doit savoir parler français.”—p. 63.

And the main apophthegm in the chapter on ‘Diction and Demeanour’ is illustrated by General Sebastiani’s yellow gloves, which are said to have occupied more of the attention of the Chamber than his dissertations. It is a coincidence worth remarking, that Grattan was guilty of the very same solecism on the occasion of his *debut* in the British parliament; his strong accent, strange gestures, and yellow gloves, astonished and amused the House during the first ten minutes, at the end of which period Pitt, who had been listening with intense interest, slapped his thigh emphatically, and exclaimed ‘It will do!’ If gloves, however, have gone nigh to mar the fortune of some orators, others have occasionally suffered from the want of them. Lord Brougham, during his indefatigable canvass of Yorkshire, in the course of which he often addressed ten or a dozen meetings in a day, thought fit to harangue the electors of Leeds immediately on his arrival, after travelling all night and without waiting to perform his customary ablutions. ‘These hands are clean,’ cried he, at the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption; but they happened to be very dirty, and this practical contradiction raised a hearty laugh.

M. Cormenin objects to every sort of *coquetterie* in respect of dress, yet no *petite maitresse* preparing for a ball was more finically particular than Lord Chatham preparing for a debate. In the decline of life, or when suffering from the gout, his very flannels were so disposed as to imitate the toga in their folds. Mirabeau, again, was wont to devote a large part of the morning to his favourite valet, Teutsch. His toilette, according to Dumont, was extremely *soignée*: he wore an enormous quantity of hair, artistically arranged, which increased the volume of his head. ‘When I shake my terrible locks,’ he was wont to say, ‘there is no one who dares interrupt me.’ Once when Teutsch had incautiously shortened them too much, he sprang up exclaiming—‘*Au diable, coquin, vous m’avez gale pour une quinzaine.*’*

There is yet a chapter entitled ‘Precepts of Parliamentary Eloquence;’ but it contains nothing very striking or new, and we cannot afford space at present for a comparison with the Parliamentary Logic of Hamilton. At last, therefore, we are free to proceed to the Portraits of Orators, to which all the rest of the book must be regarded as introductory. Amongst these, the orators of the Restoration come first; and we should also be inclined to give them precedence in point of execution, for when M. Timon approaches recent times, and has to talk about his own rivals and friends, his feelings not unfrequently get the better of his judgment, his hand grows less steady, his *coup d’œil* less just, and the features transferred to his canvass bear strong evidence of the medium through which they have been viewed. In a word, those of his own party are often flattered and those of his opponents caricatured; but he hardly ever fails in hitting off the likeness and this of course is what we are anxious to transfer. In dealing with

the rest of the book, therefore, we shall rather abridge than copy from him; confining ourselves almost exclusively to the parts which we have had the means of verifying, mixing them up with traits or anecdotes collected from other quarters, illustrating the descriptions by specimens.

The principal orators of the Restoration were MM. Manuel, de Serre, de Villele, Martignac, Royer-Collard, Benjamin Constant and General Foy.

Manuel was above the middle height, with a pale, melancholy countenance, a sonorous voice, a provincial accent, and a great simplicity of manner. Like Erskine, he had served in the army and practised as an advocate. He was born in 1775, and joined the army in 1793 as a volunteer. His courage and conduct soon raised him to the rank of captain, but his health was so much impaired by the severe wounds he had received, that he quitted the military profession after the treaty of Campo-Formio, and attached himself to that of the law, which he followed in Provence with eminent success. So high was his reputation that, when the Representatives Chamber was called together during the Hundred Days, he had the choice of sitting for Aix or for Barcelonnette. Manuel remained a quiet observer until after the battle of Waterloo, when the divisions of the Assembly bade fair to leave France entirely at the mercy of the allies. He then came forward, and in a speech of extraordinary power proposed the recognition of Napoleon the Second; exhorting the several parties to unite at all events, to rescue the country from the worst extremes of despotism by exacting a constitution of some sort. This speech was hailed with shouts of applause, and a veteran of the revolution, Cambon, ran up to him, exclaiming, ‘This young man begins as Barnave ended. Thenceforward he became the guiding spirit of the Assembly, and under his direction a project of a constitution was prepared. He acted as reporter to the commission, and intrepidly pursued his task until the Prussians were actually entering Paris, when he ascended the tribune to render an account of his trust:—

“What has happened was foreseen by all of you; whatever the rapidity with which events are precipitated, they have not been able to take you by surprise, and already your declaration, based on the profound sense of your duties, has taught France that you know how to fulfil and complete your task. The committee of government has found itself in a position in which it is unable to defend itself; as to us, we are bound to account to our country for all our movements, and, if necessary, for the last drops of our blood. . . . You have protested by anticipation—you protest still—against an act which will wound our liberty and the rights of our constituents. Would you have to dread these evils if king’s promises were otherwise than vain? Well, then, let us say, like that famous orator [Mirabeau] whose words rang through Europe, ‘*Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple; nous n’en sortirons que par la puissance des baionnettes.*’”

During the next two years he kept aloof from politics, and endeavoured to resume his professional practice, but the Council of Discipline refused to enrol him amongst the advocates of the capital, and he was consequently prevented from pleading causes in the courts, though his opinions on legal questions were eagerly sought for, and very highly esteemed

* In the *Biographie des Contemporains* this anecdote is supported by Lady Holland’s authority.

as authorities. So high was his personal credit—at least if we are to believe the *biographies*—that, at the meeting of the plenipotentiaries for the general settlement of affairs, one of Fouche's creatures was introduced, at that wily personage's suggestion, as Manuel, and the trick was only discovered, long after its partial success, by an accident. In 1818, he was simultaneously chosen by La Vendée and Le Finistère. He gave the preference to La Vendée, and thus the province most attached to the old *regime* was, by an odd coincidence, represented by the most ardent defender of the new. From this period, the exertions of Manuel never relaxed a moment, and they were uniformly directed against what he deemed the undue encroachments of despotism. The friends of order certainly found their most redoubtable antagonist in him; and we believe it must be admitted that they occasionally attempted to put him down by means which it would be no easy matter to justify. He particularly excelled in stating a question or summing up an argument; and he was gifted with a prodigious memory, which enabled him to pass and repass, for the purpose of refuting or enforcing them, all the leading topics employed by both sides in a debate. Conscious of these advantages, he was wont to keep himself in reserve till towards the conclusion of the debate, and lie in wait for the ministerial leader—much as Lord Brougham used to lie in wait for Canning, and Sheridan for Pitt. Exasperated at this system of tactics, the royalists often tried to silence him by clamour; and in forming an estimate of the ready tact and high moral courage he displayed on such emergencies, it must be borne constantly in mind that he was suffering from a painful disease, and that an English legislative assembly, in its most excited state, conveys but a faint notion of the phrenzied rage which sometimes agitates the French. Mirabeau interrupted at every sentence by an insult, with "slanderer," "liar," "assassin," "rascal," rattling round him, addresses the most furious of his assailants in the softest tone he can assume:—"Pardons, Messieurs, que ces aménités soient cruives." Repeatedly attacked in the same manner and with nearly the same epithets, Manuel generally crossed his arms and waited till order was restored; but once when a reproach of peculiar grossness reached his ear, he placed his glass to his eye, and deliberately examined the benches of the right: "I challenge the member who has just uttered this indecent exclamation to name himself; but he will not." A complete silence ensued, and continued during the remainder of his speech. On another occasion of the kind he paused and expressed himself as follows:—

"Before proceeding further, I think it my duty to repeat here a declaration I have already had occasion to make from this tribune: It is, that no power on earth shall hinder me, in the position in which I find myself, from saying to the Chamber—to France—to the ministers—the truths I believe useful to the peace of my country, to the safety of the throne, to your own dignity; and I will discharge this sacred duty in despite of clamour, as I would do it in the midst of silence; and experience might by this time have taught our adversaries whether it be easy to impose such sacrifices on me."

At length an opportunity of getting rid of him altogether presented itself, or, more properly speak-

ing, was forced on. He was replying to Chateaubriand's celebrated defence of the French invasion of Spain, and had already been called to order for applying the epithet *atrocious* to the government of Ferdinand VII.

"I had reason to call that government atrocious from 1815 to 1819—what will it be, then, when it has insults to prosecute? Will it be able to guard itself from its own passions, when affairs are entrusted to men who have their exile and their disappointed ambition to revenge?"

This allusion to the emigrants was barely endured, but when he went on to ask—

"Can you have forgotten, then, that, from the moment foreign powers invaded the French territory, revolutionary France, feeling the necessity of defending herself by new forms and new energy—"

his speech was cut short by a sudden explosion, and nothing was heard but shouts of "*Down—Down—Turn him out. It is a justification of regicide.*" In vain did Manuel intreat to be allowed to finish his sentence; a hundred voices exclaimed. "*No, no, we will hear no more,*" and his expulsion was moved without delay. In the debates which followed he displayed his characteristic firmness:

"Sent to this tribune to defend the interests of my country, I have fulfilled this hallowed duty, and I tell you plainly that if I continue to appear in it, I shall show neither less frankness nor less devotion . . . but you wish to drive me from it; that is all you care for. Well, then, pronounce your sentence; I shall make no effort to avoid it. I know that passions must have way; your conduct is marked out for you by that of your predecessors and prototypes.* All that they have done, you will do; the same elements must produce the same results, I shall be your first victim. May I be your last! I shall carry no resentments away with me; but if I could be animated with any desire of revenge, I would confide to your phrenzy the care of avenging me. . . ."

"Let others seek to debase the national representation; they have no doubt a guilty interest in doing so. As for myself, urged by a far different sentiment, I will do all that in me lies to preserve its lustre.

"I declare then, that I acknowledge in no one here the right to accuse or sentence me—I look for judges elsewhere, and I find nothing but accusers in this place. I expect not an act of justice; it is to an act of vengeance that I resign myself.† I profess respect for the authorities, but I respect still more the law which has established them, and I no longer recognise their power from the moment that, in contempt of this law, they usurp rights that it has not bestowed upon them. In such a state of things, I know not if submission be an act of prudence, but I know that when resistance is a right, it becomes a duty.

Entering this Chamber by the will of those who had the right to send me here, I ought not to leave it but through the violence of those who arrogate the

* Alluding to the expulsion of M. Gregoire in 1820.

† "It is with perfect truth I once more repeat that I have no reason to expect indulgence, nor do I know that I shall meet with bare justice in this house."—*Fox on the Westminster Scrutiny.*

right to exclude me from it; and if this resolution on my part is destined to bring down yet greater perils on my head, I bethink me that the field of liberty has been sometimes fertilised by generous blood."

He kept his word and refused to quit the Chamber until a gendarme was advancing to collar him, when, conceiving that he had done enough to show that he only yielded to violence, he rose and walked out. He was followed by all the members of his party, exclaiming, "Take us along with him; we are all Manuel." The people received him with acclamations, and addresses poured in from all quarters; but their enthusiasm was not shared by any of the electoral bodies, and his expulsion proved permanent. He suffered with dignity, but he suffered much. "You are a man of letters"—was his remark to Benjamin Constant—"you have your pen; but what remains to me?" There remained to him, says M. Timon, a funeral procession and the Pantheon! His last words were addressed to the poet Beranger, who had hardly quitted his bedside for several days: "Beranger, think of your health; I insist on your going to bed; do not refuse me this last mark of friendship; your refusal would pain me too much." A few minutes afterwards he expired, August 20, 1837.

M. de Serre (the second on our list) was born in 1777, emigrated early, and served as a common soldier in the army of Conde. On his return to France in 1802, he studied the law, and after gaining considerable reputation as an advocate, was appointed to several high judicial situations by Napoleon. He was chosen deputy for the department of the Upper Rhine in 1815, and joined the constitutionalist or moderate party, which allowed of his occasionally coming to the protection of the ministry:

"People complain that the ministry do not advance. For my part, I am astonished that they can move a single step; every one is paralysed, every one hesitates, when every step may bring an accusation after it; the practice of informing (horrible scourge!) is beginning to infest France: it is time that an office should cease to be a crime, and the confidence of the king a ground of suspicion."

In the sessions of 1816 and 1817 he was elected President of the Chamber, and in 1818 he was made Keeper of the Seals in the ministry of M. Decazes, whom he refused to abandon at a period (November, 1819) when three of his colleagues seceded on the ground of a proposed law of elections which they conceived unfavourable to liberty. It is on account of his conduct at this crisis and the three subsequent years that the liberal party have thought fit to denounce him as a renegade.

M. de Serre is evidently a great favourite with *M. Timon*, though we are far from saying that his merits are exaggerated. His greatest is indisputable—that, count, emigrant, royalist, aristocrat as he was, he bravely battled for popular rights against the throne, when the friends of the newly restored dynasty were pushing their advantages too far; and that, when the tables were turned and the liberals were strong enough to act on the offensive, he transferred his banner and stood forth the uncompromising defender of the monarchy. *M. de Serre* was tall and thin, with a high forehead, straight hair, quick eye, dropping mouth, and the restless physiognomy of a

man of hasty passions. Like most excitable speakers, says *M. Timon*, he hesitated when he began to speak, and you might see from the contraction of his brow, that his ideas were brought together slowly and elaborated with some effort in his brain: but little by little they marshalled themselves, took their bent, and came forth in close order and with wonderful regularity; he bent and panted beneath their weight, and flung them about in magnificent images and picturesque expressions,—

"A mesure que le peuple désapprend à obéir, le ministère désapprend à gouverner."

"Une société bien ordonnée est le plus beau temple qu'on puisse élever à l'Eternel."

"Nous avons vu ce grand peuple chanceler et les convulsions de l'anarchie le saisir."

"Si, dépouillée de la mousse du temps, la racine de tous les droits pouvait se découvrir à nos yeux, apparaîtraient-ils purs de toute usurpation, de toute souillure?"

"Si la liberté est pour les Français une corde détendue, l'égalité est une corde toujours frémissante."

"La démocratie coule à pleins fonds."

"Les tribunaux extraordinaires prennent mal en France."

"La loi est le rapport des êtres entre eux. Le droit est l'expression de ces rapports."

Should these examples disappoint expectation, let it be remembered that no sentences torn from the context can tell with full effect. His exposition of a subject was exceedingly fine, and the following is given as a fair example of his style. His object is to show the inapplicability of the English and American laws of the press to France:—

"Suppose a population naturally calm and cold, spread over a vast territory, circled by the ocean and the desert, absorbed in the labours of agriculture and trade, as yet independent of the wants of the intellect and the torments of ambition. Divide this population into little states more or less democratic, feebly constituted, without distinction or rank, and you will comprehend how the license of newspapers is tolerable amongst them; that it is even a useful spring of democracy, a stimulant which tears the isolated citizens from their domestic concerns to summon them to the discussion of great public interests."

"Suppose, again, a kingdom where time has accumulated on a proud aristocracy an influence, dignities, riches, and possessions only less than royal. Here, there wants a bridle to the pride of the great; it is necessary to remind them of what they owe to the throne and the people, to impress on them daily that their influence can only be preserved, as it has been acquired, by science and courage, by patriotism and services. The newspapers, and even their license, are admirable for that: but if you add that this high aristocracy is not insulated in the state, that, below it, successive degrees descend and spread; that these degrees are strongly chained together, indissolubly soldered into a single hierarchy; that all is set in motion by it—government, civil and criminal justice, administration, police—then let no one be astonished that a society thus organized resists the agitations of the periodical press."

In moral courage, and the art of giving force to simple, unpremeditated sentences by dint of it, *M. de Serre* was not inferior to *Manuel*. "I was present,"

says M. Timon, "and I think I see him still, when turning towards the Opposition and looking them fixedly in the face, he said, "I have watched you, I have seen through you, I have unmasked you." The Opposition sat quivering with rage. He once told the deputies of the extreme left, "Whatever you may have done for the new interests, you have not done more than I have;" and they remained silent from a conviction that he spoke truth.

The Court partly proved ungrateful, or M. de Serre proved unmanageable, and in 1822 he was condemned to the brilliant exile of an embassy; but, like Manuel, he tried in vain to wean his thoughts from the theatre of his glory, and fairly pined away the remainder of his life. It is said that he had become quite crazy some time before he died at Naples in 1827.

"S'il m'était permis de tenir mon pinceau levé, et d'oublier que je ne trace ici qu'un portrait oratoire, je dirais que M. de Serre était homme de bien, courageux, sincère, intègre, orné de vertus domestiques, trop sensible peut-être! La tribune use rapidement ces organisations nerveuses. Le Général Foy était malade du cœur, C. Périer du foie, et de Serre du cerveau. Les surexcitations de la sensibilité perfectionnent l'orateur, mais tuent l'homme.

"M. de Serre conçut un violent chagrin de sa répudiation électorale. Sa tête se troubla, et, les yeux tournés vers cette tribune de France encore retentissante des échos de son éloquence et tant regrettée, il mourut.

"Vanité des réputations! Qui se souvient aujourd'hui de M. de Serre? Vanité de son peintre! Qui saurait sans moi, si je n'avais reproduit ses traits, sa physionomie, sa forte et mâle éloquence, si je ne l'avais jeté sur la toile et rendu à la lumière, qui saurait, dans notre âge oublieux, que M. de Serre a vécu, qu'il a comprimé la guerre civile, qu'il a sauvé la monarchie, qu'il a été grand orateur, si grand que, parmi les princes de la tribune moderne, on ne pourrait le comparer qu'à Berryer, si Berryer était comparable à quelque autre!"—vol. i. pp. 118-119.

M. de Villele's place is rather amongst statesmen than orators, and were we to pair and compare the public men of France and England in the manner of Plutarch, we should select M. de Villele and Sir Robert Walpole for a parallel, distinguished as they were by the same aptitude for financial matters, the same tact in conciliating the support of a party or the favour of a king, the same practical good sense, the same absence of enthusiasm, the same disregard for the high sounding names of national honour and patriotism, the same dislike to war, the same fondness for expedients, and pretty nearly the same unscrupulous dexterity in the choice of them. Each, again, left the kingdom committed to his charge in apparent prosperity, and each is accused of scattering the seeds of evil for succeeded ministers to reap. But here ends the similarity. Walpole belonged to an ancient family, and was a fine, handsome, portly-looking man.* M. de Villele had, perhaps, none of these advantages. He was a little man, with plain,

though not inexpressive features;* and the commencement of his fortunes was his marriage with the daughter of a sugar-planter in the Isle of Bourbon, whose estates he was employed to superintend. Prior to this event, however, he had served in the navy, and as he was driven to take refuge in the colonies by the consequences of the revolution, we must not be too hasty in drawing conclusions as to his original position from the circumstance. After distinguishing himself in the colonial assembly, he came (in 1807) to settle in Toulouse, for which place he was chosen deputy in 1815, being then about fifty years of age. On his entrance into the Chamber he immediately took part with the royalists, and even attacked that article of the charter by which the validity of engagements made by the revolutionary government was recognised:

"Did these concessions hinder the 20th of March? did they render the revolutionists more submissive or more faithful? If there is no answer to this question, I must say, Gentlemen, let us construct a wall of brass between the past and the future; but let us get out of the rut of the revolution never to re-enter it."

He became President of the Council in 1821, and managed to retain his office nearly seven years, a very long time for a French ministry to last. The most remarkable event during his government was the occupation of Spain, to which he was personally opposed. The most remarkable of his own measures were the reduction of the funds, and the grant of an indemnity to the emigrants. His defence of the last affords a characteristic example of his system of parliamentary tactics, which consisted rather in evading than repelling an attack:—

"A thousand millions!"—exclaimed General Foy—"A thousand millions, gentlemen! Why, it is twenty times the amount of the deficit of 1789, which caused the breaking out of the revolution: it is a third more than the ransom to which we were condemned in 1815 by the victory of the foreigner! It is more than would be required to restore all our roads, finish all our canals, reconstruct all our prisons, and raise all the fortresses wanted for the defence of our territories! And those who would swallow up this thousand millions are already far the richest and the best rewarded!—and it is not only the resident cultivators of your soil who will parcel out this prodigal donation amongst themselves: it will be men, once French, whom the chances of emigration have fixed and naturalised in a foreign land: it will be Austrian and Russian generals who have already had their full share of the booty levied in France."

M. de Villele ascends the tribune with a downcast and melancholy look:

"If the august monarch, founder of the charter, if the king who at present reigns over us had not emigrated!"—Here he paused, leaving the fate which would have awaited the two brothers of Louis XVI. to the imagination, whilst the Right responded with a groan—"But we, ourselves, what would have become of us but for the emigration of our princes! Without the emigration of our kings, what should we have had in 1814, and after the hundred days, to op-

* He was considered the best-looking of the Knights of the Garter, when they walked in procession, with the exception of Lord Townshend, the handsomest man of his day.

* "C'était un homme d'un port assez vulgaire, grêle, de petite stature, avec des yeux perçants, une voix nazillarde mais accentuée," &c.—Timon, vol. i. p. 120.

pose the armies of Europe established in our capital! Our deliverance from a foreign yoke, our public freedom, the prosperity and happiness we enjoy, we owe them all to the emigration which has preserved our princes to us. Let there be an end, then, of the attempt to make a crime of the devotedness and fidelity of those who lost their all to follow them."

This argument necessarily proved unanswerable in an assembly where royalty and loyalty were then in high fashion. It might not, however, have passed so well under other circumstances. We do not wish to enter here into the general merits of the old *émigration*, but we may be allowed to express our regret at the style in which the example has been imitated of late, and our apprehension of the results. It is well known that the *élite* of the French nobility have refused to take any part in politics since the revolution of the Barricades, and made it their point of honour and their boast to live secluded in their faubourg of St. Germain.*

This minister was succeeded by M. Martignac, who insisted on elevating him and some others of his predecessors to the peerage, by way of rendering harmless the opposition which he apprehended from them. M. de Villele's character may be summed up in the words of Timon:

"He had no flowers in his style, nor pomp in his images, nor vehemence in his declamation, nor clenching power in his logic: but he was clear, full, firm, and reasonable. There never escaped from him in the ardour of debate any of those perilous expressions which the commentator lays hold of, and which afford subjects for the ridicule of the press. If Nature had denied him the gifts, more brilliant than solid of imagination and eloquence, she had given him, in a very high degree, that prompt *coup d'œil* of the statesman who sees quick and sees true. . . . No, he was no common man,—who struggled so long without disadvantage during his long ministry, against Manuel, Foy, Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Chauvelli, Bignon, and Benjamin Constant, and (an equally trying contest) against the demands of the court and those of his own friends."—*Ib.* p. 121.

General Foy was the representative of the antimonarchical, anti-aristocratical, anti-legitimist tendencies of France; and his success in the tribune is justly attributed in part to the same popular feeling which distinguished Beranger amongst poets, and Paul Louis Courier amongst pamphleteers. The military character was also an advantage to him, as it enlisted all the warlike sympathies of his countrymen in his favour. Foy was born in 1775, and entered the army as soon as he was able to bear arms. He served by turns under almost all the republican generals who have earned a place in history, and succeeded in attracting the attention of most of them by feats of daring and a knowledge of the art of war far exceeding what is expected from a subaltern. In the campaign of 1799, as Massena was passing the bridge across the Rhine, his face wore an expression of anxiety. "What is the matter, Gene-

ral?" said Foy, then a colonel—"all succeeds to a miracle; the enemy is not aware of our passage." "I see Suwarrow, who is turning me." "You will have beaten Korsakoff before Suwarrow can *debouche* upon you," replied Foy; and the prediction was verified. His generosity and frankness were equally remarkable. When requested to procure the signatures of his corps to an address of congratulation to Buonaparte, he replied, "I will congratulate the First Consul as much as he likes on having escaped a conspiracy against his life, but I will never sign, I will never make my officers sign, an address which designates such or such individuals as authors or chiefs of this conspiracy, because I am a soldier, and I am not a judge." When a man with this sort of reputation begins his oratorical career by exclaiming, "There is an echo in France when we pronounce the names of honour and country," he will seldom lack auditors; and there is a force, independent of the rhetoric, in such appeals as the following:—

"Nineteen-twentieths of those who drew the sword during the hundred days in defence of their country had in no respect contributed to the success of the 20th of March: they marched, as their fathers had marched twenty-three years before, at the cry of Europe combined against France. Would you have liked it better if, for the first time, we had halted in front of our enemies and demanded how many of them there were? We ran to Waterloo, like the Greeks to Thermopylæ; *all without fear, and almost all without hope*. It was the accomplishment of a magnanimous sacrifice; and that is the reason why this recollection, painful as it may be, has remained as precious to us as the most glorious of the rest."

At the time, if tradition and M. Timon are to be credited, there is no necessity for examining the secondary causes of General Foy's success. He had the exterior, the bearing and the gestures of an orator, a vast memory, a powerful voice, eyes sparkling with intelligence, and a chivalrous *tournure* about the head. His swelling forehead kindled with enthusiasm or contracted with anger. "Then (says M. Timon) he struck the marble of the tribune, and there was in him a little of the sibyl on her tripod. Often was he seen to spring impulsively from his seat and scale the tribune, as if he was advancing to victory. When there, he flung forth his words with a haughty air, like Cæsar flinging his baton of command over the redoubts of the enemy," (p. 129.) In the succeeding passage great injustice is done to General Foy. He is described as not improvising his speeches; and the proof is, that he carefully meditated them, and distributed the parts; that he did in short what, as already intimated, all first-rate orators must do. He is said, moreover, to have paved the way for a dramatic effect, a catching figure, a happy expression, with remarkable adroitness—another proof of his proficiency in the most difficult branches of the art. At all events, most of his recorded sayings have all the appearance of impromptus. When told to carry his foreign news to the Bourse, he retorted—

"I know nothing of the gambling of the Bourse: for my part, I speculate in nothing but the *rise* of the national honour."

On its being stated that the commissioners of the censorship had been put on half-pay—

"If that be true, I hope they will be treated as half-

* The novels of Count Horace de Viel Castel are directed against this peculiar folly of the French exclusives, and contain some curious information regarding them. It seems that no one is considered *pur* who visits out of the faubourg, or takes any part in the active concerns of life.

pay officers have been for the last two years—I hope they will never be called into active service again."

When asked what he meant by aristocracy—

"L'aristocratie? je vais vous le dire: l'aristocratie, c'est la ligue, la coalition de ceux qui veulent consommer sans produire, vivre sans travailler, occuper toutes les places sans être en état de les remplir, envahir tous les honneurs sans les avoir mérités—voilà l'aristocratie!"

In reply to a defence of pensions and sinecures—

"Faites-nous donc connaître vos diplomates qui n'ont servi ni avant, ni après, ni pendant notre héroïque révolution; vos pensions accordées à celui-ci pour qu'il fasse un livre, à celui-là pour qu'il n'en fasse pas; vos médecins, qui n'ont jamais de malades à soigner; vos historiographes, qui n'ont pas d'histoire à écrire; vos paysagistes, qui n'ont pas d'autre paysage à peindre que le jardin de l'hôtel de Wagram."

An apostrophe addressed to M. de Serre has great merit:

"As my sole revenge, as your sole punishment, I simply condemn you to turn your eyes, as you leave this place, on the statues of L'Hopital and Daguesseau."

His industry was indefatigable, and there was hardly any subject of public interest which he had not mastered down to its minutest details. When warned of the necessity of repose by his physicians, he exclaimed, "Cease to work?—it would be my death." He died in 1825,—in M. Timon's opinion most opportunely for his fame.

"Combien de fois Napoleon n'a-t-il pas regretté d'avoir vécu trop d'un jour! oh, comme il enviait, sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène, le destin du soldat qui fut tué par le premier boulet de Waterloo? La fortune, au contraire, en l'ensevelissant dans le sein de ses triomphes oratoires, n'a pas voulu que le General Foy perdît rien de sa noble et pure renommée. S'il eut vécu, il eût été courtisan de Louis-Philippe, Ministre de la guerre, Marechal de France, Connetable peut-être. Il a mieux fait de mourir."—vol. i. pp. 142, 143.

M. de Martignac was born in 1770, of an ancient family, at Bourdeaux. At an early age he distinguished himself at the bar, and wrote some successful pieces for the theatre. It has been asserted that he was secretary to Sieyès during his Berlin embassy in 1798, and that in 1811 he published an ode on the birth of the King of Rome. Be this as it may, he was certainly amongst the warmest supporters of the Bourbons at the Restoration, and when elected a member of the Chamber (in 1821) he distinguished himself no less by his constitutional opinions than by his eloquence. After filling some other posts with credit, he was made Premier on the breaking up of the Villele cabinet, but proving too liberal, or rather too little of a bigot, for Charles X., he was dismissed in 1829, and succeeded by the far-famed authors of the Ordinances. He died in 1832.

M. de Martignac is one of the few royalist, rational, constitutional statesmen whom it is the fashion for the Movement party to praise. He owes this distinction partly to what he did towards the emancipation of the press, partly to the graceful insinuating address by which he managed to flatter the self-love and conciliate the good will of all parties. His

voice is described as that of a syren, his elocution as combining the softness and harmony of the lyre; the cultivation of letters had refined his style, and the habits of society had given the last air of polish to his gestures and his mien. Yet thus accomplished, he seduced rather than commanded the attention; and whilst his discourses are models of elegance, ingenuity, dexterous management, and apt exposition, they are ever and anon open to the reproach of feebleness, and there is scarcely one vehement apostrophe or condensed piece of logic to be found in them. The finest act of M. de Martignac's life was the closing one—his volunteer defence of M. de Polignac. The following passages from the peroration of his speech are exactly calculated to give a true notion of his style in his loftier moods:

"Peers of the realm, the act you are about to do is the one to which the determination of the character of the revolution of 1830, and the decision of its fate, is reserved. The judgment that France awaits from you has, then, for her all the interest of a prediction, all the power of a destiny."

"Is it by the death of disarmed adversaries that the revolution of 1830 would consummate its work? Will it diverge, at this point from the career it has nobly struck out for itself, and arrive, by so different a road, at the abyss in which our first revolution was lost? I cannot fear it, my lords, since it is from you that it is about to receive direction and example. Our manners are growing milder; philanthropy is making daily advances towards new conquests; a legislation is preparing which will conciliate, so far as our age permits, the interests of the common safety with the aspirations of humanity. Already for many months our public places have not been saddened by the spectacle of a scaffold. What ought not to be the pressing interest, the real want, the possible advantage to our country, which, in a political prosecution unexpectedly occurring after so many vicissitudes endured in so small a number of years; should be of power sufficient to determine you to put this suspended axe in motion again? *Is not all complete? Has not the dynasty gone down with the throne? Do not vast seas separate you from it, and events more vast than they?* What need has France of the death of a man who places himself in your hands,—*the broken instrument of a power that is no more?* To prove her strength? Who contests it, who can bring it into doubt, and what sort of proof of it would it be to strike a victim who has no means of defence but one feeble voice? To satisfy her vengeance? Ah, my lords, this prostrate throne, these three crowns broken in as many days, *this flag of eight centuries rent to pieces in an hour*, is not all this the vengeance of a victorious people? *This was conquered in the midst of peril, illustrated by the end, and ennobled by bravery: that would be but barbarous, for it is no longer contested or necessary.* Is it to ensure the triumph of the victorious people and consolidate their work that the execution of an individual could be required? Ah! that which force has conquered or regained is not to be preserved by cruelty or violence: it is the firm but temperate use of the power which has changed hands, the feeling of security to which this moderation gives rise, the prosperity it fosters, the protection which the new order of things promises to those who submit or attach themselves to it,—these are the true elements of

conservation—the others are but fatal illusions, destructive to those who embrace them. You are laying the foundation of a new throne—do not give it for its base a soil soaked with blood and tears.”

These passages are finely conceived, but the execution falls short of the design; the thought is spread over too large a surface; the sentences (with a few exceptions) are diffuse and languid; the condensing power of genius is altogether wanting, and we long in vain for point, force, directness, or simplicity. Altogether the peroration reminds us of those written by Dumont for Mirabeau, before the master's hand had been at work infusing that force and energy, that “*quelque chose de vif et tranchant*,” by which the productions of others became essentially his own.

M. Royer-Collard's reputation is rather personal, literary, moral and political, than oratorical; he very seldom extemporises; it is consequently as a thinker, not as a speaker, that he influences, and his actions have been as expressive as his words. In the published accounts of him, therefore, we find nothing about his person, his manner, or his voice: the whole turns on the depth of his thoughts, the comprehensiveness of his views, the upright tenor of his life, and the undeviating consistency of his principles.

“M. Royer-Collard (says M. Timon, and the passage need neither be amplified nor abridged) is the patriarch of the constitutional royalists of the Restoration. He was the most eloquent of our parliamentary writers. He had a vast and magnificent kind of style. A word, a single axiom fructified by the meditation of this strong brain, swelled, thickened, grew up like an acorn that becomes an oak, all whose ramifications spring from the same trunk, and which, animated by the same life, nourished with the same sap, forms but one whole, despite the variety of its foliage and the endless multiplicity of its boughs. Such were the discourses of M. Royer-Collard, admirable for the unity of their principle, the vigorous shoots of their style, and the beauty of their form. It was philosophy applied to politics, with its abstract and somewhat obscure formulæ. More profound than vehement, more original in the expression than capable of carrying you away by the movement, M. Royer-Collard was (if the expression be forgiven me) a digger of ideas: he was a speaking thought.”—vol. i. p. 150.

He was born in 1763 of an honourable family, and at the breaking out of the revolution was a member of the metropolitan bar. He joined the royalist party, and played an active part in politics for a time, when, becoming an object of suspicion to the dominant faction, he found it necessary to withdraw into retirement for a season.* In 1811 his rising reputation as a writer and metaphysician attracted the attention of Napoleon, who appointed him Dean of the Faculty of Letters and Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy. After the second Restoration, he was named president of the committee of public instruction, and in 1815 he was elected member of the Chamber, where he has uniformly par-

* He was one of the chosen few who kept up a correspondence with the Bourbons, and was charged with the care of their interests when the revolutionary government was in full force and activity.

sued a *juste milieu* line of politics. His reputation reached the highest pitch in 1827, when he was simultaneously chosen by seven constituencies, named President of the Chamber, and elected a member of the Academy. His advanced age has gradually diminished the number of his public appearances for some years past, and a story was current at Paris a few months ago amusingly illustrative of the present character of his pursuits and interests. When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honour of the Academy, and called on M. Royer-Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed an entire ignorance of his name. “I am the author of *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*, *Bay-Jargal*, *Marion Delorme*, &c.” “I never heard of any of them.” “Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?” “I never read new books.” *Exit Hugo!*

The name of Benjamin Constant has become familiar in this country through his connexion with Madame de Stael, some passages of which he is said to have depicted in a novel;† but he has higher and better claims to our sympathy, since his grand aim through life was to make English institutions understood and appreciated in France. France was only his country by adoption. He was born (1767) at Lausanne, and had studied both at Edinburgh and Göttingen. He came to Paris in 1795, and speedily attracted attention by a series of pamphlets, which he threw off with wonderful facility at that as at every other period of his life. But the chief theatre of his early honour was the Tribunat, where he exasperated Napoleon to the highest pitch by opposing the most cherished of his schemes: “There are below there, in that Tribunat,” said the First Consul, “a dozen or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the water. They are a vermin which keep sticking to my clothes; but I will shake them off.” Shortly afterwards he executed his threat by turning out Constant, Chenier, Guingene, and others. “*Nous vous avons epurés*,” was the apology to the remaining members. “*Say ecremes*,” was the sharp retort of Madame de Stael. From this period Constant and Madame de Stael appear to have vowed a common hatred to Napoleon, as well as a mutual affection for one another; but at the commencement of the Hundred Days a single interview sufficed to effect a signal change in the opinions of the gentleman. M. Constant came forth from his first private interview a complete convert—and counsellor of state. This is the dark spot in his life. He has thus attempted to wipe it off:—

“It is true I had written all that; under the empire of a generous hatred, I had uttered these maledictions against a despot; but when I saw France menaced by the foreigners, when I saw the Prussians, the English, the Austrians, the Russians, crossing our frontiers a second time, I thought it right—yield-

* Talleyrand used to say that it was not very difficult to win women, but that the grand problem was how to get rid of them afterwards. This is the immoral moral of *Adolphe*,—the story of a man pursued by a woman (Ellenore) ten years older than himself, of whom he has become thoroughly tired. It was generally understood that Madame de Stael was the heroine, and Constant (whose nature ill accorded with his name) the hero of the tale.

ing to a juster and more generous sentiment—to forget—to fly to the support of the man who, in this extremity, could still save the country.”

His oratorical career did not recommence until 1819, when he was elected by the department of La Sarthe, and his speeches betoken no falling away from the principles he originally professed. “We are a generation of passage,” was the cry; “we fight that others may triumph;” and on every occasion that presented itself he was found calling to the government for the time being to move on. His characteristic qualities, both as a writer and a speaker, were spirit, ingenuity, and fertility. His foot was ever in the stirrup, his fancy was ever on the wing—to-day an article, to-morrow a pamphlet, the next day a speech. He had such a command of language, that when he chanced to displease his audience by an expression, he would go on substituting synonyms till he had suited them. For example: “I am anxious to spare the Crown”—a murmur—“the Monarch”—the murmurs continue—“the Constitutional King”—the murmurs are hushed. His impromptu replies often betoken not merely readiness but wit. Of the deputies who had made a verbose defence of sinecures, he said: “They economise neither money nor words.” When the ministerial party complained that, if such attacks continued, it would be impossible to find functionaries, “Don’t be afraid of discouraging aspirants to office, their courage is inexhaustible. When a prefecture is vacant, do people run away for fear of being condemned to it?” Speaking of the ministry—“It is as impossible, in all that regards arbitrary power, to calumniate as to soften them.”

He composed on cards tied together with a string, each containing a paragraph. Probably this habit influenced his style, which was deficient in continuity. The following has been extolled as a good example of the suddenness of his transitions, and the vividness of his apostrophes:—

“I have always regarded as worthy of envy the fate of those friends of freedom who, at the commencement of the revolutionary phrenzy, were struck down the first. This destiny has saved them from being the witnesses of another phrenzy still more frightful. The fate of those who may be the first victims of the counter-revolution, if it comes to pass, would appear to me equally deserving of envy: they will not see this counter-revolution in all its horrors. Gentlemen, two roads have been open to you for two years past: even when the ministry lost their way, the representatives of the people chose the constitutional path. Do you wish to pass again under laws of exception? The Convention, the Directory, Buonaparte, have governed by exceptional laws. Where is the Convention? Where is the Directory? Where is Buonaparte?”*

But the press was his favourite topic: “The press is the tribune enlarged; speech is the vehicle of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of

the world.” On this subject he has written and spoken volumes; and whoever has occasion to write or speak upon it, may confidently repair to his writings and speeches as to an armoury where every sort of weapon may be procured. Benjamin Constant was rather above the middle height, of a weak frame of body, with thin legs, long arms, and an habitual stoop. His hair (originally fair, but when we saw him grey) was worn very long, and fell down upon his shoulders, after the fashion of a German student. When a young man, he had been reckoned very handsome. His mode of reciting was monotonous, and something like a stammer was occasionally observable in his delivery. He commonly leant both hands on the tribune when he was extemporising, and used little action of any kind. His personal courage was displayed in a remarkable manner in his duel with M. des Issarts. Both being equally incapacitated from fighting upon their legs, they were placed in chairs at the proper distance, and exchanged two shots a-piece—luckily without effect. Benjamin Constant died in 1830.

With Constant concludes the catalogue of orators of the Restoration. The portraits of living speakers are so numerous, that we must proceed much in the same manner as in a picture-gallery—walk round and look at all, but confine our critical examination to a few.

M. Berryer, the leader of the legitimist party, is, by common consent of all parties, the first of living orators in France. Towards the end of his first session (1830,) one of his colleagues exclaimed to Royer-Collard, “*Voilà un beau talent!*” “*Dites donc une puissance,*” was the reply.

For much of his acknowledged pre-eminence he is undoubtedly indebted to physical advantages: to his face, his figure, and (above all) his voice, an *organ* of extraordinary power and compass, which he manages with unrivalled ease and propriety. But, as M. Timon bears willing testimony, he is also a master in rhetoric; and nothing can well be finer than the mode in which he marshals his arguments, manages his transitions, lays the train for an effect, or works his way towards his main object from afar—except perhaps the parenthetical allusions by which he revives the flagging attention of the Chamber, or the vivid bursts and apostrophes by which he rouses the dormant enthusiasm of the royalists. It seems a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he has to speak a prepared speech or an extempore one; for he can invest the latter with all the charms of order, and give the full force of suddenness, vivacity, and felicitous adaptation to the first. In the power of stripping off the husk of a question and going at once to the pith, he nearly resembles Lord Lyndhurst: in his mode of dealing with facts, dates, and passages of by-gone debates, Sir Robert Peel. Lord Stanley may serve to convey some notion of him in the act of repelling an attack or following up an advantage; and Sir William Follett presents an improved example of the kind of logic he employs in his argumentative displays. In looking through the pages of the “*Moniteur*” (the least imperfect record of the parliamentary eloquence of France) for illustrations of Berryer, we are forcibly reminded of a passage in Erskine’s letter to the editor of Fox’s speeches, prefixed to the complete octavo edition:—

* What stuff! as if they fell by the laws of exception! Yet the fact is very near, though Constant would not see it. They all fell because the revolutionary spirit—which necessitated laws of exception—was too strong for them, because their government had no solid base. The laws of exception were one of the symptoms, and in no degree a cause.

"Eloquence which consists more in the dexterous structure of periods, and in the powers and harmony of delivery, than in the extraordinary vigour of the understanding, may be compared to a human body, not so much surpassing the dimensions of ordinary nature, as remarkable for the symmetry and beauty of its parts:—if the short-hand writer, like the statuary or painter, has made no memorial of such an orator, little is left to distinguish him; but, in the most imperfect relics of Fox's speeches, *the bones of a giant are to be discovered.*"

The bones of a giant are likewise to be discovered in the most imperfect reliques of Berryer's, but so cracked and broken, so mixed up and encrusted with adventitious matter, that an art resembling that of the restorer of ancient statues would be required to render them presentable as specimens. We shall therefore content ourselves with one—the concluding passage of his masterly but not quite honest attack on the French ministry in January last. We say not quite honest, for though sheltering himself all the while under the doctrine that a government should be faithful to its principle however false, he, the legitimist leader, was hardly justified in assailing them for not taking part against legitimacy in every quarter of the globe:—

"I go round the map of France, and I demand at all points where we touch, what are their feelings towards us. I see, in the South, Spain torn by two parties, who both, on the day of their reconciliation, will be your enemies; in the north, Belgium, that you have not supported, that you have betrayed, in its movement of July—Belgium, which we are unable to support in its generous sentiments. Switzerland!—you have repelled her. Italy!—if there yet remain in her bosom any friends of your system, of your principles, of your policy, do you believe that they will stir themselves for you? No, you are abandoned on all sides, you are isolated, and to this (turning to the ministry) have you reduced France. *My hand shall wither before it casts into that urn a ball to say that such a policy is conservative of our alliances, that such a ministry is jealous of our dignity—never, never.*"

Bearing in mind that this is the close of a comprehensive view of the foreign relations of the country—we should be inclined to give it a place not much below Lord Chatham's somewhat similar burst:—"Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, whilst a foreign troop was quartered on my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, never." An ironical remark of the Minister to the effect that this declaration would create no disappointment, as they had never reckoned on his vote, called up Berryer again:—

"If you return to power, whatever be the distance that ought naturally to subsist between us, only do for France something useful, honourable, great, and I will applaud you—because, after all, I was born in France, and I wish to die a Frenchman."

Berryer is the son of the celebrated advocate of the same name, the author of an interesting work recently published entitled *Souvenirs de M. Berryer, Doyen des Avocats de Paris, de 1774 à 1838*. He himself has conducted some important causes with high credit, and, had he not been turned aside from his professional career by politics, nothing could well have prevented him from now enjoying a large and lucrative

practice at the bar. His sacrifices in this respect are justly appreciated amongst his friends; and it being understood, not long since, that his circumstances were embarrassed, a tribute of gratitude, similar to that conferred on Grattan by the Irish parliament, was paid him by the legitimist party. They made him a present of a sum of money sufficient to enable him to buy in his chateau of Augerville, which he had been compelled to advertise for sale, though constituting the bulk of his qualification as deputy. He is about fifty years of age.

M. Dupin (hardly second to Berryer in parliamentary celebrity) is the Erskine of France, and something more; for he has not only defended Ney and Sir Robert Wilson, but held the fate of ministries between his hands. Beranger said of him—"Il monte quelquefois aux cieux, mais toujours bien cotte." *le cabinet d'un roi avec mes souliers de paysan.*" These He said of himself—"Je ne saurois jamais entrer dans" sayings correctly indicate the style of the orator and the character of the man, though the figure of the countryman's shoes is a bold one, M. Dupin being, in fact, the descendant of an old legal family. He is rough, bold, impulsive, irregular, fanciful, figurative, anecdotal, sarcastic, allusive, and imaginative. The highest compliment is that paid him with apparent unconsciousness by M. Timon—that he is best in the best causes. Let a trait of nobleness or an attempt at oppression come across him in his most uncongenial moods, and a responsive cord will assuredly be struck. Thus, in his defence of Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Hutchinson, for aiding Lavalette to escape:—

"Unhappy fruit of our dissensions! Evil is become so common, and good actions are so rare, that people are no longer willing to believe in virtue, not can persuade themselves that three men are to be found, generous enough to save another, simply from a sentiment of humanity! How manners change with times! At Athens—the people of which are cited for their levity, but the Areopagus was celebrated for its justice—a young man was condemned to death for having killed a dove, which, pursued by a sparrowhawk, flew to take refuge in his bosom: They thought that he who was without pity would never prove a good citizen. And amongst us, in the nineteenth century, men are to be condemned for having saved the life of another man who placed his fate in their hands!"

Or in his reply to the Procureur-General, who, on Ney's trial, had proposed to exclude all reference to antecedent events:—

"You wish to place his head under the thunderbolt; we wish to show how the tempest has been brewed."

It is in the act of uttering this apostrophe that Horace Vernet has painted him. The picture would form a capital match for the well-known one of Lord Brougham, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Am I in a court of justice?"

The following extract from his defence of Beranger appears to us to afford a fairer specimen of his manner than any of his political speeches. We are sorry that we cannot quote it without expressing the strongest disapprobation of much of its tone as regards the most grave of subjects:—

"I arrive at the last song, to which the Advocate-General has attached more weight than to all the rest."

It is that entitled *Le Bon Dieu*, the burden of which is,—

‘Si c’est par moi qu’ils regnent de la sorte,
Je veux que le Diable m’emporte.’

Here, gentlemen of the jury, it was deemed a duty to introduce a pompous eulogy on religion, and vaunt its happy influence on the lot of states. I own that, if the question to be resolved were such, I should not be opposed to the public prosecutor. Religion is the want of all: the wretched feel the necessity for it, still more than others; and those who are out of place, pray to God with as much fervour as those who are in. If religion were outraged, I should say, woe, woe to those who outrage it! But I say at the same time, woe to those who pervert it! Woe to those who would fain make of it only an object of lucre, and only speak of it upon speculation; who put personal revenge in the place of charity, and treat with inexorable rigour what God himself would treat with benignity. Certainly, I will own it, the burden is a little light; but can it be said that it was composed with the intention of apostrophising God himself and outraging him?

“We must not lose sight of the license of poetry, nor contest the use it has been able to make of a fact which we find in the Scriptures. Anything may happen when God wills or permits it! Iterum assumpsit Jesum Diabolus in montem excelsum valde, et ostendit ei omnia regna mundi, et gloriam eorum, et dixit ei: Hæc omnia tibi dabo si cadens adoraveris me.

“So far Sacred History—what has poetry made of it? Milton, that sombre and sublime genius, has devoted the strains of his *Paradise Lost* to describing the impious war of Satan against the Divinity. He makes us be present at the councils of the angel of darkness. We hear the harangues of demons; the strife is prolonged; he long balances the force and the resistance! Did any one ever dream of taxing Milton with impiety, because he had put the infernal spirit *aux prises* with the Divinity?

“The same poet, in his *Paradise Regained*, represents to us the devil taking Jesus Christ, one while to the pinnacle of the temple, and one while to a high mountain, from whence they behold all the people of the earth. Satan shows him the Britons half subjugated, and preserving only the shadow of their ancient liberty; Gaul disarmed; Germany in darkness; Italy still smoking with the blood of its citizens, shed by the emperors with the aid of civil discords; Greece struggling with her chains, impatiently enduring the yoke of conquest; the Parthians make an effort on the side of Asia; the Scythians are already assembling their numerous battalions, and threatening to invade the banks of the Bosphorus! and in his own country, the pro-consuls of Rome!—Herod, who to reach a single child, has devoted all to death; and Pilate, pusillanimous functionary, who, ere long, will suffer innocent blood to be poured out, and who will bathe his hands in it!

“Assuredly, at seeing the world thus governed, Jesus might well have exclaimed, that it was not by Him, nor by his Father, that nations were governed *de la sorte*!”

The reporter of this speech (who had probably never heard of the *Paradise Regained* before) tells

us, with inimitable calmness, that nothing of *the sort* is to be found in Milton, and eulogises Dupin for his readiness in inventing such a scene—the allusions and the real *drift* of which he does not seem to have in the slightest degree apprehended.*

Dupin’s own notions of the advantages and disadvantages of improvisation will not be considered out of place in this article. The passage (which would lose greatly in translation) is taken from his Inaugural Discourse on being chosen a member of the French Academy in August 1834:—

“*Inviquons de grands souvenirs et de grands exemples! Nos orateurs politiques les plus renommés, Mirabeau, Barnave, de Serre, le general Foy, n’ont-ils pas prouvé que celui qui s’abandonne au milieu de ces circonstances ardentes a tous les hasards de l’improvisation, trouvé quelquefois, dans l’embarras même de sa situation, des secours inespérés?*

“*Quoique non préparé sur les mots, s’il connaît bien les choses, s’il sent vivement, s’il est soutenu par la conscience du bien, au milieu même de tant d’isolement—dans ce trouble incessamment apporté au développement de sa pensée par les interruptions les plus vives et les clameurs parfois les plus insensées—dans ce tourment de toutes ses facultés, il lui arrivera de raconter des tours, des expressions, des hardiesses qui ne viendraient pas trouver une homme moins fortement excité.*

“*Ce que perdront le style et la belle ordonnance, l’orateur le regagnera du côté de l’action, de cette action oratoire à laquelle les anciens accordaient les trois premiers rangs. Sa main ne tiendra pas un cahier; son œil ne sera pas fixé sur son écriture, il retrouvera l’arme du regard; son esprit ne sera pas livré aux incertitudes de la mémoire; libre dans son allure comme ces cavaliers Numides qui montaient à cru et sans frein, il luttera corps à corps avec son auditoire; maître de retenir ou de laisser aller son discours, de glisser sur ce qui commencerait à déplaire comme d’insister sur ce qui aura fait sensation; et, s’il est bien inspiré, son succès dépassera l’effet des discours les plus étudiés! Alors éclateront ces vives sympathies, ces retours électriques de l’assemblée sur l’orateur, qui l’avertiront qu’il a conquis les votes, et que la majorité vient à lui!”*

We were present at the delivery of this discourse. When Dupin entered the hall, buttoned up in the unbecoming uniform of the Academy, he looked anything but at his ease, nor was the principal task imposed upon him—that of reading a written eulogium on Cuvier—of a character to restore him to himself. It was therefore a tame affair till he arrived at the above passage; when a sudden change came over him, his eye began to kindle, his features were lighted up, his whole form appeared dilating, and as *Sa main ne tiendra pas un cahier* rang sonorously through the hall we began to think that the action would accompany the words, and that he was going to dash his own manuscript in the rosy face of the President (M. Jouy). The effect was electrical: it was the triumph of nature over art, or, more correctly speaking, the triumph of that perfect art which produces all its greatest effects by concealing itself: the coldest, for

* See some remarks on this speech in an article on Beranger’s *Chansons*, *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlvii, p. 465, &c.

the moment, abandoned their usual postures of apathy, and plaudits, loud and long, burst forth at the conclusion of the paragraph. M. Dupin must be heard again and again to be appreciated.

His political career commenced in the Chamber of Representatives in 1815, where he boldly defended the right of the nation to choose its constitution and its rulers. He was not elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies till 1828, since which time he has played a prominent part on the stage of public life, which no man can well do in France without exposing himself to a tolerable share of calumny and misrepresentation; particularly when he professes a moderate line of politics, and occasionally lashes back the more forward and violent of all parties. Dupin has even repudiated those who might be anxious to adopt him as their chief. When called the general of the *tiers-parti*, he said, "You would render me a service if you would have the goodness to give me a list of the members who compose the *tiers-parti*; I know them not." The imputations most vehemently reiterated are an alleged secret understanding with the Jesuits, and a want of firmness during the Revolution of July. Nothing can be conceived more futile than these imputations. It seems that M. Dupin had taken a warm part against the Jesuits. Two of his hits have grown into axioms: "*C'est une epee dont la poignee est a Rome, et la pointe partout;*" and "*Protee n'est qu'une fable, le Jesuitisme est la realite.*" It is not asserted that he has actually done or said anything as a public man at variance with these opinions, but during the period of his avowed hostility he was guilty of the indiscretion of paying a visit to the Jesuit institution at St. Acheul, from motives thus illustrated by himself—"If I had lived at the time when *Aeneas* descended into the infernal regions, I should have wished to descend along with him, and be present at one of *Minos*' sittings." From the bare fact of this visit, it is inferred that he must have had an unworthy object in view. The other charge is equally groundless. On the first appearance of the ordinances, the journalists came in a body to consult M. Dupin as to their legality, Odilon-Barrot, Barthe, and Merilhou, being present at the consultation. Their joint opinion was delivered by Dupin, who added, that in his opinion no journal which submitted to the prescribed terms would deserve to retain a single subscriber. The journalists then proposed to come to some resolution as to the precise line of conduct to be pursued, to which Dupin objected. "But," said one of them, "we understood we came here to hold a political meeting." "In that case," said Dupin, "you are deceived: here, I am no longer a deputy, I am an advocate; you have desired a consultation, you have got one, and you may now do what you like with it." Can anything be more reasonable than this distinction, or is a barrister to be accused of cowardice because he does not choose to put his life and honour in the hands of an heterogeneous body of newspaper writers? In moments of real danger, M. Dupin was never wanting to himself. During the riots of June, M. Mangin came to him one morning, and said, "I know from good authority that you are to be attacked to-day: it will be prudent to keep away, and not expose yourself." The reply was in these words: "I have some pressing matters to despatch: at twelve o'clock I shall go to the Council of Ministers; at two, I shall

go to the Chamber; at five, I shall return to my own house, and I shall then expect these gentlemen." M. Dupin is a homely looking man, neither tall nor short, of plain manners, *brusque* address, and approaching sixty years of age. The Baron Charles Dupin, the celebrated statistical writer, and M. Philippe Dupin, an advocate of high reputation, are his brothers. Mirabeau's brother, the *Vicomte*, used to say of himself that he would be reckoned a rake and a wit in any family but theirs. The remark is partially applicable to the Dupins;* but the Baron Charles is treated with peculiar freedom, it must be owned, by M. Timon:

"La manufacture de Saint-Gobain vient de couler une glace monstre d'un seul morceau, ayant 195 pouces de hauteur sur 138 pouces de large. Il ne faudrait pas a M. Charles Dupin une feuille de papier de dimension moindre pour ecrire, d'une ecriture fine et serree, sans blanc ni marge, chacun de ses rapports.

"On dit que c'est lui qui a fourni le modele des plumes de Perry, qui sont d'un acier fin et bien trempe, qu'on ne taille jamais, et avec lesquelles il peut ecrire depuis l'aube du jour jusqu'au coucher du soleil, sans perdre une minute.

"On assure egalement que la presse a bras ne marchant pas assez vite pour le suivre, on a ete oblige d'inventer la presse a la vapeur. Graces soient rendues a M. Charles Dupin d'avoir ete l'heureuse occasion de cette decouverte! Aussi, la presse a la vapeur n'a-t-elle pas ete ingrate, et depuis ce temps-la ne fonctionne-t-elle presque que pour lui.

"M. Charles Dupin cumule les mots, ce qui est sterile pour nous, et les emplois, ce qui est productif pour lui. Il est, en France, a-peu-pres tout ce qu'on peut y etre. Il y a l'emploi d'ingenieur, l'emploi de membre de l'amirante, l'emploi d'academicien, celui-ci double, l'emploi de professeur au conservatoire, l'emploi de conseiller d'etat, l'emploi de pair de France, l'emploi de rapporteur inamovible du budget de la marine, l'emploi d'attacher a sa boutonniere des brochettes de croix, et l'emploi de baron, de haut baron. Il est, aux Colonies, delegue sans travail mais non sans appointements. Il est, en Suede, chevalier des ordres de royaume, et les voyageurs qui viennent d'Italie disent que le pape lui reserve in petto le chapeau de cardinal, a cause, vous savez, de ce fameux sermon sur les eveques, qu'il a si bien preche!

"Je ne desespere pas meme qu'on ne le mette un jour au rang des saints, afin qu'il puisse cumuler les joies du Paradis avec les joies de notre vallee de larmes.

"Outre ce bagage de croix, de dignites, de chaires, d'emplois, de diplomes, de manteaux, de rubans, d'epees, de plumes de Perry, de galons, d'habits, de billets de banque, de sacs d'argent et d'oripeaux de toute espee dont M. Charles Dupin marche affable, decore, charge, accable, empaquete, et qui pendillent et traient de toutes parts, il a ses livres, ses manuels, ses cartes, ses plans, ses manuscrits, ses projets d'amener la mer a Paris, ni plus ni moins qu'on peut la voir au Havre, et ses etudes sur Demosthenes, qui n'etait pas cependant le plus bavard des orateurs.

"Je ne voudrais pas cependant dire trop de mal de M. Dupin le savant, d'abord parce que j'aurais

* The inscription on their mother's tomb runs thus:—"La Mere des trois Dupins."

mauvaise grace a me moquer des savants, ne l'etant moi-meme en aucune facon, ensuite parce qu'apres tout, les hommes du merite de M. Dupin sont rares dans tous les pays. Je ne serais pas meme fache, entre nous, de cumuler, non pas autant d'emplois mais autant de science, et je changerais volontiers d'etre Timon pour etre Charles Dupin. Mais j'aimerais encore mieux etre monsieur son frere."—pp. 188—91.

M. Thiers is undoubtedly the cleverest man in Europe, if one half of what is confidently stated of him by M. Timon and the periodical press of Paris be true: for they assure us that he is wholly destitute of the qualities by which parliamentary or political consideration is ordinarily acquired—that he has neither birth, fortune, connexion, face, figure, character, principles, nor voice; and yet, somehow or other, there he stood of late for more than three months—as he certainly will stand again—the maker and unmaker of ministries, as fully to all intents and purposes as Warwick was ever the maker and unmaker of kings—the pivot on which turned the destinies of the French nation, and, through her, of most other nations in the world. Mark the tone in which he justifies his claim to the office of his choice:—

"It is not a puerile vanity; it is not a personal taste; I should not dare, in the face of my country, allege as reasons my vanity or my taste. It has been said—and I demand permission to explain myself with all possible freedom in this respect—it has been said that foreign diplomacy repudiated me. I do not believe it. I believe that they respect our government too much to express either preferences or repugnances: I believe our government respects itself too much to listen to them. But for the very reason that the objection had been raised, I regarded it as a patriotic duty on my part to give it a marked contradiction, by accepting no other portfolio than that of foreign affairs."

M. Thiers was born in 1798. The early part of his biography would serve equally well for that of Mignet. They were the children of poor parents at Aix; they were bred up together; they studied law together; they graduated as advocates about the same time; they arrived at Paris to seek their fortune in company; both have written histories of the Revolution, which, it is said, they showed to one another, page by page, as they proceeded; and it was not until M. Thiers was elected a member of the Chamber that their careers became essentially distinct. Among the advantages which they enjoyed in common was that of an introduction to Manuel, who, like them, was a native of Providence. Manuel introduced them to Lafitte, at whose house all the leading members and writers of the *left* were wont to meet. "Here," says an acute but caustic observer, "the littleness of his figure—the ordinary expression of his features, half hidden under a vast pair of spectacles—the singular cadence of his accents, which made a sort of psalmody of his conversation—the continual fidgetty motion in which he indulged—a total want of the habits of society, remarkable even in the mixed cohort which encumbered the saloons of M. Lafitte, all contributed to make of Thiers a being apart, who attracted attention from the first. Once granted, M. Thiers knew well how to keep it: nothing appeared new to him, neither finance, nor war, nor administration; and he discussed all these

matters in a manner sufficiently specious to seduce the bankers, the ancient functionaries of the empire, and the generals, all of whom he addressed without ceremony."* Accordingly, soon after his arrival at Paris, M. Thiers had become the constant guest of M. Lafitte and Baron Louis, and was a regular contributor to the *Constitutionnel*, which he subsequently gave up, as his convictions deepened, for the *National*. It is beside our purpose to trace the steps by which M. Thiers gradually ascended towards the top of the ladder of political importance. His History of the Revolution opportunely gave breadth and stability to his fame;† but at the same time it gave a more definite and fixed form to his principles than at sundry periods of his subsequent career he could have wished. He was chosen a deputy by his native town Aix soon after the Barricades,—an event to which he owes one of his many decorations, though his maligners assert that he remained invisible till the fighting part of the affair was at an end. He seems to have lost no time in mounting the tribune, but his effective *debut* dates from a speech on the question whether the peerage should be hereditary.

The scene is graphically described in the French journal quoted above:—"M. Thiers' speech had been announced eight days beforehand. He arrived at an early hour, contrary to his wont, which led to an expectation that his speech would be long. His toilette was *recherchee*, and he wore gloves. He ascended the steps of the tribune with an air of affected carelessness, as if about to do the easiest thing in the world, and remained silent for a time, as if to impose silence by his attitude; but this was only obtained by the interposition of his friends. At length he began, and it was seen at once that he was attempting a new description of oratory, for instead of the classical and formal style in which he had failed to attract attention, he was now all nature, ease, pertness, frankness, familiarity, colloquialism. By way of conciliating the favour of the Chamber towards the experiment, he took occasion at the outset to remark, that, in the case of the assembly he was addressing, the forum of the ancients had been changed into a room of honest men; and he endeavoured to keep up their attention during a four hours' display by the introduction of anecdotes." Thus, to illustrate the hereditary quality of greatness, he told a story of the younger Pitt's being placed on a table, when only six years old, to recite speeches; but, according to the malicious narrator, he himself, with his little figure and thin voice, so strongly recalled the image of the youthful statesman, that the effect fast bordered on the ludicrous. The speech, however, made a sensation, and M. Thiers was now frequently employed to make speeches for the ministry, though a lack of discretion, which will always prevent him from making a safe spokesman for any party, prevented them from ever recognising him as such; and when Mauguin alluded to him as the organ of the government, Casimir Perier contemptuously exclaimed: "*Ce un organe du gouvernement! M. Mauguin se moque de vous.*" The kind of speaking which thus made the fortune of M. Thiers is described by M. Timon:—

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 4me Series. Vol. iv.

† He has recently been offered 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*) for a continuation.

"It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk lively, brilliant, light, animated, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflections; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that *spirituel* dwarf. Nature, ever watchful and considerate in her compensations, seems to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx."

Mr. Shiel's admirers are fond of comparing him to M. Thiers—but the resemblance is, we think, superficial. The summary of M. Thiers' alleged tergiversations is in M. Timon's best manner:—

"M. Thiers, on entering the world, was not cradled in the lap of a duchess. Born poor, he lacked fortune; born in obscurity, he lacked a name. Failing as an advocate, he became a man of letters, and threw himself headlong into the liberal party, more from necessity than conviction. He then set himself to admire Danton and the men of the Mountain, and he carried to exaltation the calculated fanaticism of his hyperboles. Eaten up by desires, like all men of lively imagination, he owed the commencement of his wealth to M. Lafitte, and his reputation to his own talent. However, were it not for the revolution of 1830, M. Thiers would be at the present day neither elector, nor eligible, nor deputy, nor minister, nor even academician; he would have grown old in the literary esteem of a coterie. Since then, M. Thiers has changed his party; he has become monarchist, aristocrat, maintainer of privileges, giver and executor of pitiless commands; he has attached his name to the *etat de siege* of Paris, to the *mitrailleurs* of Lyons, to the magnificent achievements of the Rue Transnonain, to the deportations of Mont St. Michel, to the laws regarding combinations, public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers, to all that has fettered liberty, to all that has degraded the press, to all that has corrupted the jury, to all that has decimated the patriots, to all that has dissolved the national guard, to all that has demoralised the nation, to all that has dragged the noble and pure (!!!) Revolution of July through the mud."

"When, under a monarchy, a man without character and without virtue has received an education more literary than moral, and borne in the arms of fortune, he mounts the steps of power, his elevation turns his head. As he finds himself isolated on the heights he has reached, and knows not on what to lean, having neither individual consideration nor followers, belonging and wishing to belong no longer to the people, and unable, do what he will, to become one of the noble and the great, he lays himself down at the feet of his king, he kisses them, he licks them, and he is at a loss by what contortions of servility, by what caresses of supplications, by what pretences of devotedness, by what genuflections, by what toe-kissings, to prove his humility and the down-to-the-ground character of his adoration. Persons of this species are like those predestined victims of Gehenna who have made a compact with the devil. They are marked with his nails, and if they attempt to turn their heads—break a link of their chain—move

a step—their infernal master, to whom their body has been delivered, to whom their soul has been sold, calls to them, *Thou art mine.*" vol. ii. p. 21.

In this shrewd passage there are two or three palpable mis-statements. It is untrue to say that M. Thiers failed as an advocate, for he was never tried. It is unfair to say that a man of his abilities could have been nothing, or next to nothing, without the Revolution of July. And then the purity of that same Revolution! with a royal Duke conniving in a plot for the downfall of his own family—a plot organised by his own banker (Lafitte), to whom the King of the French is really indebted for his throne; and a band of patriots lying *perdus* until the evening of the third day, and then emerging from their cellars to scramble for the spoil! The last paragraph involves a melancholy truth; but how is it applicable to Thiers, who is fighting on his own account against the crown,—on whose banner is or lately was inscribed: *Le roi regne et ne gouverne pas.* As to the measures by which, as minister, he enforced order—if on such grounds we are to impute knavery, M. Thiers will not stand quite alone. The truth is, that no man of understanding, who has had the misfortune to begin life as a *liberal* enthusiast, ever attained to power without finding that the doctrines of his youth were utterly incompatible—not merely with good government but—with the very existence of society.

We have before us two portraits of M. Guizot, which it is amusing to compare:

"M. Guizot," says M. Timon, "is short and slender, but he has an expressive face, a fine eye, and a remarkable degree of fire in his glance. There is something hard and pedantic in his look and manner, like all professors, particularly those of the doctrinaire sect, the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous, affirmative: it does not lend itself to the flexible emotions of the soul, but it is rarely muffled and dead. His exterior is studiously austere, and all about him is grave, even to his smile."—vol. ii. p. 1.

The other forms the commencement of a sketch in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It also contains a fact regarding a distinguished English statesman which is new to us:—

"If you have any day a fancy to quit the Parliament and come and attend a sitting of our Chamber of Deputies, you might still see on the Ministerial bench (provided you make haste) a man with pale and furrowed cheeks, whose eyes, sunk in their orbit, resemble fires hidden in the depths of a cavern. One of his hands is habitually concealed under his waistcoat, and from his convulsive movements, you would call him a gambler secretly tearing his breast when the chances of the game are against him. *Lord John Russell, so little, so pale, and so feeble, that it was necessary to stretch him on a sofa in the lobby after his speech on Parliamentary Reform,* may give you an idea of this person; but he of whom I speak does not, like Lord John, suffer his half-pronounced periods to expire in empty air. His lagging and incisive phrase is an instrument which cuts and tears at once; his deep and almost funeral voice adds to the lugubrious expression of his physiognomy, and when he employs the form of sarcasm—which happens rarely, it is true—this forced mockery has always something terrifying."

Both agree in one thing: that, when he ascends the tribune, he irresistibly suggests the image of a

Calvinist minister mounting the pulpit, and that his speeches often resemble sermons both in composition and delivery. The sole foundation for this analogy seems to be a certain austerity of look and manner, and a habit of indulging in topics such as occasionally converted Burke and Mackintosh into bores—much more, by the way, to the discredit of the audience than of the orators.

M. Timon's sweeping abuse of the Guizot school of thought and diction will at least divert our readers. The closing aphorism is good and true.

"Depuis vingt ans, cette malheureuse, cette fatale école de l'eclectisme gouverne la jeunesse, dont elle abuse les généreux instincts, dont elle embrouille la vive et pure intelligence. Elle n'a engendré que des esprits faux, que des cœurs sans foi, sans flamme, et sans amour de la patrie, des cœurs que les grands sentiments n'ont jamais remués, que la soif des plaisirs égotistes et brutaux devore, que le *spleen* du doute tue, des cœurs éteints et mourants !

"Oui, les pères de l'école moderne, avec leurs importations nébuleuses de Genève, de Berlin et d'Épouse, ont gâté la philosophie, la jeunesse et la langue. Si cette belle langue française passe un jour à l'état de langue morte, nous avertissons la postérité que MM. Guizot, Royer-Collard et Cousin, ces trois chefs de l'instruction, ces trois professeurs de métaphysique quintessenciée, seront pour elle trois auteurs intraduisibles, puisque nous, leur contemporains, nous ne les comprenons pas.

"M. Guizot, pour exprimer des idées qui ne sont pas des idées, s'est fait une langue que n'est pas une langue ; langue toute boursoufflée de propositions fausses, toute hérissée de termes inféconds qui ne peuvent pas aboutir ; langue étreinte sans être profonde, affirmative sans certitude, raisonneuse sans logique, dogmatique sans conclusion et sans preuves, lente à se mouvoir, épaisse de salive, et qui mouille à peine des lèvres arides et desséchées.

"Les laborieux commentateurs de M. Guizot se travaillent et s'épuisent à le deviner. Ils le pénètrent à-peu-pres aussi bien que nous pénétrons l'apocalypse.

"Le génie, c'est la lumière ; ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français."—pp. 6, 7.

M. Guizot's theories of government and legislation are known to all Europe : it is therefore unnecessary to point out in what particular he has made himself distasteful to the party to which M. Timon now professes to belong. Yet M. Timon frankly acknowledges that, when M. Guizot quits his philosophical speculations and condescends to business, he can go as straight as any body to the point, say nothing but what is required to be said, and say it well. His diction, also, is admitted to be purer and more correct than that of any other extempore speaker in either Chamber. His favourite mode of reasoning is that already mentioned as pursued by his friend and (in one sense) master, Royer-Collard. He selects some one idea or prominent point of view, and makes that the staple of his speech. "His oration is but the development of a theme. If the idea is true, all the discourse is true : if the idea is false, all the discourse is false." He never gives way to sudden emotions of any kind, and rarely indulges in personality.

"M. Guizot passes for cruel amongst the Opposition. His glistening eyes, his pale face, his con-

tracted lips, give him the appearance of a proscriber. They attribute to him the famous phrase, *soyez impitoyables*—horrid phrase, if it ever was pronounced. It is true that he has been dangerously affected of late by an ardent and gloomy fanaticism : *but this was owing to the warm weather*, which always influences certain brains ; and there is a wide interval between the theory of terror he has preached, fine as it may be, and the practice.

"Why should I not say, so great is my desire to be impartial, that M. Guizot has strict and pure morals, and that he is worthy, by the high morality of his life and his sentiments, of the esteem of good men ? I have witnessed his paternal sorrow, and I have admired the severity of his stoicism. There is great firmness in that soul of his."

There is a well known anecdote of his early life which it would be difficult to reconcile with the notion of his being other than amiable and kind-hearted. Pauline de Meulan was a woman of considerable literary acquirements, who supported herself by writing articles for a paper called the "*Publiciste* : " she fell ill, and was unable to continue her contributions without serious injury to her health, but persevered under great suffering and privation, until one day a packet was brought to her containing a well-written article for her paper, and a note from the writer, in which he expressed a wish to continue *incognito*, but promised to write all the required articles for her till she got well. He kept his word, and it was not until she was completely recovered, that a pale, silent young man, whom she had been in the habit of seeing at M. Suard's, requested an interview, and avowed himself as her benefactor. It was M. Guizot ; and in due course of time Pauline de Meulan became his wife.

What was said of Flood, the rival of Grattan, and of Dundas, the friend of Pitt, may be said of *M. Mauguin*. He must be estimated, not by set speeches or insulated displays, but by his willingness to put out in all weathers, his gallantry in facing all difficulties, his persevering opposition to all lines of policy revolting to his conceptions of patriotism. When we glance over M. Mauguin's speeches, we find little that seems striking or complete enough to quote, for the simple reason that nothing has been elaborated with that intent ; but we are forcibly impressed with the nerve, manliness, readiness, clearness and fluency of the speaker, and fully appreciate the strength such a man must add to the party which possesses him. When Sir Edward Sugden was last returned to parliament, the attorney-general is said to have confessed that he would willingly give a thousand pounds to keep him out. We have no doubt that any of the French governments for the last ten years would give ten times as much to get rid of Mauguin ; but it would be useless for them to bid, since, independently of his known probity, he has lately succeeded to a fortune of some three or four millions of francs. M. Mauguin has a commanding person (somewhat resembling O'Connell's in massiveness,) an open, expressive face, a fine voice with an attractive touch of melancholy in its tones, a gentlemanly address, agreeable manners, and great powers of conversation. He particularly excels in an ironical allusion or a retort. M. Timon, who does not like him though he says he does, quizzes him most unmercifully for his speeches on foreign affairs, in

which, it must be owned, he shows somewhat too decided a *penchant* for war. For example, in 1831:—

"In this position it is not for you to say if you will avoid war. War with you is a question of epoch; will you have it now? will you have it in six months? will you have it when all foreign powers have secured all their advantages? I do not call on you to decide; but in this situation, if Belgium offered herself, could you refuse an increase of four millions of men and so many strong places, which for us are a powerful barrier against the foreigner? No, no. If, then, it is necessary—I say it with regret—if Belgium offered herself with this condition, I would say war, war! It might be destruction—death; I know it; but for France it would be glory and triumph too."

"What people in Europe would dare to attack you now!—Russia? Austria? England? Why does not England oppose the fresh invasion of Poland? If I am well informed, the answer given by her ministers is, the fear of giving a bad example to Ireland. Well, then, tell England we will be frank, loyal, sincere friends; we will be formidable enemies. The point is not, if there is a war between us, to cover all the seas of the globe with privateers; a few steamboats would suffice to carry arms and a few regiments to Ireland. I speak of a state of war where every thing is allowable; and England must not forget that, only a few years since, one of her ministers threatened all the kings of Europe. Tell her, then, that Ireland may see a French general once more."

"However—I know it well—this voice, which announces danger, wearies you. When in the heights of the mountains a traveller is seized by the cold, his eyelids grow weary, he sinks. His companion calls to him to wake. "No, I must sleep." "But this slumber is death." "No, it is happiness, it is life." The unhappy man falls and dies. Nations as well as individuals may indulge in treacherous slumbers, and foreign invasion and partition are their death."

We quote this passage as a specimen of opinions still prevalent amongst French statesmen, and as illustrative of the degree of information they possess regarding the condition of these realms. In addition to his parliamentary eminence, M. Mauguin has attained high distinction at the bar. He was born in 1785—M. Guizot in 1787.

Perhaps M. Odilon-Barrot exercises at the present moment more individual influence than any other speaker we have named; and it has been fairly earned by a long career of political prudence and probity. There is also an air of reflection about his speeches, with a vein of sound morality underlying most of them, particularly calculated to impress; and he speaks much less frequently than Mauguin, which makes many prefer him as a leader, it being a prevalent belief that a man who discusses all questions must inevitably commit himself on some. But though M. Odilon-Barrot is a discreet and dignified speaker, he is far from being a cold and formal one: on the contrary, he warms and grows animated as he proceeds, and occasionally gives vent to ebullitions of feeling well described by M. Timon as the eloquence of the heart. The more eager of his party are wont to bring against him the same charge which

has been frequently brought of late against the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel: they say that he does not risk enough:—

"Master of his passions and his words, he calms in him and around him the anger of the centres and the stormy ebullitions of the left. He prepares and covers the retreat, in places of difficulty, with the skill of a consummate master of strategy: he is the Fabius Cunctator of the Opposition. Unhappily, these temporising tactics, when too often repeated, cool down the parliamentary courage, which is not overdaring as it is. The part of the Opposition is not to hide itself behind the baggage, but to bear itself bravely in the front of battle. When the people do not see the soldiers of liberty mount the breach and fire, they grow weary, yawn, turn away, and repair to other spectacles."—vol. ii., p. 139.

There may be some truth in this remark, but we believe Odilon-Barrot sees (what M. Timon does not care to see, or, seeing, is not anxious to shun) the abyss into which one incautious step might precipitate the monarchy; and the key to his conduct may be found in an exclamation that lately burst from him in debate, "Oh! perish twenty ministers, rather than the moral power of parliament, for that is our salvation." M. Odilon-Barrot is one of the most eminent members of the French bar; and he occasionally contributes to the leading law-reviews of the continent. His age must be something between forty-five and fifty: he is about the middle height and size, with a good voice, and a remarkably fine forehead.

We have reserved the chapter entitled "Comparison of Orators and Writers" until we arrived at M. Lamartine, because he is more peculiarly the representative of literature than any other of the distinguished writers that have been named. MM. Thiers and Guizot, for example, are even better known by their career as politicians than by their works: but M. Lamartine's reputation, let him speak as he will, will rest perforce upon his poetry; and the same dire necessity would have befallen Byron had his early hopes of parliamentary success been realised. Yet surely a man has no great right to be angry when he contends against, and is eventually baffled by—himself.

The chief question raised in this chapter is, why France, which boasts so many parliamentary orators, boasts so few political writers, though so many preliminary conditions (to be eligible and to be elected, for example) are required to become an orator, and any man may turn writer when he will. M. Timon solves this question by saying that it is more difficult to write well than to speak well; but before reasoning on the proposition, we should wish to understand exactly what it means, for it strikes us that he is unconsciously comparing two widely different degrees of superiority—that when he speaks of political writers, he has such writers as Paul Louis Courier, La Mennais, or Chateaubriand, in his mind, whilst under the term "parliamentary orators," he includes all who can command a hearing in the Chamber or get reported in the *Moniteur*. In no other sense is it true that good writers are rarer than good speakers. At the same time we quite agree with M. Timon, that a well-arranged, well-reasoned, well-written essay argues a higher description of talent than the common run of extempore speeches, in which the

arrangement (such as it is) and probably the leading topics are suggested by the debate; and that it is far easier for a member of parliament to get a hearing than for a private individual to get read. But the more important question remains: how far literary men are likely to succeed in parliament? This, again, is best answered by analyzing it: for literature includes all sorts of composition, some analogous, some not analogous, some diametrically opposed to oratory. For example, when we read Addison, we feel at once, despite of his idiomatic felicities, that he must make an ineffective member; but when we read Bolingbroke, we fancy him declaiming in his place, and though we believe it was no less a person than Fox, who, when people were naming what lost productions they should most wish to restore named one of Bolingbroke's lost speeches, it always struck us that the "Patriot King" and the "Letter to Windham," had rendered all the wish superfluous. Show us any given writers writings, then, let us have a look at him and (if possible) hear him talk on any subject of interest, and we will endeavour to tell his parliamentary fortune; but to lay down general rules on such a subject with the view of deciding individual cases by them, would be to act like the Laputans when they measured gentlemen for clothes.

Lord Brougham, in his inaugural discourse at Glasgow, recommends the diligent practice of composition; and it may be urged that a man who has been accustomed to express himself on paper, must have a decided advantage over one who has never expressed himself at all: to which the answer would be, that, unless the student practised himself exclusively in writing speeches, he would probably contract a style ill-fitted for debate, and the objector might cite the well-known remark of Fox—"Did it read well? Then, depend upon it, it was not a good speech." In the case of young writers, therefore, we should say that literary habits would be rather an advantage, but in the case of writers of long-established reputation, the answer (as already intimated) must principally depend upon the style.

M. Lamartine, according to M. Timon, is an apt illustration of our theory, his speeches being precisely such as his poems would lead one to anticipate. But M. Timon has not formed a very high estimate of the poems, and has most assuredly underestimated Lamartine's merits as an orator. It is frankly admitted that he has a fine figure, regular features, a firm and noble bearing, goodness of heart, elevation of sentiment, and unimpeachable integrity: that he has great command of language, and replies with brilliant facility; but it is contended that there is nothing passionate or inspired in his look, his gesture, or his voice—that he shines and does not warm—that he is religious and has no faith—and that the samewant of logical coherence which mars the effect of his verse, is still more fatal to his parliamentary displays. The laudatory part of this description we are in a condition to confirm by our own testimony; and as to the rest, the truth is, Lamartine generally shows less fire than might be expected from a poet—perhaps for the very reason that it is expected—and treats his subject rather languidly and diffusely, and with too much attention to style and manner, till he warms—but always speaks like one speaking from conviction; and in moments of high excitement is one of the most animated and impassioned speakers

in the Chamber. His speech in defence of the press, when some stricter laws were proposed (August 22, 1835), exemplifies both the merits and demerits of his style. We wish we could quote more than the conclusion:—

"Believe me once again, your laws run counter to your end. If we were your enemies, as you say we are, we should hasten to vote them out of hate to you, and as a treacherous and deadly boon. The event which agitates us all is stronger than your laws. What law more efficacious or more speaking than that king and his sons under a storm of bullets? that illustrious marshal covering them with his blood? those thirty-two dead bodies strewing the pavement? those fourteen biers traversing your terror-stricken capital? These are spectacles which repel from crime by horror, as a licentious press repels from anarchy by disgust. These are laws as God has made them; all visible, all palpitating—all powerful with emotion—with instruction—addressed to the imagination and the instinct of the mass. Leave them to act by themselves, those grand and terrible lessons: they are more impressive than our vain discussions, more durable than your laws of a day."

Innumerable passages of little inferior merit might be selected, and we should be inclined to quote the commencement and conclusion of his speech on the conversion of the funds (Feb. 5, 1836)—as amongst the very best examples of the exordium or the peroration that we know.

Considering the attention we have paid to Literature, Science might have some reason to complain were we to pass her by without a word,—particularly when she boasts such a representative as *M. Arago*, who stands in the very first rank of European celebrities. To attempt any account, however slight, of the pursuits and discoveries by which his reputation has been attained, would be beside the purpose of this article, and *M. Timon* has compressed all that can well be said of his oratorical character in a paragraph:

"When *M. Arago* ascends the tribune, the deputies, curious and attentive, lean on their elbows and keep still. The spectators press forward to look at him. His stature is tall, his hair clustered and flowing, and his fine southern head commands the assembly. In the muscular contraction of his temples there is a power of volition and meditation which reveals a superior spirit. Unlike those orators who speak on every subject and know nothing of what they are talking about three times out of four, *M. Arago* speaks only on questions that he has studied, questions which unite the interest of circumstances to the attraction of science. His discourses have thus both generality and actuality, and address themselves at the same time to the intelligence and the passions of his audience. For this reason he is not slow in subduing them. No sooner has he entered upon the matter in hand than he concentrates all looks upon himself. You see him holding, as it were, science between his hands. He clears it of its asperities and technicalities and renders it so precise and so perceptible, that the most ignorant are astonished to see and comprehend it. His animated and expressive pantomime adds to the effect of the oratorical illusion. There is something luminous in his demonstrations, and streams of light seem to issue from

his eyes, his fingers, and his mouth. He intersects his speeches with biting allusions, which defy reply, or piquant anecdotes which harmonise with his subject and adorn without surcharging it. When he confines himself to the narration of facts, his eloquence has merely the natural graces of simplicity: but when, face to face with Science, he contemplates her with earnestness to discover her secrets and reproduce their wonders—then his admiration begins to employ a magnificent language, his voice swells, his style grows richer and richer, and his eloquence is as grand as his subject.”—vol. ii. p. 184.

After this, the highest service we can do M. Arago is to leave him where he stands. Here, however, it might fairly be asked why we do not enumerate the literary and scientific members of the British parliament, by way of laying the foundation of a parallel: but far from offering or provoking any challenge of the sort, it is one we should most anxiously decline, and our only hope is that M. Timon will not insist on drawing any sweeping conclusions of an invidious nature from our avowed inferiority in this respect. He is quite welcome, if it so pleases him, to censure our government for not promoting men of intellectual eminence, or our constituent bodies for not electing them. Up to this point we shall probably go along with him; but before judging of English science and literature by their parliamentary representatives, let him, in common fairness, make due allowance for the facts—let him, in common charity, bear constantly in mind—that neither Wordsworth, nor Herschel, nor Hallam wear coronets; that no mitre has fallen either on Sydney Smith or Sedgwick, Milman or Whewell, Keble or Buckland; that Babbage is the rejected, not the elected, of Finsbury; that a round dozen of fashionable novelists or melo-dramatists would be a poor set-off for Lamartine, Guizot, or Chateaubriand; that Messrs. Longman have not quite made up their minds to offer Lord John Russell twenty thousand pounds for a continuation of his History, with the view of putting him on a par with M. Thiers; and that Leeds (instead of having to contend for Sir William Molesworth with six rivals, as Marne contended for Royer-Collard) is probably the sole place in the empire which would have afforded a temporary refuge to the editor of Hobbes—the only metaphysician in the House,—unless, indeed, we adopt the definition of Voltaire, which would make as good a one of Mr. Joseph Hume: “*Quand celui qui écoute n’entend rien, et celui qui parle n’entend plus, c’est métaphysique.*”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART III.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

HOR. CARM. Lib. iii. 49.

TITMOUSE continued in what he doubtless imagined to be a devout frame of mind, for several minutes

after quitting the church at the door of which I left him. But close by the aforesaid church, the devil had a thriving little establishment, in the shape of a cigar-shop: in which a showily dressed young Jewess sat behind the counter, right underneath a glaring gas-light—with a thin stripe of greasy black velvet across her forehead, and long ringlets that rested on her shoulders—bandying slang with two or three other such puppies as Titmouse and Huckaback. Our friends entered and purchased a cigar a-piece, which they lit on the spot; and after each of them had exchanged an impudent wink with the Jewess, out they went, puffing away—all the remains of their piety! When they had come to the end of their cigars they parted, each speeding homeward. Titmouse, on reaching his lodgings, sunk into profound depression. He felt an awful conviction that his visit to the cigar-shop had entirely spoiled the effect of his previous attendance at the church, and that, if so disposed, he might now sit and whistle for his ten thousand a-year. Thoughts such as these drove him nearly distracted. If, indeed, he had foreseen having to go through such another week as the one just over, I think it not impossible that before the arrival of the ensuing Sunday, Mr. Titmouse might have afforded a little employment to that ancient but gloomy functionary, a coroner, and his jury. At that time, however, inquests of this sort were matter-of-fact and melancholy affairs enough; which I doubt not would have been rather a *dissuasive* from suicide, in the estimation of one who might be supposed ambitious of the *éclat* of a modern inquest; where, indeed, such strange antics are played by certain new performers as would suffice to revive the corpse, (if it were a corpse that had ever had a spark of sense or spirit in it,) and make it kick the coroner out of the room. But to one of so high an ambition as Tittlebat Titmouse, how delightful would it not have been, to anticipate becoming (what had been quite impracticable during life) the object of public attention after his death—by means of a flaming dissertation by the coroner upon his own zeal and spirit—the nature and extent of his rights, powers, and duties;—when high doctors are brow-beaten, the laws set at defiance, and public decency plucked by the beard, and the torn and bleeding hearts of surviving relatives still further agonized by an exposure, all quivering under the recent stroke, to the gaping vulgar! Indeed, I sometimes think that the object of certain coroners, now-a-days, is two fold.—first, public—to disgust people with suicide, by showing what horrid proceedings will take place over their carcasses; and secondly, private—to get the means of studying anatomy by *post mortems*, which the said coroner never could procure in his own practice; which enables us to account for some things one has lately seen, viz: that if a man come to his death by means of a waggon crushing his legs, the coroner institutes an exact examination of the structure of the *lungs* and *heart*. I take it to be getting now into a rule—the propriety whereof, some people think, cannot be doubted—namely, that bodies ought now to be opened only to prove that they ought not to have been opened; an inquest must be held, in order to demonstrate that it need not have been held, except that certain fees thereby find their way into the pocket of the aforesaid coroner, which would otherwise not have done so. In short, such a coroner as I have in my eye may be

compared to a great ape squatting on a corpse, furiously chattering and spitting all around it; and I am glad that it hath at last had wit enough first to *shut the door* before proceeding to its horrid tricks.

Touching the *moral* of suicide, it is the way which some have of *culling* the Gordian knot of the difficulties of life; which having been done, possibly the very first thing that is made manifest to the spirit, after taking its mad leap in the dark, is—how very easily the said knot might have been UNTIED; nay, that it was *on the very point* of being untied, if the impatient spirit had stayed only a moment longer:—a dismal discovery, which may excite ineffable grief at the fully and horror of the crime of which such spirit has been guilty. But ah! it is too late! The triumphant fiend has secured his victim. I said that it was *not impossible* that Mr. Titmouse might, under the circumstances alluded to, have done the deed which has called forth the above very natural and profound reflections; but, upon the whole, it is hardly *probable*, for he knew that by doing so he would (first) irreparably injure society, by depriving it of an enlightened and invaluable member; (secondly,) inflict great indignity on his precious body, of which, during life, he had always taken the most affectionate care, by securing for it a burial in a cross road, at night time, with a stake run through it,* and moreover, peril the little soul that had just leaped out of it, by not having any burial service said over his aforesaid remains; and (lastly) lose all chance of enjoying Ten Thousand a-Year—at least upon earth. I own I was a little started (as I dare say was the reader) at a passage of mournful significance in Mr. Titmouse's last letter to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, viz.: "How full of trouble I am, often *thinking of death*, which is the end of every thing;" but on carefully considering the context, I am disposed to think that the whole was only a device of Titmouse's, either to rouse the fears, or stimulate the feelings, or excite the hopes, of the three arbiters of his destiny to whom it was addressed. Mr. Gammon, he thought, might be thereby moved to pity; while Mr. Quirk would probably be operated upon by fears, lest the sad contingency pointed at might deprive the house of one who would richly repay their exertions; and by hopes of indefinite advantage, if they could by any means prevent its happening. I have often questioned Titmouse on the subject, but he would only wink his eye, and say that he "*knew what to be at*" as well as any one! That these gentleman really *did* keenly scrutinize, and carefully weigh every expression in that letter, ridiculous as it was, and contemptible as I fear, it showed its writer to be, is certain; but it did not occur to them to compare with it, at least, the spirit and intention of their own answer to it. Did the latter document contain less cunning and insincerity, because it was couched in somewhat superior phraseology? They could conceal their selfish and over-reaching designs, while poor Titmouse exposed all his little mean-mindedness and hypocrisy, simply because he had not learned how to con-

ceal it effectually. 'Twas indeed a battle for the very same object, but between unequal combatants. Each was trying to take the other in. If Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap despised and loathed the man to whom they exhibited such anxious courtesy, Titmouse hated and feared those whom his interests compelled him for a while to conciliate. Was there, in fact, a pin to choose between them—except, perhaps, that Titmouse was, in a manner, excused by his necessities? But, in the meanwhile, his circumstances were becoming utterly desperate. He continued to endure great suffering at Mr. Tag-rag's during the day—the constant butt of the ridicule and insult of his amiable companions, and the victim of his employer's vile spirit of hatred and oppression. His spirit, (such as it was,) in short, was very nearly broken. Though he seized every opportunity that offered to enquire for another situation, he was unsuccessful: for all whom he applied to spoke of the *strict character* they should require, "before taking a new hand into their establishment." His occupation at nights, after quitting the shop, was twofold only—either to call upon Huckaback, (whose sympathy, however, he was exhausting rapidly,) or so lace his feelings by walking down to Saffron Hill, and lingering about the closed office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap—there was a kind of gratification even in that! He once or twice felt flustered even on catching a glimpse of the old house-keeper returning from some little errand. How he would have rejoiced to get into her good graces, and accompany her into even the kitchen—when he would be in the premises, and conversing with one of the establishment of those who he believed could, with a stroke of their pens, turn this wilderness of a world into a paradise for him! But he dared not make any overtures in that quarter, for fear of their getting to the notice of the dreaded Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap.

At length, no more than three or four shillings stood between him and utter destitution; and the only person in the world whom he could apply to for even the most trivial assistance, was Huckaback—whom, however, he knew to be scarcely any better off than himself; and whom, moreover, he felt to be treating him more and more coldly, as the week wore on without his hearing of any the least tidings from Saffron Hill. Huckaback evidently felt now scarcely any interest or pleasure in the visits of his melancholy friend, and was plainly disinclined to talk about his affairs. At length he quite turned up his nose with disgust, whenever Titmouse took out the well-worn note of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, which was almost dropping in pieces with being constantly carried about in his pocket, taken in and out, and folded and unfolded, for the purpose of conning over its contents, as if there might yet linger in it some hitherto undiscovered source of consolation. Poor Titmouse, therefore, looked at it on every such occasion with as eager and vivid an interest as ever; but it was glanced at by Huckaback with a half-averted eye, and a cold, drawing, yawning, "Ya—as—I see—I dare—say!" As his impressions of Titmouse's bright prospects were thus being rapidly effaced, his smarting recollections of the drubbing he had received became distincter and more frequent; his feelings of resentment more lively, and not the less so, because the expression of them

* A very learned person tells me that this mode of treating the remains of a *felo de se*, though prevailing at the time when the events occurred which are above narrated, was soon afterwards (i. e. on the 8th of July 1823) abolished by Act of Parliament.

had been stifled, (while he had considered the star of Titmouse to be in the ascendant,) till the time for setting them into motion and action had gone by. In fact the presence of Titmouse, suggesting such thoughts and recollections, became intolerable to Huckaback; and Titmouse's perceptions (dull as they naturally were, but a little quickened by recent suffering, gave him more and more distinct notice of this circumstance, at the precise time when he meditated applying for the loan of a few shillings. These feelings made him as humble towards Huckaback, and as patient of his increasing rudeness and ill-humour, as he felt abject towards Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; for, unless he could succeed in wringing some trifling loan from Huckaback, (if he really had it in his power to advance him *anything*), he could not conjecture what was to become of him. Various faint but unadroit hints and feelers of his had been thrown away; for Huckaback either did not, or could not, comprehend them. But at length a sudden and fearful pressure compelled him to speak out. Gripe the collector, called one morning for the poor's rates due from Mrs. Squallop, (Titmouse's landlady,) and cleaned her out of almost every penny of ready money which she had by her. This threw the good woman upon her resources, to replenish her empty pocket—and down she came upon Titmouse—or rather, up she went to him; for his heart sunk within him one night on his return from the shop, having only just taken off his hat and lit his candle, as he heard the fat old termagant's well-known heavy step ascending the stairs, and approaching nearer and nearer to his door. Her loud imperative single knock vibrated through his heart, and he was ready to drop.

"Oh, Mrs. Squallop! How d'ye do, Mrs. Squallop?" commenced Titmouse, faintly, when he had opened the door, "Won't you take a chair?" offering to the panting dame almost the only chair he had.

"No—I ain't come to stay, Mr. Titmouse, because, d'ye see, in course you've got a pound, at least, ready for me, as you promised long ago—and never more welcome; there's old Gripe has been here to-day, and had his hodieous rates—(drat the poor, say I! them as can't work should starve!—rates is a robbery!)—but howsomdever he's cleaned me out to-day; so, in course, I come up to you. Got it?"

"I—I—upon my life, Mrs. Squallop, I'm uncommon sorry!"

"Oh, bother your sorrow, Mr. Titmouse!—out with the needful, for I can't stop palavering here."

"I—I can't, so help me——!" gasped Titmouse, with the calmness of desperation.

"You can't! And marry, sir, why not, may I make bold to ask?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, after a moment's pause, striving to choke down her rage.

"P'raps you can get blood out of a stone, Mrs. Squallop; it's what I can't," replied Titmouse, striving to screw his courage up to the sticking place, to encounter one who was plainly bent upon mischief. "I've got two shillings—there they are," throwing them on the table; "and cuss me if I've another rap in the world; there ma'am!"

"You're a liar, then, that's flat!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, slapping her hand upon the table, with a violence that made the candle quiver on it, and almost fall down. "You have the *himperance*," said she, commencing the address she had been preparing in

her own mind ever since Mr. Gripe had quitted her house, "to stand there and tell me you've got nothing in the world but them *two shillings*! Heugh! Out on you, you oudacious fellow!—you jack-a-dandy! You tell me you haven't got more than them two shillings, and yet turns out every Sunday morning of your life like a lord, with your pins, and your rings, and your chains, and your fine coat, and your gloves, and your spurs, and your dandy cane—ough! you whipper-snapper! You're a cheat—you're a swindler, jack-a-dandy! You're the contempt of the whole court, you are, you jack-a-dandy! You've got all my rent on your back, and have had every Sunday for three months, you cheat!—you low fellow!—you ungrateful chap! You're a-robbing the widow and fatherless! Look at me, and my six fatherless children down there, you good-for-nothing, nasty, proud puppy!—ough! it makes me sick to see you. You dress yourself out like my lord mayor! You've bought a gold chain with my rent, you rascal! You cheat! You dress yourself out?—Ha, ha!—you're a nasty, mean-looking, humpty-dumpty, carrot-headed!"

"You'd better not say *that* again, Mrs. Squallop."

"Not say it again!—ha, ha! Houghty-toighty, carrot-haired jack-adandy!—why, you hop-o-my-thumb! d'ye think I won't say whatever I choose, and in my own house? You're a Titmouse by name and by nature; there ain't a cockroach crawling down stairs that ain't more respectable-like and better behaved than you. You're a himpudent cheat, and dandy, and a knave, and a liar, and a red-haired rascal—and that in your teeth! Ough! Your name stinks in the court. You're a-taking of every body in as will trust you to a penny's amount. There's poor old Cox, the tailor, with a sick wife and children, whom you've cheated this many months, all of his not having spirit to summons you! But I'll set him upon you; you see if I don't—and I'll have my own, too, or I would'n't give *that* for the law's!" shouted Mrs. Squallop, at the same time snapping her fingers in his face, and then pausing for breath after her eloquent invective.

"Now what is the use," said Titmouse, gently, being completely cowed—"now what good can it do to go on in this way, Mrs. Squallop?"

"Missus me no Missus, Mr. Titmouse, but pay me my rent, you jackadandy! You've got my rent on your back, and on your little fingers; and I'll have it off before I've done with you, I warrant you. I'm your landlady, and I'll sell you up; I'll have old thumbscrew here the first thing in the morning, and distrain every thing, and you, too, you jack-daw, if any one would buy you, which they won't! I'll have my rent at last; I've been too easy with you, you ungrateful chap; for, mark, even Mr. Gripe this morning says, 'haven't you a gentleman lodger up above? get him to pay you your own,' says he; and so I will. I'm sick of all this, and I'll have my rights! Here's my son, Jem, a far better looking chap than you, though he *hasn't* got hair like a mop all under his chin, and he's obligated to work from one week's end to another in a paper cap and fustian jacket; and you—you painted jackanapes! But now I have got you, and I'll turn you inside out, though I know there's nothing in you! But I'll try to get at your fine coats, and spurs, and trowsers, your chains and pins, and make something of them before I've done."

with you, you jack-a-dandy!"—and the virago shook her fist at him, looking as though she had not yet uttered even half that was in her heart towards him.

[Alas, alas, unhappy Titmouse, much-enduring son of sorrow! I perceive that you now feel the sharpness of an angry female tongue; and indeed to me, not in the least approving of the many coarse and heart-splitting expressions which she uses, it seems nevertheless that she is not very far off the mark in much that she hath said; for, in truth, in your conduct there is not a little that to me, piteously inclined towards you as I am, yet appeareth obnoxious to the edge of this woman's reproaches. But think not, O bewildered and not-with-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things Titmouse! that she hath only a sharp and bitter tongue. In this woman behold a mother, and it may be that she will soften before you, who have plainly, as I hear neither father nor mother. Oh me!]

Titmouse trembled violently; his lips quivered; and the long pent-up tears forced their way at length over his eyelids, and fell fast down his cheeks.

"Ay, you may well cry!—you may! But it's too late!—it's my turn to cry now! Don't you think that I feel for my own flesh and blood, that is my six children? And isn't what's mine theirs? And aren't you keeping the fatherless out of their own? It's too bad of you—it is! and you know it is," continued Mrs. Squallop, vehemently.

"They've got a mother to take—care of them," Titmouse sobbed; "but there's been no one in the—the—world that cares a straw for me—this twenty-years!" He fairly wept aloud.

"Well, then, more's the pity for you. If you had, they wouldn't have let you make such a puppy of yourself—and at your landlady's expense, too. You know you're a fool," said Mrs. Squallop, dropping her voice a little: for she was a mother, after all, and she knew that what poor Titmouse had just stated was quite true. She tried hard to keep up the fire of her wrath, by forcing into her thoughts every aggravating topic against Titmouse that she could think of: but it became every moment harder and harder to do so, for she was consciously softening rapidly towards the weeping and miserable object on whom she had been heaping such violent and bitter abuse. He was a great fool, to be sure; he was very fond of fine clothes—he knew no better—he had, however, paid his rent well enough, till lately—he was a very quiet, well disposed lodger, for all she had known—he had given her youngest child, a pear not long ago—Really, she thought, I may have gone a little too far.

"Come—it ain't no use crying in this way. It won't put money into your pocket, nor my rent into mine. You know you've wronged me, and I *must* be paid," she added, but in a still lower tone. She tried to cough away a certain rising disagreeable sensation about her throat, that kept increasing; for Titmouse, having turned his back to hide the extent of his emotions, seemed half choked with suppressed sobs.

"So you won't speak a word—not a word—to the woman you've injured so much?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, trying to assume a harsh tone, but her eyes were a little obstructed with tears.

"I—I—*can't* speak," sobbed Titmouse—"I—I feel ready to drop—everybody hates me"—here he

paused; and for some moments neither spoke. "I've been kept on my legs the whole day about the town by Mr. Tag-rag; and had no dinner. I—I—wish I was *dead*! I do!—you may take all I have—here it is!"—continued Titmouse, with his foot pushing towards Mrs. Squallop the old hair trunk that contained all his little finery—"I sha'n't want them much longer—for I'm turned out of my situation."

This was too much for Mrs. Squallop, and she was obliged to wipe her full eyes with the corner of her apron, without saying a word. Her heart smote her for the misery she had inflicted on one who seemed quite broken down. Pity suddenly flew, fluttering his wings—soft dove!—into her heart, and put to flight in an instant all her enraged feelings. "Come, Mr. Titmouse," said she, in quite an altered tone—"never mind *me*; I'm a plain-spoken woman enough, I dare say—and often say more than I mean—for I know I ain't over particular when my blood's up—but—I—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, poor chap!—for all I've said—no, not for double the rent you owe me. Come! don't go on so, Mr. Titmouse—what's the use? it's all quite—over—I'm so sorry—Lud! if I'd *really* thought!"—she almost sobbed—"you'd been so—so—why, I'd have waited till to-morrow night before I'd said a word. But Mr. Titmouse, since you haven't had any dinner, won't you have a mouthful of something—a bit of bread and cheese?—I'll soon fetch you up a bit, and a drop of beer—we've got it in for our supper."

"No, thank you—I can't—I can't eat."

"Oh, bother it, but you *shall*! I'll go down and fetch it up in half a minute, as sure as my name's Squallop!" And out of the room, and down stairs she bustled, glad of a moment to recover herself.

"Lord-a-mercy!" said she, on entering her room, to her eldest daughter and a neighbour who had just come in to supper—and while she hastily cut a thick hunch of bread, and a good slice of cheese—"there I've been a rating that poor chap, up at the top room (my dandy lodger, you know,) like anything—and I really don't think he's had a morsel of victuals in his belly this precious day; and I've made him cry, poor soul! as if his heart would break. Pour us out half a pint of that beer, Sally—a *good* half pint, mind!—I'm going to take it up stairs directly. I've gone a deal too far with him, I do think—but it's all of that nasty old Gripe—I've been wrong all the day through it! How I hate the sight of old Gripe!—What odious looking people they do get to collect the rates and taxes, to be sure!—Poor chap," she continued, as she wiped out a plate with her apron, and put into it the bread and cheese, with a knife—"he offered me a chair when I went in, so uncommon civil-like, it took a good while before I could get myself into the humour to give it to him as I wanted. And he's no father nor mother, (half of which has happened to *you*, Sal, and the rest will happen one of these days, you know!) and he's not such a very bad lodger, after all, though he *does* get a little behind hand now and then, and though he turns out every Sunday like a lord, poor fool—as my poor husband used to say, 'with a shining back and empty belly.'"

"But that's no reason why honest people should be kept out of their own, to feed his pride," interposed her neighbour, a skinny old widow, who had never had chick nor child, and was always behind

hand with her own rent; but whose effects were not worth distraining upon. "I'd get hold of some of his fine crinum-crankums and gim-cracks for security, like, if I were you. I would, indeed."

"Why—no, poor soul—I don't hardly like: he's a vain creature, and puts every thing he can on his back, to be sure; but he a'n't quite a *rogue*, neither."

"Ah, ha, Mrs. Squallop—you're such a simple soul!—Won't my fine gentleman make off with his finery after to-night?"

"Well, I should'n't have thought it! To be sure he may! Really, there *can't* be much harm in asking him (in a kind way) to deposit one of his fine things with me, by way of security—that ring of his, you know—eh?—Well, I'll try it," said Mrs. Squallop, as she set off up stairs.

"I know what I should do, if he was a lodger of mine, that's all," said her visiter, (as Mrs. Squallop quitted the room,) vexed to find their supper so considerably and unexpectedly diminished, especially as to the pot of porter, which she strongly suspected would not be replenished.

"There," said Mrs. Squallop, setting down on the table what she had brought for Titmouse, "there's a bit of supper for you; and you're welcome to it, I'm sure, Mr. Titmouse."

"Thank you, thank you—I can't eat," said he, casting, however, upon the victuals a hungry eye, which belied what he said, while in his heart he longed to be left alone with them for about three minutes.

"Come, don't be ashamed—fall to work—it's good wholesome victuals," said she, lifting the table near to the edge of the bed, on the side of which he was sitting, and taking up the two shillings lying on the table—"and capital beer, I warrant me: you'll sleep like a top after it."

"You're uncommon kind," Mrs. Squallop; but I shan't get a wink of sleep to-night, for thinking."

"Oh, bother your thinking! Let me see you begin to eat a bit. Well, I suppose you don't like to eat and drink before me, so I'll go." [Here arose a sudden conflict in the good woman's mind, whether or not she would act on the suggestion which had been put into her head down stairs. She was on the point of yielding to the impulse of her own good-natured, though coarse feelings; but at last—] "I—I—dare say, Mr. Titmouse, you mean what's right and straightforward," she stammered.

"Yes, Mrs. Squallop, you may keep those two shillings; they're the last farthing I've left in the whole world."

"No—hem! hem!—a hem! I was just suddenly a thinking—now can't you guess, Mr. Titmouse?"

"What, Mrs. Squallop?" enquired Titmouse, meekly, but anxiously.

"Why—suppose now—if it were only to raise ten shillings with old Balls, round the corner, on one of those fine things of yours—your ring, say." [Titmouse's heart sunk within him.] "Well—well—never mind—don't fear," said Mrs. Squallop, observing him suddenly turn pale again. "I—I only thought—but never mind! it don't signify—good night! we can talk about that to-morrow—good night—a good night's rest to you, Mr. Titmouse!" and the next moment he heard her heavy

step descending the stairs. Several minutes had elapsed before he could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by her last proposal; but within ten minutes of her quitting the room, there stood before him, on the table, an *empty* plate and jug.

"The beast! the fat old toad!" thought he, the instant that he had finished masticating what had been supplied to him by real charity and good-nature,—"*the vulgar wretch!*—the nasty canting old hypocrite!—I saw what she was driving at all the while!—She had her eye on my ring!—She'd have me pawn it at old Ball's—ha, ha!—Catch me! that's all!—Seven shillings a-week for this nasty hole!—I'll be bound I pay nearly half the rent of the whole house—the old cormorant!—out of what she gets from me! How I hate her! More than half my salary goes into her greasy pocket! Cuss me if I could'n't have kicked her down stairs—porter, bread and cheese, and all—while she was standing canting there! A snivelling old beldam!—Pawn my ring!!—Lord!!"—Here he began to undress. "Ha! I'm up to her; she'll be coming here to-morrow, with that devil Thumbscrew, to distract, I'll be sworn. Well—I'll take care of *these*, any how;" and, kneeling down and unlocking his trunk, he took out of it his guard-chain, breast-pin, studs, and ring, carefully folded them up in paper, and depositing them in his trowser's pockets, resolved that henceforth their nightly resting-place should be—under his pillow; while during the day they should accompany his person whithersoever he went. Next he be-thought himself of the two or three important papers to which Mr. Gammon had referred; and, with tremulous eagerness, read them over once or twice, but without being able to extract from them the slightest meaning. Then he folded them up in a half-sheet of writing paper, which he proceeded to stitch carefully beneath the lining of his waistcoat: after which he blew out his slim candle, and with a heavy sigh got into bed. For some moments after he had blown out the candle did the image of it remain on his aching and excited retina; and just so long did the thoughts of *ten thousand a-year* dwell on his fancy, fading, however, quickly away amid the thickening gloom of doubts, and fears, and miseries, which oppressed him. There he lies, stretched on his bed, a wretched figure, lying on his breast, his head buried beneath his feverish arms. Anon, he turns round upon his back, stretches his weary limbs to their uttermost, folds his arms on his breast, then buries them beneath the pillow, under his head. Now he turns on his right side, then on his left—presently he starts up, and with muttered curses shakes his little pillow, flinging it down angrily. He cannot sleep—he cannot rest—he cannot keep still. Bursting with irritability, he gets out of bed, and steps to the window, which opening wide, a slight gush of fresh air cools his hot face for a moment or two. His wearied eye looks upwards and beholds the moon shining overhead in cold splendour, turning the clouds to gold as they flit past her, and shedding a softened lustre upon the tiled roofs and irregular chimney-pots—the only objects visible to him. No sound is heard, but occasionally the dismal cry of disappointed cat, the querulous voice of the watchman, and the echo of the rumbling hub-

bub of Oxford Street. O, miserable Titmouse, of what avail is it for thee thus to fix thy sorrowful lack-lustre eye upon the cold queen of Night. * *

At that moment there happened to be also gazing at the same glorious object, but at some two hundred miles' distance from London, a somewhat different person, with very different feelings, and in very different circumstances. It was one of the angels of the earth—a pure-hearted and very beautiful young woman; who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harrassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader, she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties—telling her that she should finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber in which she sat. Then she drew her chair to the window-recess, and pushing open the window, sat before it, half undressed as she was, her head leaning on her hand, gazing upon the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves, which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwelt—solemn solitudes, nor yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by a glimpse she caught of a restless fawn, glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept?—Then the gentle breeze would enter her window, laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath, in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand!—Beautiful moon!—cold and chaste in thy skyey palace, studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance then turned towards thee than hers?—Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the night-breeze do thee hurt! Thy rich tresses, half uncurled, are growing damp—so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep: and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker—to bed!—to bed!—dear Kate, nothing disturbing thy serene thoughts, or agitating that beautiful bosom.—Hush! hush!—Now she sleeps.

It is well that thine eyes are closed in sleep; for, behold—see!—the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are moaning; the moon is gone:—but sleep on, sweet Kate—sleep on, dreaming not of dark days before thee—Oh, that thou couldst sleep on till the brightness returned!

After having stood thus leaning against the window for nearly half an hour, Titmouse, heavily sigh-

ing, returned to bed—but there he tossed about in wretched restlessness till nearly four o'clock in the morning. If he now and then sank into forgetfulness for a while, it was only to be harassed by the dreadful image of Mrs. Squallop, shouting at him, tearing his hair, cuffing him, singing a pot of porter in his face, opening his boxes, tossing his clothes about, taking out his invaluable ornaments; by Tag-rag kicking him out of the shop; and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap dashing past him in a fine carriage, with six horses, and paying no attention to him as he ran shouting and breathless after them; Huckaback following, kicking and pinching him behind. These were the few little bits of different-coloured glass in a mental kaleidoscope, which, turned capriciously round, produce those innumerable fantastic combinations out of the simple and ordinary events of the day, which we call *dreams*—tricks of the wild sisters Fancy, when sober Reason has left her seat for a while. But this is fitter for the Royal Society than the bedroom of Tittlebat Titmouse; and I beg the reader's pardon.

About six o'clock, Titmouse rose and dressed himself; and, slipping noiselessly and swiftly down stairs, and out of the court, in order to avoid all possibility of encountering his landlady or his tailor, soon found himself in Oxford Street. Not many people were stirring there. One or two men who passed him were smoking their morning's pipe, with a half-awakened air, as if they had only just got out of a snug bed, in which they always slept every moment that they lay upon it. Titmouse almost envied them! What a squalid figure he looked, as he paced up and down, till at length he saw the porter of Messrs. Dowlas & Co. opening the shop-door. He soon entered it, and commenced another joyous day in that delightful establishment. The amiable Mr. Tag-rag continued unaltered.

"You're at liberty to take yourself off, sir, this very day—this moment, sir; and a good riddance," said he, bitterly, during the course of the day, after demanding of Titmouse how he dared to give himself such sullen airs; "and then we shall see how charming easy it is for gents like you to get another situation, sir! Your looks and manner is quite a recommendation, sir! If I was you, sir, I'd raise my terms! You're worth double what I give, sir!" Titmouse made no reply. "What the d—l do you mean, sir, by not answering me—eh, sir?" suddenly demanded Tag-rag, with a look of fury.

"I don't know what you'd have me say, sir. What am I to say, sir?" enquired Titmouse with a sigh.

"What, indeed! I should like to catch you! Say, indeed! Only say a word—and out you go, neck and crop. Attend to that old lady coming in, sir. And mind, sir, I've got my eye on you!" Titmouse did as he was bid; and Tag-rag, a bland smile beaming in his attractive features, hurried down towards the door, to receive some lady-customers, whom he observed alighting from a carriage; and at that moment you would have sworn that he was one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered men in the world.

When at length this day had come to a close, Titmouse, instead of repairing to his lodgings, set off, with a heavy heart, to pay a visit to his excellent friend Huckaback, whom he knew to have received his quarter's salary the day before, and from whom

he faintly hoped to succeed in extorting some trifling loan. "If you want to learn the value of money, *try to borrow some*," says Poor Richard—and Titmouse was now going to learn that useful but bitter lesson. Oh, how disheartening was that gentleman's reception of him! Huckaback, in answering the modest knock of Titmouse, suspecting who was his visitor, opened the door but a little way, and in that little way, with his hand on the latch, he stood, with a plainly repulsive look.

"Oh! it's you, Titmouse, is it?" he commenced coldly.

"Yes. I—I just want to speak a word to you—only a word or two, Hucky, if you aren't busy?"

"Why, I was just going to go—but what d'ye want, Titmouse?" he enquired, in a freezing manner, not stirring from where he stood.

"Let me come inside a minute," implored Titmouse, feeling as if his heart were really dropping out of him: and, in a most ungracious manner, Huckaback motioned him in.

"Well," commenced Huckaback, with a chilling distrustful look.

"Why, Hucky, I know you're a good-natured chap—you *couldn't*, just for a short time, lend me ten shill!"

"No, I'm hang'd if I can: and that's flat!" briskly interrupted Huckaback, finding his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Why, Hucky, wasn't you only yesterday paid your salary?"

"Well!—suppose I was!—what then? You're a monstrous cool hand, Titmouse! I never!! So I'm to lend to you, when I'm starving myself! I've received such a lot, haven't I!"

"I thought we'd always been friends, Hucky," said Titmouse, faintly; "and so we shouldn't mind helping one another a bit! Don't you remember, I lent you half-a-crown?"

"Half-a-crown!—and that's nine months ago!"

"Do, Hucky, do! I've positively not a sixpence in the whole world."

"Ha, ha! A pretty chap to borrow! You can pay so well! By George, Titmouse, you're a cool hand."

"If you won't lend me, I must starve."

"Go to my *uncle's*," [Titmouse groaned aloud.]

"Well—and why not? What of that?" continued Huckaback, sharply and bitterly. "I dare say it wouldn't be the first time you've done such a trick, no more than me. I've been obligated to do it. Why shouldn't you? Ain't there that ring?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! that's just what Mrs. Squallop said last night."

"Whew! *She's* down on you, is she! And you've the face to come to me! You—that's a-going to be sold up, come to borrow! Lord, that's good, any how! A queer use that to make of one's friends;—it's a taking of them in, I say!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky, if you only knew what a poor devil"

"Yes, that's what I was a-saying; but it ain't poor devils one lends money to so easily, I warrant me; though you *ain't* such a poor devil—you're only shamming! Where's your guard-chain, your studs, your breast-pin, your ring, and all that. Sell 'em! if not, any how, *pawn* 'em. Can't eat your

cake and have it; fine back must have empty belly with us sort of chaps."

"If you'll only be so kind as to lend me ten shillings," continued Titmouse, in an imploring tone, "I'll bind myself by a solemn oath, to pay you the very first moment I get what's due to me from Dowlas & Co." Here he was almost choked by the sudden recollection that he had almost certainly nothing to receive.

"You've some property in the moon, too, that's coming to you, you know!" said Huckaback with an insulting sneer.

"I know what you're driving at," said poor Titmouse; and he continued eagerly, "and if any thing *should* ever come up from Messrs. Quirk, Gam"—

"Yough! Faugh! Pish! Stuff!" burst out Huckaback, in a tone of contempt and disgust; "*never* thought there was any thing in it, and now *know* it! It's all in my eye, and all that!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky! You don't say so!" groaned Titmouse, bursting into tears; "you didn't *always* say so."

"It's enough that I say it *now*, then; will that do?" interrupted Huckaback, impetuously.

"Oh, Lord, Lord! what is to become of me!" cried Titmouse, with a face full of anguish.

[At this moment, the following was the course of thought passing through the mind of Mr. Huckaback:—It is not *certain* that nothing will come of the fellow's affair with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. It was hardly likely they would have gone as far as Titmouse represented (lawyers as they were) unless they had seen very substantial grounds for doing so. Besides, even though Titmouse might not get ten thousand a-year, he might yet succeed in obtaining a very splendid sum of money; and if he (Huckaback) could but get a little slice out of it, Titmouse was now nearly desperate, and would promise any thing; and if he could but be wheedled into giving any thing in writing—Well, thought Huckaback, I'll try it, however!]

"Ah, Titmouse, you're civil enough *now*, and would *promise* any thing," said Huckaback, appearing to hesitate; "but when you got your money you'd forget."

"Forget my promise! dear Hucky! only try me—do try me but once, that's all! Ten shillings is worth more to me now than a hundred pounds may be by-and-by."

"Ay, so you say *now*; but d'ye mean to tell me, that if I was now to advance you ten shillings out of my poor little salary," continued Huckaback, apparently carelessly, "you'd, for instance, pay me a hundred pounds out of your thousands?"

"Only try me—do try me!" said Titmouse eagerly.

"Oh, I dare not say," interrupted Huckaback, smiling incredulously, and chinking some money in his trowser's pocket. Titmouse heard it, and (as the phrase is) his teeth watered; and he immediately swore such a tremendous oath as I dare not set down in writing, that if Huckaback would that evening lend him ten shillings, Titmouse would give him one hundred pounds out of the very first money he got from the estate.

"Ten shillings is a slapping slice out of my little salary—I shall have, by George, to go without a

many things I'd intended getting; it's worth ten pounds to me, just now."

"Why, 'tis worth a hundred to me! Mrs. Squalop will sell me out, bag and baggage, if I don't give her something to-morrow."

"Well, if I really thought—would you mind giving me, now, a bit of black and white for it?"

"I'll do any thing you like; only let me feel the ten shillings in my fingers."

"Well, no sooner said than done, if you're a man of your word," said Huckaback, in a trice producing a bit of paper, and a pen and ink. "So, only just for the fun of it; but—Lord! what stuff!—I'm only bargaining for a hundred pounds of moonshine. Ha, ha! I shall never see the colour of your money, not I; so I may as well say two hundred when I'm about it, as one hundred."

"Why, hem! Two hundred, Huck, is rather a large figure; one hundred's odds enough, I'm sure."

"P'raps, Tit, you forget the licking you gave me the other day. Suppose I was to go to an attorney, and get the law of you, what a sight of damages I should have—three hundred pounds at least."

Titmouse appeared even yet hesitating.

"Well, then!" said Huckaback, flinging down his pen, "suppose I have them yet."

"Come, come, Hukey, 'tis all past and gone, all that."

"Is it? Well, I never! I shall never be again the same man I was before that licking. I've a sort of a—a—of a—feeling inside, as if—my breast was—I shall carry it to my grave—if I sha'n't!"

[It never once occurred to Titmouse, not having his friend Mr. Gammon at his elbow, that the plaintiff in the action of *Huckaback v. Titmouse* might have been slightly at a loss for a witness of the assault; but something quite as good in its way—a heaven-sent suggestion—*did* occur to him.]

"Ah," said Titmouse suddenly, "that's true; and uncommon sorry am I; but still, a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds, and a large sum for the use of ten shillings and a licking; but never you think it's all moonshine about my business with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap! You should only have heard what I've heard to-day from these gents; hem! but I won't split *again* either."

"Eh! What? Heard from those gents at Saffron Hill?" interrupted Huckaback briskly; "come, Titty, out with it—out with it; no secrets between friends, Titty."

"No, I'll be,—— if I do—I won't spoil it all again; and now, since I've let out as much, which I didn't mean to do, I'll tell you something else—ten shillings is no use to me, I must have a pound."

"Titty, Titty!" exclaimed Huckaback, with unaffected concern.

"And won't give more than fifty for it when I get my property either."—[Huckaback whistled aloud, and with a significant air buttoned up the pocket which contained the money; intimating that now the negotiation was all at an end, for that Titmouse's new terms were quite out of the question;] "for I know where I can get twenty pounds easily, only I liked to come to a friend first."

"You aren't behaving much like a friend to one as has always been a fast friend of yours, Titty! A pound!—I haven't got it to part with, that's flat; so,

if that's your figure, why, you must even go to your other friend, and leave poor Hukey."

"Well, I don't mind saying only ten shilling," quoth Titmouse, fearing that he had been going on rather too fast.

"Ah, that's something reasonable-like, Titty! and, to meet you like a friend, I'll take fifty pounds instead of a hundred; but you won't object now to—you know—a deposit; that ring of yours. Well, well! it don't signify, since it goes against you: so now, here goes, a bit of paper for ten shillings, ha, ha!" and taking a pen, after a pause, in which he called to mind as much of the phraseology of money securities as he could, he drew up the following stringent document:—

"Know all Men That you are Bound to Mr. R. Huckaback Promising the bearer on Demand to Pay Fifty Pounds in cash out of the Estate, if you Get it.

"(Witness,) 22d July 182—.

"R. HUCKABACK."

"There, Titty—if you're an honest man, and would do as you would be done by," said Huckaback, after signing his own name as above, handing the pen to Titmouse, "sign that; just to show your honour, like—for, in course, I shan't ever come on you for the money—get as much as you may."

A blessed thought occurred to poor Titmouse in his extremity, viz.: that there was *no stamp* on the above instrument, (and he had never seen a promissory note or bill of exchange without one;) and he signed it instantly, with many fervent expressions of gratitude. Huckaback received the valuable security with apparently a careless air; and after cramming it into his pocket, as if it had been in reality only a bit of waste paper, counted out ten shillings into the eager hand of Titmouse; who, having thus most unexpectedly succeeded in his mission, soon afterwards departed—each of these pair of worthies fancying that he had succeeded in cheating the other. Huckaback having very cordially shaken Titmouse by the hand, heartily damned him upon shutting the door on him; and then anxiously perused and re-perused his "security," wondering whether it was possible for Titmouse at any time thereafter to evade it, and considering by what means he could acquaint himself with the progress of Titmouse's affairs. The latter gentleman, as he hurried homeward, dwelt for a long while upon only one thought—how fortunate was the omission of his friend to have a stamp upon his security! When and where, thought he, was it that he had heard nothing would do without a stamp? However, he had got the ten shillings safe; and Huckaback might wait for his fifty pounds till—But in the mean-while he, Titmouse, seemed to stand a fair chance of going to the dogs; the ten shillings, which he had obtained with so much difficulty, were to find their way immediately into the pockets of his landlady, whom it might pacify for but a day or two, and what quarter was he now to look for the smallest assistance! What was to become of him! Titmouse was a miserable fool; but thoughts such as these, in such circumstances as his, would force themselves into the mind of even a fool! How could he avoid—oh, horrid thought!—soon parting with, or at least pawning, his ring and his other precious trinkets!

He burst into a perspiration at the mere thought of seeing them hanging ticketed for sale in the window of old Balls! As he slowly ascended the stairs which led to his apartment, he felt as if he were following some unseen conductor to a dungeon.

He was not aware that all this while, although he heard nothing from them, he occupied almost exclusively the thoughts of those distinguished practitioners in the law, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. They, in common with Huckaback, had an intense desire to share in his anticipated good fortune, and determined to do so according to their opportunities. The excellent Huckaback (a model of a usurer on a small scale) promptly and adroitly seized hold of the very first opportunity that presented itself, for securing a little return hereafter for the ten shillings, with which he had so generously parted when he could so ill afford it; while Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap were racking their brains, and, from time to time, those of Messrs. Mortmain and Frankpledge, to discover some instrument strong and large enough to cut a fat slice for themselves out of the fortune they were endeavouring, for that purpose, to put within the reach of Mr. Titmouse. A rule of three mode of stating the matter would be thus: as the inconvenience of Huckaback's parting with his ten shillings and his waiver of damages for a very cruel assault, were to his contingent gain, hereafter, of fifty pounds: so were Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap's risk, exertions, outlay, and benefit conferred on Titmouse, to their contingent gain of ten thousand pounds. The principal point of difference between them was—as to the mode of securing their future recompense; in which it may have been observed by the attentive reader, with respect to the precipitancy of Huckaback, and hesitating caution of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, that—"thus fools" (e. g. Huckaback) "*rushed in where angels*" (i. e. Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap) "*feared to tread*." Let me not, however, for a moment, insinuate that both these parties were actuated by only one motive, i. e., to make a prey of this little monkey *millionaire*. 'Tis true that Huckaback appears to have driven rather a hard bargain with his distressed friend, (and almost every one that, being similarly situated, has occasion for such services as Titmouse sought from Huckaback, will find himself called upon to pay nearly the same price for them;) but it was attended with one good effect; for the specific interest in Titmouse's future prosperity, acquired by Huckaback, quickened his energies and sharpened his wits in the service of his friend. But for this, indeed, it is probable that Mr. Huckaback's door would have become as hopelessly closed against Titmouse as was that of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. Some two or three nights after the little transaction between the two friends which I have been describing, Huckaback called upon Titmouse, and after greeting him rather cordially, told him that he had come to put him up to a trick upon the Saffron Hill people, that would tickle them into a little activity in his affairs.—The trick was—the sending a letter to those gentlemen calculated to—but why attempt to characterize it? I have the original document lying before me, which was sent by Titmouse the very next morning to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap; and here follows a *verbatim* copy of it:

"No. 9, Closet Court, Oxford Street.

"To Messrs. QUIRK & Co.

"Gents.—Am Sorry to Trouble You, But Being *Drove quite desperate* at my Troubles (which have brot me to my Last Penny a Week ago) and Mrs. Squallop my Landlady wd distract on Me only that There Is nothing To distract on, Am Determined to Go Abroad in a Week's Time, and shall Never come Any More back again with Great Grief wh Is What I now Write 'To tell You Of (Hoping you Will please Take No notice of It) So Need give Yourselves No Further Concern with my Concerns Seeing The Estate is Not To Be Had and Am Sorry You Shd Have Had so Much trouble With My Affairs wh cd not Help. Shd have Much liked The Thing, only it Was Not worth Stopping For, or Wound, but Since It Was not God's Will be Done *which it will*. Havg raised a Trifle On my Future Prospects (wh am Certain There is Nothing In) from a *True Friend*" [need it be guessed at whose instance these words found their way into the letter?] "*wh was certainly uncommon inconvenient to That Person But He wd do Anything to Do me good As he says Am going to raise A Little More from a Gent That does Things of That Nature wh will help me with Expense in Going Abroad (which place I never mean to Return from). Have fixed for the 10th To Go on wh Day Shall Take leave Of Mr. Tag-rag (who on my Return Shall be glad to See Buried or in the Workhouse). Have wrote This letter Only to Save trouble wh Trust You wd not have Taken.*

"And Remain,

"Gents,

"Yr humble Unworthy Servt.

T. TITMOUSE."

"P. S.—Hope you will Particularly Remember me to Mr. Gammon. What is to become of me, know nothing, being so troubled. Am Humbly determined not to employ any Gents in This matter except yr most Respectable House, and shd be most Truly sorry to Go Abroad *wh am really Often thinking of in Earnest*. (Unless something Speedily Turns Up, favourable,) T. T.—Shd like (By the way) to know if you shd be so Disposed what yr recipe house wd take for my Chances Down (*Out and out*) In a Round Sum (*Ready Money*) And hope if they Write It will be by Next Post or shall be Gone Abroad."

Old Quirk, as soon as he had finished the perusal of this skilful document, started, a little disturbed, from his seat, and bustled into Mr. Gammon's room, with Mr. Titmouse's open letter in his hand.—"Gammon," said he, "just cast your eye over this, will you? Really, we must look after Titmouse, or he'll be gone!" Mr. Gammon took the letter rather eagerly, read deliberately through it, and then looked up at his fidgety partner, who stood anxiously eyeing him, and smiled.

"Well, Gammon, I really think—eh? Don't you?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Quirk, this nearly equals his former letter; and it also seems to have produced on you the desired effect."

"Well, Gammon, and what of that? Because my heart don't happen to be *quite* a piece of flint, you're always"—

"You might have been a far wealthier man than

you are, but for that soft heart of yours, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, with a bland smile. (!)

"I know I might, Gammon—I know it. I thank my God I'm not so keen after business that I can't feel for this poor soul—really, his state's quite deplorable!"

"Then, my dear sir, put your hand into your pocket at once, as I was suggesting last night, and allow him a weekly sum."

"A—hem! hem! Gammon"—said Quirk, sitting down, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and looking very earnestly at Gammon.

"Well, then," that gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, in answer to the mute appeal—"write and say you *won't*—'tis soon done, and so the matter ends."

"Why, Gammon, you see, if he goes abroad," said Quirk, after a long pause—"we lose him for ever."

"Pho!—go abroad? He's too much for you, Mr. Quirk—he is, indeed, ha, ha!"

"You're fond of a laugh at my expense, Gammon; it's quite pleasant—you can't think how I like it!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Quirk—but you really misunderstood me; I was laughing only at the absurd inconsistency of the fellow: he's a most transparent fool, and takes us for such. Go abroad! Ridiculous pretence!—In his precious postscript he undoes all—he says he is only often *thinking* of going—pshaw!—That the wretch is in great distress, is very probable—but it must go hard with him before he either commits suicide or goes abroad, I warrant him; I've no fears on *that* score—but there is a point in the letter that may be worth considering—I mean the fellow's hint about borrowing money on his prospects."

"Yes, to be sure—the very thing that struck me." [Gammon faintly smiled.] "I never thought much about the *other* part of the letter—all stuff about going abroad—pho!—But, to be sure, if he's trying to raise money, he may get into keen hands—Do you really think he *has*?"

"Oh no—of course its only a little lie of his—or he must have found out some greater fool than himself, which I had not supposed possible. But however that may be, I really think, Mr. Quirk, its high time that we should take some decided step."

"Well,—yes, it may be," said Quirk, slowly—"and I must say that Mortmain encouraged me a good deal the day before yesterday."

"Well, and you know what Mr. Frankpledge"—

"Oh, as to Frankpledge—hem!"

"What of Mr. Frankpledge, Mr. Quirk?" enquired Gammon, rather tartly.

"There! There!—Always the way—but what does it signify?—Come, come, Gammon, we know each other too well to quarrel!—I don't mean any thing disrespectful to Mr. Frankpledge, but when Mortmain has been one's conveyancer these thirty-three years, and never once—hem!—but, however, he tells me that we are standing on sure ground, or that he don't know what sure ground is, and sees no objection to our even taking preliminary steps in the matter, which indeed I begin to think its high time to do!—And as for securing ourselves in respect of any advances to Titmouse—he suggests our taking a bond, conditioned—say, for the payment of £500 or

£1000 on demand, under cover of which one might advance him, you know, just such sums as, and when we pleased; one could stop when one thought fit, one could begin with three or four pounds a-week, and increase as his prospects improved—eh?"

"You know I've no objection to such an arrangement; but consider, Mr. Quirk, we must have patience; it will take a long while to get our verdict; you know, and perhaps as long to *secure* it afterwards; and this horrid little wretch all the while on our hands; what the deuce to do with him, I really don't know!"

"Humph, humph!" grunted Quirk, looking very earnestly and uneasily at Gammon.

"And what I chiefly fear is this,—suppose he should get dissatisfied with the amount of our advances, and, knowing the state and prospects of the cause, should turn restive?"

"Ay, confound it, Gammon, all that should be looked to, shouldn't it?" interrupted Quirk, with an exceedingly chagrined air.

"To be sure," continued Gammon, thoughtfully: "by that time he may have got substantial friends about him, whom he could persuade to become security to us for further and past advances."

"Nay, now you name the thing, Gammon; it was what I was thinking of only the other day:" he dropped his voice—"Isn't there one or two of our own clients, hem!"

"Why, certainly, there's old Fang; I don't think it impossible he might be induced to do a little usury—it's all he lives for, Mr. Quirk; and the security is good in reality, though perhaps not exactly marketable."

"Nay; but, on second thoughts, why not do it ourselves, if any thing can be made of it?"

"That, however, will be for future consideration. In the mean time, we'd better send for Titmouse, and manage him a little more—discreetly, eh? We did not exactly hit it off last time, did we, Mr. Quirk?" said Gammon, smiling rather sarcastically. "We must keep him at Tag-ag's, if the thing can be done, for the present, at all events."

"To be sure; he couldn't then come buzzing about us, like a gad-fly; he'd drive us mad in a week, I'm sure."

"Oh, I'd rather give up every thing than submit to it. It can't be difficult for us, I should think, to bind him to our own terms—to put a bridle in the ass's mouth? Let us say that we insist on his signing an undertaking to act implicitly according to our directions in every thing."

"Ay, to be sure; on pain of our instantly turning him to the right-about. I fancy it will do, now!"

"And, now, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, with as much of peremptoriness in his tone as he could venture upon to Mr. Quirk, "you really must do me the favour to leave the management of this little wretch to me. You see, he seems to have taken—Heaven save the mark!—a fancy to me, poor fellow!—and—and—it must be owned, we miscarried sadly, the other night, on a certain grand occasion—eh?"

Quirk shook his head dissentingly.

"Well, then," continued Gammon, "one thing I am determined on: one or the other of us, Mr. Quirk, shall undertake Titmouse, solely and singly. Pray, for Heaven's sake, tackle him yourself—a disagreeable duty! You know, my dear sir, how invariably

I leave every thing of real importance and difficulty to your very superior tact and experience."

"Come, come, Gammon, that's a drop of sweet oil."

Quirk might well say so, for he felt its softening, smoothing effects already.

"Upon my word and honour, Mr. Quirk, I'm in earnest. Pshaw!—and you must know it. I know you too well, my dear sir, to attempt to"—

"Certainly, I must say, those must get up very early that can find Caleb Quirk napping,"—Gammon felt at that moment that for several years *he* must have been a very early riser. And so the matter was arranged in the manner which Gammon had wished and determined upon, *i. e.* that Mr. Titmouse should be left entirely to his management; and, after some little discussion as to the time and manner of the meditated advances, the partners parted. On entering his own room, Quirk closing his door, stood leaning against the side of the window, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes instinctively resting on his banker's book, which lay on the table. He was in a very brown study; the subject on which his thoughts were busied being the prudence or imprudence of leaving Titmouse thus in the hands of Gammon. It might be all very well for Quirk to *assert* his self-confidence when in Gammon's presence, but he did not really feel it. He never left Gammon after any little difference of opinion, however friendly, without a secret suspicion that somehow or another Gammon had been too much for him, and always gained his purpose, without giving Quirk any handle of dissatisfaction. In fact, Quirk was thoroughly afraid of Gammon, and Gammon knew it. In the present instance, an undefinable but increasing suspicion and dissatisfaction forced him presently back again into Gammon's room.

"I say, Gammon, you understand, eh?—*Fair play*, you know," he commenced, with a sly embarrassed air, ill concealed under a forced smile.

"Pray, Mr. Quirk, what may be your meaning?" enquired Gammon, with unusual tartness, with an astonished air, and blushing violently, which was not surprising; for ever since Quirk had quitted him, Gammon's thoughts had been occupied with only one question, *viz.* how he should go to work with Titmouse to satisfy him that he (Gammon) was the only member of the firm that had a real disinterested regard for him, and so acquire a valuable control over him. Thus occupied, the observation of Quirk had completely taken Gammon aback; and he lost his presence of mind, of course his temper quickly following. "Will you favour me, Mr. Quirk, with an explanation of your extraordinarily absurd and offensive observation?" said he, reddening more and more as he looked at Mr. Quirk.

"You're a queer hand, Gammon," replied Quirk, with almost an equally surprised and embarrassed air, for he could not resist a sort of conviction that Gammon had fathomed what had been passing in his mind.

"What did you mean, Mr. Quirk, by your singular observation just now?" said Gammon calmly, having recovered his presence of mind.

"Mean? Why, that—we're *both* queer hands, Gammon, ha, ha, ha!" answered Quirk with an anxious laugh.

"I shall leave Titmouse entirely—*entirely*, Mr.

Quirk, in your hands; I will have nothing whatever to do with him. I am quite sick of him and his affairs already; I cannot bring myself to undertake such an affair, and that was what I was thinking of, when"—

"Eh? indeed! Well, to be sure! Only think!" said Quirk, dropping his voice, looking to see that the two doors were shut, and resuming the chair which he had lately quitted, "What do you think has been occurring to *me* in my own room, just now? Whether it would suit us better to throw this monkey overboard, put ourselves confidentially in communication with the party in possession, and tell him that—hem! hem!—for a—eh? You understand! a *con-si-de-ra-tion*—a *suitable* *con-si-de-ra-tion*."

"Mr. Quirk! Heavens!" Gammon was really amazed.

"Well? You needn't open your eyes so very wide, Mr. Gammon—why shouldn't it be done? You know we shouldn't be satisfied with a trifle, of course. But suppose he'd agree to buy our silence with four or five thousand pounds, really, it's well worth considering! Upon my soul, Gammon, it *is* a hard thing on him; no fault of his, and it is very hard for him to turn out, and for such a—*enough!*—such a wretch as Titmouse! you'd feel it yourself, Gammon, if you were in his place, and I'm sure that you'd think that four or five thou"—

"But is not Titmouse our POOR NEIGHBOUR?" said Gammon, with a sly smile.

"Why, that's only one way of looking at it, Gammon! Perhaps the man we are going to eject does a vast deal of good with the property; certainly he bears a very high name in the county—and fancy Titmouse with ten thousand a-year!"

"Mr. Quirk, Mr. Quirk, it's not to be thought of for a moment—not for a moment," interrupted Gammon, seriously, and even somewhat peremptorily—"nothing should persuade *me* to be any party to such"—

At this moment Snap burst into the room with a heated appearance, and a chagrined air—

"*Pitch v. Grub.*"

[This was a little pet action of poor Snap's: it was for slander uttered by the defendant, a green-grocer, against the plaintiff, charging the plaintiff with having the mange, on account of which a lady refused to marry him.]

"*Pitch v. Grub*, just been tried at Guildhall. Witness bang up to the mark—words and damages proved; slapping speech from Serjeant Shout.—Verdict for plaintiff, one farthing; and Lord Lumington said, as the jury had given plaintiff one farthing for damages, *he* would give him another for costs,* and that would make a half-penny; on which the defendant's attorney tendered *me*—a half-penny

* I suppose myself to be alluding here to a very oppressive statute, passed to clip the wings of such gentlemen as Mr. Snap, by which it is enacted that, in actions for slander, if the jury find a verdict under forty shillings, *e. g.*, as in the case in the text, for one farthing, the plaintiff shall be entitled to recover from the defendant only as much costs as damages, *i. e.*, another farthing; a provision which has made many a poor pettifogger sneak out of court with a flea in his ear.

on the spot. Laughter in court—move for new trial first day of next term, and tip his lordship a rattler in the next Sunday's *Flash*."

"Mr. Quirk, once for all, if these kind of actions are to go on, I'll leave the firm, come what will." [It flickered across his mind that Titmouse would be a capital client to start with on his own account.] "I protest our names will quite stink in the profession."

"Good, Mr. Gammon, good!" interrupted Snap warmly; "your little action for the usury penalties the other day came off so uncommon well!"

"Let me tell you, Mr. Snap," interrupted Gammon, reddening—

"Pho! Come! Can't be helped—fortune of the war,"—interrupted the head of the firm.—"*Is Pitch solvent?*"—Of course we've security for costs out of pocket."

Now, the fact was, that poor Snap had picked up Pitch at one of the police offices, and, in his zeal for business, had undertaken his case on pure speculation, relying on the apparent strength of the plaintiff's case—Pitch being only a waterman attached to a coach-stand. When, therefore, the very ominous question of Mr. Quirk met Snap's ear, he suddenly happened (at least, he thought so) to hear himself called from the clerk's room, and bolted out of Mr. Gammon's room rather unceremoniously.

"Snap will be the ruin of the firm, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon, with an air of disgust. "But I really must get on with the brief I'm drawing; so, Mr. Quirk, we can talk about Mr. Titmouse to-morrow."

The brief he was drawing up was for a defendant who was going to non-suit the plaintiff, (a man with a large family, who had kindly lent the defendant a considerable sum of money,) solely because of the want of a stamp.

Quirk differed in opinion with Gammon, and, as he resumed his seat at his desk, he could not help writing the words, "*Quirk and Snap*," and thinking how well such a firm would sound and work—for Snap was verily a chip of the old block!

There will probably never be wanting those who will join in abusing and ridiculing attorneys and solicitors. Why? In almost every action at law, or suit in equity, or proceeding which may, or may not, lead to one, each client conceives a natural dislike for his opponent's attorney or solicitor. If the plaintiff succeeds, he hates the defendant's attorney for putting him (the said plaintiff) to so much expense, and causing him so much vexation and danger; and, when he comes to settle with his own attorney, there is not a little heart-burning in looking at his bill of costs, however reasonable. If the plaintiff fails, of course it is through the ignorance and unskilfulness of his attorney or solicitor; and he hates almost equally his own and his opponent's attorney. Precisely so is it with a successful or unsuccessful defendant. In fact, an attorney or solicitor is almost always obliged to be acting *adversely* to some one of whom he at once makes an enemy, for an attorney's weapons must necessarily be pointed almost invariably at our pockets! He is necessarily, also, called into action in cases when all the worst passions of our nature—our hatred and revenge, and our self interest—are set in motion. Consider the mischief that might be constantly done on a grand scale

in society, if the vast majority of attorneys and solicitors were not honourable and able men! Conceive them, for a moment, disposed every where to stir up litigation, by availing themselves of their perfect acquaintance with almost all men's circumstances—artfully inflaming irritable and vindictive clients, kindling, instead of stifling, family dissensions, and fomenting public strife—why, were they to do only a hundredth part of what it is thus in their power to do, our courts of justice would soon be doubled, together with the number of our judges, counsel and attorneys.

But not all of this body of honourable and valuable men are entitled to this tribute of praise. There are a few QUIRKS, several GAMMONS, and many SNAPS, in the profession of the law—men whose character and doings often makes fools visit the sins of individuals upon the whole species; nay, there are far worse, as I have heard—but I must return to my narrative.

On Friday night, the 28th of July, 182—, the state of Mr. Titmouse's affairs was this: he owed his landlady £1, 9s.; his washerwoman, 6s.; his tailor £1, 8s.—In all, three guineas; besides 10s. to Huckaback, (for Tittlebat's notion was, that on repayment at any time of 10s., Huckaback would be bound to deliver up to him the document or voucher which he had given him,) and a weekly accruing rent of 7s. to his landlady, besides some very small sums for washing, tea, bread and butter, &c. To meet these serious liabilities, he had—*not one farthing*.

On returning to his lodgings that night, he found a line from Thumbscrew, his landlady's broker, informing him that, unless by ten o'clock on the next morning his arrears of rent were paid, he should distrain, and she would also give him notice to quit at the end of the week; that nothing could induce her to give him further time. He sat down in dismay on reading this threatening document; and, in setting down, his eye fell on a bit of paper lying on the floor, which must have been thrust under the door. From the marks on it, it was evident that he must have trod upon it in entering. It proved to be a summons from the Court of Requests, for £1, 8s., due to Job Cox, his tailor. He deposited it mechanically on the table; and for a minute he dared hardly breathe.

This seemed something really like a crisis.

After a silent agony of half an hour's duration, he rose trembling from his chair, blew out his candle, and, in a few minutes' time, might have been seen standing with a pale and troubled face before the window of old Balls, the pawnbroker, peering through the suspended articles—watches, sugar-tongs, rings, broaches, spoons, pins, bracelets, knives and forks, seals, chains, &c.—to see whether any one else than old Balls were within. Having at length watched out a very pale and wretched-looking woman, Titmouse entered to take her place; and after interchanging a few faltering words with the white-haired and hard-hearted old pawnbroker, produced his guard-chain, his breast-pin, and his ring, and obtained three pounds two shillings and sixpence, on the security of them. With this sum he slunk out of the shop, and calling on Cox, his tailor, paid his trembling old creditor the full amount of his claim (£1, 8s.) together with 4s., the expense of the summons—simply

asking for a receipt, without uttering another word, for he felt almost choked. In the same way he dealt with Mrs. Squallop, his landlady—not uttering one word in reply to her profuse and voluble apologies, but pressing his lips between his teeth till the blood came from them, while his heart seemed bursting within him. Then he walked up stairs, with a desperate air—with eighteenpence in his pocket—all his ornaments gone—his washerwoman yet unpaid—his rent going on—several other little matters unsettled; and the 10th of August approaching, when he expected to be dismissed penniless from Mr. Tag-rag's, and thrown on his own resources for subsistence. When he had regained his room, and, having shut the door, had re-seated himself at his table, he felt for a moment as if he could have yelled. Starvation and Despair, two fiends, seemed sitting beside him in shadowy ghastliness, chilling and palsying him—petrifying his heart within him. WHAT WAS HE TO DO? Why had he been born? Why was he so much more persecuted and miserable than any one else? Visions of his ring, his breast-pin, his studs, stuck in a bit of card, with their price written above them, and hanging exposed to his view in old Ball's window almost frenzied him. Thoughts such as those at length began to suggest others of a dreadful nature. The means were at that instant within his reach. A sharp knock at the door startled him out of the stupor into which he was sinking. He listened for a moment, as if he were not certain that the sound was a real one. There seemed a ton weight upon his heart, which a mighty sigh could lift for an instant, but not remove; and he was in the act of heaving a second such sigh, as he languidly opened the door—expecting to encounter Mr. Thumbcrew, or some of his myrmidons, who might not know of his recent settlement with his landlady.

"Is this Mr.—Tit—Titmouse's?" enquired a genteel-looking young man.

"Yes," replied Titmouse, sadly.

"Are you Mr. Titmouse?"

"Yes," he replied, more faintly than before.

"Oh—I have brought you, sir, a letter from Mr. Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill," said the stranger, unconscious that his words shot a flash of light into a little abyss of sorrow before him. "He begged me to give this letter into your own hands, and said he hoped you'd send him an answer by the first morning's post."

"Yes—oh—I see—certainly—to be sure—with pleasure—how is Mr. Gammon?—uncommon kind of him—very humble respects to him—take care to answer it"—stammered Titmouse, in a breath, hardly knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and not quite certain where he was.

"Good evening, sir," replied the stranger, evidently a little surprised at Titmouse's manner, and withdrew. Titmouse shut his door. With prodigious trepidation of hand and flutter of spirits, he opened the letter—an enclosure meeting his eyes in the shape of a bank-note.

"Oh Lord!" he murmured, turning white as the sheet of paper he held. Then the letter dropped from his hand, and he stood as if stupified for some moments; but presently rapture darted through him;

a five-pound bank-note was in his hand, and it had been enclosed in the following letter:

"35, *Thavies' Inn*, 29th July, 182—.

"My dear Mr. Titmouse,

"Your last note, addressed to our firm, has given me the greatest pain, and I hasten, on my return from the country, to forward you the enclosed trifle, which I sincerely hope will be of temporary service to you. May I beg the favour of your company on Sunday evening next, at seven o'clock, to take a glass of wine with me? I shall be quite alone and disengaged; and may have it in my power to make you some important communications, concerning matters in which, I assure you, I feel a very deep interest on your account. Begging the favour of an early answer to-morrow morning, I trust you will believe me, ever, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

"OLLY GAMMON.

"TITLIEAT TITMOUSE, ESQ."

The first balmy drop of the long-expected golden shower had at length fallen upon the panting Titmouse. How polite—nay, how affectionate and respectful—was the note of Mr. Gammon! and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself addressed

"TITLIEAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE."

If his room had been large enough to admit of it, Titmouse would have skipped round it again and again in his frantic ecstasy. Having at length read over and over again the blessed letter of Mr. Gammon, he hastily folded it up, crumpled up the bank-note in his hand, clapped his hat on his head, blew out his candle, rushed down stairs as if a mad dog were at his heels, and in three or four minutes' time was standing breathless before old Balls, whom he almost electrified by asking, with an eager and joyous air, for a return of the articles which he had only an hour before pawned with him; at the same time laying down the duplicates and the bank-note. The latter, old Balls, scrutinized with most anxious exactness, and even suspicion—but it seemed perfectly unexceptionable; so he gave him back his precious ornaments, and the change out of his note, minus a trifling sum for interest. Titmouse then started off at top-speed to Huckaback; but it suddenly occurring to him as possible that that gentleman, on hearing of his good fortune, might look for an immediate repayment of the ten shillings he had recently lent to Titmouse, he stopped short—paused—and returned home. There he had hardly been seated a moment, when down he pelted again, to buy a sheet of paper and a wafer or two, to write his letter to Mr. Gammon; which having obtained, he returned at the same speed, almost overturning his fat landlady, who looked after him as if he were a mad cat scampering up and down stairs, and fearing that he had gone suddenly crazy. The note he wrote to Mr. Gammon, was so exceedingly extravagant, that, candid, as I have (I trust) hitherto shown myself in the delineation of Mr. Titmouse's chaacter, I cannot bring myself to give the said letter to the reader—making all allowances for the extraordinary excitement of its writer.

Sleep that night and morning found and left Mr. Titmouse the assured exulting master of TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. Of this fact, the oftener he read Mr. Gammon's letter, the stronger became his convictions. 'Twas undoubtedly rather a large inference from small premises; but it secured him unspeakable happiness, for a time, at a possible cost of future disappointment and misery, which he did not pause to consider. The fact is, that logic (according to Dr. Watts, *the right use of reason*) is not a practical art. No one regards it in actual life; observe, therefore, folks on all hands constantly acting like Tittlebat Titmouse in the case before us. His *conclusion* was—that he had become the certain master of ten thousand a-year; his *premises* were what the reader has seen. I do not, however, mean to say, that if the reader be a youth hot from the University, he may not be able to prove, by a very refined and ingenious argument, that Titmouse was, in what he did above, a fine natural logician; for I recollect that Aristotle hath demonstrated, by a famous argument, that the moon is made of green cheese; and no one that I have heard of, hath ever been able to prove the contrary.

By six o'clock the next morning, Titmouse had, with his own hand, dropped his answer into the letter-box upon the door of Mr. Gammon's chamber in Thavies' Inn; in which answer he had, with numerous expressions of profound respect and gratitude, accepted Mr. Gammon's polite invitation. A very happy man felt he, as he returned to Oxford Street; entering Messrs. Dowlas's premises with alacrity, just as they were being opened, and volunteering his assistance in numerous things beyond his usual province, with singular briskness and energy; as if conscious that by doing so he was greatly gratifying Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, whose wishes upon the subject he knew. He displayed such unwonted cheerfulness and patient good-nature throughout the day, that one of his companions, a serious youth, in a white neckerchief, black clothes, and with a sanctified countenance—the only professing pious person in the establishment—took an occasion to ask him, in a mysterious whisper, "whether he had not got *converted*;" and whether he would, at six o'clock in the morning, accompany the speaker to a room in the neighbourhood, where he (the youth aforesaid) was going to conduct an exhortation and prayer meeting!

Titmouse refused—but not without a few qualms; for luck certainly seemed to be smiling on him, and he felt that he ought to be grateful for it; but then, he at length reflected, the proper place for that sort of thing would be a regular church—to which he resolved to go. This change of manners Tag-rag, however, looked upon as assumed only to affront him; seeing nothing but impertinence and defiance in all that Titmouse did—as if the nearer Titmouse got to the end of his bondage—i.e. the 10th of August—the lighter hearted he grew. He resolved religiously to keep his counsel; to avoid even—at all events for the present—communicating with Huckaback.

On the ensuing Sunday he rose at an earlier hour than usual, and took nearly twice as long a time to dress—often falling into many delightful reveries. By eleven o'clock he might be seen entering the gallery of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn; where he considered that doubtless Mr. Gammon, who lived

in the neighbourhood, might attend. He asked three or four pew-openers, both below and above, if they knew which was Mr. Gammon's pew—Mr. Gammon of Thavies' Inn; not dreaming of presumptuously going to the pew, but of sitting in some place that commanded a view of it. Mr. Gammon, I need hardly say, was quite unknown there—no one had ever heard of such a person: nevertheless Titmouse, albeit a little galled at being, in spite of his elegant appearance, slipped into a back pew, remained—but his thoughts wandered grievously the whole time; on then he sauntered in the direction of Hyde Park, to which he seemed now to have a sort of *claim*. How soon might he become, instead of a mere spectator as heretofore, a partaker in its glories! The dawn of the day of fortune was on his long-benighted soul; and he could hardly subdue his excited feelings. Punctual to his appointment, as the clock struck seven he made his appearance at Mr. Gammon's, with a pair of span new white kid gloves on, and was speedily ushered, a little flurried, by a comfortable-looking elderly female servant, into Mr. Gammon's room. He was dressed just as when he was first presented to the reader, sallying forth into Oxford Street to enslave the lady-world. Mr. Gammon, who was sitting reading the *Sunday Flash* at a table on which stood a couple of decanters, several wine-glasses, and two or three dishes of fruit, rose and received his distinguished visiter with the most delightful affability.

"I am most happy, Mr. Titmouse, to see you in this friendly way," said he, shaking him by the hand.

"Oh, don't name it, sir," quoth Titmouse, rather indistinctly, and hastily running his hand through his hair.

"I've nothing, you see, to offer you but a little fruit, and a glass of fair port or sherry."

"Particular fond of them, sir," replied Titmouse, endeavouring to clear his throat; for in spite of a strong effort to appear at his ease, he was unsuccessful; so that, when Gammon's keen eye glanced at the bedizened figure of his guest, a bitter smile passed over his face, without having been observed. "This," thought he, as his eye passed from the ring glittering on the little finger of the right hand, to the studs and breast-pin in the shirt front, and thence to the guard-chain glaring entirely outside a damson-coloured satin waistcoat, and the spotless white glove which yet glistened on the left hand—"This is the writer of the dismal epistle of the other day, announcing his desperation and destitution!"

"Your health, Mr. Titmouse!—help yourself!" said Mr. Gammon, in a cheerful and cordial tone; Titmouse pouring out a glass only three-quarters full, raised it to his lips with a slightly tremulous hand, and returned Mr. Gammon's salutation. When had Titmouse tasted a glass of wine before?—a reflection occurring not only to himself, but also to Gammon, to whom it was a circumstance that might be serviceable.

"You see, Mr. Titmouse, mine's only a small bachelor's establishment; and I cannot put my old servant out of the way by having my friends to dinner"—[quite forgetting that the day before he had entertained at least six friends, including Mr. Frankpledge—but, the idea of going through a dinner with Mr. Titmouse!]

And now, O inexperienced Titmouse! unacquainted with the potent qualities of wine, I warn you to be cautious how you drink many glasses, for you cannot calculate the effect which they will have upon you; and, indeed, methinks that with this man you have a game to play which will not admit of much wine being drank. Be you, therefore, on your guard; for wine is like a strong serpent, who will creep unperceivedly into your empty head, and coil himself up therein, until at length he moves about—and all things are as nought to you!

"Oh, sir, 'pon my honour, beg you won't name it—all one to me, sir!—Beautiful wine this, sir."

"Pretty fair, I think—certainly rather old;—but what fruit will you take—currants or cherries?"

"Why—a—I've so lately dined," replied Titmouse, alluding to an exceedingly slight repast at a coffee-shop about two o'clock. He would have preferred the cherries, but did not feel quite at his ease how to dispose of the stones nicely—gracefully—so he took a very few red currants upon his plate, and eat them slowly, and with a modest air.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," commenced Gammon, with an air of concern, "I was really much distressed by your last letter."

"Uncommon glad to hear it, sir—knew you would, sir—you're so kind-hearted;—all quite true, sir!"

"I had no idea that you were reduced to such straits," said Gammon, in a sympathizing tone, but settling his eye involuntarily on the ring of Titmouse.

"Quite dreadful, sir—'pon my soul, dreadful; and such usage at Mr. Tag-rag's!"

"But you mustn't think of going abroad—away from all your friends, Mr. Titmouse."

"Abroad, sir!" interrupted Titmouse, with anxious but subdued eagerness; "never thought of such a thing!"

"Oh! I—I thought"—

"There isn't a word of truth in it, sir; and if you've heard so, it must have been from that audacious fellow that called on you—he's *such* a liar—if you knew him as well as I do, sir!" said Titmouse, with a confident air, quite losing sight of his letter to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—"No, sir—shall stay, and stick to friends that stick to me."

"Take another glass of wine, Mr. Titmouse," interrupted Gammon, cordially, and Titmouse obeyed him; but while he was pouring it out, a sudden recollection of his letter flashing across his mind, satisfied him that he stood detected in a flat lie before Mr. Gammon, and he blushed scarlet.

"Do you like the sherry?" enquired Gammon, perfectly aware of what was passing through the mind of his guest, and wishing to divert his thoughts. Titmouse answered in the affirmative; and proceeded to pour forth such a number of apologies for his own behaviour at Saffron Hill, and that of Huckaback on the subsequent occasion, as Gammon found it difficult to stop, over and over again assuring him that all had been forgiven and forgotten. When Titmouse came to the remittance of the five pounds—

"Don't mention it, my dear sir," interrupted Gammon, very blandly; "it gave me, I assure you, far greater satisfaction to send it, than you to receive it. I hope it has a little relieved you?"

"I think so, sir! I was, 'pon my life, on my very last legs."

"When things come to the worst, they often mend, Mr. Titmouse! I told Mr. Quirk (who, to do him justice, came at last into my views) that, however premature, and perhaps imprudent it might be in us to go so far, I could not help relieving your present necessities, even out of my own resources."

[Oh, Gammon, Gammon!]

"How uncommon kind of you, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse.

"Not in the least, my dear sir—(pray fill another glass, Mr. Titmouse!) You see Mr. Quirk is quite a man of business—and our profession too often affords instances of persons whose hearts contract as their purses expand, Mr. Titmouse—ha, ha! Indeed, those who make their money as hard as Mr. Quirk (who, between ourselves, dare not look a gallows, or the hulks, or a map of Botany Bay, or the treadmill, or the stocks, or fifty prisoners, in the face, for the wrong he has done them) are apt to be slow at parting with it, and *very* suspicious."

"Well, I hope no offence, sir; but really I thought as much, directly I saw that old gent."

"Ah—but *now* he is embarked, heart and soul, in the affair."

"No! Is he really, sir?" enquired Titmouse, eagerly.

"That is," replied Gammon, quickly, "so long as I am at his elbow, urging him on—for he wants some one, who—hem! In fact, my dear sir, ever since I had the good fortune to make the discovery, which happily brought us acquainted with each other, Mr. Titmouse," [it was old Quirk who had made the discovery, and Gammon who had from the first thrown cold water on it.] "I have been doing all I could with him, and I trust I may say, have at last licked the thing into shape."

"I'll take my oath, sir," said Titmouse, excitedly, "I never was so much struck with any one in all my born days as I was with you, sir, when you first came to my emp—to Mr. Tag-rag's, sir—Lord, sir, how uncommon sharp you seemed!" Gammon smiled with a deprecating air, and sipped his wine in silence; but there was great sweetness in the expression of his countenance. Poor Titmouse's doubts, hopes, and fears, were rapidly subliming into a *reverence* for Gammon! * * *

"I certainly quite agree with Mr. Quirk, that the difficulties in our way are of the most serious description. To speak, for an instant only, of the risk we ourselves incur personally—would you believe it, my dear Mr. Titmouse?—in such a disgraceful state are our laws, that we can't gratify our feelings by taking up your cause, without rendering ourselves liable to imprisonment for Heaven knows how long, and a fine that would be ruin itself, if we should be found out!"

Titmouse continued silent, his wineglass in his hand arrested in its way to his mouth; which, together with his eyes, were opened to their widest extent, as he stared with a kind of horror upon Mr. Gammon. "Are we, then, unreasonable, my dear sir, in entreating you to be cautious—nay, in insisting on your compliance with our wishes, in all that we shall deem prudent and necessary, when not only your own best interests, but our characters, liberties,

and fortunes are staked on the issue of this great enterprise! I am sure," continued Gammon, with great emotion, "you will feel for us, Mr. Titmouse. I see you do!" Gammon put his hand over his eyes, in order, apparently, to conceal his emotion, and also to observe what effect he had produced upon Titmouse. The conjoint influence of Gammon's wine and eloquence not a little agitated Titmouse, in whose eyes stood tears.

"I'll do any thing—any thing, sir," he almost sobbed.

"Oh! all we wish is to be allowed to serve you effectually; and to enable us to do that!"

"Tell me to be hid in a coal-hole, and see if I won't do it."

"What! a coal-hole?—Would you, then, even stop at Dowlas, Tag-rag and Co.'s?"

"Ye-e-e-s, sir—hem! hem! That is, till the tenth of next month, when my time's up."

"Ah!—ay!—oh, I understand! Another glass, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon, pouring himself out some more wine; and observing, while Titmouse followed his example, that there was an unsteadiness in his motions of a very different description from that which he had exhibited at the commencement of the evening—at the same time wondering what the deuce they should do with him after the tenth.

"You see, I have the utmost confidence in you, and had so from the first happy moment when we met; but Mr. Quirk is rather sue—in short, to prevent misunderstanding (as he says,) Mr. Quirk is anxious that, you should give a *written* promise." (Titmouse looked eagerly about for writing materials.) "No, not now, but in a day or two's time. I confess, my dear Mr. Titmouse, if I might have decided on the matter, I should have been satisfied with your verbal promise; but, I must say, Mr. Quirk's grey hairs seem to have made him quite—eh? you understand? Don't you think so, Mr. Titmouse?"

"To be sure! 'pon my honour, Mr. Gammon!" replied Titmouse, not very distinctly understanding, however, what he was so energetically assenting to.

"I dare say you wonder why we wish you to stop a few months longer at your present hiding-place—at Dowlas's?"

"Can't, after the tenth of next month, sir."

"But as soon as we begin to fire off our guns against the enemy—Lord, my dear sir, if they could only find out, you know, where to get at you—you would never live to enjoy your ten thousand a-year! They'd either poison or kidnap you—get you out of the way, unless you keep out of *their* way: and if you will but consent to keep snug at Dowlas's for a while, who'd suspect where you was? We could easily arrange with your friend Tag-rag that you should"

"My stars! I'd give something to hear you tell Tag-rag—why, I wonder what he'll do!"

"Make you very comfortable, and let you have your own way in every thing."

"Go to the play, for instance, whenever I want, and do all that sort of thing?"

"Nay, try! any thing!—And as for money, I've persuaded Mr. Quirk to consent to our advancing you a certain sum per week, from the present time, while the cause is going on,"—(Titmouse's heart began to beat fast,)—"in order to place you above

absolute inconvenience; and when you consider the awful sums we shall have to disburse—cash out of pocket—(counsel, you know, will not open their lips under a guinea)—for court-fees, and other indispensable matters, I should candidly say that four thousand pounds of hard cash out of pocket, advanced by our firm in your case, would be the very lowest." (Titmouse stared at him with an expression of stupid wonder.) "Yes—four thousand pounds, Mr. Titmouse, at the very least—the *very* least." Again he paused, keenly scrutinizing Titmouse's features by the light of the candles, which just then were brought in. "You seem surprised, Mr. Titmouse."

"Why—why—where's all the money to come from, sir?" exclaimed Titmouse, aghast.

"Ah! that is indeed a fearful question," replied Gammon, with a very serious air; "but at my request, our firm has agreed to make the necessary advances; and also (for I could not bear the sight of your distress, Mr. Titmouse!) to supply your necessities liberally in the mean time, as I was saying."

"Won't you take another glass of wine, Mr. Gammon?" suddenly enquired Titmouse, with a confident air.

"With all my heart, Mr. Titmouse! I'm delighted that you approve of it. I paid enough for it, I can warrant you."

"Cuss me if ever I tasted such wine! Uncommon! Come—no heeltaps, Mr. Gammon—here goes—let's drink—success to the affair!"

"With all my heart, my dear sir—with all my heart. Success to the thing—amen!" and Gammon drained his glass; so did Titmouse. "Ah! Mr. Titmouse, you'll soon have wine enough to float a frigate—and indeed what not—with ten thousand a-year!"

"And all the accumulations, you know—ha, ha!"

"Yes—to be sure—accumulations. The sweetest estate that is to be found in all Yorkshire. Gracious, Mr. Titmouse!" continued Gammon, with an excited air—"what may you not do? Go where you like—do what you like—get into Parliament—marry some lovely woman!"

"Lord, Mr. Gammon!—you ain't dreaming! Nor I! But now, in course, you must be paid handsome for your trouble!—Only say how much—Name your sum! What you please! You only give me all you've said."

"For my part, I wish to rely entirely on your mere word of honour.—Between gentlemen, you know—my dear sir."

"You only try me, sir."

"But you see, Mr. Quirk's getting old, and naturally is anxious to provide for those whom he will leave behind him—and so Mr. Snap agreed with him—two to one against me, Mr. Titmouse—of course they carried the day—two to one."

"Only say the figure."

"A single year's income, only—ten thousand pounds will hardly"

"Ten thousand pounds! By jingo, that is a slice out of the cake."

"A mere crumb, my dear sir!—a trifle! Why, we are going to give you that sum at least every year—and, indeed, it was suggested to our firm, that unless you gave us at least a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds—in fact, we were recommended to look out for some other heir."

"It's not to be thought of, sir."

"So I said; and as for throwing it up—to be sure we shall have ourselves to borrow large sums to carry on the war—and unless we have your bond for at least ten thousand pounds, we cannot raise a farthing."

"Hang'd if you sha'n't do what you like!—Give me your hand, and do what you like, Gammon!"

"Thank you, Titmouse! How I like a glass of wine with a friend in this quiet way!—you'll always find me rejoiced to show!"

"Your hand! By George—Didn't I take a liking to you from the first! But to speak my mind a bit—as for Mr. Quirk—excuse me—but he's a cur—cur—cur—curmudgeon—hem!"

"Hope you've not been so imprudent, my dear Titmouse," threw in Gammon, rather anxiously, "as to borrow money—eh?"

"Devil knows, and devil cares! No stamp, I know—bang up to the mark!"—here he winked an eye, and put his finger to his nose—"wide awake—Huck—uck—uck—uck! how his name sti—sticks. Your hand, Gammon—here—this, this way—tol de rol, tol de rol—ha! ha! ha!—what are you bobbing your head about for? The floor—how funny—at sea—here we go up, up, up—here we go down, down—oh dear!"—he clapped his hand to his head.

[Pythagoras has finely observed, that a man is not to be considered dead drunk till he lies on the floor, and stretches out his arms and legs to prevent his going lower.]

See-saw, see-saw, up and down, up and down, went every thing about him. Now he felt sinking through the floor, then gently rising to the ceiling. Gammon seemed getting into a mist, and waving about the candles in it. Mr. Titmouse's head swam; his chair seemed to be resting on the waves of the sea.

"I'm afraid the room's rather close, Mr. Titmouse," hastily observed Gammon, perceiving from Titmouse's sudden paleness and silence, but too evident symptoms that his powerful intellect was for a while paralysed. Gammon started to the window and opened it. Paler, however, and paler became Titmouse. Gammon's game was up much sooner than he had calculated on.

"Mrs. Mumps! Mrs. Mumps! order a coach instantly, and tell Tomkins"—that was the inn porter—"to get his son ready to go home with this gentleman—he's not very well." He was obeyed. It was, in truth, all up with Titmouse—at least for a while.

As soon as Gammon had thus got rid of his distinguished guest, he ordered the table to be cleared of the glasses, and tea to be ready within half an hour. He then walked out to enjoy the cool evening; on returning, sat pleasantly sipping his tea, now and then dipping into the edifying columns of the *Sunday Flash*, but oftener ruminating upon his recent conversation with Titmouse, and speculating upon its possible results; and a little after eleven o'clock, that good man, at peace with all the world—calm and serene—retired to repose. He had that night rather a singular dream; it was of a snake encircling a monkey, as if in gentle and playful embrace. Suddenly tightening its folds, a crackling sound was

heard:—the writhing coils were then slowly unwound—and, with a shudder, he beheld the monster licking over the motionless figure, till it was covered with a viscid slime. Then the serpent began to devour its prey; and, when gorged and helpless, behold, it was immediately fallen upon by two other snakes. To his disturbed fancy, there was a dim resemblance between their heads and those of Quirk and Snap—he woke—thank God! it was only a dream.

From the Monthly Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

By a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings.
2 vols. London: Painter, 1839.

CONCERNING the "revival" of religion, which is, at this moment, in certain districts of Scotland agitating the people, and exciting throughout the nation so much speculation, we shall not express any very decided opinion. We believe there are some things belonging to the commotion and ecstasies so remarkably visible on the part of numbers, that may not unreasonably call forth the scoffs of the worldly-minded, and the regrets of the pious,—there may be nothing but error, folly, and hypocrisy in some instances; while, on the other hand, we are willing to believe real and lasting impressions may be produced, even where extravagance is not absent. It falls not, however, within our province, nor indeed are we sufficiently acquainted with the facts, to pronounce a verdict upon the comparative amount of good and evil of the commotion. We rather turn our attention for a moment to some preliminary, secular, and undeniable circumstances,—to what may be termed the social alterations and constitutional transformations that have not been unfrequent in the country, and which the very temperament and Calvinism of the Scottish nation are calculated to encourage.

We gather from the newspapers that in the western parts of Scotland, and in the very parishes where the "revival" is most remarkable, the Reform question and the passing of the Reform Bill excited extraordinary sensations, and most extravagant hopes, even for that division of the empire. In the parishes and villages alluded to, a majority of the people are weavers, artisans of different sorts, and persons of the poorer class. For a number of years their earnings have been small, their privations great, their patience exemplary. But the change which the Reform of the House of Commons promised to effect, was, according to the sanguine hopes of these poor and industrious people, to place them in comfortable circumstances, and to render their long suffering but a matter of remembrance and of history.

We are informed that these people, as a class, have not only the education that is usual in the Lowlands of Scotland, but, like many or most of the rural portions of the West, they are superiorly informed and highly intelligent, while their trials have awakened in them an extreme sensibility. Finding that the political change referred to did not immediately work as they had anticipated, they strove for a time, by means of the strength of associations and the voice of petitions to Parliament, to obtain those

enactments and legislative measures which they deemed were fitted, and alone fitted, to enable them to realize the enviable condition mentioned. At length, however, they found that they had trusted to a dream of the imagination; the consequence was a re-action, or a sullen inactivity, or perhaps morbidity of feeling,—a relinquishment of hope and of political agitation; their moral conduct, and their religious habits and observances, continuing much the same, and such as characterise the ordinary demeanour of the Scotch, similarly situated. Many of them put on their best, and went regularly to church on the Sabbaths; others, who alas! in latter years had no *best* to put on, remained at home, a sense of decency constraining. But the arrival of some methodist preachers, some of them young and inexperienced, but zealous and gifted, who held forth in situations where the meanest clad or most ragged might listen without the conventionally required decencies, appears to have afforded minds naturally fond and capable of occupation, new employment, and to have been followed with some visible, we presume, salutary effects. One thing is reported to be certain, that the *visible* were so marked as to have drawn the eyes of regularly organised sects and the establishment to the localities mentioned; till at length, the commotions, ecstasies, and alleged permanent conversions spoken of, are occupying much of the public mind.

Now, our doctrine is this, without at all meddling with the religious results and facts, that political and religious phenomena,—that social and spiritual excitements, are closely allied; that these different states alternate,—act and re-act. The unsettling of opinion, the existence of ardent speculation, the warmth of zeal which the worldly and the political give birth to, prepare the mind and the temperament for kindred conditions of a religious kind. The enthusiasm and the fanaticism (we do not use the latter term in a bad or disparaging meaning) of the one pass readily on to the other.

But it does not always happen that these phenomena are clearly visible; nor dare we say that they uniformly follow each other closely or regularly. But this we think will be conceded, that re-actions, that alternations of a violent nature in the course of the social, political, and religious history of civilized and Christian nations, are among the ordinary mutations of the world. When a condition in human and national character reaches an extremity, a sudden rebound may be expected; outrageous criminality will suggest a check and stimulate to a more healthy state; accumulated and prolonged oppression will cause an explosion that will scatter dynasties, and create freedom in spite of tyrannies; and out of spiritual deadness the fire of zeal will burst, when the deadness has become a load to the quenchless and naturally active soul.

What was the religious condition of England when Whitefield and the Wesleys began to blaze? Why, it was one of deadness. The establishment slumbered, and had arrived at such a low ebb of religious feeling, that the people required but to be awakened, and like a person after a long sleep, who wonders at his unwakefulness, who sadly deprecates the waste of time, and who strikes off at a pitch that is extravagant, and likely itself again to become subject to a re-action, so did the Methodists arouse and become

the instruments of inspiring multitudes, to a wholesome shaming of the whole church.

We shall not pursue the speculation further, which has now been glanced at; regarding it merely as not an unsuitable introduction to the two large volumes named at the head of our paper. The character of these volumes we now very summarily describe; or rather, the character of the heroine who figures in them. Some specimens, chiefly of the nature of anecdote, must be added.

The history, the exertions, the successful issue, that is to say, an issue to a great extent as intended,—and the personal character of the Countess of Huntingdon, are extraordinary. Her mental, moral, and social history,—the nature and manner of her actions, were most remarkable; and therefore, although there be many things in these ponderous volumes, which to sober and even pious minds must prove offensive, extravagant, and distorted: being fanatical and uncharitable in spirit, according to the highest standard of sectarian and conventicle enthusiasm, yet the work is both remarkable and full of curiosities. To the sifting and discriminating reader there are also in it much for instruction, as well as speculation. We must note some of the singularities in the life of the Countess.

First of all she was sincerely religious and a strict Calvinist, although of noble rank, where such things are unfashionable. Secondly, she spent princely sums, and without ostentation, in furtherance of the tenets, which she theoretically advocated, and personally exemplified. Thirdly, unlike most other, especially female enthusiastic religionists, she was discerning, consistently active, unflinchably firm, and perfectly serene throughout, whether conduct, intercourse in general society, or her correspondence be considered. She was the only religious enthusiast we ever heard of, who mingled in religious or irreligious society, without appearing to give offence, or thinking it incongruous. Fourthly, she proved that she was possessed of a consummate knowledge of human nature; for how otherwise could she have made and kept subservient to her great purposes,—those of evangelizing and converting the nation,—some of the most grotesque instruments,—these instruments, be it observed, being employed in matters that require the most delicate handling, and appeal to the points of character that are the most easily perverted? She could force Bolingbroke to respect, and we believe, admire her; and she could control and direct the fanaticism of singular men. In short, her sound sense, her equable temper, her acute understanding, her feminine accomplishments, were as conspicuous, as were her religion and her philanthropy. We may add, that her happiness in this life seems to have been as great, as that of any uninspired being we ever read of. How otherwise could it be? She felt persuaded that she was continually doing good; she was perfectly convinced that she had been “born again,” and would for ever associate in heaven with many she loved with all Christian loving on earth, and with multitudes whom Providence had appointed her to be the instrument of bringing to God’s Kingdom. We also entertain the idea that a woman of so much perspicacity of mind, who was so refined yet considerate, whose fancy was so salient, and feelings active and naturally cheerful, must have been frequently entertained by some of the strange characters

she employed, and some of the curious mixtures of opposite things which she witnessed of her own making. But whatever of the ridiculous which she caused or perceived, was unquestionably construed by her to be necessary to, or inseparable from, her great ends.

We will not trace in outline the life of this extraordinary personage; which, with her Times, has been drawn up from materials by a member of the Shirley and Hastings families; but who, we think, would have done wisely had he not fallen in so thoroughly with the cant language of the sects of which he writes when he is speaking in his own person. There was more than enough of such unwarrantable matter without a gratuitous and new contribution. But now for the specimens of the contents, taken with little or no regard to sequence, subject, or arrangement. In fact, the very miscellaneous nature of the most interesting portion of the work for the general reader, does not require other than a random procedure into the business of quotation.

Among the oddities which the Countess corresponded with and worked by, was "Old John Beridge," as he is called. Writing to her Ladyship for a supply to his pulpit, he says—

"But whom do you recommend to the care of my church? Is it not one *Onesimus* who ran away from Philemon? If the Dean of Tottenham (Whitefield) could not hold him in with a curb, how should the Vicar of Everton guide him with a snivel? I do not want a helper to stand in my pulpit, but to ride round my district; and I fear my weekly circuits would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender Evangelist that is environed with prunello. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring and rocking about you; stiff blankets like boards for a covering; and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you? Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at eight mount a horse with boots never cleaned, and then ride home, praising God for all things."

None of your "downy doctors," as Young has it in his Night Thoughts, for Old John. Here is another anecdote of the same eccentric character—

"In a letter to Lady Huntingdon Mr. B. says:—'I have been whipped pretty severely for fighting out of my proper regiment, and for rambling out of the bound of my parish; and whilst the smart of the rod remains upon my back, it will weigh with me more than a thousand arguments. All marching officers are not general officers; and every one should search out the extent of his commission. A Gospel minister, who has a church, will have a diocese annexed to it, and is only an overseer or bishop of that diocese: and let him, like faithful Grimshaw, look well to it. An Evangelist, who has no church, is a metropolitan, or a cosmopolitan, and may ramble all over the kingdom, or all the world over; and these are more highly honoured than the others, though they are not always duly sensible of the honour.'"

John, called Rowland Hill "Rowley," but he also designated him as "dear;" and anticipated when that also eccentric man was about to erect "a standard for the Gospel in the very middle of the devil's territories in London," that the "old enemy would set up a terrible bellowing and clamour;"

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but that all his "storm and rage" would not prevail. The said John was mightily afraid of *man-traps*. In one of his epistles he says,—

"Before I parted with honest Glasco, I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He has burnt his wings already. Sure he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle? If he should fall into a sleeping lap, he will soon need a flannel night-cap and a rusty chain to fix him down, like a church Bible to the reading desk. No trap so mischievous to the field preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every hedge corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles (Wesley), and might have spoiled John (Wesley) and George (Whitfield), if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets."

The indecorous mixture of humour and wit with sacred names and things, the "Wise Master" with the "brace of ferrets," does not appear to us so objectionable as the mode which Old John took to ascertain whether or not he was to fall into a petticoat snare. He informs the Countess that—

"Eight or nine years ago, having been previously tormented with house-keepers, I truly had thoughts of looking out for a *Jezebel* myself; but it seemed highly needful to ask advice of the Lord. So falling down on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me direction; then letting the Bible fall open of itself, I fixed my eyes immediately on these words—'When my son was entered into his wedding-chamber he fell down and died.' 2 *Esdra*s, x., 6. This frightened me heartily, you may easily think; but Satan, who stood peeping at my elbow, not liking the heavenly caution, presently suggested a scraple, that the book was *Apocryphal*, and the words not to be heeded. After a short pause, I fell on my knees again, and prayed the Lord not to be angry with me, whilst, like Gideon, I requested a second sign, and from the canonical scripture: then, letting my Bible fall open as before, I fixed my eyes upon this passage: 'Thou shalt not take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons or daughters in this place.' *Jer.* xvi. 2. I was now completely satisfied; and being thus made acquainted with my Lord's mind, I made it one part of my prayers. And I look on these words, not only as a rule of direction, but as a promise of security. 'Thou shalt not take a wife;' that is, I will keep thee from taking one."

We suspect the *inquirer* had first marked the passages, or in some way secured their turning up. There can be no doubt about the profaneness and daring of the man. We like the following anecdote much better. It concerns Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon:

"His Lordship took orders, and obtained the livings of Great and Little Beke, Osgathorp, and Belton. He was twice married. His second wife was Betsy Warner, a domestic at Donnington Park, with whom having some dalliance in his youth, and having promised her marriage as soon as he should get the living of Beke, was reminded of his promise thirty years after it was made. Astonished, but not ashamed of his early choice, he enquired into her character, and finding that clear, he kept his promise. His Lordship himself published in his own village church the bans between the Rev. Theophilus Hastings and Betsy Warner. 'My name (ex-

claimed the lady from an adjoining pew) is *Elizabeth*, and they were married accordingly."

Keeping still to clerical anecdotes,—

"The Rev. Henry Venn, passing through Worcester, asked the innkeeper who was vicar, and as he should stay the next day (Sunday), whether he would be glad of assistance? 'Oh! yes, (says the landlord) I dare say he will be glad to have his duty done.' 'Then carry my compliments to him, and say a clergyman out of Yorkshire is passing, and is ready to read or preach for him, if he needs assistance.' Away went the landlord to the vicar.—'Gladly, (said his reverence) but what sort of a man is this Yorkshire clergyman—there are Methodist vagrants, you know—ah!' The innkeeper laughed, shook his head, and said, 'Ah! sir, only look at his face and nose, and you will see he is not one of that sort.' 'Well, (said the vicar) let him come to me in the morning, and then I shall see whether I like him to preach or pray.' The next morning, Mr. Venn waited upon his reverend brother. 'Sir, you are from Yorkshire—will you drink a dram this morning?' 'I have no objection.' The bottle came from the closet, and Mr. Venn's character was now decided. 'Sir, you will preach for me this morning?' 'With pleasure.' Robed and ready they parted to the church—Mr. Venn to the pulpit. There, his Bible no sooner opened than the congregation stared, and the vicar hid his face in his surplice. The energetic truth awakened up an attention to which that congregation had been little accustomed. The vicar did not wait to thank him, he bolted out of the church the moment the service was ended, and left Mr. Venn to retire to his inn alone."

Another,—

"Dr. Stonhouse is said to have been one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over? 'None,' said the other. 'I thought you had, (said Garrick) on seeing you enter the reading desk in such a hurry.' 'Nothing (added he) can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible.' He next asked the Doctor 'What books he had in the desk before him?' 'Only the Bible and Prayer-book.' 'Only the Bible and Prayer-book, (replied the player) why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger.' The Doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove."

And another,—

"The venerable Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, being in the habit of preaching frequently, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and meeting him said, 'John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?'

John, with some hesitation, replied, 'My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists, and I understood their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since.' The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect—'God bless you, and go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul!' An instance of episcopal candour like this is well worth recording."

And another,—

"Archbishop Secker, when laid on his couch with a broken thigh, was visited at Lambeth by Mr. Talbot, Vicar of St. Giles's, Reading, who had lived in great intimacy with him, and received his preference from him. 'You will pray with me, Talbot!' said the Archbishop, during this interview. Mr. Talbot rose and went to look for a prayer-book. 'That is not what I want now, (said the dying prelate) kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to do.' With which command this zealous man of God readily complied, and prayed earnestly from his heart for his dying friend, whom he saw no more."

Beau Nash and John Wesley:—

"When Mr. Wesley was preaching at Bath, Beau Nash entered the room, and approaching the preacher, demanded by what authority he was acting? Mr. Wesley answered, 'By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me and said—*Take thou authority to preach the Gospel!*' Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to law. 'Besides, (said he) your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' replied Mr. Wesley, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No,' said the Master of the Ceremonies. 'How then can you judge of what you have never heard?' 'By common report,' replied the Beau. 'Sir,' said Mr. Wesley, 'is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report.' Nash finding himself a different person in the meeting house from what he was in the pump room, thought best to withdraw."

The Player and the Preacher:—

"The Rev. J. Kinsman one day meeting Shuter, the actor, in Portsmouth, said he had been preaching so often and to such large congregations, that Dr. Fothergill advised a change of air to avert a threatened illness. 'And I,' said Shuter, 'have been acting till ready to die; but, oh, how different our conditions! Had you fallen it would have been in the service of God; but in whose service have my powers been wasted! I dread to think of it. I certainly had a call once, while studying my part in the park, and had Mr. Whitfield received me at the Lord's Table, I never should have gone back; but the caresses of the great, who, when unhappy, want Shuter to make them laugh, are too seducing. There is a good and moral play to-night, but no sooner is it over, than I come in with my farce of *A Dish of All Sorts*, and knock all the moral on the head."

Whitfield did bold things:—

"An officer in Glasgow, who had heard Mr. Whitfield preach, laid a wager with another, that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something: the other, to make sure, laid all the money out of his pockets; but before he left the church he was glad to borrow

some and lose his bet. On another occasion, Mr. Whitfield preached in behalf of the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, which had been burned down, and collected for them *six hundred pounds*. After the sermon, Whitfield said, 'We shall sing a hymn, during which, those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion may sneak off.' No one stirred: he got down from the pulpit, and ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above sum."

Whitfield did cruel things:

"Among Mr. Whitfield's frequent hearers at the Tabernacle was Shuter the comedian, then in the height of his reputation as the representative of *Ramble*. On one occasion, he was seated in the pew exactly opposite the pulpit, and while Mr. Whitfield, in his energetic address, was inviting sinners to the Saviour, he fixed his eyes on Shuter, saying—'And thou poor *Ramble*, who hast long rambled from him. Come thou also. O, end thy ramblings by coming to Jesus.' Shuter was exceedingly struck, and afterwards, coming to Mr. Whitfield, said, 'I thought I should have fainted—how could you serve me so?'"

Which of the two displayed most Christian meekness and charity in this case? But we must come to Lady Huntingdon more closely. We are told that she forbade the publication of her papers, and that her charities were principally distributed through the medium of her chaplains, so as to baffle the curiosity of those who desired to discover what were the motives for such extraordinary conduct in one of her class; these charities in the course of her life amounting to a *hundred thousand pounds*; for the extension, it is added of peculiar religious opinions, which seems to be in some respect a distinct motive from charity, although resolvable in the issue to the most benevolent of all springs of action. Her generosity however does not appear to have been always coupled with the truest wisdom; but the failing was to virtue's side:—

"Such was her Ladyship's bounty that she actually gave to every one who asked her, until her stock being quite exhausted she was destitute. At length it became really necessary to conceal cases from her. On one occasion Captain Scott, one of her preachers, with other ministers, having a case presented to them, and believing that the good Countess would give, though she could ill afford it, resolved not to acquaint her with it. By some means, however, her Ladyship heard of the case, and likewise the combination, and the moment she saw Captain Scott, she burst into tears, and exclaimed—'I have never taken anything ill at your hands before; but this I think very unkind!' She gave a hundred pounds to the case."

See what was her conduct and firmness in more worldly matters:—

"At one period of her life, Lady Huntingdon appears to have been much occupied with political questions. Her sentiments were conformable with those of Sir Robert Walpole and his administration; and she was much connected with the courtiers of that day. A little incident which occurred at this period will serve to mark the natural ardour of her character. There were some stormy debates in the House of Lords, in May, 1738, on the depredations

of the Spaniards, in which Lord Huntingdon, Lord Hervey, and others of his intimate friends took a leading part. Her Ladyship expressed her intention of being present, though ladies were excluded. 'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, (says Lady Mary Wortley Montague) it was unanimously resolved there should be no unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show, on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarves, and lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I looked upon them to be the boldest assertors and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Sanderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, 'pushed' at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired Sir William to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore he would not admit them. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered, they would come in, in spite of the chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out: an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers: they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then plying volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, with so much violence against the door that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a silence of half a hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, (the Commons also being very impatient to enter,) gave orders for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases,) but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts, which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke so miserably."

Bolingbroke and Calvinism:—

"Lord Bolingbroke was one day sitting in his house at Battersea, reading Calvin's 'Institutes,' when he received a morning visit from Dr. Church. After the usual salutations, he asked the Doctor if he could guess what the book was which then lay before him; 'and which, (says Lord Bolingbroke,) I have been studying?' 'No, really my Lord, I cannot,' quoth the Doctor. 'It is Calvin's 'Institutes,' said Lord Bolingbroke. 'What do you think of these matters?' Doctor, 'Oh, my Lord, we don't think about such antiquated stuff; we teach the plain doctrines of virtue and morality, and have long laid aside those abstruse points about grace.'

'Look you, Doctor,' (said Lord Bolingbroke) 'you know I don't believe the Bible to be a divine revelation; but they who do, can never defend it on any principles but the doctrine of grace. To say truth, I have at times been almost persuaded to believe it upon this view of things; and there is one argument which has gone very far with me in behalf of its authenticity, which is, that the belief in it exists upon earth, even when committed to the care of such as you, who pretend to believe it, and yet deny the only principles on which it is defensible.'"

A sceptic's death-bed; Chesterfield is the person:—

"I saw my dear and valued friend (says Lady Huntingdon) a short time before his departure. The blackness of darkness, accompanied by every gloomy horror, thickened most awfully round his dying moments. Dear Lady Chesterfield could not be persuaded to leave his room for an instant. What unmitigated anguish has she endured, but her confidential communications I am not at liberty to disclose. The curtain has fallen—his mortal part has passed to another state of existence. Oh! my soul, come not thou unto this end.' Lord Chesterfield's infidelity is too well known to require much comment."

Her Ladyship was a frequent comforter to the sick and dying; and the amiability of her disposition as well as charitable sentiments must have rendered her visits doubly welcome. A physician:—

"Was visited by Lady Huntingdon a few days before he died. He lamented, not only his own past infidelity, but the zeal and success with which he had endeavoured to infect the minds of others. 'O that I could undo the mischief I have done! I was more ardent to poison people with the principles of irreligion and unbelief, than almost any Christian can be to spread the doctrines of Christ.' 'Cheer up! (answered Lady Huntingdon) Jesus, the great sacrifice for sin, atoned for the sins of the second table as well as those of the first. 'God (replied he) certainly can, but I fear never will, pardon such a wretch as I.' 'You may feel it at present (rejoined the Countess) but you and I shall most certainly meet each other in heaven.' The doctor then said, 'O woman! great is thy faith! my faith cannot believe that I shall ever be there.'"

Here is a touching passage in a poet's life:—

"The author of the '*Night Thoughts*,' had married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield. Mrs. Temple, daughter of Lady Elizabeth, by her former husband, died of consumption two years after her marriage with Mr. Temple, (grand-father of the present Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston.) As the Doctor saw her gradually declining, he used frequently to walk backwards and forwards in a place called the King's Garden, to find the most solitary spot where he might show his last token of affection, by leaving her remains as secure as possible from those savages who would have denied her Christian burial; for at that time, an Englishman in France was looked upon as an heretic, an infidel, or a devil. The under-gardener being bribed, pointed out the most solitary place, dug the grave, and let him bury his beloved daughter. The man, through a private door, admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his daughter wrapped in a sheet upon his shoulder, he laid her in the hole, sat down, and shed a flood of

tears over the remains of his dear Narcissa: 'With pious sacrilege a grave I stole.'"

Something more lively; but still it is about secrecy, and disguise:—

"In Lady Huntingdon's chapel (the Vineyards) Bath, was a seat for *Bishops*. The witty and eccentric Lady Betty Cobbe was cousin-german to Lady Huntingdon: her influence was extensive and frequently exerted in bringing Bishops to the Chapel, whom she always contrived to *smuggle* into the *curtained seats* immediately inside the door, where they heard without undergoing the dreadful disgrace of being seen in such a place. This seat Lady Betty facetiously termed '*Nicodemus's Corner*!'"

We conclude with some particulars that concern the Hastings family:—

"The late Flora Hastings was grand-daughter of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of the Countess of Huntingdon. In early life she was much admired at Court for elegance of manners, her vivacity, and great abilities. Lady Elizabeth was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, sisters to George the Third. Horace Walpole, the celebrated Lord Orford, says 'The Queen of the Methodists got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays.' Whether this is the real cause we do not pretend to know; but she was shortly succeeded by a daughter of Earl Gower. Lady Elizabeth Hastings married, in 1752, John, first Earl of Moira, and on the decease of her brother, Francis, tenth Earl of Huntingdon, in 1789, carried the baronies by *writ*, Botreaux, Hungerford, Molines, and Hastings, to that family. Her grandson, George-Augustus-Francis, the present Marquis of Hastings, married Barbary Gray de Ruthyn, heir to the whole blood of the Earls of Pembroke and the elder branch of the House of Hastings. The Marquis's infant son is heir to *three* noble families—namely, the Marquisate of Hastings, the Scotch Earldom of Loudon, and the Barony of Ruthyn. Lady Elizabeth Hastings bore Queen Charlotte's train at her Coronation—her grand-daughter, Lady Flora Hastings, bore Queen Victoria's train at the late Coronation."

From the Retrospective Review.

SIR T. BROWNE ON URN BURIAL.

Hydriotaphia, Urn Burial, or, a discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk. By Thomas Browne, Dr. of Physic. London, printed for Charles Brome, 1686.

There are few writers who have taken for their especial themes, death and the grave. Still fewer are they who have done justice to these subjects, so sublime and fearful. The poets and philosophers, indeed, all make no small use of the last solemn period to earthly enjoyments and hopes. It not only deepens the speculations of sages, and sheds a melancholy hue over the images of tragic poets, but heightens the feeling breathed forth in gay and festive songs. The fragility of delight is one of its most bewitching attributes. We desire to grasp earnestly, that which is soon to pass away for ever. We feel

as if we could make up in intensity for that which is wanting in duration, and live whole ages in a few short hours. All the affections of the human heart are rendered more august and sacred, by the mortality of the frame which is their present abode. This ever counteracts their tendency to cling to material objects, to grow to the delights of sense, and to lose their noblest and most disinterested qualities in the feeling of full satisfaction in those things which form but their temporary resting places, and refreshments in this palpable yet shifting scene. Destined to an eternity on earth, they might harden into a selfishness which would debase their essence. But when he who feels them recognizes his own mortality and their eternal nature—when he knows that all sensual gratifications must perish, but that they shall endure—he nurtures them for their high and supernatural destiny. In the spirit of immortality, he cherishes sentiments of devotion and self-sacrifice, learns to live beyond himself, and, denied the immediate range of those regions in which hereafter he will be a free traveller, seeks fit walk for his spirit among the ranks of humanity, and claims deep kindred with those who are journeying through earth with the same hopes and foretastes. Death imparts its most intense interest to life. It preserves to the spiritual part of man its own high prerogatives. Our sense of the majesty of the soul arises from its contrast with the perishableness of our mortal nature. We do reverence to that within us which is eternal. We find no perfection, no completeness, in pleasure, except when the feeling of eternity blends with and consecrates the joy. Thus the delights of innocent and deep-hearted love are the sweetest we can know in this world; because its fleeting enjoyments are heightened by sentiments which cannot die; because there are some pulses of rapture in its delights, which death cannot bid to pause; because it unites the spirit of both worlds, the delicacies of earth, with the pure and far-reaching emotions of Heaven. Frequent use, therefore, hath been made of the mortality of man by poets and sages. They have delighted to shew the superiority of the soul over its mortal destiny. They have consecrated this world by representing it as the vestibule of one which shall endure for ever. They have taught us to listen to echoes from beyond the grave, and have shed over our earthly path "glimpses which may make us less forlorn." But they have, for the most part, regarded death only as the barrier between the shadows of this world, and the invisible realities of another. They have not taken the awful subject as the sole or chief ground of their contemplations. They have rather sought to soften it away—to represent it as a general slumber—or to make us feel it but as the dividing streak between our visible horizon and that more clear and unstained hemisphere, on which the sun of human existence rises, when it dips behind the remotest hills of earthly vision with all its livery of declining glories.

But Sir Thomas Browne, in the work before us, hath dared to take the grave itself for his theme. He deals not with death as a shadow, but as a substantial reality. He dwells not on it as the mere cessation of life—he treats it not as a terrible negation—but enters on its discussion as a state with its own solemnities and pomps. Others who have professed to write on death, have treated merely of dying.

They have fearfully described the reading asunder of soul and body—the last farewell to existence—and the state of the spirit in its range through new and untried scenes of rapture or of woe. Some have individualized the theme, and written of death in relation only to particular persons or classes who become its victims. Those who regard it more universally and intensely—as Blair and Young—yet look but on its surface. They are conversant only with cypresses, yew trees, and grave stones, or hint at superstitions which endow the dead with life, and endue the tomb with something of vitality. Sir Thomas Browne alone treats of death as one subdued to its very essence. He encounters the tyrant, and "plucks out the heart of his mystery." He speaks not of the agonies of dissolution; but regards the destroyer only when he is laden with his spoils, and the subjects of his victory are at rest. The region of his imagination is that space beneath the surface of the world, where the bones of all generations repose. His fancy works beneath the ground its way from tomb to tomb, rests on each variety of burial, ennobs the naked clay of the peasant, expands in the sepulchres of kings, and, skimming beneath the deepest caverns of the sea, detects the unvalued jewels "in those holes which eyes did once inhabit." The language of his essay is weighty, yet tender, such as his theme should inspire. We can imagine nothing graver. His words are sepulchral—his ornaments are flowers of mortality. If his essay were read by Mr. Kemble, it would have appropriate voice, breathed forth in the tenderest of sepulchral tones, with cadences solemn and sweet as the last tremblings of good men's lives.

The immediate occasion which called forth the deep and noble effusion we are now to contemplate, is thus related by its author:

"In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were dugged up between forty and fifty Urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another: Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion. Besides the extraordinary substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

"Near the same plot of ground, for about six yard's compass, were dugged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the Ustrina or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the manes, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the ææ and altars unto the gods and heroes above it."

Thus inspired, he pours forth, without particular order or design, his richest treasures of imagery and thought. These may be divided into two classes—those learned commentaries which relate to modes of interment, and those intense reflections which he makes on death, life, and duration.

He opens the subjects with a general survey or map of the earthy region through which he is about to conduct us:

"In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who, if two or three yards were open 'about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi, and re-

gions toward the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coyns, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

"Though if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their reliques as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves."

Here his genius seems to make its way through the softened mould. We feel as if we could be delighted to grope all our lives about the roots of vegetables for the treasures of time which lie so near us. How sublimely does he, in his antiquarian zeal, represent America as when undiscovered "a buried antiquity," and expand his subject to the limits of the world! With what rich conceit does he allude to the solemnities of our frame, and with what a placid and smiling allusion does he insinuate our hopes of rising from the tomb! When he discusses modes of burial, instead of dwelling with fondness on one of them, he dignifies them all. He treats burial superstitions, however fantastic, as most holy. Assuming with a philosophic charity, that "all customs were founded on some bottom of reason," he finds traces of noble imagination, or deep wisdom, in the most opposite rites and ceremonies. "Some," says he,

"Being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relentment. Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus. And therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them towards that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition."

"Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the æthereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution."

And again:

"The Scythians who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air. And the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their grave: thereby declining visible corruption,

and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes in Homer, dreading nothing more than water or drowning; probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus."

The following appears to us some of the most beautiful moralizing ever drawn from funeral solemnities.

"Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights, requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was an handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapt them in linen, and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes toward heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral-pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians which deck their coffins with bays have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seemed dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsiccous leaves resume their verdure again; which if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in church yards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture."

Young, in one of his cold conceits, exclaims, "How populous, how vital is the grave!" in reference merely to the obvious truth, that the number of the dead exceeds that of the living. Sir Thomas Browne, by his intense earnestness and vivid solemnity, seems really to endow the grave itself with life. He does not linger in the valley of the shadow of death, but enters within the portals, where the regal destroyer keeps his awful state; and yet there is nothing thin, airy, or unsubstantial—nothing ghostly or shocking—in his works. He unveils, with a reverent touch, the material treasures of the sepulchre; he describes these with the learning of an antiquary; moralizes on them with the wisdom of a philosopher; broods over them with the tenderness of an enthusiast; and associates with them sweet and congenial images, with the fancy of a poet. He is the laureat of the king of terrors; and most nobly does he celebrate the earthly magnificence of his kingdom. He discovers consolations not only in the hopes of immortality, but in the dusty and sad ornaments of the tomb. How richly does he speak of the liquors found in old sepulchres, as if death were the chief butler of time, and preserved patriarchal flavours within his vaults!

"Some find sepulchral vessels containing liquors, which time hath incrassated into gellies. For beside

these lachrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries. And some yet retaining a vinity and spirit in them, which if any have tasted they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity. Liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consular date were but crude unto these, and opimian wine but in the must unto them."

How intense is the following passage, relative to the mingling of bones in the same urn!

"Some finding many fragments of skulls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones; in none we searched was there cause of such conjecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice. The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia: of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones, passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names. And many were so curious to continue their living relations, that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them."

Never surely by any other writer was sentiment thus put into dry bones. Ashes here seem endowed with living passion. The imagination rests satisfied with the neighbourhood of bodies in the grave, and with the mere touching of names. Sir Thomas Browne ennobles and consecrates whatever he touches. He makes us feel that magnitude is not necessary to venerableness, for in his works, things which before appeared insignificant, impress us with an awful grandeur. He requires not a vast or gigantic object to stir and affect him. He perceives the high attributes of the smallest things—the antiquity and the consecration which they share with the mightiest—and renders an urn or a pyramid equal to the mind. His power, like that of death, levels distinctions; for he looks into the soul of things, instead of contemplating merely their external forms. Can anything be said of the ruins of Babylon equal to the following celebration of a few sepulchral urns? "Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of play, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques, or might not gladly say,

"*Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?*"

"Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments." Thus, by showing that the lowliest things have consecrating associations equal to the stateliest, he vindicates to Nature and Time, those regalities which we are prone to attribute to stupendous remains of human skill, as if they appertained to them as inherent properties, and were not merely shed on them by hallowing years.

But Sir Thomas Browne finds matter of deeper speculation in the regions of the grave, than any to which we have yet particularly alluded. He derives the nobleness of our nature, even from its mortality on earth. In the most opposite ceremonials, he traces the spirit of a higher and more perfect life. Thus he treats the disregard of interment, as evincing a sense that the frame was but the shell of a finer essence, and the solemnities of burial as proving that man, in extending his cares beyond death, displays the instinct of future being. Every thing with him has a profound and sacred meaning. He embodies the abstractions of humanity in the stateliest forms, elevating even the brevity of existence into a distinct being, and endowing it with venerable attributes. Past and Present, Life and Dissolution, Time and Immortality, seem to meet in his works, as in a fane, "for festal purpose decked with unrejoicing berries!" He thus immortalizes transitoriness, and makes oblivion sublime:

"Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and *who knows when was the equinox?* Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation."

Can anything be more ingenious, yet more solemn, more quaint, yet more impressive, than the following dissuasive from anxiety for earthly renown?

"Restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations. And being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment."

What reflections can be more strange, yet more familiar, than the following speculations on human life; entering into the deepest solemnities of our mortal being, and daring to take advantage of those riddles of humanity, which meaner moralists scarce venture to imagine?

"If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying—when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politically cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alomem's nights, [one night as long as three] and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the mal-content of Job, who cursed not the days of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being; although he had lived here but in a hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

"What song the Syrens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietors of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism—not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, *except we consult the Provincial Guardians, or Tutelary Observators.* Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation; but to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities; antidotes against pride, vain glory and madding vices. Pagan vain glories which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain glories, who acting early and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector."

He proceeds to argue against the passionate desire of fame, from the slender relics which it usually embalms of its followers. "To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like some of the mummies, are cold consolations to the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages." He unmasks the frigid ambition of those who desire merely to be known as having been. "Who," he demands, "cares to submit like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts or noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *Entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous his-

tory." What moral sublimity is here! And with how noble a glimpse into the night of forgotten things—a half lifting of the veil of oblivion—does he ask, "who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?" Having, with farther richness of illustration, and quaint philosophy, shown the uncertainty of all human memorials of the dead, he holds a question with man's immortality after death, and retaining all reverential belief in future life, yet seems to hesitate whether God hath promised a duration absolutely endless. From this high speculation, he recalls himself to the nobleness of man, as evinced by the solemnities of burial, taking the gravestone for his faith to lean on, and for his hope's moveless resting place—"But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, and not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

How stupendous is the following moralizing on human afflictions, on the Pythagorean phantasies, on Egyptian contrivances for preservation of the earthly frame, and on the vain hopes of men to perpetuate their memories in the changeless movements of the stars.

"Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories; while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make no part of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes, or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy has become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam.

"In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and

Gayris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phæton's favour, would make clear conviction."

Sir Thomas Browne has been contrasted with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who like him wrote on death, and delighted to contemplate the symbols of man's decay. But no two things can be more opposite than their modes of treating the sacred theme. Jeremy Taylor broods only over the surface of the subject, and tinges it with roseate hues. He enters not the recesses of the grave, but moralizes at its entrance. While Sir Thomas Browne rakes among the bones for some strange relic in the deep bed of mortality; the most Christian of bishops gently gathers the sweet flowers which peep forth on the green above it. The former ransacks antiquity, and the hidden corners of strange learning for his illustrations; the latter steals the ready smile of some sleeping child, or the modest bloom of a virgin cheek. The imagination of Sir Thomas Browne reflects the faded forms of old, half-forgotten things; that of Jeremy Taylor is overspread with the blushing tints of aerial beauty, like a lake beneath the sweetest sky of evening, in which the very multitude of lovely shadows prevent any one clear and majestic image from appearing unbroken. The first carries us out of ourselves into the grand abstractions of our nature; the last touches the pulses of individual joy, and awakens delicious musings and indistinct emotions of serious delight, such "as make a chrysome child to smile." In the works of Browne, we hear "ancestral voices; in those of Taylor, we listen to the sweet warblings of the angelic choir. Sir Thomas Browne does not shed sweet radiance on the stream of life—but he fathoms its most awful deeps, and thence discovers, that it rises not within the horizon of sense, but hath its source in other worlds, and will continue its mystic windings far beyond the shadows of death, which limit our present vision.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE PENTAMERON AND PENTALOGIA.

When we read the *Pentameron* on its first appearance, now two years ago, it hardly seemed to require notice at our hands, as we had shortly before devoted a considerable space in this journal to Mr. Landor's writings generally, and in particular to the long series of his *Imaginary Conversations*. Taking up the volume, however, for the purpose of comparing some of its criticisms on Dante with Mr. Merivale's, we found that we could not lay it down until we had read it all over again, and by that time we had marked so many passages, that though we have no intention of going into another formal criticism, we consider it as due to Mr. Landor that we should thank him for the pleasure his new dialogues have afforded us, and to our readers that we should invite their attention to some of the striking thoughts, images, and expressions scattered profusely over a little work which has as yet attained only a very

small circulation—nay which, we apprehend, might almost be said to have fallen still-born from the press.

Boccaccio is supposed to be visited, during his recovery from an illness towards the close of his life, by Petrarch; and they converse together during *five days*, on such subjects as Mr. Landor might justly imagine to have occupied, under such circumstances, these gentle and generous friends:

[We omit a large part of the body of the article, and proceed to copy some extracts from Mr. Landor's work, and the concluding passage of the Review.]—ED. OF THE MUSEUM.

Indeed the balance in which works of the highest merit are weighed, vibrates long before it is finally adjusted. Even the most judicious men have formed injudicious opinions on the living and the recently deceased. Bacon and Hooker could not estimate Shakspeare, nor could Taylor and Barrow give Milton his just award. Cowley and Dryden were preferred to both, by a great majority of the learned. Many, although they believe they discover in a contemporary the qualities which elevate him above the rest, yet hesitate to acknowledge it; part, because they are fearful of censure for singularity, part, because they differ from him in politics or religion, and part, because they delight in hiding, like dogs and foxes, what they can at any time surreptitiously draw out for their sullen solitary repast. Such persons have little delight in the glory of our country, and would hear with disapprobation and moroseness it has produced four men so pre-eminently great, that no name, modern or ancient, can stand very near the lowest: these are, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and Newton. Beneath the least of these (if any one can tell which is least) are Homer and Aristotles; who are unquestionably the next. Out of Greece and England, Dante is the only man of the first order; such he is, with all his imperfections. Less ardent and energetic, but having no less at command the depths of thought and treasures of fancy, beyond him in variety, animation, and interest, beyond him in touches of nature and truth of character, is Boccaccio. Yet he believed his genius was immeasurably inferior to Alighieri's; and it would have surprised and pained him to find himself preferred to his friend Petrarca; which indeed did not happen in his lifetime. . . . Two contemporaries so powerful in interesting our best affections, as Giovanni and Francesco, never existed before or since. Petrarca was honoured and beloved by all conditions. He collated with the student and investigator, he planted with the husbandman, he was the counsellor of kings, the reprover of pontiffs, and the pacificator of nations. Boccaccio, who never had occasion to sigh for solitude, never sighed in it: there was his station, there his studies, there his happiness. In the vivacity and versatility of imagination, in the narrative, in the descriptive, in the playful, in the pathetic, the world never saw his equal, until the sunrise of our Shakspeare. Ariosto and Spenser may stand at no great distance from him in the shadowy and unsubstantial; but multifarious Man was utterly unknown to them. The human heart, through all its foldings, vibrates to Boccaccio.

Happy the man who carries love with him in his opening day! He never loses its freshness in the meridian of life, nor its happier influence in the

later hour. If Dante enthroned his Beatrice, in the highest heaven, it was Beatrice who conducted him thither. Love, preceding passion, ensures, sanctifies, and I would say, survives it, were it not rather an absorption and transfiguration into its own most perfect purity and holiness. * * * * *

Look into that chest of letters, out of which I took several of yours, to run over, yester-morning. All those of a friend whom we have lost, to say nothing of a tenderer affection, touch us sensibly, be the subject what it may. When, in taking them out to read again, we happen to come upon him in some pleasant mood, it is then the dead man's hand is at the heart. Opening the same paper long afterward, can we wonder if a tear has raised its little island in it? Leave me the memory of all my friends, even of the ungrateful! They must remind me of some kind feeling; and perhaps of theirs; and for that very reason they deserve another. It was not my fault if they turned out less worthy than I hoped and fancied them. Yet half the world complains of ingratitude, and the remaining half of envy.

"*Petrarca*.—O Giovanni! the heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain retains the pulse of youth for ever. Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands: the colourless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.

"*Boccaccio*.—We may well believe it; and, believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour; when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase, because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind.

"The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows."

"I do not think Dante is any more the equal of Homer than Hercules is the equal of Apollo: though Hercules may display more muscles, yet Apollo is the powerfuller, without any display of them at all."

"The *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, the *Paradiso*, are pictures from the walls of our churches and chapels and monasteries, some painted by Giotto and Camabue, some earlier. In several of these we detect not only the cruelty, but likewise the satire and indecency of Dante. Sometimes there is also his vigour and simplicity, but oftener his harshness and meagerness and disproportion. I am afraid the good Alighieri, like his friends the painters, was inclined to think the angels were created only to flagellate and burn us; and Paradise only for us to be driven out of it.

"In the *Odyssey* the mind is perpetually relieved by variety of scene and character. There are vices enough in it, but rising from lofty or from powerful passions, and under the veil of mystery and poetry; there are virtues too, enough, and human and definite and practicable. We have man, although a shade,

in his own features, in his own dimensions: he appears before us neither cramped by systems nor jaundiced by schools; no savage, no cit, no cannibal, no doctor. Vigorous and elastic, he is such as poetry saw him first; he is such as poetry would ever see him. In Dante, the greater part of those who are not degraded are debilitated and distorted. No heart swells here, either for overpowered valour or for unrequited love. In the shades alone, but in the shades of Homer, does Ajax rise to his full loftiness: in the shades alone, but in the shades of Virgil, is Dido the arbitress of our tears."

"Middling men favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them; great men always of lower. Time, the sovereign, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations: in these alone are they deposited!"

"A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry; eloquence is never so unwelcome as when it issues from a familiar voice; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance."

"All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice. We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry; a quality so rare, that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it."

"Cicero changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar, the dictator, he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge."

"The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled: these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart."

"A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at least to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread."

"I do not think Ovid the best poet that ever lived, but I think he wrote the most of good poetry, and, in proportion to its quantity, the least of bad or indifferent. He wants on many occasions the gravity of Virgil; he wants on all the variety of cadence; but

it is a very mistaken notion that he either has heavier faults or more numerous. His natural air of levity, his unequalled and unfailing ease, have always made the contrary opinion prevalent. Errors and faults are readily supposed, in literature as in life, where there is much gaiety; and the appearance of ease, among those who never could acquire or understand it, excites a suspicion of negligence and faultiness. Of all the ancient Romans, Ovid had the finest imagination: he likewise had the truest tact in judging the poetry of his contemporaries and predecessors. Compare his estimate with Quintilian's of the same writers, and this will strike you forcibly. He was the only one of his countrymen who could justly appreciate the labours of Lucretius.

"Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras quum dabat una dies."

And the kindness with which he rests on all the others shows a benignity of disposition which is often lamentably deficient in authors who write tenderly upon imaginary occasions.*

"Have you never observed that persons of high rank universally treat their equals with deference; and that ill-bred ones are often smart and captious? Even their words are uttered with a brisk and rapid air, a tone higher than the natural, to sustain the factitious consequence and vapouring independence they assume. Small critics and small poets take all this courage when they licentiously shut out the master."

"Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she swells too huge for the den she creeps into."

"There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty spots."

"We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet."

"Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses* for him, might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first classes, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers."

"Frequently, where there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own. I have shed tears on writings which never cost the writer a sigh, but which occasioned him to rub the palms of his hands together, until they were ready to strike fire, with satisfaction at having overcome the difficulty of being tender."

* Facit indignatio versum.—*Juv.*

'Crooked and cramp are truths written with chalk-stones.'

'Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see his children in the playground as in the schoolroom.'

The author, from whom such things as these drop every now and then, on whatever subject he is employed, stands at a wide distance from the fashionable purveyors of what is called light reading, to ourselves the most wearisome of all. Our readers will of course enjoy the fragments we have been detailing still more than they now do, when they come on them again in their rightful place and connexion; and, indeed, though there is hardly any story in the book, the characters of Petrarch and Boccaccio are developed, through the introduction of some humble persons and small incidents, with a skill and effect which nobody (undisturbed by chalk-stones) can fail to appreciate and admire. The book has its bitteresses, its insolences, and its bad jokes;—if it wanted these, many will reply, it could be none of Mr. Landor's—but the good and gentle elements in this case very largely predominate; and, we would gladly believe that a man of such masculine abilities, who has in him such wisdom and such humanity—such a fund of genuine tenderness of heart—will, as he advances in the vale of years, dismiss altogether the unhappy turbulences of temper that have hitherto, far more than any other circumstance whatever, interfered with the popular acceptance of his writings.

From the British and Foreign Review.

England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a Series of Letters never before printed. By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq., 2 vols.: London, Bently, 1839.

THIS book deserves notice on account of its own worth; but, if there be any foundation in truth for certain reports which have reached us, it is far more remarkable on account of consequences to which its publication has unexpectedly led. The author has illustrated the characters, conduct and motives of men in power during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, and this he designed to do; but it must be to him a source of no little astonishment, if, unintentionally and indirectly, he should have effected the very different purpose of developing and placing in a new light the characters of individuals who hold public stations at this moment!

The State-paper office, as is well known, has hitherto been accessible to literary men of established respectability, who applied for that privilege, and used it for the purpose of historical research. During his labours in this vast repository of long-neglected materials, to which he had recourse for documents illustrative of Scottish history, it occurred to Mr. Tytler that an acceptable service might be rendered to the literary world by editing certain letters and papers connected with the reigns of Edward VI. and

Mary; modernizing the orthography, also commenting on and arranging them in such manner, that his book, instead of being mere patchwork, should possess the interest of a regular narrative. Those readers who take delight in historical accuracy, and those who seek only for amusement, are generally the most opposite characters imaginable; but Mr. Tytler is prepared to gratify both parties; his work although principally made up of old documents, being as easily readable and almost as entertaining as the pages of a Waverley novel. Instead of the dulness often engendered by researches into a mass of archaeological materials, a playful *naïveté* for the most part characterizes his style, and it is obvious that (to adopt his own language) he has "loved the historical muse, not from any lower motive, but for her own sake." His work is obviously that of a gentleman and scholar, who writes with a mind entirely free from party prejudices, either religious or political, and uninfluenced by self-interest; to whom, certainly, the question never once presented itself whether his publications were or were not adapted to the peculiar tastes and views of individuals connected with the State-paper office.

On general principles, nothing assuredly could appear more improbable than that a book like the one now before us could give offence to any mortal. So bitterly distasteful however, *it is said*, has Mr. Tytler's productions been found in certain quarters, that the utmost efforts have been used to prevent his having freedom of access in future to the State-paper office. For such efforts, indeed, it may be suggested that there exists *one* very intelligible cause, in the shape of sundry quartos already given to the public, by persons connected with the office, and who perhaps cannot be expected to regard with good will an author whose mode of treating old papers happens to contrast strongly with their own. But the *on dit* goes further—to the extent even, that the continuance of Mr. Tytler's labours, for the illustration of English history, though not as regards Scotland, has actually been interdicted; and this upon no better ground than because the work he has already published has not been so fortunate as to obtain the critical approbation of those gentlemen who are officially attached to this public repository.

Were this *on dit* founded in fact, the supposition (however ridiculous) would then be inevitable, that the late right-honourable Home Secretary had, on the part of her Majesty's Government, reasoned as follows: "We grant that a literary gentleman may have permission to consult and transcribe state papers for historical purposes; but should the works which he may thereafter publish not accord with the views and opinions (self-interests of course must not be named) of the gentlemen employed as keepers of those records, and who have themselves published sundry volumes, we ought at once to interdict his future access to such materials." Inasmuch as we cannot conceive that, by any possible stretch of ingenuity, a determination like this can be reconciled with fairness, or justice, or common sense, far less with the principles of a liberal minister and enlightened scholar, it is almost superfluous to say that we disbelieve the report, though the mere suggestion of such an interdict as a *possible* occurrence, seemed too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Yet that, in certain quarters, such a decision may have been

wished for, we fear is but too possible; and could it have taken place, the result of so novel and unheard of an act, used henceforth as a precedent, would obviously and inevitably be the absolute closing of the State-paper office in future against the researches of every author who did not wear the badge and possess the sanction of a certain *clique*!

For, be it observed, if there were any plausible accusation against Mr. Tytler, if, for example, errors were imputable to his transcripts, the most effectual check to his future labours would be a public exposure of those errors; this being fully in the power of any official or literary man who is willing to collate the originals with the printed copy, publishing the result of his investigations. And be it remembered also, that, were such charges made, it becomes a bounden duty on the part of Mr. Tytler's accusers, a duty of which the public with right *claim* the fulfilment, that the said charges should be thoroughly investigated; and this upon national grounds, compared to which the interests or tastes of private individuals weigh not even as a straw in the balance. But when we recollect that, according to rumor, Mr. Tytler's future illustrations, drawn from State-paper evidence, are, forsooth, interdicted as regards *English* history, but are still sanctioned as regards that of *Scotland*, the inconsistency and absurdity become so palpable and enormous, that, were it not for the national question suggested by this particular case, we should regret having bestowed so many words on the subject.

With regard to the license which Mr. Tytler allows himself of modernizing the orthography, obvious as are the objections to this method, we conceive that these lose their force, when the task is in the hands of a practised scholar, a keen antiquarian and conscientious stickler for accuracy and truth. We require the precise words, but surely we need not the bad spelling, any more than the bad hand-writing, of the original. In documents of particular importance, however—for example, the autograph diary of Edward VI.—Mr. Tytler has even gone the length of having types cast on purpose to express erasures or ambiguous alterations in the manuscript.

The result of all this is, that instead of giving merely his own notions of the motives and sentiments of his characters, instead of rashly imputing to them purposes which they perhaps never entertained, or following submissively the track of other historians, Mr. Tytler makes his heroes and heroines speak for themselves in their own words, copied from their own handwriting. It may be a truism, but it is an important one, that accuracy among historians is almost equally rare with purity of motive in politicians. Prejudice and indolence sway the former, as passion and self-interest the latter; besides, original documentary evidence is not to be obtained without advantages which few can possess, or without labour which very few can undergo. Yet if the historian happens once to have got a name, his *dicta* are undisputed, and others follow him like a flock of sheep, however inaccurate he may be; indeed the further wrong he goes upon certain points the more likely he is to be credited.

"There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon history, which have become part of the national belief; they may have been hastily or superficially assumed; they may be

proved by as good evidence as the case admits of to be erroneous; but they are fondly clung to, screwed and dove-tailed into the mind of the people, and to attack them is a historical heresy."

It is almost superfluous to observe, that for such portions of the national belief the author of the volumes before us has no sort of respect, and that he breaks up such old strong-holds without mercy.

If truth be often "stranger than fiction," we may safely add as a corollary, that true history is in itself a severer libel against human nature than any which the satirist ever penned; and surely the arch-fiend himself never contrived more striking examples of the depravity and weakness of men, contending for power and pelf, than are afforded in records left by the actors themselves during these brief reigns of Edward VI. and Mary! Within this period, of only eleven years, fraud, treachery, avarice, venality, blood-thirsty malevolence, religious zeal displayed in such manner as to indicate that the disputants on both sides were rather possessed by the devil than actuated by the spirit of Christianity—all these and a hundred other hateful characteristics—were developed to their fullest extent, producing a chain of evil deeds and violent punishments, hardly paralleled in any other æra of equally short duration.

"Untainted motives, or perfect purity in public men are rare, perhaps impossible virtues in all times. Under Edward VI. the venality of judges and counsellors was extreme, and there was little affectation about the matter."—*Vol. i. p. 337.*

"We may easily imagine the feelings which would be generated in the bosom of a Secretary of State now-a-days, by the arrival of a pipe of claret at the door of the Home Office, with a letter entreating his good help and furtherance for the augmentation of some titled suitor. So completely," adds Mr. Tytler, "are times changed, and so infinitely more delicately are things now done."—*Vol. i. p. 338.*

This is a quaint conclusion of our author. The pithy humour of certain old worthies seems unconsciously to blend with his own style, and his accidental remarks afford a text from which a long discourse might be preached. It appears thereby that the same things are still done, viz. that the bribes are still given and accepted, which of course is going too far. Yet the proposition slightly modified becomes one with which we thoroughly agree. Vices which were overlooked through use and wont in the sixteenth century, become altogether intolerable as well as odious in the nineteenth. The *quantum* of moral turpitude, however, as indicated positively by bad actions, or negatively by the non-performance of good actions, is, *mutatis mutandis*, nearly the same in all ages. The matter is always there, though the form changes. At one period we burned so-styled witches, and we still imprison debtors. But taking the above passage from Mr. Tytler's work *au pied de la lettre*, would it not be a pleasant and edifying employment for some elderly "Turn-tippel" of our own æra to show the gradual refinement of corruption, and explain how much more elegantly a base trick can be played, or a dirty job managed, in the nineteenth than it was in the sixteenth century?

For introductory notices, let what we have already said suffice, our intention at present being merely to run over the contents of these volumes, that our

readers may judge how deserving they are of a place in every library of entertainment or instruction. Nor will the remarks suggested by these old records be wholly without practical worth, for they may at least benefit us, as the spectacle of the drunken slaves was supposed to enlighten the youth of Sparta. At present we perceive how the demons of party-spirit and prejudice, of power and pelf, which are hardly separable, have brought all public business to a dead lock, constitutional principles and the most desirable improvements being cast aside and trampled on in the struggle. In the sixteenth century we find the same destructive causes exhibiting their effects in different forms,—in fraud, treachery, venality and vindictive malevolence, for which it was scarcely thought requisite to wear a mask, and which led to perpetual acts of violence and perpetual change. Business did not stop indeed, for men in office caballed in such manner that they brought each other in rapid succession to the scaffold; so there was a *peripatia* with a vengeance, only alternating from bad to worse.

The plot, which Mr. Tytler divides into three acts or periods, opens with the hurry-scurry incident upon the death of Henry VIII., or we should say with Lord Hartford writing despatches at four in the morning; (29th Jan. 1547,) and lord chancellor Wriothesley soon afterwards weeping in the House of Lords, so that he cannot speak articulately. Of noblemen weeping upon state occasions we have several examples in these volumes, which are very edifying. In Lord Hartford's first despatches to his friend sir William Paget, we have it unequivocally declared that the late king's will is in his (Hartford's) own private keeping, and that he is resolved to be exceedingly cautious in the promulgation of it. In Mr. Tytler's words, he and his immediate associates

"opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with Henry's death, and they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hartford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged; and whilst parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made."—*Vol. i. p. 19.*

The second scene, if we may continue so to speak, is suggested by a letter from Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, dated about a week after the king's death: in this the right reverend father complains that to-morrow, when he and his parishioners "had agreed to have a solemn dirge for our late sovereign lord and master, certain players of my Lord of Oxford's do intend to have a solemn play, to try who shall have most resort, they in game, or I in earnest, which me-seemeth a marvellous contention."—*Vol. i. p. 21.* The bishop, though scandalized at this competition, could not, it appears, find out any certain means either of stopping the play or of preventing the concourse of people thereto; for, as Mr. Tytler again quaintly observes, the grief expressed by my lord chancellor Wriothesley "was not shared by the people, who were unsaturnal enough to rejoice on once more feeling their heads secure upon their shoulders." After the accession of Edward VI. this same weeping chancellor and this facetious but im-

mitigable bishop were looked on as the leaders of the Romish party. In queen Mary's time, alluding to the English exiles who had fled on account of their religion, the bishop elegantly said, "I will watch their supplies, so that they shall eat their nails, and then feed on their finger-ends." But "threatened folks," adds the same authority, "live long; and before the confessors "were brought to that bill of fare the bishop was eaten of worms himself."—*Vol. i. p. 23.* During the short reign of Edward VI., when Romanism was at a discount, Gardiner, as it may be remembered, fell into prison, whence in 1549 he complained as follows :

"My lords, I have continued here in this miserable prison now one year, one quarter and one month, this same day that I write these my letters, with want of air to relieve my body, want of books to relieve my mind, want of good company the only solace in this world, and finally want of a just cause why I should have come hither at all."

We introduce his plaint only for the sake of the reception it met with, which may serve as a generic formulary for the style in which persons in power usually treat applications, even from those of congenial character, who have once fallen into distress. "This letter the lords received in good part, laughed very merrily thereat, and said he had a pleasant head, but they took no steps for his enlargement."—*Vol. i. p. 108.*

Next comes on the field John Dudley, viscount Lisle, afterwards earl of Warwick and duke of Northumberland, who attached himself with great zeal to that faction which had so quietly made Hartford, better known as duke of Somerset, Lord Protector. That he afterwards should betray and imprison the man whom he had contributed to exalt, and by whom in return he was enriched, might be expected as a matter of course. Such conduct was *a la mode* in those days. We do things not absolutely dissimilar now; only, as Mr. Tytler observes, the management is infinitely more delicate.

During Edward's minority his council took special care to be rewarded for the great labour they bestowed on the affairs of the nation, and did enrich themselves most amply. They had no notion of that sort of patriotism which thinks more of public than private interests; and if they would not attend for nothing, neither would John of Warwick, in particular, devote his energies and influence to the Protector's cause without being well paid for it, and accordingly we find him driving bargains with Paget at the following rate.

"'Master Secretary,' says he, 'perchance some folks will allege considerations concerning the non-assignment of the lordship of Warwick, saying it is a stately castle, and a goodly park, and a great royalty. To this it may be answered the castle of itself is not able to lodge a good baron with his train; for all the one side of the said castle, with also the dungeon tower, is clearly ruined and down to the ground; and that of late the king's Majesty that dead is, hath sold all the chief and principal manors that belong unto the said earldom and castle; so at this present there is no lands belonging to it, but the rents of certain houses in the town, and certain meadows with the park of Wegenock. Of the which castle with the park, and also of the town, I am Con-

stable, high Steward and Master of the game, with also the herbage of the park during my life; and because of the name, *I am the more desirous to have the thing*; and also I am come of one of the daughters and heirs of the right and not defiled line. I will rebate part of my fees in my portion, to have the same castle, meadows and park. * * * * * And in case they will not condescend to me for the lordship of Warwick, as is aforesaid, I pray you then let me have Tunbridge and Penshurst, that was the Buckingham's lands in Kent as parcel of my portion, with also Hawlden that was my own; and whether I have the one or the other, let Canonsbury be our portion.'"—*Vol. i. p. 28.*

After this specimen of bargaining, or begging, on the part of a British peer and councillor in 1547, we come to two early letters of queen Mary, which give Mr. Tytler occasion to remark that her majesty's character has been considerably misrepresented. These letters are no doubt prepossessing, and contain applications to the duke and duchess of Somerset for pensions to certain old servants. But we suspect that most people are vastly amiable at one period of life, as kittens are before they grow up into cats, or patriots before they take possession of the treasury benches. Mr. Tytler succeeds very well in proving that the advisers about queen Mary, when in power, were worse than herself, and that by nature she was more weak than wicked. But so desirous is he of clearing away the clouds from her memory, that he even regrets being obliged to admit that she was ugly.

Next, by a short letter of the bishop of Westminster, we are transposed into the thick of the emperor Charles the Fifth's war against the protestants in Germany, when he defeated John Frederic, reigning elector of Saxony. This John was one of the noblest and most heroic spirits that ever existed. Charles, having taken him prisoner, treated him, as a matter of course, with contumely and cruelty.

"The Elector, soon after his being taken prisoner, gave a fine instance of that constancy and sweetness of disposition which could not be overcome by the severest reverses. Charles, immediately after the battle, besieged Wittenberg; in which town Sybilla of Cleves, Frederic's wife, with their children, had hoped to be safe, and which for a while defied the utmost efforts of the imperialists. To terrify the place into a surrender, the Emperor condemned John Frederick to death; trusting that his wife, Sybilla, would purchase his life by the delivery of the town. When informed of the sentence, he had just sat down to his favourite game of chess, and looking up he calmly observed, 'This blow is levelled not against me, but against Wittenberg and my poor wife. Would that Sybilla could bear such news as well as I can! What is the loss or gain of a few days to a worn-out old man? To me the sentence has no terrors! Come, Ernest,' said he, then cheerfully turning to the Duke of Brunswick, his antagonist at chess and his fellow-prisoner, 'come, for all this we shall not lose our game.'"—*Vol. i. p. 62.*

From politic motives Charles bestowed the now vacant electorate upon John's brother Maurice, although the latter was a Lutheran; for it was the emperor's plan at this juncture to hold out that he warred, not for the sake of religion, but of peace and

good order. That this Maurice should, five years afterwards, turn round on Charles and prove his most formidable enemy is no more than might be expected in those times, nor, according to the circumstances of the case, can he be blamed on that score. John lived to witness, in May 1552, the success of his brother's military talents against the emperor, who was then at Inspruck, in the Tyrol, superintending the deliberations of the Council of Trent. With such secrecy and rapidity were Maurice's movements then performed, that

"before Charles had time to retire, Maurice forced the famous passes of Ehrenberg; made prisoners a division of three thousand imperialists who defended them, and had nearly taken Cæsar himself, who was just sitting down to supper. He escaped however; but fled by torchlight from Inspruck with such precipitation that Maurice when he arrived found the imperial banquet still smoking on the table. Nor did the emperor think himself in safety till he had reached Villach in Carinthia."—*Vol. i. p. 263.*

Thereafter the magnanimous John Frederic was freed from his long imprisonment by his oppressor, in the vain hope that he would co-operate against his own brother.

It is remarkable that almost all the original *memoranda* about Charles V. are strikingly graphic. At the time when he had deposed John Frederic he is thus described by De Thou:

"The Emperor was mounted upon a bay Spanish jennet, covered with housings of scarlet silk, fringed with gold, he wore a coat of mail, which glittered with gold, and had a scarlet scarf over his breast, which is the honourable badge of the house of Burgundy. Arrayed thus, and holding a short broad-bladed javelin in his hand, he appeared not unlike the renowned Cæsar as he formerly passed the Rubicon, when, after having rejected every offer of peace, he placed his hopes in nothing but victory."—*Vol. i. p. 54.*

Compare him in this plight with the description of him now first published in Mr. Tytler's second volume, when Charles's fortunes, as a persecutor of the Protestants in Germany were on the wane. Sir R. Morosyne then says,—

"I found the emperor at a bare table, without a carpet or anything else upon it, saving his cloak, his brush, his spectacles and his pick-tooth. * * * He did not suffer me to go on, but on the least pause that I could make, he did utter unto me in gentle words that he took the King his good brother's letters in very thankful part, saying as well as he could, for he was newly rid of his gout and fever, and therefore his nether lip was in two places broken out, and he was forced to keep a green leaf within his mouth at his tongue's end, a remedy, as I took it, against such his dryness as in his talk did increase upon him."—*Vol. ii. pp. 135—136.*

But, to return to domestic affairs, the career of Thomas lord Seymour, the protector's brother and lord high admiral, comes next under review. It has been the fashion of historians to extenuate the faults of this nobleman, and to heap all possible blame of cruelty on Somerset, for having at last signed the death-warrant of his own brother. (The king, be it remembered, was *their nephew*.) From the evidence

afforded by Mr. Tytler, however, or rather we should say by the *ipsissima verba* of the brothers in the letters now first published, we are led to form conclusions somewhat different. In a letter of Lord Seymour to his intended consort, queen Catherine Parr, during his courtship, (17th May, 1547,) he sufficiently indicates his craftiness, suspicious temper and ambition.

"'I have not as yet attempted my suit,' says he, 'for that I would first be thoroughly in credit ere I would move the same; beseeching your Highness that I may not so use my said suit that they should think and hereafter cast in my teeth that by their suit I attained your good will: for hitherto I am out of all their danger, for any pleasure they have done for me, worthy thanks, and as I judge your Highness may say the like, therefore, by mine advice we will keep us so; nothing mistrusting the goodness of God, but that we shall be as able to keep out of their danger as they shall be out of ours: yet I mean not but to use their friendship, to bring our purpose to pass, as occasion shall serve.'"—*Vol. i. p. 65.*

On the other hand, the letters addressed to Lord Seymour by his brother show the strongest evidence of sincere good intentions. After a calm and kind remonstrance with the lord admiral (Sept. 1, 1548,) for having allowed cause of complaints against him for tyrannical conduct, the Protector thus concludes:

"We would wish rather to hear that all the king's subjects were of you gently and liberally entreated with honour, than that any one should be said to be of you either injured or extremely handled. Such is the *hard affection* we do bear towards you, and so glad we be to hear any complaints of you."—*Vol. i. p. 122.*

These last words obviously allude to insinuations which had been made by the lord admiral of unkindness on his brother's part. And on the same first of September the Protector wrote a second letter, which is of congratulation on Queen Catherine Parr's accouchement. It is such as an unfeeling man or hypocrite could scarcely contrive to pen.

To those who take pleasure in historical controversy, the evidence afforded in Mr. Tytler's work respecting the various plots and plans of the lord admiral will be found very interesting. It should be remembered, that after the death of his royal consort Queen Catherine, he aimed at no less than securing for himself the hand of the lady Elizabeth, and he still retained under his guardianship the lady Jane Grey, having plotted a marriage between her and the young king. Among the documents now first published by Mr. Tytler, we find a confession by Sir John Cheek, in which that celebrated scholar deposes to the lord admiral having requested him to obtain privately the king's signature to a slip of paper on which were inscribed these words:

"'My Lords, I pray you favour my lord admiral mine uncle's suit, which he will make unto you.' Whereupon Sir John says, 'I answered, my Lord Paget had given me commandment that the king's majesty should sign no bill without his hand were at the same before; and therefore I durst not be so bold as to deliver it, nor to cause the king's majesty either to write it or else to set his hand unto it. He

said I might do it well enough." &c.—*Vol. i. p. 154.*

On the conduct of the Protector at his brother's trial Sir J. Mackintosh and Dr. Lingard have both put the harshest construction. Mr. Tyler suggests that their statements would have been very different could they have referred to the MS. Council-books of Edward, instead of being contented with the Lord's Journals. According to the former, it appears that the charge of being unfeeling and vindictive is by no means justly imputable to the Protector.

But whatever might be the real motives and feelings of Somerset at his brother's trial, his temper and demeanour in the council afterwards became fierce and overbearing; he had many enemies, and the snare was already woven around him from which there was to be no escape, this being visible also to the eyes of every one else, though he himself marked it not. We pass over divers letters on foreign affairs, also some which are illustrative of the early character of the afterwards so notorious Cecil, in order to follow out the fate of the Protector. It is a portion of history hitherto very obscure, and which Mr. Tyler has done more than any one else to enlighten. After the execution of the lord admiral, the next important event in our domestic history was the insurrection in Devonshire and Cornwall, now raging too in the midland counties. The Protector's party and that of his determined enemy Warwick appeared unanimous on one point at all events. The rebellion must be quashed; and after expostulatory proclamations had been tried in vain, this object was effected summarily enough, the insurgents "having been defeated at Exeter by Russell, with the loss of a thousand men, and in Dussindale in a still more sanguinary action by the earl of Warwick. Kett was hanged on Norwich castle, his brother William on Wyndham steeple, and nine others on the oak of Reformation."—*Vol. i. p. 195.* As belonging to this event, there is a letter of the then lord chancellor, Ryche, which is too edifying to be passed over unnoticed. In it his lordship, previous to the trial, not only arranges the best evidence against the defendants, but decides on the most suitable place for their execution. Yet this chancellor has been specially eulogised in Lloyd's "English Worthies," and also in the "Biographia Britannica." Such methods of proceeding, however, with regard to the trials of state-prisoners, were not merely allowable, but considered quite *en regle*, in those days.

So the rebellion was put down; but no sooner was that point carried, than the conspiracy which had been formed to deprive Somerset of his power began openly to betray itself, and he was quickly hurled from his almost regal elevation. In the beginning of September the insurgents were routed; and on the 25th of that month we find him still in full authority, but on the 10th of October he is in the hands of his mortal enemies, and on the 13th is a prisoner in the Tower.

The commencement of the conspiracy was plainly enough marked.

"After that these *hurly burlies* were thoroughly quieted, many of the lords of the realm as well councillors as others, mistaking the government of the Protector, began to withdraw themselves from court, and resorting to London, fell to secret consultation

for redress of things; but namely, for the displacing of the lord Protector. And suddenly, upon what occasion many marvelled, but few knew, every lord councillor went through the city *weaponed*, and had their servants likewise weaponed, attending upon them in new liveries, to the great wondering of many; and at the last, a great assembly of the said councillors was made at the earl of Warwick's lodgings, which was then at Elie Place in Holborn, whither all the confederates in this matter came privily armed, and finally concluded to possess the Tower of London."—*Vol. i. p. 204.*

The truth is that Warwick's star was now in the ascendant, and though the popular feeling in London, at all events, was by no means against the Protector, yet, with the exception of only four or five, all the members of the council were firmly in league with Warwick for Somerset's destruction. How *nobly and amiably* that small minority afterwards acquitted themselves of their duty as true and steadfast friends, Mr. Tyler has taken care to illustrate in the most forcible manner.

The next five pages exhibit the extraordinary and feverish efforts made by Somerset to defend himself against the potent and extensive faction, of whose intention he was at last fully aware. His first step was in the form of a brief proclamation from the king to all his loving subjects, calling on them to repair forthwith to his palace of Hampton Court, "in most defensible array, with harness and weapons to defend his most royal person, and his most entirely beloved uncle the Lord Protector, against whom certain hath attempted a most dangerous conspiracy." The second document of this kind is a longer proclamation, ostensibly written by a friend of the government. This, it appears, was *dropped about the streets of London*, and is inscribed on the back "*read and give it forth.*" It calls on all true Englishmen to beware of a

"sort of *crafty traitors*, which draw at one mark and shoot at one another. Weigh their devilish policy. First: whereas they have like bribers, undone and murdered the king's true subjects; and now fearing that the Lord Protector, according to his promise, would have redressed things in the court of parliament, which he shortly intended to have set, to the intent that the poor Commons might be godly eased, and things well redressed; to defeat him of the said good purpose, they now out of mere malice have conspired his death; which done, they will find the means shortly after, to dispatch your most noble liege lord; partly for their insatiate covetise and ambition, and partly to plant again the doctrine of the Devil and Antichrist of Rome."—*Vol. i. p. 208.*

At the same time the Protector drew up a short hand-bill in a similar but more guarded strain, which is endorsed "the copy of the bill *sowed amongst the Commons.*"

There was not only this dispersing and sowing of bills among the people, but a perpetual fire of letter-writing among both factions, to get each other to assemble and concentrate their forces. The lords, led by Warwick, averred that the king's person was endangered by the treasonable plots of the lord Protector. The duke on the other side, speaking always in the name of the young king, (who cared not a rush what became of his uncle,) upbraided the lords

as the authors of a malignant conspiracy against the crown, whilst both factions determined to appeal to the sword. This appears to have been the state of things on the 6th of October.

But the snare closed in rapidly upon the duke of Somerset, and there came no succour. He had only one chance, viz. to treat the conspiring lords as the country insurgents had before been treated; accordingly he wrote, to summon up lord Russell and Sir William Herbert, who were still at the head of troops which had been employed against the rebels. But in that quarter, as in every other, Warwick's influence had been beforehand with him. Lord Russell and sir W. Herbert, deprecated bloodshed, advised a pacific arrangement of the disputes betwixt the Protector and his council, &c.; but, in short and in plain English, they had entered into a coalition with Warwick.

There was now no mode of defence left, and Somerset had only to think of honourably resigning the protectorate, stipulating merely that his life and liberty, his honours and estates, were to be left to him; all which, as we shall soon see, was solemnly promised. Perhaps he *endeavoured* to believe such promises in spite of his better judgment, for a very slight knowledge of the world would have sufficed for predicting that they were made to be broken. It was quite clear to his opponents that Somerset must resign; but as he still had the king in his power, and had his own armed servants and those of the household about him, his person could not be arrested rashly. Therefore it was necessary that he himself should be deceived by false protestations; that Cranmer, Paget and Smith, who had hitherto adhered to him, should be intimidated or seduced; lastly, that the king's feelings should be moved in their favour by a false account of their motives and proceedings.

For their last deceptive measures they found a willing tool in sir Philip Hoby, who was despatched to Windsor, whither the court had then removed, bearing letters *open* and letters *secret*, together with verbal messages too important to be trusted on paper. Paget and Smith were secretly admonished, that they must either concur in the gross deception about to be practised on the duke, and lend themselves to measures for securing his person, or else prepare to share his inevitable fate.

The unfortunate Protector had now only four friends around him, and in them he imagined that he could confidently trust. These were Cranmer, Paget, Smith and Cecil. The latter, with his usual inherent cunning, contrived by some means or another to back out of the scrape; sir Thomas Smith alone showed his true nobility and contempt of threats by remaining steadfast to the last. But as to Cranmer and Paget, they not only came over to the party of Warwick, but, with a meanness and duplicity almost unparalleled, they zealously engaged in the betrayal of the persecuted individual, who still reckoned on them as friends. Henceforward every letter which the deluded Somerset wrote was intercepted, or counteracted in its effect, by the very individuals to whom he entrusted it, and on whose fidelity his fate depended. The last scene is, in its way, superb. After a profusion of the most flattering speeches on the part of the amiable sir P. Hoby, (following up the tone of the *open* letters,) after his

reiterated and solemn declarations that his party desired no *personal* annoyance or injury of any kind to the duke of Somerset, nor any infringement on his lands or goods, this diabolical farce winds up as follows:—"Upon this, all the aforementioned there present wept for joy, and thanked God, and prayed for the Lords. Mr. Comptroller [Sir William Paget] fell down on his knees, and clasped the duke about the knees, and weeping said: 'Oh my lord! you see now what my Lords be!'"—*Fol. i. p. 239.*

Let it not be forgotten that this kneeling and weeping Comptroller was the identical Paget who had been Somerset's friend and correspondent at the outset of his career. The result is too well known to need dwelling upon. The specious promises were every one broken. The Duke was imprisoned in the Tower, and though his life was then spared yet it was not spared long. As for the king, he betrayed the most perfect indifference on the occasion; and the Protector being got rid of, the next step of course was to reward and enrich Warwick and his titled companions who had brought about the revolution.

With the imprisonment of Somerset ends the first section of Mr. Tytler's work. The next act of the drama is occupied with events betwixt this and the death of Edward VI.

Warwick did not merely practice treachery with regard to the man whom he deposed; he would probably have been unable to carry his point had it not been for the delusive hopes that he held out to the catholic party, at the head of whom was the lacrymose ex-chancellor Wriothesely. But no sooner was Warwick established in power as duke of Northumberland, than he unequivocally manifested his resolution to humour the young king in his abhorrence of Romanism; and the hopes of the catholic party, who expected grand results from the revolution, were blighted.

Near the commencement of the second period, we find that the unfortunate lord Protector was allowed a sort of modified liberty, being permitted to reside in one of his own houses on condition that he never went above four miles therefrom; this indulgence had been bargained for and purchased by his paying a fine of £10,000! Thereafter it happened that Lord de Lisle, Warwick's eldest son, formed an attachment to and married Somerset's daughter. This led ostensibly to a reconciliation betwixt the new and ex-dictator; but those only who are ignorant of human nature, as it manifests itself in public men, would trust to this.

We are soon afterwards presented with a series of letters by sir John Mason, one of the craftiest and cleverest of our then existing diplomatists, and which throw important light on the state of society and politics of the times. Sir John was a statesman who, as Mr. Tytler says, must have had more of the willow than the oak, as he kept in constant favour during the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary and Elizabeth; and he left us his own hints to all future trimmers under troubled governments.

"Four things," as he says, "kept him in under all the revolutions during the four princes' reigns whom he served. 1. That he thought *few things* would save a man. 2. That he was always intimate with the exactest lawyer and ablest favourite. 3. That he spake little and writ less. 4. That he at-

tained to something which each party esteemed serviceable to them, and was so moderate that all thought him their own."—*Vol. i. p. 283.*

His notions on political economy, suggested by a "late proclamation touching the price of cheese and butter," are humourously given, and in Mr. Tytler's opinion "neither Smith nor Turgot could have expressed themselves more clearly on the subject of free trade, and the wisdom of leaving commodities to find their own unrestricted prices and level."—*Vol. i. p. 339.*

But rather than extract them, we prefer to notice a letter of Hoper, bishop of Gloucester, who has been characterized by Fuller as one of the "sternest and austere" of queen Mary's victims. He is here addressing Cecil, and fervently advocating the cause of the poor.

"So much as have more than enough," [says he,] "buyeth when things be good cheap, to sell afterwards dear. God amend it! It is my bounden duty, and all other true men's, to persuade and teach obedience unto the people; and thanks be to the Lord, I can perceive none other here but love and reverence among the people to the king's majesty, and to the laws; but, Mr. Secretary, it is the magistrate, and their own doings, that shall most commend them, and win love of the people. Ye know what a grievous and extreme—yea in manner unruly—evil hunger is. The prices of things be here as I tell ye; the number of people be great, their little cottages and poor livings decay daily; except God by sickness take them out of the world, they must needs lack. God's mercy give you and the rest of my lords wisdom to redress it; where in I pray God ye may see the occasion of the evil and so destroy it."—*Vol. i. p. 366.*

This letter of Hoper comes in convenient juxtaposition with a paper entitled "Causes of the Universal Dearth in England," wherein occur the same complaints, that the "most part of victuals be gathered into a few men's hands, who may defer to sell but when they see their most profit. And the third is the king's provisions,—when victual is taken from the poor people that be the breeders against their wills, and [they] have neither ready money for their wares nor yet so much as it is worth; which discourageth the people to breed, and causeth the price of all things, because there is not plenty of them, to be increased. Lack of good laws and statutes is not the cause of this hurt that cometh by provisions, for there be laws sufficient for that purpose; but because they cannot be put in execution, the let whereof is lack of money."—*Vol. i. pp. 367-368.*

Taking up volume the second, we find the first seventy-three pages occupied with an entirely new view of the second downfall and ultimate trial and execution of the Duke of Somerset, on whose character such harsh judgements have been pronounced by historians, that Mr. Sharon Turner compares him to Cæsar Borgia, and Dr. Lingard considers the intention of assassinating the duke of Northumberland as being proved against him. Mr. Tytler, on the contrary, is of opinion, fortified as usual by original documentary evidence, that he "fell an almost innocent victim to the ambition and craft of Northumberland and his faction." According to Lord Coke, even admitting the allegations against him to be

true, the proceedings nevertheless were illegal; for as there had been no proclamation commanding the duke and his friends to disperse, there could not be any refusal to do so. Therefore comparing the charges of the indictment with the clauses of the act on which it is founded, he was guilty neither of treason nor felony.

We cannot of course afford room for going through Mr. Tytler's data in behalf of Somerset. To a certain extent we think the case is most clearly made out. It appears that Northumberland, mortally hating the man whom he had already injured, (also goaded by fears that his victim, if allowed to live, would revenge himself in ways of which perhaps he never even dreamed) did at last form a new conspiracy in order to consummate his former plot, and to annihilate utterly the individual whom he had already deposed, fined and degraded. The English aristocracy not being gifted with second-sight then any more than now, this great man had not the remotest thought of the fate that impended over his own head; and, as in the former plot, he had, in the present one also, the cordial co-operation of the catholics, who detested Somerset and were willing to join with any one, whether catholic or protestant, against him.

But, considering the manner in which evidence was manufactured in those days, no wonder need be entertained at the condemnation of any person however innocent. We have already noticed how lord-chancellor Ryeke, previous to a trial, arranged the evidence, and desired to know on what spot it would be best to execute the prisoners.

"In state prosecutions of all kinds occurring previously to the Commonwealth, the evidence exhibited to the jury consisted almost entirely of written depositions and examinations, taken before members of the privy council, or commissioners specially appointed for that purpose, in the absence of the prisoner who was to be inculpated by them."—*Vol. ii. p. 34.*

The interrogatories to be put to the various witnesses were skilfully prepared by the law-officers of the crown, and on the answers afterwards obtained thereto, other interrogatories were cautiously framed to be administered to the party accused. But it might be supposed the jury would at all events be made to hear the whole of the evidence afforded by the witnesses; instead of this, "each deposition being dissected into paragraphs, distinguishable by letters on the margin, was carefully marked with directions to the officer of the court to read only certain selected passages." Of this kind of manufactured depositions, a vast number may be seen at the State-paper office, with such marginal notes as the following: "*Read A. and D. only.*" "*Read not this.*" "*Cave!*" "*Hucusque,*" &c. The prisoner therefore was not only subjected to the gross injustice of an accusation made behind his back, but by the skilful pruning of the depositions was carefully precluded from detecting and pointing out to the jury any inconsistencies in the accusations so made."—*Vol. ii. p. 36.*

We have already alluded to the opinions expressed by Dr. Lingard, that Somerset's alleged intention of assassinating the Duke of Northumberland had been clearly proved; but the Doctor speaks as if his judgment had been formed on regular data; for ex-

ample, he says, "From their depositions [viz., of witnesses], if they are to be credited, it seems to have been the plan of conspirators," &c. But according to our author, when Dr. Lingard wrote his history, no real depositions of any of the witnesses had been discovered; and up to the present hour, the only depositions brought to light are *two*, which Mr. Tytler has for the first time published in this volume, and which, instead of supporting the Doctor's opinion, strongly indicate the innocence of Somerset. The error of the Roman catholic historian perhaps arose from the inaccurate language used by Carte and by the compiler of Howell's State Trials, the latter of whom speaks of Palmer's, Hammond's and Crane's examinations as if these had been regular depositions of witnesses against Somerset, the delusiveness of which Mr. Tytler amply shows.

If any doubt can still exist about Somerset's non-delinquency, as to the imputed crimes for which he afterwards suffered, at all events none can be started respecting the character of the young king Edward VI., as evinced by his own expressions on this occasion, viz. by those passages in his autograph diary which relate to the last days of his uncle. In Mr. Tytler's words, "nothing can exceed the cold heartlessness" wherewith his majesty tells the story, which he laconically winds up as follows: "Jan. 22nd. [1552.] The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off on Tower-hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning."—*Vol. ii. p. 11.* Apropos of this amiable young monarch's brief statement, we may remark that the calmness demonstrated by Somerset after his sentence, affords in some points a striking contrast to the conduct under similar circumstances of his now-flourishing enemy, who suffered a like fate on the same spot about eighteen months afterwards. Herewith we may dismiss this exquisite specimen of human nature.

The next twenty-eight pages of Vol. II. are occupied with some good and entertaining letters respecting affairs in France and Germany, after which we fall again into consideration of the more leading and elevated persons of the drama. We before remarked that the celebrated Cecil had by some means contrived to keep in the back ground, when Somerset in the first instance was betrayed into the hands of his enemies at Windsor Castle; and this cunning *parvenu* now stood in high favour as Northumberland's secretary. But the weeping lord Paget, he who in order to bask in the light of the rising sun so abominably sacrificed his friend, and who there is reason to think contributed not a little, though indirectly, to Somerset's final condemnation, this Paget, we say, met at last with the treatment he deserved, being in 1552 tried in the Star Chamber for malversation in his office of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, subjected to a heavy fine, and degraded from the order of the Garter.

The next portion of Vol. II. which attracts our notice (principally for its humour and facetiousness) consists of *memoranda* of a diplomatic tour on the continent, made in 1550 by sir Richard Morosyne and the celebrated Roger Ascham. Mr. Tytler presents us with an extract of various passages from Ascham's journal which have never before been printed. Take, for example, his description of the queen of France's dinner, her majesty being then at

Brussels, which was one of the ambassador's resting places.

"The queen," says he, "went from mass to dinner; I followed her; and because we were gentlemen of England, I and another was admitted to come into her chamber, where she sat at dinner. She is served with no women, as great states are there in England; but altogether with men, having their caps on their heads whilst they come into the chamber where she sits, and there one takes off all their caps. I stood very near the table, and saw all. Men, as I said, served; only two women stood by the fire-side not far from the table, for the chamber was little, and talked very loud and lowly with whom they would as methought. This Queen's service compared with my Lady Elizabeth's my mistress, is not so prince-like nor honourably handled. Her first course was apples, pears, plums, grapes, nuts, and with this meat she began. Then she had bacon; and chickens, almost covered with sale onions, that all the chamber smelt of it. She had a roast caponet, and a pasty of wild boar; and I thus marking all the behaviour, was content to lose the second course, lest I should have lost mine own dinner at home."—*Vol. ii. p. 125.*

Soon afterwards we derive some amusement from the appearance in England of the afterwards renowned Scottish worthy John *Knox* (such is Northumberland's orthography.) At one time it appears that the duke zealously wished to get Knox appointed bishop of Rochester; but on their becoming better acquainted, and finding that this reformer was by no means an implement suited for his purposes, the dictator backed out of the scrape with ludicrous expedition, and the notion was wholly abandoned.

We come now to the concluding events in the second period, namely the ultimate plots of Northumberland, and his deserved overthrow. As a remarkable illustration of this man's detestable character, may be noticed a letter which he wrote precisely at the time when he was maturing or had matured his inordinately ambitious plans. It is an exquisite specimen of hypocrisy and cunning. In this epistle, which is addressed to Cecil, he describes himself as a man worn out with and wearied of the world and its iniquities, wishing only for a quiet, humble, and not dishonourable retirement.

"What comfort, think you, may I have," says he, "that seeth myself in this case, after my long travail and troublesome life, and towards the end of my days? And yet, so long as health would give me leave, I did as seldom fail mine attendance as any others did; yea, and with such health as, when others went to their sups and pastimes after their travail, I went to bed with a careful heart and a weary body; and yet abroad, no man scarcely had any good opinion of me. And now by extreme sickness and otherwise constrained to seek some health and quietness, I am not without a new evil imagination of men. What should I wish any longer this life, that seeth such frailty in it?"

The conclusion is remarkable:—

"But if God would be so merciful to mankind as to take from them their wicked imaginations, and leave them with a simple judgment, men should here live angels' lives; which may not be, for the fall of Adam our forefather procured this continual plague, that the one should be affliction to the other whilst

we be in this circle, out of which God grant us all his grace to depart in his mercy."—*Fol. ii. p. 155.*

This production, it is true, may have been written under the irritation of temporary disappointment, or perhaps with a headache. Nevertheless it seems to us the letter of a deliberate, systematic, sermonizing hypocrite, who had not the remotest wish to "lead an angel's life," or to avoid cherishing "wicked imaginations;" but who at the end seems inclined to throw all the blame of his own mischievous plots (which doubtless were on his mind at the time) on the "fall of our forefather Adam," though a much nearer cause might have been assigned. This ambitious premier, as Mr. Tytler says, was "not contented with the possession of the greatest power which perhaps was ever enjoyed by any English subject. He aimed yet higher; tottered on the highest step of the ladder, lost his balance in grasping at the crown, and brought upon himself swift and utter ruin. Yet his plan, as far as human foresight could reach, seemed artfully and strongly laid. It is well known."—*Fol. ii. p. 164.*

Yes, in one sense it is well known, but we must briefly retrace it notwithstanding. Edward, for whose moral defects the readiest excuse is that he was a weakling in body, became extremely ill in January, 1553; and Northumberland, knowing that his majesty entertained a sort of horror at the notion of the Roman catholic party being re-established in England, rightly thought that this was a fitting time to effect all his plans. These, be it remembered, involved the disinheriting of Mary, the acknowledged heiress of the crown, the setting aside of Elizabeth and of Mary queen of Scots, the lineal descendant of the eldest sister of Henry VIII., and getting the crown fixed by royal will and prerogative on his own ward, lady Jane Grey, descended by the mother's side from the youngest sister of Henry VIII. This promising scheme would be further supported by the marriage of lady Jane Grey to his fourth son, lord Guildford Dudley; whilst at the same time his daughter, Catherine Dudley, was married to lord Hastings, eldest son of the earl of Huntingdon; and lord Herbert, the earl of Pembroke's second son, a nobleman entirely devoted to the duke, was united to lady Catherine Grey. Such alliances were fitted to promote great strength, and the council were mostly his creatures. In May, 1553, when the king got a little better, Northumberland artfully proposed his plans, to which Edward conformed with the utmost alacrity, as if the assertion of his prerogative in defiance of acts of parliament had afforded him especial pleasure.

This, no doubt, was a notable and deep-laid scheme, though its author, even without any gift of second sight, might have perceived that success would be of short duration, and that it involved his own ruin. But *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, and Northumberland was blinded. For the second time, Jane Grey, that most unworldly, pure, modest and retiring of all female Greek scholars, she, who of all women least wished for an earthly crown, was fixed upon as the implement of a parasitical, heartless, jobbing politician! There is an *intermezzo* of the farcical kind during the progress of this plot, namely in the conduct of Mr. Secretary Cecil, who perceived clearly enough the risk attending the grand

schemes of his patron, the dominant duke, and, to avoid taking any active part therein, was seized with a very convenient fit of illness, which John lord Audley (evidently an old woman) thought himself called upon to cure. So he commences a letter to the right honourable Secretary, as follows:

"Good Mr. Cecil, be of good comfort, and pluck up a lusty merry heart, and thus shall ye overcome all diseases; and because it pleased my good Lord Admiral lately to praise my physick, I have written to you such medicines as I wrote unto him, which I have in my book of my wife's hand, proved upon herself and me both."

The "such medicines" are as follows:

"No. 1. Take a sow-pig of nine days old, and flea him and quarter him, and put him in a stillatory with a handful of spearmint, a handful of red fennel, a handful of liverwort, half a handful of red nepe, a handful of celery, nine dates clean picked and pared, a handful of great raisins, and pick out the stones, and a quarter of an ounce of mace, and two sticks of good cinnamon, bruised in a mortar; and distil it together, with a fair fire; and put it in a glass and set in the sun nine days; and drink nine spoonfuls of it at once when ye list." "No. 2. Take a porpin, otherwise called an English hedgehog, and quarter him in pieces, and put the said beast in a still with these ingredients: item, a quart of red wine, a pint of rose water, a quart of sugar, cinnamon and great raisins, one date, twelve nepe."

This pleasant preparation we presume was to be eaten *ad libitum*, no dose being specified.

"Cecil's disease, however, was deeper fixed than to be cured by soup, formed from the distillation of a sow-pig, boiled with cinnamon and raisins, or a compost of a porpin, or hedgehog, stewed in red wine or rose-water. It was Northumberland's plot that troubled his digestion."—*Fol. ii. p. 170.*

In those days, as now, it appears that there were a very few men in office who would make a fashion of stickling for right and justice, but, if skilfully attacked, their firmest resolves soon gave way. On the 11th of June, 1553, the lord chief-justice Montague received a letter summoning him to attend at court, and to bring with him Sir John Baker and Mr. Justice Bromley, also Gosnold and Griffin, who were then attorney and solicitor-general.

The old chief-justice was then informed by the king of his determination that the crown should not go to the lady Mary, who might alter the religion. The judge immediately replied that such a decision would be illegal, and contrary to act of parliament, by which the succession had been irrevocably fixed. But his lordship's remonstrances and qualms of conscience were in vain. He asked time to reflect on the matter, and was allowed one day; but delay availed him not. He, like all the rest of the council, with the solitary exception of Sir James Hale, became at length convinced that "it was better to keep their heads on their shoulders, and their places, than to be executed as traitors, or at least degraded from their stations." So they at last all signed the articles which Northumberland and the king had prepared, Cecil also included, Sir James Hale alone refusing to the last.

We have next a few letters about foreign affairs, and then comes the *finale*, the catastrophe to Northumberland's deeply-woven plot. Edward died, and the premier and his party proposed to keep this event concealed for a week, within which time they would imprison the ladies Mary and Elizabeth; and thereafter, by mere force, (law was out of the question,) they would manage the government as they chose. Mary, however, was privately informed both of Edward's death and of the snares laid for herself, and she resolved to keep personally out of harm's way, until sufficient forces had mustered for her defence. She wrote however, expressing her astonishment at not having been proclaimed queen, and demanding her rights; to which Northumberland replied, that she had better submit with a good grace to acknowledge lady Jane Grey as her lawful sovereign.

The infatuated duke had meanwhile taken possession of the Tower, with all its arms and munition, and therein lodged lady Jane Grey, who had been duly proclaimed queen. Never on earth was a state plot so rapidly developed and ended. On the 6th of July Edward died. Within ten short days (that is, on the 16th) Mary saw herself at the head of 30,000 armed men. Northumberland had set out from London with the intention to annihilate this force; but on learning its extent and position, for which his own troops were not a match, he moved slowly, wavered, recoiled; and as nothing but a rapid and desperate advance could have afforded him any chance, on his side all was irredeemably lost.

No weathercock in a storm could whirl about more rapidly than Northumberland's party when they saw that his doom was fixed; and their subsequent attempts to recover from the effects of the blunder, by pleading the most abject recantation, are truly ludicrous. He himself, who if not bereft of reason must have seen there was no hope, yet endeavoured to make his peace by forthwith proclaiming Queen Mary! He might have spared himself this unwilling demonstration of loyalty, for he and his associates were forthwith imprisoned in the Tower, whilst the blameless lady Jane Grey was at first permitted to retire from thence to Sion House.

Amid such tempestuous confusion the actors had of course no time for writing, and the most remarkable paper which Mr. Tytler gives us as connected with these events is a corrected copy of Cecil's defence, entitled "Brief note of my submission, and of my doings," the original of which is in the Lansdowne collection at the British Museum. As an exhibition of duplicity, selfishness, cunning and effrontery, the contents of this precious document could scarcely be excelled by any of the confessions extracted by cross-examination at the Old Bailey. He was implicated in Northumberland's plot; *this* could not be denied; but forsooth he "*misliked* it all the while;" and his drift now is to prove, that whilst apparently working for Northumberland, he used every practicable means to betray and break up the cause which he ostensibly supported!

"First, my submission with all lowliness that any heart can conceive.

"My mistaking of the matter when I heard it secretly; whereupon I made conveyance away of my lands, part of my goods, leases and raiment. I refused to make a proclamation, and turned the labour to Mr. Throckmorton, whose conscience I saw was

troubled therewith, misliking the matter, I dissembled the taking of my horse, and the rising of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, and avowed the pardonable lie, where it was suspected to my danger. I practised with the L. Treasurer to win the L. Privy Seal, that I might by the L. Russell's means cause Windsor Castle to serve the queen; and they two to levy the west parts for the queen's service. I purposed to have stolen down to the queen's highness, as Mr. Gosnold can tell, who offered to lead me thither, as I knew not the way. Finally,' says he, 'I beseech her highness that in her grace I may feel some difference from others that have more plainly offended.'"—*Vol. ii. p. 194.*

Truly if the establishment of his own reputation as an unprincipled and mendacious truckler could procure him the queen's favour, this defence must have been amply sufficient. "Such little beings," observes Mr. Tytler, "are our greatest men!" In other words, such are the materials which have too often composed the characters of successful politicians, whom the world is pleased to call great. We forget not the alacrity with which this eminent and belauded statesman, on a future day, carried into effect Elizabeth's order for the execution of Mary at Fotheringay, a duty from which others had recoiled. But he was on safe ground then; and it was only when personal risk threatened, that his lordship of Burleigh wished to back out from the support of any proceeding, however iniquitous and abominable.

We have already contemplated with extreme disgust the gross deception and falsehood which were practised by Northumberland and his adherents in order to get rid of Somerset. Precisely similar and equally repulsive was the scene exhibited now. On the departure of Northumberland with his troops, to annihilate those of queen Mary, the council kept up to the last the appearance of perfect confidence and attachment. The last of them that he spoke with was the earl of Arundel, who "prayed God to be with his grace, saying he felt sorry it was not his chance to go with him and bear him company, in whose presence he could find in his heart to spend his blood, even at his feet." This was on the 12th of July. But no sooner had Northumberland disappeared, than "good Mr. Cecil" began most actively to plot for his demolition, and immediately prevailed on this eloquent and life-despising earl of Arundel to join him. By the 19th of the month, all those members of the council who had so solemnly engaged to support Northumberland's plot were most busy in proclaiming queen Mary at Charing Cross. From this diabolical farce we shall take the following scene. On the 21st of July

"came the Earl of Arundel from the Queen to the Duke into his chamber, who went out to meet him, and as soon as he saw the Earl of Arundel he fell on his knees, and desired him to be good to him: 'For the love of God, consider,' saith he, 'I have done nothing but by the consents of you and all the whole Council!' 'My Lord,' quoth the Earl of Arundel, 'I am sent hither by the Queen's Majesty, and in her name I do arrest you.' 'And I obey it, my Lord,' quoth he. 'I beseech you, my Lord of Arundel,' quoth the Duke, 'use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is.' 'My Lord,' quoth the Earl, 'ye should have sought for mercy sooner. I must do according to my commandment.' And therewith

committed the charge of him and of other to the guard and gentlemen that stood by. Such," Mr. Tytler adds, "was the conduct of this noble earl, who but a few days before had assured Northumberland, in the name of the whole Council, not only of their inviolable resolution to keep their oaths to Queen Jane, but of his own particular anxiety to shed his blood at his Grace's feet!"—*Vol. ii. p. 208.* And thus terminates period the second.

So full have been our notices of these first and second parts, that we have not left room to analyze the concluding section, which contains the reign of Mary. But the trial of Northumberland must not be passed over in silence. This took place in Westminster Hall on the 18th of August, 1553, when the duke of Norfolk sat as high steward. On leading points the prisoner's guilt was incontestable; but with great reverence to the judges he requested their opinion upon two specialties. First, "whether a man doing any act by authority of the Prince and Council, and by warrant of the great seal of England, and doing nothing without the same, may be charged with treason for any thing he might do by warrant thereof?" Secondly, "Whether any such persons as were equally culpable in that crime, and those by whose letters and commandment he was directed in all his doings, might be his judges, or pass upon his trial as his peers?" Alluding as he did, to the last will, duly signed and sealed, of king Edward as his warrant, the duke well knew that these questions, if duly weighed were both pertinent and puzzling. But the judges were not under any absolute necessity to perplex themselves about the matter. They could evade the questions, and they did so. Hereupon he saw there was no hope from any legal defence, and he could only sue for mercy, which he afterwards did in various ways, and at last in the most abject manner, praying for life, only for life, "*yea the life of a dog, if he might but live to kiss the Queen's feet, and spend both life and all in her honourable service!*"—*Vol. ii. p. 229.* It is superfluous to add, that this appeal, however affecting, did not excite even the remotest symptoms of mercy, and the law took its course.

In the third period our author has purposely abstained from entering on the subject of the Marian martyrs, which is so voluminously treated by his precursors; but he has thrown much new light on circumstances attending and following the queen's marriage with Philip, her miserable weaknesses both mental and bodily, and *malgre cela* her highly spirited conduct on occasion of sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy. There are passages, too, regarding that most innocent of victims lady Jane Grey, and that model for politicians (so the crafty *parvenu* has actually been styled,) Mr. Secretary Cecil, which we should willingly have extracted, but the object which we proposed at the commencement has already been fulfilled. According to an obsolete though sometimes useful fashion among reviewers, we have "given an account of the book," thus apprizing our readers what they may expect from Mr. Tytler's new mode of treating old papers, and from his present volumes in particular, which, recollecting his other historical undertakings, we may liken to minor ornaments devised and executed during the progress of an extensive building. We trust that these will be followed up by illustrations, in a similar style, of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., respecting which

the vast store of unpublished letters and *memoranda* affords admirable scope for the exercise of this author's talents and industry.

From the Spectator.

MR. THORNTON'S MODERN BRITISH INDIA.

This is a very able work, the result of much knowledge and much thought; containing considerable matter, and displaying throughout an animated, and, so far as the gravity of the subjects admits, a not ungraceful style. The reflections of the author are judicious, and his opinions upon men and events unprejudiced and impartial.

The peculiar character of the production is indicated by its title—*Chapters of the Modern History of British India*. Instead of attempting to narrate the public proceedings of the last thirty years, Mr. Thornton selects such of them as are capable of independent exhibition and are important from the magnitude of the events—as the Burmese War; or contain an illustration of some principle—as the Mutiny of Vellore; or display the peculiar character of Indian governments and society—as the striking account of the Pindarries and their destruction; or furnish the author with a text on which to write commentaries on the true policy of Britain towards India, contrasted with our practice—as in the narrative of the grand Whig job of 1807, when a Governor-General was forced on the Company by stretching the prerogative of the Crown.

This plan has great advantages. It enables the author to select those subjects with which he is most familiar, and to which he is most inclined; whilst it permits a completeness of treatment, and anecdotal detail, incompatible with general history. Each subject is, moreover, a complete whole—more manageable, and perhaps to many readers more attractive, than a larger and comprehensive history would have been. It has also the advantage of variety and relief,—policy and war, narrative and disquisition, alternating with each new question treated. On the other hand, the completeness with which a subject can be grasped is apt to tempt the author into too minute an exposition; the interest it possesses for himself and persons of kindred pursuits being considered, rather than its attraction for the general reader. The long account of the Nepaulese War is of this character, and seems written to bring out the weak points of the Marquis of Hastings as much as any thing; for though the war was badly conducted, disastrous in most of its actions, and only brought to a successful close by the ability of Sir David Ochterlony, the end was not large in itself, whatever disastrous results failure might have led to. The paper on the renewal of the Company's Charter in 1813 is of a similar nature, though the topic is so different; but here a principle is at least discussed, if it be not contained in the subject—the cowardly tendency of men of all parties to yield that to clamour and agitation which they either believe to be wrong or are too lazy to investigate.

Another, though different test of the minuteness spoken of, may be found in the paucity of general conclusions which the reader can draw from so large a volume, abounding as it does in matter, and affording a conclusion that the work is the product of book-

study rather than original observation. One of these conclusions, however, is very important. From the intrigues or conspiracies so frequently detected in the courts of native princes against our power, and the confederacies which every temporary check tends to call into existence, the Indian empire appears to be held on the same condition as the Imperial crown of NAPOLEON—uninterrupted success. The first great failure, though not fatal in itself, might prove an Oriental Moscow, by hanging the greater part of India about our ears.

One of the most generally interesting chapters in the volumes before us is the account of the Pindaries—a class of robbers spread over the greater part of India till the Marquis of HASTINGS destroyed them. They had some resemblance to the free companions of the middle ages, in obeying a recognized commander and regular officers, as well as in selling their military services occasionally; but the men of our olden time did not *profess* plunder, and had not the characteristics of a tribe. In their indiscriminate plunderings and devastations the Pindaries bore a sort of likeness to the Scottish Highland or Border thieves, but they wanted their local habitation and national character.

THE PINDARIES

Were not composed of any peculiar people or tribe, but of a variety—of the refuse of all tribes, denominations, and creeds. They were generally armed with spears, in the use of which they were very expert; a proportion of them were provided with matchlocks; and all were mounted. A party generally consisted of two or three thousand. Each man provided himself with a few cakes for his subsistence, and few feeds of grain for his horse; trusting much to the chance of plunder for the means of supplying the wants of both. They frequently marched thirty or forty miles a day; and in cases of extraordinary emergency they were capable of accomplishing fifty miles in that period. To effect these extraordinary exertions, they were accustomed to sustain the vigour of their horses by apices and stimulants.

The celerity of their marches was not more remarkable than their secrecy. It was scarcely possible to gain information of their movements till they had completed them. They proceeded at once to the place of their destination; and, unencumbered with tents and baggage, they soon reached it. Here they divided into smaller parties, and commenced their career of plunder and devastation. Articles of the greatest value were disposed about their persons; cattle afforded the means of their own transport. But the atrocious propensities of these ruffians were not to be satisfied by what they could carry away. What was not removed they destroyed; and wherever they marched villages were seen in flames, with the houseless and often wounded inhabitants flying in dismay to seek a shelter, which not unfrequently they were unable to attain. When they had laid the country completely waste, they appointed the frontier distant from that by which they had entered, and, uniting again into a compact body, returned home.

The horrors attending these visitations were such as could not be credited were the evidence less complete and conclusive. Despatch being indispensable, every variety of torture was resorted to for the

purpose of extracting from the unhappy victims information of the treasures they were supposed to have concealed. Red-hot irons were applied to the soles of their feet; a bag filled with hot ashes was tied over the mouth and nostrils of the victim, who was then beaten on the back to make him inhale the ingredients; large stones were placed on the head or chest; or, the sufferer being laid on his back, a plank or beam was placed across his chest, on which two men pressed with their whole weight; oil was thrown on the clothes, which were then set on fire; these, with many other modes of torture equally frightful, were resorted to. Neither sex nor age afforded immunity. The hands of children would frequently be cut off as the shortest way of obtaining the bracelets which adorned them; while women were subjected to outrages compared with which torture and death were mercy. To escape these, numbers rushed upon self-destruction. It is not one of the least revolting features in the economy of these murderous adventurers, that their women frequently accompanied their male associates in their excursions. They were mounted on small horses or camels, and are said to have exceeded the other sex in rapacity and cruelty. This may readily be believed; for when woman has once overcome the restraints which nature and universal feeling have imposed upon her, her progress downward is made with fearful rapidity.

When the work of ruin was completed, the Pindaries withdrew, like wild beasts, to their lairs. Then a change of scene took place: the operation of plunder was exchanged for that of huckstering. The claim of the chief had first to be satisfied; but it is not very clear how far this claim extended. By some, his share has been fixed at a fourth part of the entire booty. By others, it has been alleged that the mode of apportionment was uncertain; but that elephants, palanquins, and umbrellas, were heriots appertaining to the lord. After his claim was satisfied came that of the *Lubharee*, or actual leader of the expedition; then the payment of advances made by merchants; for, like more civilized nations, these people occasionally contracted a national debt. The fact of such a confederacy being able to borrow money is remarkable.

These preliminaries being disposed of, the scene that followed resembled a fair. Every man's share of the plunder was exposed for sale: purchasers flocked from all quarters, proximate and remote; the business of sale being principally conducted by the women. Whether this arose from the indolence of the men, or that the women had the reputation of making better bargains, does not appear; but such was the custom. In the mean time, the men gave themselves up to amusement, of which intoxication constituted a considerable portion. The remainder was worthy of the association in which it was found. This lasted until the produce of the expedition was exhausted, and it became necessary to seek in fresh outrages renewed means of gratification. Thus passed the life of the Pindarie robber, in an alternation of brutal exertion and sensual abandonment.

BURMESE DIPLOMATIC WIT.

The treaty signed by the British and Burmese commanders was also found in the lines of Mellon. This Sir Archibald Campbell despatched by a messenger to the Kee Woongee, accompanying it by a

note, stating that, in the hurry of departure from Melloon, it appeared to have been forgotten. The Woongee and his colleague politely returned thanks; but observed, that the same hurry which had caused the loss of the treaty, had compelled them to leave behind a large sum of money, which they were sure the British General only waited an opportunity of returning.

The opinion of Mrs. Postans as to the dissatisfaction of the Mahometans with the British rule, is confirmed by Mr. Thornton. The haughty Moslems, so lately the conquerors and despots of the land, regard their successors with an evil eye, have been constantly intriguing against us, and would form a confederacy with any power, if there were a prospect not of permanent triumph, but of temporary success. The mutiny of Vellore, Mr. Thornton considers, did not originate in any dislike to a change in the form of the turban, or in the perhaps injudicious tampering with the Hindoo marks of caste displayed in a painted face; and still less in an apprehension of the Government being about to enforce conversion to Christianity. These were trifles or pretences—the true cause was Mussulman intrigue with the sons of Tippoo and some native princes, to cause a revolt in the Native Army, preparatory to a general war. The narrative of this mutiny occasions some remarks on the character of the Indian Army, and what should be the conduct of our officers; the importance of which can receive no addition from recent events, though the virtual extension of our dominions into Afghanistan may give them more present attractions.

THE MORALE OF THE NATIVE ARMY.

One great point of reliance, which is afforded by almost every other army, is wanting in that of India. The pride of country offers one of the best securities for the fidelity of the soldier, and all judicious commanders are well aware of the importance of preserving it unimpaired. In India, the case is different. The national feeling of the troops can afford no ground of confidence; whatever portion of this quality they may happen to possess must operate to the prejudice of their rulers. The men who govern India are not natives of India; strangers to the soil command the obedience of its sons, and if national pride entered largely into the character of the natives, that obedience, if yielded at all, would be yielded reluctantly. Generally, in India, this feeling is any thing but strong; and its place is occupied by a sense of the benefits derived by the individual from the maintenance of the European supremacy, combined with a somewhat indefinite and perhaps almost superstitious feeling of respect for the people who, within the compass of a very brief period, have, as if by enchantment, become masters of an empire splendid beyond comparison with any other ever held in a condition of dependency by a foreign state. Yet, with all the allowances that must be made on the grounds of selfishness, and admiration, and fear, it must not be supposed that natives always look on the existing state of things with entire satisfaction. It is not easy for the Mahomedan to forget that very recently men of his own race and creed wielded the sceptre which is now transferred to Europeans; and though the passive character of the Hindoo, and the estrangement from political power consequent upon the previous subjugation of his country, may gene-

rally be sufficient to preclude him from meditating schemes of conquest and reprisal, he is under the influence of other feelings little calculated to promote military subordination or secure military fidelity. The pride of caste, and the bigoted attachment with which the Hindoo clings to an unsocial superstition, which interferes with almost every action of daily life, have a direct tendency to foster habits which in Europe must be regarded as altogether inconsistent with the character of a soldier. Between an army composed of Hindoos and Mahomedans, and the Europeans who command them, there can be but little community of feeling. Differing as they do in country, in religious belief, in habits of life, in form and complexion, they have not even the bond of a common tongue; the European officers generally possessing but a slender knowledge of the languages of the men under their command, and the men no knowledge at all of the language of their officers. The elements of discontent are therefore sufficiently powerful, while the means of allaying it are small; and it is obvious that, in an army so constituted, vigilance must never for a moment be permitted to slumber. This important truth can never be lost sight of without endangering the safety of the British dominion in India, and by consequence, the well-being of the people committed to its care.

HINTS FOR IMPROVING THE NATIVE ARMY.

The safety of the empire demands that the bond of connexion between the native army and their British officers should be confirmed and strengthened. For this purpose, the more the means of intercourse between the several classes are facilitated, the better. A common language is a great instrument for avoiding misunderstanding and promoting good-will, and it is to be feared that the native tongues have not always received that degree of attention from British officers to which they were entitled. Some additional encouragements to their study seem requisite, as the mastering of them so materially tends to promote that harmony and mutual good understanding which it is so important to establish. A mere smattering of a language may be sufficient for conveying and understanding the dry details of regimental duty; but it is not sufficient for establishing and maintaining that degree of influence over the natives which every well-wisher to the permanence of the British dominion must be desirous should exist.

Another point of vital importance will be to raise the character of the native troops, and especially of the native officers, as far as may be, to a British standard—to imbue them with a portion of those noble principles which the European world derives from the age of chivalry, and to give them the habits and the feeling of gentlemen. The principle of honour which feels "a stain like a wound," should be sedulously inculcated and encouraged. By advancing the character of the native soldiery in the scale of moral dignity, we are adding to the security of our own dominion in the East; by degrading it or enfeebling it to sink—nay, by permitting it to remain stationary, we are cooperating with the designs of our enemies, and undermining the safety of our government. Where the soldier is actuated exclusively by the lower and more selfish motives, his services will always be at the command of him who can hold out the strongest temptations to his ambition or cupidity.

AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DICK, D. D.

God is known only by the *manifestations* which he makes of his character and perfections. The highest created intelligences can know nothing more of the Divinity than what is derived from the boundless universe he has presented to their view—the dispensations of his providence towards certain orders of beings—and the special revelations he may occasionally vouchsafe, on certain emergencies, to particular worlds. Had man continued in his state of primeval innocence, with the purity of soul, and the noble capacities of intellect with which he was endowed, the contemplation of the vast creation around him, with all its diversified wonders and beneficent tendencies, would have led him to form correct views of the attributes of his almighty Maker, and of the moral laws by which his conduct should be regulated. But after he had violated the law of his Creator, and subjected himself to its penalty, additional revelation became necessary, in order to his restoration to the moral rectitude and the happiness of his nature.

It does not follow, however, that because the study of nature is now, of itself, an insufficient guide to the knowledge of the Creator, and the enjoyment of eternal felicity—that such studies are either to be thrown aside, as considered as of no importance in a religious point of view. They form a part of the duty of every Christian, and of every rational creature—a duty which is frequently inculcated, and with peculiar solemnity, in the word of God—“Remember that thou magnify his work which men behold”—“The works of the Lord are great, and they are investigated by all those who have pleasure therein”—“Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these orbs; that bringeth forth their host by number; he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might; for that he is strong in power not one faileth.”

It is the character, not of a Christian, but of the licentious world, that, while “the tabret, the harp, and the viol are in their feasts, they regard not the works of the Lord, nor consider the operations of his hands.” When the Almighty is represented as addressing himself to Job, the questions put to that patriarch had all a reference to the visible works of God, and his agency in their formation and preservation, and plainly implied, as a matter of course, that Job had made those objects the particular subject of his study and contemplation.* It is predicted, that in the latter ages the saints of God “shall speak of the glory of his kingdom—or of the vast universe over which he presides—and shall talk of his power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty operations, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.”†

In accordance with these views I shall now attempt to present a rude idea of the universe, over which God presides as its eternal and independent sovereign, in so far as we have been enabled to take a distant glimpse of its grandeur and magnificence. The

term *universe* signifies the whole system of created beings, whether material or immaterial, existing throughout the regions of boundless space.

We can obtain an approximate idea of the universe only by commencing a train of thought at those objects with which we are more immediately conversant, and ascending gradually to objects and scenes more distant and expansive. We are partly acquainted with the objects in the landscape around us, of which we form a part—the hills, the plains, the lofty mountains, the forests, the rivers, the lakes, and the portions of the ocean that lie immediately adjacent. But all that diversity of objects which we behold in the landscape with which we are connected, form but a very small and inconsiderable speck compared with the whole of the mighty continents and islands, the vast ranges of lofty mountains, and the expansive lakes, seas, and oceans which constitute the surface of the terraqueous globe. It would be requisite—taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape—that more than nine hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold, should pass before our view, ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth; and, I believe, very few persons are capable of forming, at one conception, a comprehensive idea of the superficial extent of the globe on which we tread, whose surface contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles.

But, however great the earth may appear in the eyes of the frail beings that inhabit it, it appears only as an inconsiderable ball when compared with some of the planetary bodies belonging to our system. One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth, another fourteen hundred: and were five hundred globes as large as that on which we dwell, laid upon a vast plane, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. Such are the vast dimensions of some of those revolving bodies which appear only like small lucid specks on the concave of our sky. This earth, however, and all the huge planets, satellites, and comets comprised within the range of the solar system, bear a very small proportion to the bulk of that glorious luminary which enlightens our day. The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference, thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape five thousand miles in extent, were to pass before our eyes every hour. Of a globe of such dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts, and the most vigorous fancy, after its boldest excursions, can form no adequate conception. It forms a kind of universe in itself, and ten thousands of years would be requisite before human beings could thoroughly investigate and explore its vast dimensions, and its hidden wonders. It presents to our view a most glorious idea of the grandeur of the Deity, and the amazing energies of Almighty power. It affords a striking and august emblem of the great Creator “who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory.” In its lustre, in its magnitude, in its boundless influence, in its beneficent effects on distant surrounding worlds, it exhibits a more bright

* Job, chap. xxxviii. xxxix. &c.

† Psalm cxlv. 3—13.

display of Divine perfection than any other single object we behold in our visible firmament.

But great as the sun and his surrounding planets are, they dwindle into a point, when we wing our flight toward the starry firmament. Before we could arrive at the nearest object in this firmament, we would have to pass over a space at least twenty *billion* of miles in extent—a space which a cannon-ball, flying with its utmost velocity, would not pass over in less than four millions of years. Here, every eye, in a clear winter's night, may behold nearly a thousand shining orbs, most of them emitting their splendours from spaces immeasurably distant. And bodies at such distances, must necessarily be of immense magnitude. There is every reason to believe, that the least twinkling star which our eye can discern, is not less than our sun in magnitude and in glory, and that many of them are even a hundred or a thousand times superior in magnitude to that stupendous luminary. But bodies of such amazing size and splendour cannot be supposed to have been created in vain, or merely to diffuse a useless lustre over the wilds of immensity. Such an idea would be utterly inconsistent with the perfections of the Divinity, and all that we know of his glorious character, from the revelations of his word. If this earth would have been "*created in vain*," had it not been inhabited,* so those starry orbs, or, in other words, magnificent suns, would likewise have been created in vain, if retinues of worlds, and myriads of intelligent beings were not irradiated and cheered by their benign influence. That they were created for the accommodation of intelligent existence, is evident from this single consideration, that wherever power is exerted, there also must be a display of wisdom and goodness, and every other divine attribute. For the Deity must be considered, in every instance, as acting *in the plenitude of all his perfections*; one attribute can never be supposed as acting separately, or independently of another. But there can be no display of wisdom or goodness where there are neither sentient nor intelligent existence. Those thousand stars, then, which the unassisted eye can perceive in the canopy of heaven, may be considered as connected with at least fifty thousand worlds, compared with the amount of whose population, all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as "the small dust of the balance." Here the imagination might expatiate for ages of ages, in surveying this portion of the Creator's kingdom, and be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the magnitude, and the immense variety of scenes, objects, and movements, which would meet the view in every direction. For here we have presented to our view, not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong, but *suns revolving around suns* and systems around systems—systems not only double, but triple, quadruple, quintuple, and multiple, all in complicated but harmonious motion—*motions* more rapid than the swiftest planets in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles an hour—periods of revolution which vary from thirty to sixteen hundred years—suns with a *blue* or *green* lustre revolving around suns of a white or a ruddy colour, and both of them illuminating *with contrived coloured light* the same assem-

blages of worlds. And if the various orders of intelligences were unveiled to our view, what a scene of interest, grandeur, variety, diversity of intellect, and of wonder and astonishment, would be opened to our view!

But although we should have surveyed the whole of this grand and magnificent scene, we should still find ourselves standing only on the nearest extreme verge of creation. What if all the stars which the unassisted eye can discern, be only a few scattered orbs on the outskirts of a cluster immensely more numerous? What if all this scene of grandeur be only as a small lucid speck compared with the whole extent of the firmament?—As we advance in our survey of the distant regions of the universe, the astonishing extent and grandeur of the sidereal heavens gradually opens to our view. All that is visible to man's unassisted vision, is as nothing when compared with the immensity of august and splendid objects which stretch themselves in boundless perspective towards infinity. The discoveries of modern astronomy have enlarged the sphere of our conceptions far beyond what could formerly have been surmised, and opened to view a universe, boundless as its Creator, where human imagination is confounded and lost, and in which man appears like a mere microscopic animalculum, and his whole habitation as a particle of vapour compared with the ocean. In contemplating the visible firmament with the unassisted eye, we behold only the mere portals, as it were, which lead to the interior recesses of the vast temple of creation. When we direct our views beyond these outer portals, by means of the most powerful telescopes, we obtain a view of some of its more magnificent perches, and a faint glimpse of those splendid apartments which we shall never be able to explore, but which lead us to form the most august conceptions of the extent and grandeur of what is concealed from our view. In entering this "temple not made with hands," the splendour of its decorations, the amplitude of its scale, and the awfulness of infinitude, forcibly strike the imagination. There is sufficient to awaken into exercise, all the powers and feelings of devotion, and to excite us to fall down in humility and adoration before Him who spake into existence this astonishing fabric, and "whose kingdom ruleth over all."

These reflections may not be considered as altogether inappropriate, if we attend to the following fact: there is a whitish irregular zone, that goes round the whole heavens, which astronomers distinguish by the name of the *Milky Way*. It is best seen in the months of August, September, October, and November, though portions of it are visible all the year round. This portion of the heavens is found to consist entirely of stars, crowded into immense clusters. On first presenting telescopes of considerable power to this splendid zone, we are lost in astonishment at the number, the variety, and the beautiful configuration of the stars, of which it is composed. In certain parts of it, every slight motion of the telescope presents new groups and new configurations; and the new and wondrous scene is continued over a space of many degrees in succession. In several fields of view, occupying a space not more than twice the breadth of the moon, you perceive more of those twinkling luminaries, than all the stars visible to the naked eye throughout the whole

* Isaiah xlv. 18.

canopy of heaven. You seem to penetrate, as it were, to the remote boundaries of creation, and feel lost and bewildered amidst the immensity of the universe. I have never been inspired with higher ideas of grandeur and sublimity, nor felt deeper emotions of humility and reverence, than when occasionally contemplating this stupendous scene through telescopes of considerable brilliancy and power. There is not another scene in creation, open to the view of mortals, calculated to fill the soul with more august conceptions, or to inspire it with more profound admiration and awe. In such surveys, we behold "new heavens" and other firmaments rising to view; whose distance baffles the utmost stretch of imagination.

The late Sir W. Herschel, in passing his telescope along a space of this zone; fifteen degrees long and two broad, described at least fifty thousand stars large enough to be distinctly counted; besides which he suspected twice as many more, which could be seen only now and then by faint glimpses, for want of sufficient light: that is fifty times more than the acutest eye can discern in the whole heavens, during the clearest night; and the space which they occupy is only the 1-1375th part of the visible canopy of the sky. On another occasion, this astronomer perceived nearly six hundred stars in one field of view of his telescope, so that in the space of a quarter of an hour, one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed in review before him. Now, were we to suppose every part of this zone equally filled with stars as the spaces now alluded to, there would be found in the Milky Way alone, no less than 20,190,000, that is, twenty millions, one hundred and ninety thousand stars, or twenty times the number of those that are visible to the naked eye. In regard to the distance of some of these stars, it has been ascertained that some of the more remote are not less than five hundred times the distance of the nearest fixed star, that is, at least 9,940,000,000,000,000, or nearly ten billions of miles; a distance so great, that light, which flies at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, would require one thousand six hundred and forty years, before it could traverse this mighty interval!

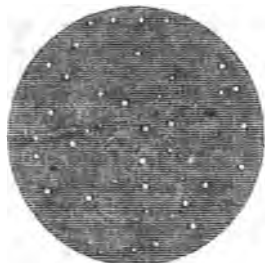
Here, then, let us pause for a moment, and consider the august spectacle presented to view. We behold a few whitish spaces in the firmament, almost overlooked by a common observer when he casts a rude glance on the evening sky. Yet in this apparently irregular belt, which appears only like an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament, we discover, by optical instruments, what appears to be an amazing and boundless universe. We behold not only thousands, but millions of splendid suns where not a single orb can be perceived by the unassisted eye. The scenes of grandeur connected with such august objects, are utterly overwhelming to such frail and limited beings as man, and perhaps even more exalted orders of intelligence may find it difficult to form even an approximate idea of objects so distant, so numerous, and so sublime. Yet this scene, stupendous as it is, is not the universe. It is only a comparatively small corner of creation, which beings at an immensely greater distance, will behold as an obscure and scarcely discernible speck on the outskirts of their firmament. So that amidst this vast assemblage of material existence, we may say, in the language of the prophet, when speaking of the Almighty, that *seen here is but "the hiding of his power."*

The Milky Way is now with good reason considered as the cluster of stars in which our sun is situated; and all the stars visible to the naked eye as only a few scattered orbs near the extremities of this cluster.

The farther we proceed in our researches in the sidereal heavens, the scene of creating power and wisdom becomes more expansive and magnificent. At every step of our progress, the prospect enlarges far beyond what we had previously conceived; the multitude and variety of its objects are indefinitely increased; new suns and new firmaments open to view on every hand, overwhelming the mind with astonishment and wonder, at the immensity of creation, and leaving it no room to doubt that, after all its excursions, it has arrived only at "the frontiers of the great Jehovah's kingdom." Wherever we turn our eyes amidst those higher regions, infinity appears to stretch before us on either hand, in its awful and overwhelming dimensions; and countless assemblages of the most resplendent objects are every where found, diversifying the tracks of immensity. To investigate such objects in relation to their number, magnitude, motion, and the laws by which they are united and directed in their revolutions, completely baffles the mathematician's skill, and sets all his boasted powers of analysis at defiance, and demonstrates that we are still in the infancy of knowledge and of being. Here all finite measures fail us in attempting to scan such amazing objects, and to penetrate into such unfathomable recesses: length, breadth, height and depth, and time and space are lost. We are justly filled with admiration at the astonishing grandeur of the Milky Way, where suns and worlds are counted by millions. When exploring its dimensions and sounding its profundities, we seem to have got a view of a universe far more expansive than what we had previously conceived to be the extent of the whole creation. But what shall we say, if this vast assemblage of starry systems be found to be no more than a single nebula, of which several thousands, perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered! and that it bears no more proportion to the whole sidereal heavens, than a small dusky speck which our telescopes enable us to descry! Yet such is the conclusion to which we are necessarily led, from the discoveries which have been lately made respecting the different orders of the nebulae.

The nebulae are faint cloudy spots which are seen in various parts of the heavens. Two or three of them are just perceptible to the naked eye; but the greater part can only be perceived by powerful telescopes. The discoveries which have been recently made in relation to these objects, have opened to our view a scene of inexpressible magnitude and grandeur. Those of them which are nearest, and are termed *clusters*, convey the idea of a globular space full of stars. "It would be a vain task," says Sir J. Herschel, "to attempt to count the stars in one of these clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and on a rough calculation, grounded on the apparent intervals between them at the borders, and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least ten or twenty thousand stars, compacted and wedged together in a round space whose area is not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon." In lately taking a survey of some of the nearest of these clusters, I met with some beautiful

telescopic fields of view. One of these is represented in the adjacent figure. The apparently small group to which these stars belong, is in the constellation



Cancer. It is just perceptible to the naked eye as an undefined, cloudy speck. The space in the heavens occupied by the stars in the figure, is not above the one-fourth or one-fifth part of the space occupied by the moon. They were all contained within one field of view, along with many smaller stars which are not here represented. The larger stars, which were arranged into different kinds of triangles, appeared more brilliant than stars of the first magnitude do to the naked eye. Other fields of view, with different configurations, were seen immediately adjacent. From the observations made by Sir W. Herschel on other and more distant nebulae, he is of opinion that our nebula, or the Milky Way, is *not* the most considerable in the universe; and he points out some very remarkable nebulae which cannot be less, but are probably *much larger* than that of which our own sun and system form a part.

Now, on these grounds, let us consider what must be the extent and magnitude of only the *visible* universe. There have been more than *three thousand* of these nebulae already discovered. Supposing the number of stars which compose the Milky Way to be only ten millions, (half the number formerly stated,) and that each of the nebulae, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther, that only two thousand of the three thousand nebulae are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars or *sun*s comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescopes would be 20,000,000,000, or twenty thousand millions, which is twenty millions of times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye! Great as this number is, and magnificent and overpowering as the ideas are which it suggests of the extent of creation, yet these vast assemblages of systems may be no more than as a single nebula to the whole visible firmament, or even as a particle of sand to the whole earth, compared with what lies beyond the range of human vision, and is hid from mortal eye in the unexplored and boundless regions of immensity. Beyond the boundaries of all that will ever be visible to the inhabitants of earth an infinite region exists, in which we have every reason to believe the Deity sits enthroned in all the grandeur of his overflowing goodness and omnipotence, presiding over innumerable systems far surpassing in magnificence what “eye hath yet seen,” or the most brilliant intellect can conceive. For we

ought never for a moment to surmise that the operations of Almighty Power are exhausted at the point where the efforts of human genius and art can no longer afford us assistance in tracing the footsteps of the Almighty through the mysterious regions of infinitude; nor should we ever suppose that man, placed on such a diminutive ball as the earth, and furnished with powers of so limited a nature as those with which he is invested, will ever be able to grasp the dominions of Him who fills immensity with his presence, and “whose ways are past finding out.”

There is a species of nebulae called *planetary nebulae*, which are round, compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes. What is the nature or destination of such bodies it is difficult to conjecture, but the magnitude of some of them is prodigious. One of these nebulae, in the constellation of Andromeda, is so large that, according to the computation of Sir J. Herschel, “it would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus,” which is three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000,000, or more than twenty-four quartillions of solid miles, which is sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the sun! There are hundreds of nebulae which have never been resolved into stars by the highest powers of the telescope. Many of these are justly considered as a species of luminous matter gradually condensing into solid globes. For we find them in all the various stages of condensation; some appearing like an obscure homogenous mass of chaotic materials; others with a gradual condensation and superior intensity of light about the central parts, and others so condensed and brilliant at the centre as to present the appearance of a star surrounded with a faint nebulosity. One of the largest of this class of nebulae, and which is almost visible to the naked eye, is to be found in the sword of the constellation Orion. This extraordinary object, which has never been resolved into stars, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000, or two trillions, two hundred thousand billions, of times larger than the sun. So that there is a peculiar emphasis in the expression in the book of Job, and the prophecy of Amos, when the Almighty is represented as “making the seven stars and Orion.” It is by no means inconsistent with any thing we know of the perfections and operations of the Creator, to suppose that these immense masses of matter, according to certain laws impressed upon them, are gradually progressing, under the superintendence of the Almighty, towards the formation of new systems for replenishing the voids of space, and for giving a display of his perfections to beings that may hereafter be created; and that this replenishing of infinite space may go forward throughout all the revolutions of eternity.

Such are a few rude ideas respecting the universe. In the present state of the moral world, when everything appears to be converging towards some grand consummation, it appears that God, in the course of his providence, is beginning to unveil the glories of his nature, and the grandeur of his empire, by the discoveries which he has led the human mind to achieve; and future generations may acquire still more ample views of his infinite attributes, and “the glory of his kingdom.” But all the grand and over-

whelming objects to which we have adverted, numerous, august and overpowering as they are, *are not the universe*—they are only a few detached apartments of it, and, perhaps, bear no more proportion to the whole, than a single star to all the myriads of stars which lie within the range of telescopic vision. Of the universe in all its extent, as it really exists, man will never be able to form an adequate conception. Yea, it is highly probable, that there is not a single intelligence, even among the highest order of created beings, who is acquainted with every region of universal nature, and the objects it contains; and that the greatest part of creation, with its scenery, movements and inhabitants, is known only by Him who formed it by his power, and fills it with his presence.

Had the limits of this paper admitted, I might have adverted to the *motions* which are going forward throughout this mighty universe. For all the myriads of globes and systems to which I have alluded, are in rapid and perpetual motion, and we have no reason to believe that there is a single quiescent body in the universe. We have here planets revolving around suns—planets revolving around planets—suns performing their revolutions around suns—suns revolving around the centres of systems; and, in all probability, every system of creation revolving around the centre and grand mover of the whole. The rate of these motions, in every known instance, is not less than several thousands of miles every hour, and, in some instances, thousands of miles every minute. The fixed stars, though to a common observer they appear nearly in the same positions with regard to each other, are found, in some instances, to have motions far more rapid than those of any of the planetary globes, though their magnitude is immensely superior. The star sixty-one Cygni, whose apparent motion is five seconds annually—and consequently altogether imperceptible to a common observer—yet at the distance at which this star is known to be placed,* this motion is equivalent to one hundred and twenty billions of miles every year, or three hundred and twenty-eight thousand millions every day—motions altogether incomprehensible by human beings, but which display the amazing and uncontrollable *energies of Omnipotence*.

This subject suggests a variety of important reflections, of which I shall briefly advert only to a few.

1. All the vast systems to which we have alluded are the workmanship of an infinite and eternal Being, and proclaim the glory of his perfections. It is impossible that such an amazing universe, arranged with such exquisite order, and all the bodies it contains moving with such regular and rapid motions, could have formed itself, or been produced by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms;—and the very surmise that such a thing was possible, is one of the wildest hallucinations that ever entered the human mind, and contrary to the first principles of reasoning, that every effect must have a corresponding cause. That such a notion was ever entertained by beings endowed with rational faculties, is a proof

that man has lost, in part, that light of reason and intelligence with which he was originally invested, and that he is now “born like the wild ass’s colt.”

2. This amazing universe demands the serious contemplation of every rational being, and of every *Christian*. It contains a sensible adumbration of the Divine attributes—of the eternity, immensity, omniscience, omnipotence, wisdom and beneficence of Him who presides over all its scenes and movements. To overlook this amazing scene, or to view it with indifference, is virtually to “disregard the works of Jehovah, and to refuse to consider the operations of his hands.” It is a violation of religious duty, and implies a reflection on the character of Jehovah for any Christian to imagine that he has nothing to do with God considered as manifested in the immensity of his works; for his word is pointed and explicit in directing the mind to such contemplations. “Hearken unto this, stand still and consider the wonderful works of God”—“Great is the Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite”—“He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, he hath stretched out the heavens by his understanding”—“Praise ye the Lord, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, for the Lord is high above all nations, and *his glory is above the heavens*”—“The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth”—“Let all the earth fear the Lord, let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him; for he spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast”—“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty”—“Declare his glory among the heathen, and his wonders among all people”—“Thy saints shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.” No Christian, therefore, can consistently set aside the contemplation of this mighty universe as one element of his religion, and as one mean by which his views of the great Object of his worship may be expanded, and his devotional feelings rendered more ardent and elevated.

3. This subject teaches us that, notwithstanding the greatness of God’s universal kingdom, he does not overlook the minutest concerns of his creatures. We are apt, at first view, to imagine that, since God has such a boundless universe to superintend, there is a danger of being overlooked amidst the immensity of his works. Such an apprehension arises from a consciousness of our own limited powers and capacities. Our knowledge and observation are confined to a certain measure of space, and to a limited number of objects; and we feel that we cannot attend to many different objects at the same time; and, therefore, it sometimes happens, when we reflect on the Divine Being, that we can scarcely forbear ascribing to him something that approximates to the same imperfection. But we are certain that the knowledge of the Deity is unlimited, and absolutely infinite. While he sits enthroned on the magnificence of his works in the distant regions of his creation, and governs the affairs of unnumbered orders of intellectual existence, he also exercises the minutest superintendence over every world he has created, however diminutive in comparison of the whole. His eye rests on the humblest and the minutest of its objects, and his spirit watches over it as vigilantly as if it formed

* Professor Bessel of Königsberg has lately determined the annual parallax of this star, which parallax makes its distance to be sixty-two billions, four hundred and eighty thousand millions of miles.

the sole object of his physical and moral administration; so that neither man, nor even the smallest microscopic animalculæ are overlooked amidst the multifarious objects of the Divine government. Man is every moment supported by his power, and his thousand wants provided for by his overflowing goodness. He shares of the Divine beneficence in common with all the bright intelligences that people the amplitudes of creation. For the happiness bestowed on the unnumbered myriads of beings that people his domains can never diminish the resources of him who has all the treasures of the universe at his disposal, and who is the centre of all felicity. Within the range of the moral government of God—if he is obedient to his laws—every intelligence may rest secure, and confident that he is not overlooked amidst the immensity of being; for the presence of Deity pervades the infinity of space, and his knowledge extends to the most minute movements both of the material and the moral system. This is an attribute peculiar to the Most High, which flows from the immensity of his nature, and the boundless knowledge he has of all his works, and which gives us a more glorious and sublime idea of his character than if his regards were confined to one department of his empire, or to one order of his creatures; and, in nothing is the Divine Being so immensely separated from man, or from any other rank of intelligent existence, as in the display he gives of this wonderful and incommunicable attribute.

4. Such a universe as we have faintly described, and such a universe alone, is accordant with the declarations of the word of God, and with the attributes with which he is declared to be invested. Some pious persons are apt to be somewhat sceptical in regard to what is stated respecting the magnitude and grandeur of the universe, as if the facts stated were either beyond the reach of human intellect to ascertain, or beyond the power of Omnipotence to accomplish. But the oracles of inspiration warrant our entertaining the sublimest conceptions of the dominions of the Almighty. "Great is our Lord and of great power, his greatness is unsearchable"—"Who can utter the mighty operations of Jehovah, who can show forth all his praise?"—"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?"—"The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth forth his handy work!"—"He doth great things past finding out, yea and wonders without number"—"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the glory, and the majesty; for all that is in heaven and earth is thine, and Thou art exalted far above all"—"Behold, the heavens and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee!"—"All the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as nothing in his sight," and "He doth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; for his kingdom ruleth over all." A universe, vast, boundless, and incomprehensible, is just such as we ought naturally to expect from a Being who is infinite, eternal, and omnipresent; whose power is uncontrollable, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose goodness is boundless and diffusive. All his plans and operations must be, like himself, vast, boundless, and inconceivable by mortals. Were we to find the plan of the universe circumscribed like that which was represented by the ancient astronomers, we should be apt to think that the Creator of the world is a limited being. But when we contem-

plate the universe as it really is, we behold plans and operations which are in perfect unison with the immensity of his nature, with his boundless power, his uncontrollable agency, and his universal presence. Wherever we turn our eyes we behold the Creator acting like himself, and in no case is this more strikingly displayed than in the grandeur and magnificence of the orbs of heaven, and the immense spaces with which they are surrounded. So that nature, revelation, our abstract views of the attributes of the Divinity, and the facts which exist in the material system, all conspire to show the harmony and consistency of the Creator in all his ways and works.

5. This subject affords a striking view of the wonderful *condescension* of the Divine Being towards man, especially in regard to the redemption of a fallen world. This sentiment seems to have been deeply impressed upon the mind of the pious psalmist when contemplating the nocturnal heavens. Viewing the resplendent orbs every where around him in the canopy of the sky, his thoughts seem to have taken a flight into the region of immensity, and, by the guidance of his rational powers, and the assistance of the spirit of inspiration, he takes an expansive view of the multitude, the magnitude, and the grandeur of those magnificent globes which roll in the distant tracks of creation. Overwhelmed with his views of the immensity of creation, and of the perfections and grandeur of its Creator, he breaks out in the language of astonishment and wonder, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, *what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visited him?*" In no dispensation of the Almighty is this Divine condescension so strikingly apparent as in the economy of our redemption. Though countless myriads of worlds and intelligences are under his superintendence, and are incessantly celebrating his praise in the loftiest strains; and, consequently, though all the apostate inhabitants of our world might have been for ever annihilated without being missed amidst the immensity of creation, yet, amazing to relate! this joyful announcement was made to our rebellious race—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." This is the most wonderful event, and the most important message ever announced to our world. What displays of Divine love and mercy may have been made to other worlds, and other orders of beings, we are not in a situation to determine. We dare not affirm that in other regions of the Divine empire similar displays have not been made; for we have never traversed the depths of immensity to ascertain all the dispensations of the Almighty in every province of creation. But we may boldly affirm, that the mission, and the death of Christ were the most wonderful events, and the most astonishing displays of mercy and love that were ever made to our sublimary world. As the Apostle of the Gentiles has declared, there is "a height and a depth, a breadth and length in the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, that passeth knowledge." When we consider the depths of misery from which it raises us, the heights of felicity to which it exalts us, the boundless nature of its operations, and the *everlasting* duration of all its blessings, we have reason to exclaim with the enraptured poet,

"O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
And love that passeth knowledge; words are vain,
Language is lost in wonders so sublime;
Come, then, expressive *silence*, muse his praise."

6. From a consideration of the immensity of the universe, the Christian may derive hope and consolation in the prospect of all the scenes of futurity. Since Jehovah has reared so vast and magnificent a fabric, it affords a sensible evidence that "nothing can be too hard for the Lord," and that he is able to perform in our behalf "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or conceive;" that all his gracious declarations will most certainly be brought into effect; that his promises to his people will be fully accomplished; and that no power nor obstacle whatever can interpose to prevent the execution of his designs. For his power is irresistible, his wisdom is unerring, and the emanations of his goodness are diffused "over all his works." To this source of encouragement and consolation we are frequently directed in the Scriptures for the confirmation of our faith and hope. "Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God, *who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is, who keepeth truth for ever.*" To this source of confidence the desponding Christian is directed in the hour of perplexity and distress. "Lift up thine eyes to heaven, and behold him who hath created these orbs! Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding: He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength," &c. As an evidence of the permanent security of the saints, we are directed to contemplate the luminaries of the sky, "the host of heaven that cannot be numbered." "Thus saith the Lord who giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night; if those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, the seed of Israel shall also cease from being a nation before me for ever." But these "ordinances" still remain, the stars of heaven still shine with undiminished lustre, and have never ceased to perform their varied revolutions, and will continue to do so, notwithstanding partial changes, so long as the eternal God exists. Therefore the promises of Jehovah are secure to all the spiritual seed of Israel, while ages numerous as the drops of ocean are rolling on. When, therefore, we lift up our eyes to the starry firmament, and compare its rolling orbs with the declarations of the holy oracles, we behold the *faithfulness* of God established in the very heavens, and we decry the agency of a *power* which is more than adequate to bring into effect every promise and every declaration found written in the word of God, "to afford us strong consolation, and an anchor to our souls both sure and steadfast." Do we feel doubtful that our frail bodies, after having been reduced to dust and patrefaction, shall be reanimated, and arrayed in more glorious forms?—that the moral world will be ultimately regenerated, and righteousness and praise spring forth before all nations?—that the globe on which we dwell shall be renovated, and new

heavens and a new earth appear wherein dwelleth righteousness! All such doubts are dispelled when we consider the immensity of the universe, and the perfections displayed in its structure and movements. For they evidently declare to every beholder that "THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH," and that no event can be beyond the limits of his power to accomplish.

7. From this subject we may learn that it is both our duty and our interest to yield a willing obedience to the laws of Him whose universe we have been contemplating. All the luminaries of heaven are arranged in beautiful order, and perform their revolutions with perfect exactness and harmony. We may also rest assured, that all the intellectual beings with which they are replenished, are under the government of moral laws, which regulate their affections and conduct, otherwise disorder and misery would be the necessary result, and the intelligent system thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The moral laws of God are intended to promote the happiness of his rational offspring, and to preserve the intelligent universe in harmony and order; and, therefore, the violators of the Divine law must necessarily suffer punishment, in one shape or another, either in this life or in the life to come. And how can they prevent it? All the moral laws of the Almighty are fenced with sanctions; and who can resist the will of Him who rules a universe so vast and boundless? Who can stand before his indignation, or abide the fierceness of his anger? His counsel shall stand, and He will do all his pleasure; and, therefore, no happiness can be enjoyed but in his favour, and in a cordial submission to the revelations he has made, and to all the laws and ordinances which he has appointed. "Blessed only are they who do his commandments; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

In fine, the immensity of the universe affords evidence that its Creator has resources for the communication of happiness in all its diversified forms, and to all the orders of intelligent existence, throughout an interminable duration; and, therefore, supremely happy must they be who have this Almighty Being as their father, their friend, and their exceeding great reward.

Broughty Terry, near Dundee, Scotland.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

REPORT OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

THE First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, recently published, contains a mass of statistical information of the most valuable kind, and which is destined to become more valuable by comparison with similar statistics relating to subsequent years, which the Registrar-General will be enabled henceforth to furnish annually. As this Report, in its present shape, is not likely to come within the reach of many of the readers of the Journal, we beg leave to string together a few extracts from it.

It appears that the total number of marriages solemnised in England, according to the rites of the established church, during the year ending June 30,

1838, is 107,201; and the number solemnised during the same period, *not* according to the rites of the established church, is 4280; making the total number of marriages which have taken place in England, during the year, to be 111,481. Out of this number there were 5575 males and 16,563 females married *below the age of twenty-one years*.

The number of births registered in England and Wales during the year ending June 30, 1838, is 399,712, namely, 204,863 males, and 195,849 females. The number of deaths registered, during the same period, is 335,956, namely, 170,965 males, and 164,991 females.

The following Table shows the proportion out of 1000 registered deaths which have occurred at various ages during the year in England and Wales:—

Ages.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Under 1 year -	234.66	193.72	214.54
1 and 2 - -	127.17	128.85	128,
3 - 4 - -	47.57	49.47	48.51
5 - 9 - -	45.89	46.27	46.07
10 - 14 -	24.57	27.3	25.91
15 - 19 - -	30.96	37.48	34.16
20 - 24 - -	39.02	43.5	41.22
25 - 29 - -	35,	39.97	37.44
30 - 34 - -	33.05	37.42	35.2
35 - 39 - -	32.38	34.25	33.3
40 - 44 - -	32.91	32.69	32.8
45 - 49 - -	32.6	30.65	31.64
50 - 54 - -	32.12	30.8	31.47
55 - 59 - -	33.54	31.42	32.5
60 - 64 - -	40.51	40.64	40.57
65 - 69 - -	41.05	41.33	41.43
70 - 74 - -	42.95	44.95	43.93
75 - 80 - -	40.3	43.46	41.85
80 - 84 - -	30.48	34.89	32.63
85 - 90 - -	16.97	20.86	18.88
90 and upwards	6.26	9.51	7.86

In allusion to the value of this table, the Registrar-General says, "In the abstract of deaths (the registration of which even for this first year has been effected with signal success) I have entered into more minute details exhibiting enumerations of the deaths of persons of each sex at every successive year of age. Such details are of acknowledged value, as data for determining the laws of mortality, as bases for calculations materially affecting the interests of millions. Tables exhibiting the proportion of deaths at every successive year of age are among the most important materials from which are deduced the true principles on which should be founded the systems of life-annuities and of life-insurance, and the rules of friendly societies established for the use of the poorer classes."

Besides the above abstract of deaths for the whole of England and Wales, the Registrar-General has contrived, by dividing the kingdom into twenty-five divisions, to exhibit the difference which prevails in the proportions in different parts of the kingdom, and to compare town with country—agricultural districts with manufacturing and mining districts—the hilly with the low and level—the maritime with the inland—the eastern and northern with the western and southern parts. "Nor (says he) are these divisions matters of merely curious speculation, but may be made the source of important benefits, especially to the poorer classes. It was stated in evidence before

the Committee on Parochial Registration in 1833, by the Actuary of the National Debt Office, that the extent of difference which then existed was utterly unknown; that tables for the use of the poor, in reference to the sickness and mortality, and in reference to the regulation of their friendly societies, could not then be constructed for two districts differing in character, from the want of such information as an improved system would afford; and that if two societies of poor men residing in districts of a totally different character were, at the same time, to apply for tables to guide them in preserving their societies solvent, he 'should be under the necessity of giving the same tables to both, though knowing perfectly that the rates which were adequate in one case were inadequate in the other.'" All this information, however valuable and important as it unquestionably is, is but a subordinate result of the national system of registering births, marriages, and deaths, lately come into operation in England—the great and primary object of that system being henceforward to collect information as to the date and every other circumstance connected with the birth, marriage, and death of every individual in England and Wales, and to deposit and preserve such information, in a systematic manner, in one central office in London, where, at all times, and under proper regulations, it will be easily accessible to all classes of the people.

We shall, in conclusion, briefly describe to our readers the method adopted by the Registrar-General for registering births, marriages, and deaths. He has divided the kingdom into districts, to each of which he has assigned a superintendent-registrar, and one or more registrars. Under the Poor-Law Amendment Act, the whole of England and Wales has now nearly been formed into distinct unions for the administration of relief to the poor; and these divisions of the country for parochial purposes have generally been found convenient for the purpose of registration likewise. Generally speaking, the clerks of those poor-law unions, who are for the most part solicitors and men of respectability, have been appointed to the office of superintendent-registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, for their respective unions, as have also the relieving officers of those unions been appointed the registrars, who act under the direction of the superintendent-registrars. These local registrars are required to inform themselves carefully of every birth and death which shall happen within their respective districts. It is left to their discretion to employ such lawful means of procuring this information as may to them appear best. Having received intelligence of a birth or death, the registrar proceeds to the house where it has occurred, and enters it in a register-book kept for that purpose. Every registrar is required, quarterly, to make and deliver to the superintendent-registrar of his district a true copy of all the entries of births and deaths, registered by him, in the register-book of births and of deaths, upon blank forms furnished to him for that purpose, which copies, after having been examined and compared by this superintendent-registrar with the register-books, and certified by him, are transmitted by post to the Registrar-General in London. The process which these certified copies undergo in London is thus described by the Registrar-General: "The duties performed under my more immediate direction upon the receipt of the certified copies, after the termination of each quarter,

at the general register-office, are, 1st, the examination; 2d, the arrangement; 3d, the formation of alphabetical indices; and, 4th, the compilation of abstracts (to which last we have already alluded.)

1. After such preliminary arrangement as shall prevent the confusion and intermixture of papers, each leaf of the certified copies, and each entry thereon, is subjected to a strict examination. If any erasure, interpolation, informality, omission, or error, or defect of any kind, is thereby detected in any entry, it is immediately noted, with a reference to the entry, in a form furnished for that purpose; and all such defects as require explanation, or may at any future time cast doubt on any matter recorded in the register, are made the subjects of immediate inquiry: a letter is addressed to the person who registered the defective entry, and his explanatory reply is preserved in the office, ready to be referred to in the event of explanation being deemed requisite at any future period. * * *

2. After the examination of the certified copies of a quarter of a year, the leaves are arranged, pagged, and bound in volumes, for preservation and reference, regard being had in such arrangement to locality, so that entries registered in the same district shall never be far apart, and those which belong to the same county shall, with few exceptions, be found in the same volume. * * The certified copies so arranged and bound are kept deposited in fire-proof cases.

3. A separate alphabetical index is made for reference to the births of each quarter, another for the marriages, another for the deaths, being twelve separate indices for reference to the births, marriages, and deaths of the whole year, containing for the first year of registration, ending June 30th, 1838, 958,630 entries. The alphabetical arrangement is that of surnames, and it is carried out even to the last letter of each word: and where the surname recurs often, the alphabetical arrangement has been extended to the name also. * * *

I need not enlarge upon the advantages derivable from the facilities afforded by such indices. Obviously desirable as it is that important records like the certified copies of registers of births, marriages, and deaths, should be placed in one central public repository, the advantage of such accumulation would be comparatively slight, if easy reference to any of the millions of entries which will be collected in a few years were not afforded by a systematic arrangement, and a complete method of alphabetical indexing. The immense saving of time, labour, and expense, which is thereby effected, cannot be appreciated by a mere comparison with those cases in which (the place of the register of baptism, burial, or marriage, under the old system, being known and accessible) little trouble was incurred in obtaining a copy of the entry required. But it must be remembered, that cases have occurred where the register of a baptism, burial, or marriage, being required for legal purposes, no person living has been able to state in which of all the parishes in the kingdom the baptism, burial, or marriage, had been registered, or whether it had been registered at all. * * * In such a case, with no indication but the surname sought, and the probable period of the birth, marriage, or death, the search, which previously was a hopeless task, may, with respect to entries in the new registers, be accomplished in a few minutes."

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The old parochial system of registration in England was in many respects exceedingly defective. In the first place, the registers kept by the parochial clergy were registers of *baptisms* and *burials* only, and furnished no evidence whatever of the precise time of the birth or death of an individual. They were also, for the most part, kept in a careless manner, and in numberless instances they were found materially obliterated or destroyed. Mr. Matthews, a barrister, in his evidence on this subject before the Parochial Registration Committee in 1833, said, at the last York assizes he happened to be present upon the trial of the cause of "*Doe and Hungate*," a case of considerable notoriety in that county, where a large estate was at stake; and upon Mr. Sergeant Jones stating that an obliteration appeared in a register which was produced, Mr., Justice Alderson, who tried the cause, observed, "Are you surprised at that, brother Jones? I am not at all surprised. I have had much experience, and I never saw a parish registry book in my life that was not falsified in one way or other; and I do not believe there is one that is not."

The expense and delay, too, consequent upon procuring the certificate of a birth, marriage, or death, in cases where the parish where the event occurred was not known, were enormous, and formed not the least of the evils of the old system. In such cases a search has frequently been abandoned as fruitless, after having been made in half the parishes of England.

All these objections, however, will now, for the future at least, be completely removed by the operation of the new system of registration.

In concluding this notice, we would wish to impress upon the English readers of the Journal the necessity and propriety of their affording every facility in their power to the local registrars in the work of registration, for we are aware that some degree of prejudice towards the measure exists in England, and that some persons have carried this feeling to so great an extent as to refuse the necessary information when called upon by the registrar: an offence which the law has made a misdemeanour, punishable with a pecuniary fine. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it is the interest of all classes, more or less, that such important events as the births, marriages, and deaths of the population should be correctly registered and preserved; and we are wholly at a loss to conceive on what grounds any individual can refuse to comply with the provisions of a law which has in view objects of such national benefit and importance, more especially as he can fulfil those provisions at no expense, and at the most trifling amount of trouble possible. We indeed regard the English people as highly favoured by the establishment of such an efficient system of registration amongst them. Scotland has nothing of the kind. Nobody can tell how many children are born, how many persons are married, or how many die, annually in Scotland. There are, of course, parish books, but these are on a most imperfect scale. Of births no note is taken, and only such persons as please, register baptisms. There is a register of *proclamations* of regular marriages, but no corresponding record of the solemnization of these marriages, except at the pleasure of the parties. Of irregular marriages, no note whatever is taken. We

verily believe that not above one in ten of the marriages which take place in Scotland could be legally proved, except by litigation before a supreme court, in which collateral evidence might possibly be produced. A register of burials is kept at every burying ground, but no register of deaths. Thus, in Scotland, the whole matter of registration may be considered as on the worst possible footing.

From "Heads of the French, by themselves."

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

In France there are as many varieties of Clerks as naturalists ascribe to the *Lepidoptera*; but notwithstanding the thousand shades of difference, there are amongst them, to the keen and careful observer, great points of resemblance and striking analogies; in whatever grade of administrative department they may be engaged, they have all in view one single object, one fixed idea, one common destiny.

Let us explain in a few words the routine of the Clerk's life. At thirty, having a salary of eighteen hundred francs a-year, he marries an heiress with an income of six or eight hundred more; he takes a lodging, which must not cost him more than four hundred francs, at the farther extremity of the Marais, or in one of the suburbs of Paris. He walks every day five miles to go to his office, and there fill up registers, copy letters, sort and arrange heaps of papers, deliver game-licences, passports, receipts, and warrants—or, again, to register those who arrive and those who depart; to make out the conscription-lists; to plan a bridge for this town, a school for the other, and a cavalry-barrack for a third; to circulate the thoughts and stories originating in Paris over France and Europe; from his leathern arm-chair to keep a vigilant watch on the motions of such a gambler or such a criminal, or the progress of such a conspiracy, and what not besides. Others must have an eye on the thirty-eight thousand French boroughs, to ascertain and provide for their wants, their wishes, their opinions, or all that relates to politics, trade, the public good, religion, morals, the preservation of health, and a thousand other things. Such are the Clerk's multifarious duties six hours of six days of the week. Sunday comes, on which day he does not rise till ten, and shaves much later, than usual. Towards three he quits his dull suburb and starts with his wife for Paris, where they walk two hours for an appetite, and dine for two francs at Richefeu's, on *perdre aux choux*, a *salade de homard*, a *sole au gratin*, with a *meringue à la creme* for a desert. After dinner, they go in summer to the Champs Elysees, and in winter to Musard's Concert. At half-past ten they walk home, where they scarcely arrive before midnight—the poor wife almost dead with fatigue—and thus ends the day.

The class of unmarried Clerks is much more numerous than that of the married. "What is the use of marrying?" say they: "If we marry for love, what misery not to be able to offer to the woman of our choice the thousand amusements, the charming nothings, the jewels, ribbons, and flowers, which go for so much to constitute female happiness! If, on the contrary, we marry, like too many others, merely for convenience, why thrust ourselves, without any

compensation whatever, into the hornet's nest of nurses, doctors and dress makers' and milliners' bills? Let us try if it be not possible to live otherwise." Thus, alas! it is from poverty that the greatest number doom themselves to celibacy, and, perhaps are thus even more unhappy than those of their brethren who have ventured on matrimony. It is true that the single Clerk is free, and proud of his liberty till he is forty. He dines at the table-d'hôte at thirty-two sous, frequents the public walks, concerts, theatres, *bals champêtres*, and otherwise, and is occasionally animated by the fleeting excitement of an adventurous existence. But gradually the scene changes: his hair turns grey, he numbers forty-five winters, and the age of illusions passes away, never to return. Concerts, balls and plays, amuse him no longer. What is to be done? To what innocent passion can he devote himself? How must he fill up his long summer mornings, interminable winter evenings! important questions these! Dining at tables-d'hôte is moreover become insufferable to him. He can no longer endure to meet each day new faces, which he may never see again. Then if he compare the flavourless soup, and the harmless liquids in which swim the meats at his table d'hôte, with the delicious dishes and sauces so exquisitely prepared in private families, what a difference suggests itself to his mind! From this time a great change takes place in the single Clerk's life; he renounces the world, its amusements, its brilliant assemblies, to study a science, or devote himself to some quiet mania. He takes either to ornithology or numismatics, collects minerals, classes butterflies or shells, stuffs to the best of his abilities all his neighbours' dead canary birds, and subscribes to five or six illustrated editions. He ends by engaging a house-keeper, takes his meals at home, and settles down for life as comfortably as he can.

There are shades in the varieties of Clerks which to dwell upon would be useless, their designation being a sufficient description. Such are the idler, who contrives to work only an hour a-day; the plodder, who is scrupulous of losing an instant; the *mulade imaginaire*, who for thirty years fancies himself threatened with serious illness, expecting which he solicits frequent leaves of absence, and is bled, takes medicine regularly every fortnight; the joker, who is always propounding riddles and playing tricks; the flatterer, who is some times nicknamed by his fellow clerks "the Spy," &c. &c. The Pluralist demands a sketch to himself.

The hours of business in a public office are usually from ten to four o'clock. As long as the Clerk remains unmarried, he sleeps or otherwise idles away the eighteen hours' leisure afforded him by government; but when he marries and children bring poverty, he tries to make the best possible use of his spare time. Then, indeed, his life is the most laborious and varied imaginable. It is hardly six o'clock when he is already up and copying deeds and abstracts for solicitors; he colours prints, gives lessons in drawing, or on the French Horn, or perhaps writes articles for the pictorial magazines, or scribbles novels or compilations at fifty francs a volume, according to his intelligence or inclination. From ten till four he is at his office. His dinner over, at six he betakes himself to some theatre on the Boulevard, to play the bassoon; or, if he is no musician, he

employs his evening in keeping the books of some tailor, grocer, or any other shopkeeper in his neighbourhood. Such is his daily existence till eleven o'clock. Poor victim to marriage!—what industry!—what self-denial! Setting these aside—thanks to his unremitting exertions for seventeen hours per diem—the pluralist Clerk succeeds in providing food and clothing for his wife and children, and adds eight or nine hundred francs to his Government salary of fifteen hundred.

[The Government Clerk at length retires from the desk.] He has served thirty years: the period for his retirement has arrived; but alas! here again are new grievances and fresh disappointment. In his youth, the Clerk is ever pining for the day when he shall retire, break his chain, recover his liberty, his independence, his freedom of speech, &c. When the time really arrives his language is no longer the same. He resembles the Woodman in the presence of Death, in the fable. "What already!" cries he. "What tyrannical injustice! I have scarcely begun to reap the fruits of my labour, and now I am dismissed: and with the stroke of a pen goes the one-half of my income! I who took so much pleasure in framing reports, auditing accounts, writing dispatches, &c. What is to become of me?" The Clerk then invariably forgets that there was a time when he was indignant that the old should bar the road to the young. However, retire he must, willingly or unwillingly, in spite of all appeal; and if his children are all provided for, and there is nothing to keep him in Paris, he usually retires to some small town in its immediate vicinity, and not unfrequently lives till he is eighty—happy when his savings have enabled him to purchase an acre of land, and subscribe, conjointly with the mayor of the place, to the oldest of the opposition newspapers.

There are some sad exceptions to this resignation and longevity. "Have you heard the news?" says sometimes one of the clerks, as he mends his pen, to his comrades in the office. "Have you heard the news of old A—our pensioned head clerk?"

"No. What of him?"

"You know that he retired to the environs of Chantilly, at the entrance of a charming village, surrounded by magnificent vegetation; but it was the verdure of his papers, not that of the fields, that he cared for, poor man! As soon as he had ceased to see them about him, his health began to decline; he lingered six months; he who used to be so contented and happy in his office! His spirits entirely forsook him: a slow disease gradually undermined his health, and wore his body to a shadow."

"And how is he now?"

"Very well: he died yesterday!"

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

ANIMAL COTTON.

In an age when fine loaves of bread are manufactured from sawdust, and superior wine from rhubarb and turnips, it is surprising that but little advantage has been taken of the natural production of an insect very common and much dreaded in the West Indies, the Capada worm or insect fly-carrier. It is a deadly enemy to the indigo and capada plantations,

sometimes destroying whole fields in a night; a circumstance which gave rise to a saying once current in the western hemisphere, that the planters of indigo go to bed rich, and rise in the morning beggars. Attention has been turned more to the most efficient methods of destroying the animal, than to turning it to some useful purpose. Yet this might easily be done, for in a certain state it produces a substance which appears to be equal, if not superior, to the finest silk or cotton. It is of the most dazzling whiteness and the greatest purity, answering the purposes of lint in the hospitals of the negroes, when silk and vegetable cotton serve only to inflame wounds, by the asperities of their filaments. We abridge an account of it from Burt's "Observations on the Curiosities of Nature," a very bad title for an ingenious book.

The capada worm, or insect fly-carrier, is produced, like the silk-worm, from the eggs which its mother scatters every where, after she has undergone her metamorphosis into a white butterfly. It begins to live at the end of July, and at its birth is arrayed in a robe of the most brilliant and variegated colours. When on the point of undergoing its metamorphosis in August, it throws off this superb livery, and puts on another of an admirable sea-green hue. This fundamental colour reflects all its various shades, according to the different undulations of the animal, and the different accidents of light; but this new decoration announces the approach of a period when it is doomed to undergo great tortures. It is immediately assailed by a swarm of ichneumon flies, one of which inserts itself into each of the pores of its body, not an opening being left unoccupied. All its struggles to get free of its tormentors are in vain. These flies, which are so small that they can only be studied by the microscope, drive their stings into the skin of their victim, over the whole extent of its back and sides. Afterwards, and all at the same moment, they slip their eggs into the bottom of the wounds which they have inflicted. No sooner is the operation performed, than the ichneumon flies disappear, and the patient remains for an hour in a drowsy and even motionless state, out of which it awakens to feed with its former voracity. It then appears much larger, and its size increases every day. Its green colour assumes a deeper hue, and the tints produced by the reflection of the light are more strongly marked. About a fortnight after the worm has been encumbered with this factitious pregnancy, the prospect of a numerous progeny begins to be apparent. By the aid of a microscope the eggs may be seen hatching in the body of the animal; and as they are all produced at the same instant, a single glance reveals the capada worm covered with a living robe of ichneumon flies. They issue from every pore, all the body being covered with them, only the top of the head appearing bare. Its colour then changes to dirty white, and the little worms assume a black appearance to the eye, although their true colour is a deep brown. This operation lasts about an hour, and it is followed by another, which is not much more protracted, but still more singular.

Immediately that the ichneumon worms are hatched, without quitting the spot where they separate themselves from the eggs, they yield a liquid gum, which becomes solid on exposure to the air. At the same time, and by a simultaneous motion, they ele-

vate themselves on their lower extremities, shake their heads and one half of their bodies, and swing themselves in every direction. And now they commence a very curious operation. Each of these animalcules works himself a small and almost imperceptible cocoon in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself up. The formation of these cocoons occupies only about two hours, and myriads of them being crowded close together, form a white robe, with which the capada worm appears elegantly and comfortably clothed; but while they are thus busily arraying him in his new attire, he remains apparently unconscious of their assiduities—he is then in a state of insect paralysis. As soon as this covering has been completed, and the little artists who wove it had retired to their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of his officious guests, and of the robe which contains them, but he does not succeed in the attempt without the greatest efforts. At length he contrives to get rid of the encumbrance; but instead of his former fat and shining appearance, he presents all the decrepitude of extreme old age. He is flaccid and dull; his skin is wrinkled and dirty; and, in short, symptoms of approaching dissolution begin to show themselves. He still makes a desperate attempt to gnaw a few leaves, but he no longer devours them with that voracity which indicates a vigorous constitution. Shortly afterwards he passes into the state of a chrysalis, and in giving life to thousands of eggs, he relinquishes his own. The cotton produced in this remarkable manner may be used without any preparatory process, as soon as the flies have quitted the cocoons, which is generally eight or ten days after their seclusion. Indeed, there is no need for the precautions which the silk-worm requires, the robe which covers the fly-carrier being worked every where so perfectly well, and in such abundance, that in less than two hours the quantity of one hundred pints has been collected. This highly interesting animal certainly deserves some attention, for we are not aware that any has been given to it, except in so far as its destruction was concerned. We know not that experiments have been made to weave this silky substance into a wearable tissue, but if the description which we have given above be correct (and there is no reason to doubt but it is,) there seems no obstacle to its being used for this purpose.

We may here notice a singular fact, established by Dr. Mitchell of New York, that vegetable fungi grow on the bodies of living insects. He states that these vegetable productions are not peculiar to one insect, but are to be found on the bodies of the wasp, sphynx, and others; that the bodies of insects nourish more than one species of vegetable fungi; that some of these parasitical plants begin their works of annoyance, like the larvæ of the ichneumon, in the body of the living insect, and continue it till the animal is killed by its destructive operations; that these mixed associations of vegetable with animal life are not prone to rapid putrefaction, but remain long enough to be collected by naturalists, and become the objects of scientific investigation. Dr. Mitchell seems to be of opinion that vegetable fungi in attaching to the insect class of animals, perform an important purpose in the economy of nature, by preventing the inordinate increase of such animals.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALCUTTA. BY AN OFFICER.

THE Fort of Calcutta is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and, like the Tower of London, resembles a small town rather than a mere citadel, consisting of various streets and squares adapted for different purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded by a broad fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. On our first arrival here, after due admiration of the noble fortress itself, I was particularly amused by observing a tribe of extraordinary looking birds of the crane species, called Adjutants, which are quite domestic, but of strange unsightly appearance, and which stand erect, like the penguin, in military fashion, rank and file, remaining as silent, motionless, and orderly, as a regiment drawn up on parade. These curious creatures are so well drilled, and so well practised in soldierly habits, that they never move the body, nor even the head, to the left or right as you pass by them, but seem fixed as statues, and are generally to be seen surrounding the green square enclosure in front of the barracks, where they remain in a state of ruminative apathy under the full blaze of the mid-day sun, until the soldier's dinner-drum begins to beat. Then are they all in motion in an instant, scampering off in double-quick time to the men's barracks, where a scene of great drollery usually ensues. They are most ravenous creatures, and provided with an enormously long and formidable bill, as well as with a large capacious bag, which hangs down from their throat to their long lanky legs. These curious birds, after all, though by no means an ornament to the fort, are as useful as they are amusing, being literally and truly its scavengers. They carry off all the offal and refuse thrown out about its precincts, and to them, and a host of assistant crows, who also frequent the locality, the inmates are indebted for the admirable cleanliness, and consequently much of the healthiness, of the place. These crows live on good terms, for the most part, with the adjutants; but sometimes one of the latter species is provoked out of its apathy by some mischievous encroachment on the part of the lesser birds, and gulps down the offending crow in an instant, feathers, bones, beak, claws, and all. This is a feat which the adjutant can execute with the greatest ease.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these people have been so often described, that I shall only advert to one piece of jugglery which was practised upon myself, and which is curious from bearing a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history as having been performed by the Egyptian magicians. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity should exist. The particular trick alluded to consisted in

the apparent conversion of a small brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin firmly in my right hand, but, covering that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words "Ram Sammee" during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, and giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hand suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or some such soft substance, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and, unclenching my fists, found there no coin, but, to my horror, a young living snake—a cobra-di-capello—folded roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the amaze and alarm of all present. But the juggler now got up, caught hold of the snake, and displayed its length, which was nearly two feet. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and, opening his own mouth to its utmost width, let the head of the snake drop into it, and commenced deliberately to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this the juggler came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat; but no snake or snake-tail was to be seen. It was seemingly down his throat altogether.

During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the juggler profess his ability to make it re-appear. But he performed another snake-trick which surprised us much. He took from a bag another living cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands, in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, behold! the large cobra was gone, and in its place were several small ones, which fell on the floor, and began to move about.

SINGLE SISTERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I AM very fond of fairy tales, and I like none better than that old-fashioned one of Cinderella. Even children, who never read the moral of fables, whether in prose or verse, feel the moral of this; the good providence which, in the guise of the fairy-god-mother, sent forth the pumpkin coach and the six harnessed mice to convey the despised and maltreated weak one to enjoy pleasures which her persecutors had forbidden her. There is a deep moral in it;

hope to the hopeless, joy to the joyless; the white healing wings of a good angel hovering over us when our hearts are shorn to the very quick by unkindness or neglect. The gist of every fairy tale is the triumph of the weak over the strong; an overruling principle of justice and mercy, which will in the end set all things right, and so far they are full of truth. But there is another peculiarity of this delightful old literature, which is cruelly unjust. Take the beginning of any one of them, and you have it on the very threshold of the story—"There, was once upon a time, a woman, and she had three daughters; the elder was crooked and ugly, and proud and envious;" so was also the second, but in a less degree; upon the youngest, on the contrary, is lavished every virtue, and every endowment of person and mind: she is beautiful as the lily of June; humble, and patient and gentle. She is subjected to every conceivable ignominy; she is the servant of her ill-favoured seniors; she washes in water, while they wash in wine; she wears hempen garments, while they are clothed as princesses; she is made to perform the most menial household work, while they career about in coaches covered with gold and silver. Such is the established distribution of virtues and vices in every fairy-tale family. In real life, the reverse of this is often much nearer the truth. Elder sisters, and especially those who remain single, are oftener concentrations of the virtues; and herein is it that our dear old fairy tales are so grievously in error.

I remember, when a child, revelling in that nursery literature, bound up in thin square tomes gilded on the outside, and decorated with compartments of embossed orange and purple and vermillion, as bright as the very gems of Aladin's palace, types and symbols of the fairy tale within—I remember even then being conscious how false this allotment of virtues and vices was, for our own fireside gave the lie to it. Who was it that read with an untiring patience evening after evening, and morning after morning, the very fairy tales which all commemorated a cross, ungentle, elder sister? Who was it that laid aside her own book or work to dress the doll, or draw the picture, or cut the paper-figures, or play at fox and goose, but that same gentle and patient and loving elder sister! And it was ever so. The younger ones grew up taller and fairer, and with divers endowments of grace and beauty; each with his or her peculiar talent or characteristic; this one was musical, that was a genius in painting, that was metaphysical, and this was a wit. All were self-engrossed, and each was more or less selfish, inasmuch as each was seeking for admiration even at the expense of the others: but Letitia, or Letty, as she was always called, darker complexioned, with no one master faculty of mind, with no showy accomplishment, was the same infatigable, loving, helping being that she had ever been. She was as the axle of the wheel; all centred in her; but, individually, all diverged farther and farther apart from each other.

Letty, was predestined to be an old maid; to be the single sister of the family. "Miss—," every body said, "never will be married; she is an old maid altogether; she is unlike the rest of the family: she might not belong to them!" And so it was. Letty was decidedly plain; the family had

improved in good looks as it increased in numbers. It often is so in large families. Many causes conspire to make the early lot and life of the eldest child frequently less happy, less favoured than those of its successors. Perhaps the parents are in less prosperous circumstances, and its early childhood has experienced privations which the others never knew; perhaps entrusted to a young nurse, whose only recommendation was the serving for small wages, the little creature gets a fall, which distorts the spine or dislocates the hip, or, perhaps, left for five minutes by the mother, while she performed some needful household duty, sets fire to its pinafore, and carries to womanhood, and thence to the grave, a frightful token of suffering and agony, which almost checks the sympathy it ought to excite. Perhaps the parents, as is not unfrequently the case, indulged certain crotchets of infantine education; like John Wesley's parents, perhaps, they taught the new-born pilgrim of life to cry softly, and to dread the rod even before it knew its mother's face; perhaps it was put under a stated and unnatural regimen; perhaps, like a little Indian, strapped to a board; perhaps hardly swaddled at all; for it is incredible what experiments of training are tried upon first children, especially by parents who reckon themselves philosophical. God help all first children! They may be decked out in laboriously embroidered garments, for every young mother is prodigal of needlework for her first born; but what avails this to the little victim of fantastic systems or of ignorant mismanagement! Parents often themselves look back with astonishment, if not with remorse, upon their first essays in infant training, and may trace many an infirmity of temper in their first born, many a physical weakness or lasting deformity, to their own absurd notions or mere want of experience.

Whether our parents had philosophised or experimentalised upon our elder sister, I know not; but certain it is, she was dissimilar to the rest of the family in many respects; much plainer in person, as I have said, and gifted with no showy faculties, but eminent in patience and disinterested affection. This part of the system, if system indeed there had been in Letty's early education, had proved decidedly successful.

Letty, however, was one of those destined by common consent to live and die in a state of single blessedness. With a heart capable of the most entire devotion, she was destined only to see one after another of her more attractively endowed sisters wooed and wedded. First one, and then another, went off, and all the gossips of the little town averred that Mr. —'s daughters were marrying exceedingly well; still Letty remained to rejoice in the joy of others, rather than to anticipate joy for herself. How was it that no amiable man, requiring chiefly in his wife every virtue which could grace a woman, never sought the hand of sister Letty? Many a plainer woman had married, and many a less intellectual one; and every day dozens without one tithe of her goodness of heart had been selected to become the angel of some sweet home. But Letty was still passed over! The truth is soon told; Letty was destined to live and die a single sister.

But let it not be said that such as she are useless members of society. From the days of my earliest remembrance, when she read us the pleasant fairy

tale, giving in her homely practice the delightful proof that elder sisters might be the very kindest and most self-forgetting of human beings, spite of all that was written to the contrary; from the very Saturday night, when she undertook to wash the younger ones with her own soft hands, that we might not be flayed with the nursery-maid's flannel, nor be blinded with soap rubbed into our eyes, and which, spite of company, or books, or summer-evening walks, she performed till we had all outgrown Saturday-night lavations; from the time when she called her young school-going brothers to her pillow each morning, and went through declension and conjugation, and all the perplexities of multiplication table, clearing away difficulties, and seeming to give to each bewildered brain the faculties of retention and comprehension; from those days forward, when she helped to dress her younger and more aspiring sisters for the parties in which they, not she, were to figure; when she helped to make the bridal garments, as each successively married off; and then as she assumed the new character of aunt, and spent many a guinea on the cap and frock and dainty little bonnet for each new-comer, for which there was still a warm nook in her warm capacious heart; from all those days, and their duties, to the time when she became mistress in her father's house, and was, as it were, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, reading for hours, to the old man, not books of her choice but of his, and walking out, with slow, gentle steps, literally supporting him, whenever the sunshine was warm enough to tempt him abroad: through all these years of duties, nobly performed, and of self-renunciation, could it be said that Letty, though a single sister, was an useless member of society? No such thing, Letty has done more to make virtue lovely, to diffuse happiness, and to decrease suffering and sorrow, than many wise or rich men, or even than many wives and mothers.

It is among the most vulgar of errors to consider women useless because they are single. Only look round your acquaintance—who is the one universally useful, the one applied to in every time of difficulty and trial? The single sister of the family.

Again, let us take our own Letty as an example. Say nothing of her virtue as a neighbour to the poor—her quiet, unostentatious benevolence—her weekly pensioners among the old, and her proteges among the young—but let us see what place of comparative usefulness she holds among those of her own family. John and his wife would take a trip up the Rhine; the season is propitious; it is determined upon as soon as thought of—for Letty will come and take charge of the children. Mary's two eldest children have had the whooping-cough, and change of air is needed for them. "Oh, send them to aunt Letty," is the immediate resource; "she will take care of them!" "Aunt Letty is coming down for the christening," say Tom's seven children to one of their nursery-maids; "and she will bring me a top," exclaims one; "and me a ringing omnibus," says another. "She will bring me a great doll," says one little damsel, "and will cut us apple-swans and little pippin-mice! We shall have such fun when aunt Letty comes!" Again, George's wife is thought to be consumptive, and a winter in Devonshire is recommended. George cannot accompany her for the whole time, but Letty can. To be sure, Letty is

at every body's service; no one thinks of consulting whether she would like it; they are as sure as that to-morrow will come that Letty will not fail them whether she likes it or not.

But now let us suppose, for such things will happen sometimes, that, after all, sister Letty herself has an offer; an offer every way unexceptionable; one that promises her the happiness she abundantly deserves. How does the news of it affect all that kindred which she has so faithfully and devotedly served all her life long? We may readily know, for common human nature only grows more selfish as it is more indulged.

"Only think!" says Mrs. John to her husband, "how ridiculous of Letty thinking of being married at her time of life. There's an end to our trip up the Rhine!"

"I think, after living single so many years, she might have chosen a more convenient time for marrying than just now, when my poor children have the whooping-cough," says Mary; "but that's just the way with old maids; they always do something or other foolish at last!"

"I don't know what I shall do with all my seven children," says Mrs. Tom, "if Letty really marries; for you know it is such a convenience to have an unmarried female in the family, because their time is of no value. Then there was in fact no occasion for Letty to marry, so comfortable as she was, always with some one or other of us. As for ourselves, it was quite an amusement for her to be here, where there were so many children, for really Letty managed so delightfully with children; but these old maids, you know, have nothing to try their tempers—it's so different with married women! I am sure it is a thousand pities that Letty ever thought of marrying."

"She does not care what becomes of me!" says Mrs. George, raising herself in her easy chair, after she had read the letter that announced sister Letty's intended marriage, and forgetting how Letty had given up her own last winter in London, to pass three months at Brighton with this same indulged and peevish invalid; "but really people are so selfish; or one might have expected she would have postponed her marriage to the spring, had it only been out of consideration to me."

Poor sister Letty, she had been too useful by half! Of those four married women who had so long availed themselves of her unwearying self-forgetfulness, and who looked with envious eyes on the prospect of happiness opening before her, not one had been so actively and widely useful, so meekly benevolent, as Letty, though she had lived for nearly fifty years a despised single-sister.

THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[From "Pictures of the French, drawn by Themselves."]

LIKE an universal alphabet, the chess-board is known to all nations. The Bonze plays at chess in the pagoda of Juggernaut; the palanquin-bearing slave reflects how he may best checkmate a pebble king, on a chess-board traced on the sands of the

Ganges; the Icelandic bishop wiles away the tedious gloom of a polar night, with his long-calculated moves on the chess-board, commencing with that which has become identified with the name of Captain Evans: in short, from pole to pole, the sixty-four squares of the noble game have solaced the sorrows of the lords of the creation.

In the middle ages, the chess-player travelled the world like a knight-errant, challenging emperors, kings, and mitred prelates, and acquiring wealth and honours by his victories. Boy, the Syracusan, was the most celebrated of these pacific warriors. He fought, *rook* in hand, with the Emperor Charles V., and conquered; *knight* to hand he fought with Don Juan of Austria; and that prince conceived so extraordinary a liking for both player and game, that he constructed in an apartment of his palace an immense chess-board with sixty-four squares of black and white marble, the men being of real flesh and blood, and moving at the command of the two chiefs. At the battle of Lepanto, Boy played a game of chess with Don Juan, and conquered the conqueror of the Ottomans.

At the present day, chess has lost none of its high merit, though he who wields the sceptre of the ivory kingdom may no longer enter the lists with sovereigns and popes. In Paris, in London, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, the most ambitious chess-players are content with the admiration of their friends, and are often unknown beyond the precincts of their clubs. Two great men alone have crossed the seas, and their names are known even to the Indian, thus conferring additional glory on the French chess-board. The clubs of England, and the circles of Germany, furnish no rival to M. Deschappelles and M. de Labourdonnais. It has been M. Deschappelles's good fortune, in his military life, to revive, in some sort, the exploits of Boy, the Syracusan. After the battle of Jena, he entered Berlin with the victorious army of France, repaired to the amateur chess-players' circle, and challenged the most skilful member, offering his opponent the advantage of the pawn and two moves. At this supplementary battle of Jena, the circle of Berlin was beaten singly and collectively, and M. Deschappelles ended by offering the rook. The reflective gravity which the Germans ascribe to their exact and mathematical organisation, was conquered by the prompt and spontaneous calculation of the Parisian amateur.

Fifteen years have now elapsed since M. Deschappelles, the most intricate player of his day, retired from the lists. At the time we write, M. de Labourdonnais wields the sceptre, and reigns absolute monarch. He is about forty-five years of age; every thing about him indicates superiority. The development of his forehead is extraordinary; his eyes, overhung by immense protuberances, seem constantly closed to all outward things, and in incessant communion with the mind within. Grandson to the illustrious governor of India, immortalised by BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE, endowed with superior intellect and incredible application, he has never been ambitious of higher title than that of the first chess-player in the world; and this he has achieved. All Europe knows that M. de Labourdonnais resides in Paris, at No. 1, Rue de Menars, the splendid hotel of the Chess Club, and that he there receives challenges and gives lessons. Strangers every day arrive from

all parts of France and of Europe; some, fired with the noble ambition of encountering De Labourdonnais with equal arms; others, with the humility of acknowledged inferiors, submitting to receive an advantage; all happy to make the acquaintance of, and to cross pawns with, the renowned master. The monarch refuses no duel, no proposition: he is ready at all times, and for all opponents. At noon, fierce encounters begin in the vast saloon of the Hotel de Menars, heated to a comfortable degree in the winter, and cool as a grotto in the summer. There may be seen the staff of M. de Labourdonnais, composed of the elite of amateurs, who, unassisted by their master, can beat all the players of the Westminster Club. As soon as M. de Labourdonnais sits down to play a game with an unknown visitor from London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, or La Haye, every other game is suspended; all present flock to head-quarters; the monarch and his antagonist are hemmed in; and all eyes are fixed on the unerring finger and thumb that move the victorious pawn or man. The interest attached to the amusing scenes is intense and inexhaustible; and although the profane cannot well understand such emotion, it is enough, in order to justify this interest in the eyes of those who are not organised to comprehend it, to say, that the greatest of men have made it their favourite passion.

More successful than Napoleon, M. de Labourdonnais effected a descent in England, and conquered the Island. More fortunate in another respect, he had not to complain of his adversaries' harsh treatment, the English chess-board having no square of injustice. At the period of De Labourdonnais's visit, much was said in France of Mr. Macdonald, whose play was, by some, supposed to surpass that of the great French master. All the nabobs from Pondicherry and Calcutta, all the envoys of Lord William Bentinck, all the explorers of the Indian peninsula, all the English from the East and West Indies, protested that Macdonald, of Edinburgh, was a more skilful player than the Brahmin Fla-hi, of Jugger-naut, and that he would easily beat M. Deschappelles, or M. de Labourdonnais. One day, the latter quietly crossed the Channel, and repaired to London; and no sooner was his arrival at Jaunay's hotel known at the Westminster Club, than a courteous invitation was dispatched to his address, and it was not long ere a sharp contest commenced between the friendly adversaries. M. de Labourdonnais found, on this occasion, an antagonist worthy of him; the English had not boasted without reason of their champion's skill. The struggle that ensued was more warm and spirited than London will probably ever witness again. Victory, however, fell to the share of the Frenchman, being clearly established by a series of brilliant and decisive moves. To the honour of England, be it said that the members of the Westminster Club bore this memorable defeat with magnanimity. They gave M. de Labourdonnais a splendid dinner at Blackwall; the toasts, in compliment to the guest, being drunk exclusively in claret and champagne.

Macdonald's death, a few years since, left the British chess-board in a remarkable state of inferiority. The last national game, played by correspondence between the Clubs of London and Paris, was marked, on the English side by deplorable errors. In 1838, an article in the *Talamide*, commented upon by *Bell's Life*, wounded the susceptibility of the nation

that reckons a Chancellor of the Exchequer* among its high dignitaries. That paper noticed M. Deschappelles's supplement to the battle of Jena. The noise of the levy of bucklers raised in Westminster, induced M. Deschappelles to emerge from his retreat, and throw down his glove in defiance of all England. Protocols were issued previously to the actual outbreak of hostilities. Deputies from the Britanic Club arrived at the Hotel de Menars, and were received with an urbanity quite chivalrous; it was agreed that diplomatic notes should be exchanged after a grand dinner at Grignon's. All the elite of Paris chess-playing society were invited to the restaurant's of the Passage Vivienne; the assemblage was composed of artists, bankers, peers, deputies, literary men, magistrates, generals, capitalists, physicians, lawyers, and the leading members of the Club Menars, M. de Jouy taking the chair. The entertainment was a perfect convivial one; the English drank toasts to France, and the French to England; and when the desert made its appearance, the guests began to grow serious, and the cartel was produced as a crowning dish. The discussion that ensued to determine the principles of the war between the two nations, was prolonged till two o'clock in the morning, the finesse of the cabinet of St. James' being conspicuous on the occasion. At daybreak, the question was not advanced a stage; and it having been found impossible to come to an agreement, the treaty was broken off. M. Deschappelles, who was preparing to make his descent in England, returned to his tent; and the only result of the discussion was the reminiscence of an excellent dinner at Grignon's.

The evenings at the Club Menars have lately been very animated, and have moreover created a prodigious sensation beyond the precincts of the club-house, on account of the marvellous games played by M. de Labourdonnais, with his back turned towards the chess-board. Philidor, the renowned musician and chess-player, was the originator of these incredible feats, and no one since his time thought of reviving them. M. de Labourdonnais had long pondered on the tradition, and this laurel of Philidor's frequently disturbed the monarch's sleep. One day, he attempted one of these intuitive combinations, and with complete success: the next day he played two more games on the same plan, playing out and winning both. The report of these games spread like lightning, and caused a great sensation in the chess-playing world. The doors of the Menars Club were thrown open to amateurs and the curious, and M. de Labourdonnais twice again repeated his experiment in public. The two games were played in the billiard-room. M. de Labourdonnais seated himself in a corner, with his back towards the two chess-boards, his face turned to the wall, and hidden by his hands. An amateur stood by to proclaim aloud the move made by the antagonist. M. de Labourdonnais then played in his turn, naming the piece he required to be moved, as if the chess-board had been before him. As the game drew to a close, and as the board became cleared of taken pieces, the increasing intricacy of the position brought about by anterior moves, so difficult to be remembered by the blindfolded player, excited the imagination of the spectators to such a de-

Exchequer (*Echiquier*) means in French a chess-board.—ED.

gree, that they deemed a happy termination of the game next to impossible. Let the reader, knowing the wonderful complication of the game, add to this the confused hum of voices from all parts of the saloon, the stifled murmurs of the bystanders making remarks and expressing their astonishment, the opening and shutting of doors, the dull tramp of feet, the reiterated noise of coughing (as it was in the depth of winter), the loud and joyful exclamations of parties newly entering in ignorance of what was going forward—in a word, all the innumerable trifling incidents, any one of which is usually sufficient to distract attention, and imagination becomes almost inadequate to conceive an idea of the mental prodigy. Psychological analysis of such a labour is impossible; the mind turns from it bewildered. The fact can only be stated, without explanation or comment.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

FIELDING, in the introductory chapter to the seventh book of *Tom Jones*, after citing the well-known passage from *Shakspeare*, "Life's a poor player," &c., says, "For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called *THE DEITY*, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion—a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad:—

• From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empire and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of Time displayed,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread;
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph and what monarchs bleed;
Perform the parts thy providence designed,
Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclined!
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that Remembrance says—*THE THINGS HAVE
BEEN.*"

These are sounding lines, and if the whole poem were presented, the reader would probably say that it contains many other passages equally good, and is altogether a most respectable production for its time. Pope himself acknowledged that there was much of it which he would not have been ashamed of as his own; and the pious Hervey recommended it as "truly evangelical, admirably fitted to delight and comfort the heart, alarm and improve the reader." The author of this poem was Samuel Boyse, a man at the very time of its composition living something worse than even that wretched life ascribed by Johnson to Savage, and perhaps the most striking association of good intellect with low and dissipated habits which our literary history presents.

He was the son of an eminent dissenting minister in Dublin, where he seems to have been born in the year 1698. His father, probably intending him for his own profession, sent him at eighteen to prosecute his studies at the university of Glasgow, where, how-

ever, he had not been for two whole seasons, when, unsexed in life, without immediate means of his own, his professional education even unfinished, he married. With his wife, who was the daughter of a tradesman named Aitchison, he was soon obliged by want to go to Dublin, and throw himself upon his father. As if to make the burden as great as possible, he took his wife's sister along with him. The old man, who seems to have been a person of simple and amiable character, treated his three dependents with kindness, trusting that his son would soon exert his abilities to some purpose. But Samuel, instead of diligently applying himself to any course of productive industry, spent his time in trifling pursuits and in expensive frivolities, so that in a short time he exhausted the resources of his father, who, running into debt, was forced to sell a small patrimonial estate in Yorkshire to relieve himself from embarrassment, but nevertheless died in such penurious circumstances, that he was buried at the expense of his congregation.

Boyse had meanwhile become a poet. The death of his father leaving him and his wife destitute, he returned to Scotland, possibly in some hopes of assistance from her relations. How a poor Irishman of poetical tendencies should have thought of settling in Edinburgh—at that time not a literary mart—we cannot divine; but he appears to have betaken himself to the Scottish capital about the year 1730, and to have there published his first volume of poems in the ensuing year. His talents had secured some respectful attention and pecuniary encouragement from Susanna Countess of Eglington, noted for her beauty and her patronage of literary men; and to this lady, Boyse dedicated his volume. On the death of the Viscountess Stormont, who was also a lady of taste, Boyse wrote an elegy, entitled "The Tears of the Muses," which so pleasingly affected her surviving husband, that he ordered his agent, an Edinburgh writer, to present the author with a certain sum of money. It has been stated that some difficulty was experienced in getting the money conveyed to the poet. He lived so obscurely, and associated with such mean people, that no respectable person was found who could tell where he lived. An advertisement in the newspapers was the means resorted to for the purpose of bringing him to receive Lord Stormont's bounty. He afterwards obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon, who exerted herself to obtain for him a permanent means of subsistence. This lady had actually succeeded in getting him the promise of a place in the custom-house; Boyse being with her, at her country house, a few miles from Edinburgh, she gave him a letter which he was to take with this view to one of the Commissioners of Customs. The day was rainy, the poet was indolent. He did not go at the proper time with his letter, and the commissioner, disappointed, gave the office to another. In time he exhausted the benevolence and patience of all these patrons, and, falling deeply in debt, found it necessary to leave Edinburgh, and try his fortune in London.

He carried with him recommendatory letters from the Duchess of Gordon to the first English poet of the age, and to the Lord Chancellor King. When he called at the house of the former at Twickenham, Mr. Pope was not at home: he never called again, and thus lost all the benefit which might have been ex-

pected from the friendship of that illustrious person. He used to speak of the favourable reception he met with from the chancellor, and of once or twice dining with him; but his friends never could believe the tale, for Boyse had no power of conversing on equal terms with gentlemen, and "was of such an abject disposition, that he never could look any man in the face whose appearance was better than his own." Lord Stormont had given him a letter to his brother, the Solicitor-General (afterwards Earl of Mansfield), but of the fate of that letter no notice has been taken by his biographers. The personal aspect of Boyse was not prepossessing; no one could have guessed from his conversation that he possessed superior intellect. What was worst of all, he had no esteem for himself. He felt no right in his own nature to the least respect from his fellow-creatures, much less any title to be considered as superior to most. He was content with the meanest friendships, and was willing to send the fruits of his talents into the world through the humblest channels. This want of spirit made him submit to distresses which he easily might have avoided or remedied. It reconciled him to supply a temporary want by a mendicant letter, when a little well-regulated exertion might have made him independent of all such wretched expedients. He was also voluptuous, without the least taste for elegance. "Can it be believed that often when he had received half a guinea, in consequence of a supplicating letter, he would go into a tavern, order a supper to be prepared, drink of the richest wines, and spend all the money that had just been given him in charity, without having any one to participate the regale with him, and while his wife and child were starving at home? This is an instance of base selfishness for which no name is as yet invented, and except by another poet [Savage], with some variation of circumstances, was perhaps never practiced by the most sensual epicure."* This was the man who could occasionally write in the following strain:—

"Hence, distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of power! ye minioned slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refined,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing
The spotless justice of the Almighty king!" &c.

It appears that many eminent dissenters assisted Boyse with small sums of money, out of respect for the memory of his father; but at length he exhausted the patience of these friends, who saw that it was in vain to aid one who could not aid himself, and who never was permanently the better of their generosity. About this time (1740), according to the writer just quoted, "Boyse had not a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on; the sheets on which he lay were carried to the pawnbroker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed, with no other covering than a blanket. He had little support but what he got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. He was perhaps ashamed to let this instance of distress be known, which might be the occasion of his remaining

six weeks in that situation. During this time he had some employment in writing verses for the magazines; and whoever had seen him in his study must have thought the object singular enough. *He sat up in bed, with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and, placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could the verses he was obliged to make: whatever he got by these, or any of his begging letters, was but just sufficient for the preservation of life. And perhaps he would have remained much longer in that distressful state, had not a compassionate gentleman, upon hearing this circumstance related, ordered his clothes out of pawn, and enabled him to appear again abroad.*

"This six weeks penance," continues our authority, "one would imagine sufficient to deter him for the future from suffering himself to be exposed to such distresses; but by a long habit of want it grew familiar to him, and as he had less delicacy than other men, he was perhaps less afflicted with his exterior meanness. For the future, whenever his distresses so pressed as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad.

He fell upon many strange schemes of raising trifling sums. He sometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was just expiring, and by this artifice work upon their compassion; and many of his friends were frequently surprised to meet the man in the street to-day, to whom they had yesterday sent relief, as to a person on the verge of death. At other times he would propose subscriptions for poems, of which only the beginning and conclusion were written; and by this expedient would relieve some present necessity. But as he seldom was able to put any of his poems to the press, his veracity in this particular suffered a diminution; and, indeed, in almost every other particular he might justly be suspected, for if he could but gratify an immediate appetite, he cared not at what expense, whether of the reputation or purse of another.

Boyse was also a contributor of poetry to the Gentleman's Magazine, and thus became acquainted with Samuel Johnson, then also a struggling man of letters, but one who never lost sight of rectitude. Johnson informed Mr. Nichols that he once raised a sum of money to redeem Boyse's clothes, which had been pawned, and which, in two days after were pawned again. Mr. Nichols relates, from the same respectable authority, that Boyse translated *well* from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one sheet of the work was done, for which a sum could be obtained, he pawned the original. If the employer redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually. He wrote various poems, of considerable merit, including the one which we have quoted, and which was his best; but they came before the world through the hands of booksellers from whom nothing good was expected, and thus fell unobserved from the press. In 1742, he was brought to a sponging-house in Grocer's Alley, in the Poultry, from which he wrote a strange letter of entreaty to Mr. Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine.

* Cibber's Lives of the Poets, v. 168.

It began in rhymed Latin verse, describing himself as "without bread, without money, and famishing of hunger," yet in a strain of humour which makes us for the moment regret a resolution to admit as little as possible besides English into these pages. "I am every moment," he adds, in prose, "threatened to be turned out here, because I have not got money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand; and I am loath to go into the Compter, till I see if my affairs can possibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish my papers in your hands. I humbly entreat your answer, *having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here*; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed; so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of." Johnson used to write to Cave for little sums, adding to the signature of his name *Impransus*. [Undined]; but his distresses were nothing to those of Boyse.

About the year 1745, the wife of this wretched man died. He was then living at Reading, engaged in the compilation of a large work of modern history, for which he was paid a salary of *half a guinea-a-week*. He had an affectation of appearing very fond of a little lapdog, which he always carried about with him in his arms, imagining that it gave him the air of a man of taste. Being too poor to afford black clothes for himself, he bought half a yard of black ribbon, which he tied round this little creature's neck, by way of mourning for the loss of its mistress. This apparently was not in mockery of the deceased, but from a mere spurt of that light and inconsiderate nature which was the cause of all his woes. The work upon which he was engaged at Reading included a history of the Rebellion of 1745-6, which we have read, and consider as well executed for the time.

After his return from Reading, some improvement was remarked in his conduct. Early impressions of piety returned to him, and he formed a resolution to live a better life. But this moral improvement seems to have been the mere result of a decay of the powers of life, which was now taking place, probably in consequence of literary toil and deficient aliment. He now married again, his second spouse being a decent widow, who served him as a faithful nurse during the remainder of his days. He survived the second marriage only nine months, dying in an obscure lodging near Shoe Lane, in May, 1749. Mr. Francis Stewart, son of a bookseller in Edinburgh, and an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson, has given us the last melancholy chapter of his biography. "After his death," says this person, "I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those dissenters who were friends of him and his father, to no purpose; for only Dr. Grosvenor, in Hoxton-Square, a dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tired out those friends in his lifetime: and the general answer I received was, 'That such a contribution was of no service to him, for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried.' As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was *an application to the parish*; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Dr. Johnson's amanu-

enses, and myself, attended the corps to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner as his first wife; a burial of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence." Another friend of Boyse says, "The remains of this son of the muses were, with very little ceremony, hurried away by the parish officers, and thrown amongst common beggars; though with this distinction, that the service of the church was performed over his corpse. Never was an exit more shocking, nor a life spent with less grace, than those of Mr. Boyse, and never were such distinguished abilities given to less purpose. His genius was not confined to poetry only: he had a taste for painting and music, and was well acquainted with heraldry. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make six moderate volumes. Many of them are scattered in the Gentleman's Magazine, marked with the letter Y and Alcæus. Two volumes were published in London; but as they never had any great sale, it would be difficult to find them." It may be added, that a selection of the writings of this miserable man is usually included in the collected editions of the English Poets.

The character of Samuel Boyse appears to us eminently illustrative of some propositions hazarded in a late article on mental ability. We clearly see in him thinking powers superior to those of most men, brilliant imagination, and elegant powers of expression. He can also simulate or affect the finest feelings on moral subjects. But he has not in himself any active moral feelings. He has no desire to provide for self and those dependent on him: he clings first to relations, and then as readily to strangers, for the means of supporting his necessities. No humiliation shocks him so far as to make him wish to avoid such for the future. He has not the least sense of the decencies of the social world. Besides, he is selfish, and will gratify himself with luxuries while his wife and child are in want of the simplest necessities. What are we to say of such a mind? Are we to consider it as a great or high mind, with certain failings? This, in our opinion, is not the philosophical course. We rather regard it as an extremely ill constituted mind, some faculties being in large endowment, and others nearly altogether wanting. We may pity it as something monstrous, but cannot give it the least admiration.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI.

[The following letter is the composition of an English gentleman residing at Bagueres de Bigorre, in the South of France. The adventure which it describes took place last July.]

* * It has occurred to me that you might wish to hear of my adventurous journey to the Pic du Midi, one of the highest mountains of the Pyrenean range. The party consisted of the Countess of C—, the Count de V—, and myself. We left Bagueres at eight o'clock in the evening, and reached the village of Grippe at eleven. The windows of the small inn command an interesting view of the valley of the Adour, and the mountains overhanging it, and which we had made a previous excursion to visit. At mid

night we mounted our horses to commence the ascent of the celebrated Pic du Midi, which is between eleven and twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and the stars shone so brilliantly in this pure atmosphere, that we had sufficient light to guide us over the narrow and precipitous path, though not more than to enable us to distinguish the outlines of the mountains which surrounded us. I am not sure, however, if this uncertain light, aided by the dashing of the three cataracts, did not rather enhance the effect of the scene, by leaving so much to the imagination. The waterfalls are formed by the river Adour, which rises in the Pic du Midi, and after passing through Bagueres, Jarbes, and Pau, empties itself into the sea at Bayonne. The sound of these immense masses of water was very imposing in the stillness of the night. After a rapid ascent of an hour, we reached a small plain, on which were scattered a few miserable shepherds' huts, which they dignify by the name of the village of Trempesague. On leaving this we entered upon a gorge, through which the ascent was so steep, and the path so rugged, that we were compelled to dismount, and scramble up as well as we could; and this was difficult enough, as the mountains on each side cast their shadows over the path, and prevented our seeing where we were about to place our feet—water, rolling stones, and boggy ground, alternately receiving them. This difficulty surmounted, we again took to the saddle, and in half an hour reached another plain, on which there was one solitary hut. This place rejoices in the name of Areze, so called from a giant said once to have inhabited these regions. The sound of our horses' feet attracted the attention of the shepherds' dogs, who, fourteen in number, saluted us with their deep-toned mouths, which with the noise of the cascades falling in every direction, and the hollow sounding bells round the necks of the cattle, disturbed the silence of the night, and broke in upon the solitude of the place in an impressive manner. These dogs, the faithful guardians of their masters and their masters' property, are of immense size, and perfectly white; the manner in which they extract the sheep from the snow is quite marvellous. The barking of the dogs soon brought out one of the shepherds, who, knowing our errand, presented us with poles with iron points, so indispensable upon these expeditions as to merit the name of a *third leg*. Having taken the bridles off our horses, and turned them loose on the plain, we collected our forces, which consisted of two guides and Madame de C—— and servant, and set forth at two o'clock in the morning on our hazardous ascent. Our reasons for setting out in the middle of the night were, to avoid the heat of the day, and to see the sun rise. This, however, we soon found impossible, as Madame de C—— was obliged to stop every two or three minutes, in consequence of the steepness of the path. Seeing that our great object was likely to be defeated by the slowness of her progress, she begged us to leave her with the guides, and to go forward. I was most unwilling in the first place to leave her, and also I did not relish the idea of going without a guide. My companion, however, laughed at the idea of danger, and the guides said we could not miss the way; and so on we went. The young are apt to think the old fools, whilst the old know the young to be so. Accordingly, we had not proceeded very far

before we had to choose between two paths, one along the glaciers, which we had now fairly reached, and the other between two mountains, which had evidently been torn asunder by some sudden effort of nature. The intermediate space was this dubious way, so precipitous, and difficult to ascend, that I was relieved when our guides answered our call from beneath, by saying "All right," though the alternative was a glacier. The light of the stars now yielded to that of the moon, which, though shorn of its fair proportions, rose majestically above the tops of the hills we had left. Its light was most acceptable. No sooner had we surmounted the difficulty of this glacier (and how small and insignificant does it now appear when compared with those we afterwards encountered,) than a choice of roads was again offered us, and our voices could now no longer reach the guides.

We differed about these roads. I was for continuing along the glacier; my friend, with the activity of the chamois which inhabit these mountains, was disposed to climb the ravine. His reasons appeared good, and we chose the latter, which proved wrong, though the mistake did not involve us in any natural difficulty beyond unnecessary additional fatigue. We now reached a plain of three or four hundred yards square, and found the level ground a great relief to those muscles which had been kept so long on the stretch by the rapidity of the ascent. This plain was covered with snow, whereon we saw the recent foot-marks of a bear. It was here where Plantade perished, surrounded by his philosophical instruments, with which he had been making observations. At half past three we began to perceive the approach of day. The effect of the gradual increase of light was interesting; the lofty summits of the mountains first receiving its influence, threw the valleys into still deeper shade. On this plain I perceived blocks of granite and gneiss: whence they came I cannot tell, as the mountain, as far as I could judge, is entirely composed of schiste. Their angles were rounded by attrition, so that the adjoining mountains, which, from their pointed summits, seemed granitic, may have once owned them. The side of the glacier being laid bare, proved to me the immense depth of the snow over which we had been walking; it was at least thirty feet in thickness! We now began to look out with anxiety for the lake Ouchet, which is only two thousand five hundred feet below the Pic. In a few minutes we perceived it, entirely frozen over, though the snow upon it was partially melted. The basin in which it is situated is circular, its circumference about a quarter of a mile, and it has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. From hence, the mountain rises so abruptly that our hearts almost failed us, and we now felt the difficulty of our position, and the folly we had committed in undertaking such an ascent without a guide. We were now nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the keen air began to penetrate through our thin clothes; but you know well the exhilarating effects of mountain air, particularly at high elevations. We now commenced the ascent of the cone, and though we saw the summit illuminated by the rays of the sun, we were sorely embarrassed to know which direction to take. We first attempted to ascend in a straight line to the top, but were soon obliged to abandon this for a zig-zag. An opening in

the valley gave us a view of the sun, which shed its purple light over the whole range of the mountains; we saluted it with all the enthusiasm of its ancient adorers. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. After gazing for a few minutes upon this glorious sight, we resumed our dangerous journey over the glaciers, between which and the lake there was not a projecting rock, not an obstacle in the way of the unfortunate man who should make a false step, so difficult to avoid on the frozen snow. Now, indeed, we felt the danger of our situation, when to retreat were as dangerous as to advance; in short, the very act of turning round might have proved fatal. My head began to fail me, and I no longer dared to look down to the lake beneath; it was not, however, till afterwards, that I was aware of the full extent of our danger. We had, unfortunately, no crampons, or spiked shoes; and as we traversed the side of the glaciers, inclined like the roof of a house, we had to make a hole in the snow with our sticks before we could advance. Luckily, this side of the mountain being exposed to the south, there were considerable intervals from which the snow had disappeared; here the danger was less, but still so great, that at every step, after seeing where to put my foot, I closed my eyes, and laid hold of the rocks, for the precipice of a thousand feet was too appalling for an unaccustomed eye to look upon without emotion. My companion was considerably above me on the face of the hill, and, ignorant or regardless of danger, was singing with all the gaiety of a French heart, when his attention was attracted by a voice (and no one who has not heard it, can tell how striking is the sound of the human voice in such solitudes): the voice was that of a guide who had nearly gained the summit, warning M. de V—— of his danger, and telling him to pass below the glacier. He prudently listened to the voice of experience, and joining me, we passed the last of the glaciers in safety. We had now a most painful, though not dangerous ascent to gain the summit. The path lay over a bed of schiste, which, being reduced to small fragments by the operation of those causes always in activity at such a height, gave way so under our feet, as to double the fatigue, and to render the ascent as tedious as it is over the cinders of Vesuvius.

My chamois-footed companion was up before me, and had taken my Macintosh, of which I had now great need; for although in the most profuse perspiration, the piercing wind of these elevated regions appeared to go through me. I seemed as if I could now lay hold of the Pic itself; but how fallacious are distances in this rare atmosphere! I soon, however, touched the goal I had so long in sight. It was now five o'clock. I will not add to this already too long letter by giving a description of the view from the Pic du Midi: suffice it to say, that the whole chain of the Pyrenees, from east to west, was visible under the most favourable circumstances; the course of the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and the Adour as far as the sea. Such scenes fill the mind with a thousand agitating and overwhelming feelings: the omnipotence of the hand that formed, and the insignificance of the creature that contemplated, these magnificent works of the creation, were painfully brought to the mind. Placing our backs against a rock to shelter us from the wind, and with the sun

full upon us, we gazed for nearly an hour upon all the wonders by which we were surrounded.

An incident happened, which proved the courage and insensibility to danger of these intrepid mountaineers. M. de V—— let fall his drinking cup, which rolled down the glacier out of sight, and as we thought into some unfathomable abyss. The guide, however, starting up, said he would soon fetch it. We did all we could to dissuade him, by pointing out the great risk, and the utter insignificance of the thing lost; but he hesitated not a moment, and was soon suspended from the rocks on the side of the glacier. I closed my eyes, not daring to look upon what I deemed inevitable destruction. He disappeared; was absent about five minutes, during which we imagined all sorts of horrors, but at length returned with the cup in his hand. Whilst seated on the summit, four vultures came close to us, continuing to fly for a while over our heads, increasing the circle at each revolution, and ascending still higher, till they were apparently the size of swallows. M. de V—— discharged a pocket-pistol for the sake of the echo, but it was but very faintly answered, and that at an interval of several seconds, probably by some higher Pic. We now thought of returning, but a ceremony, deemed indispensable upon such occasions, was first to be performed, namely, that of engraving our names upon the rock. We found a considerable variety of flowers on the very top, and the blue iris amongst the number. The summit is entirely composed of talcose schiste, and bears evident marks of having been struck by lightning. Having inscribed our names (as monuments of our folly perhaps,) we began to descend, preceded by the guide, who reached the bottom of the schistous path before described almost at a bound. We descended with more measured steps, but faster than was agreeable. Each person detaching fragments of rock, which, collecting others in their course, and acquiring fresh impetus as they descended, produced a singular effect, and as they tumbled into the ravine, sounded like distant thunder. We now reached the first glacier, where an accident happened to one of the party, which must have proved fatal but for the intrepidity and presence of mind of the guide, who had first descended to the foot of the glacier. I went down next, and by forcing my heels into the snow, arrived safely, though I had acquired such an impetus, that had not the guide arrested my progress, I never could have stopped myself. Next came one of the strangers, who, contrary to the advice of the guide, seated himself on the snow, and in this manner began to slide down the smooth surface of the glacier. He had not, however, proceeded far, before he had acquired such a velocity that he became terrified; his head took the place of his heels, and he came towards us with an appalling rapidity, uttering the most piercing cries of "I am lost!" "I am lost!" Nothing can ever efface from my remembrance this awful sight. At this moment, between him and the lake, two thousand feet below, there was nothing but fragments of rocks to arrest his progress. The guide, with a promptitude and courage beyond all praise, ran from the spot where he was standing, to place himself between a fellow-creature and inevitable death, and this at the imminent peril of his own life, for the impetus the man had gained in falling through a space of three or four hundred yards, was likely enough to hurry them

into the abyss beneath. Regardless, however, of himself, he rushed to the spot, placed his staff firmly in the ground, held it with his left hand, and was prepared to receive the terrified man with the right. Fortunately for both, at the bottom of the glacier there was a large stone, which broke the fall against the guide, though it covered the poor fellow with wounds and blood. For a second I thought the guide had lost his balance; it was one of the most painful moments I ever remember to have passed. The poor man bled from several parts of his body; his hands were cut, his nose and eyes dreadfully swelled, but fortunately no bone was broken, and he was enabled to continue his descent. This event impressed us all with the greatest alarm, particularly M. de V—— and myself, as this was the very glacier we had crossed in our way up. The guide was in a state of great agitation, and his trembling hand as he took hold of my arm by no means gave firmness to my feet. However, we reached the lake once more. To our great surprise we found Madame de C——; but great, indeed, was our astonishment on hearing that she had gained another of the summits of the mountain. The keenness of the air, however, caused her to spit blood. After taking a hasty view of the scene, she descended to a more genial atmosphere.

After sitting some time contemplating this dreary scene, and listening to the personal adventures of the guides, in whom the *ars narrandi* had not suffered by their libations of brandy, we thought it time to continue our descent. One of the guides mentioned a singular position in which he was once placed on the summit of the mountain, with a bright sun over head, and a storm of thunder and lightning raging below. The gentle shepherd was at once transformed into a Jupiter, and the Pic du Midi into an Olympus. The effect must, however, have been singular. We here saw a chamois, which had much the appearance of a roe-buck. Nothing material occurred in our descent, excepting my falling on a glacier, and going from the top to the bottom with such a velocity that I lost my breath; I, however, preserved my presence of mind so far as to guide myself with my hands, and to keep my feet foremost. The only damage done was to my nails, which were broken by my rapid motion over the snow. We reached the peasant's hut at nine, the ascent and descent having each occupied three hours. Madame de C——, whose courage I never saw equalled in any woman, was a good deal exhausted after a walk on glaciers of seven hours. We left the kind-hearted shepherds, thirty of whom inhabit the same small hut, and, mounting our horses, reached Grippe at half past eleven, and Bagueres at one, under the most scorching sun possible.

From the British and Foreign Review.

Life of Joseph Brant Thayendenegea: including the border wars of the American Revolution, and sketches of the Indian Campaigns of Generals Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne; and other matters connected with the Indian relations of the United States and Great Britain from the peace of 1783, to the Indian peace of 1795. By WILLIAM L. STONE. New York: Dearborn and Co., 1838.

It is not denied by the staunchest friends of the Americans, nor even, we believe, by themselves, that

the contributions of that country to the common stock of literature, science, and the ornamental arts have by no means equalled the expectations entertained by some of their neighbours. This we say neither unadvisedly, nor without a considerate qualification of respect. We do not fortify ourselves behind the exploded French theory, that nature, including man himself, body and mind, has degenerated in the Western world. We make no reference to any old questions concerning the several effects of different political institutions on the intellectual character of communities among which they exist. We neither forget nor undervalue what our trans-atlantic kinsmen really have done, or attempted, or begun to do in the departments mentioned above. We remember not the Franklins and Rumfords only of other days, but the Sillimans, Cleavelands and Bowditches of these; the Irvings, Browns and Coopers; the Wests, Newtons and Leslies. We bear in mind, moreover, a long list of practical improvers and inventors, at the head of which stand the names of Fulton and Whitney on that side of the water, as those of Watt, Arkwright and Cartwright on this; and we render a just consideration to those circumstances in the history and conditions of the United States which undoubtedly constitute the actual reason, if not the abundant justification, of the deficiencies complained of.

The plain fact is, they have had no time to amuse themselves, as Themistocles would have said, with "playing the flute." The great practical necessities, and the equally great practical opportunities, peculiar to America in so extraordinary a degree, have occupied almost the whole intellectual as well as physical force of her sons. Rich natural resources for the cultivation and employment of the highest species of refined intellect have been theirs. A glorious external creation has held out temptations to their genius and taste only inferior to those which it offered to their avarice, their ambition and their restless enterprise. The realms of universal science have lain as open to their adventurous and laborious spirits as the prairies themselves. Even their patriotism, the honour of their favourite institutions, might be thought to be involved in this question of letters. But all was in vain. The practical has triumphed over the imaginative; canals and rail-roads, cotton-gins and steamboats, land-clearing, fortune-making and electioneering have driven the muses from the field.

This result is less to be wondered at than regretted. It must be borne in mind, that in such a community, talent which yields to the prevalent impulse, finds not merely the genial practical scope it instinctively seeks, not alone the pecuniary or other matter-of-fact recompense which may be among its desires, but distinction, popularity and fame. It is one of the necessary incidents to this practical tendency in a people—one of the minor effects of the great causes which have produced such a character in them—that they give their laurels almost exclusively, and it may be with enthusiasm, to candidates for honours whose pursuits and spirits are entirely kindred with their own. It must be so; nor does it argue a want of intelligence, or even of taste—any more than it does of energy, patriotism, or ambition. Such a community may appreciate the true glory and beauty of the highest condition of literature and the arts, as they

elsewhere exist. The people of the United States are not ignorant of, nor insensible to, the universal voice of civilized mankind, upon these matters. They are quite as much elated as we are at the thought of what their English ancestors have accomplished;—they boast as much of *their* Shakspeare, *their* Milton, *their* Bacon, as we do. There is a general diffusion among them of elementary education. They have the easiest access, through the cheapness of every kind of publication, to the literature and history of other nations. Every motive to a spirit of sympathy or emulation, which the annals of other ages or the examples of this can suggest, acts upon them. And yet, as we have said before, all is in vain!

We will not say things ought to be with them as we have described them, but they must by all reasonable minds be expected to be so. A people thus involved in what they call practicalities, cannot afford to “play the flute.” Their cities are to be built first. They must lay the foundations of the great temple of national grandeur in subterranean, inglorious work, in common-place substantial brick and stone; then only, when the walls of this structure shall be fairly reared upon such a basis, will it be time for Grecian graces to flourish over the columns of its piazzas, and for its halls and galleries to be filled with the rare treasures of nature, the curiosities of antiquity, the trophies of science, and every splendid specimen of literature and the highest arts. But meanwhile there must be patience, and perseverance, and hard hot work. The drudgery must be gone through with. The qualities and talents suitable to its accomplishment must be in esteem, as they are in demand. The premiums given by such a public must be awarded to the most useful, to those whose capacities tell most, and most directly, upon their present condition and wants.

We have been led into these reflections by the title of the work before us. Before we enter on an examination of its merits, we think it fair to dismiss our preliminary observations with the remark, that, seeing the current which literature in America has to contend against, and believing that, from the nature of the causes which produce that influence, it may yet be long ere those discouragements and disadvantages will be essentially diminished in the nation at large (especially as from the extent of its dominion this anti-literary leaven must be continually kept in active operation by crude communities, ever excited, hurried, and full of change); still we think we have noticed of late in various quarters welcome symptoms of amelioration of this state of things. Among others we may mention the exploring expedition now—after long delays indeed, and not without a good deal of shuffling which does no especial credit to the existing Federal administration—actually fitted out, it would seem, for the South Seas. We are not aware that any thing of this kind has before been undertaken by that government; and in this respect America has been in the rear of all other mercantile nations. Mr. Jefferson during his presidency got up an expedition overland to the Rocky Mountains; and the journal of its leaders, Lewis and Clarke, proved an interesting addition to our stock of knowledge. We apprehend this to be nearly the entire history of American national enterprise in this department, though few countries have enjoyed either better opportunities or more abundant means

of extending in this way the bounds of science. We hope the expedition we refer to, sustained as it has been by the various co-ordinate branches of the government, may be taken as the pledge of a new and spirited career.

The appearance of works like this before us is another such symptom.

The richness of the whole ground taken up by Mr. Stone, filled us at the very first glance, we confess, with expectations of a work of high romantic interest—romantic, but yet authentic; the interest of that truth which is “stranger than fiction.” Nor were these expectations lessened, when, having read his Introduction, we found that he himself fully appreciated the fertility of his subject. Of a large part of his narrative the scene is laid in the extensive valley of the Mohawk (in the State of New York), at the period of the revolution a frontier country, and still one of the loveliest of lands. There is a kind of truth in the assertion that such a country must have a history as rich as the verdure that shines on its hill-tops or the harvests that wave in its fields. There is philosophy in such an hypothesis; and thus indeed it proves. Seven years prior to the landing at Plymouth, and but seven subsequent to the earliest of the American settlements (at Jamestown, in 1607), the first fort of the Dutch had scarcely been built at what is now Albany, when parties of the countrymen of its founder, Christaens, entered the lower end of the Great Valley. Hence, says our author, they “pushed their settlements up the Mohawk on the rich bottom-lands of the river.” Still beyond this, over the “broad and beautiful garden of the whole district known as the German Flatts,” settlers poured in from the old country which gave this new one its name. Three thousand from the Palatinate, for example, in 1709, went over, under the patronage of Queen Anne. Most of these sat down, as the phrase was, in the glorious country just described. Some disagreements, however, the author intimates, arose among them; and what then? why, “pushing further westward beyond the Little Falls, they planted themselves down upon the rich alluvial flats at the confluence of the West Canada Creek and the Mohawk.” The great martial tribe, who have left their name behind them as their sole monument, the Mohawks, commonly considered the leading member or ‘uncle’ of the renowned confederacy of the Five Nations* whom Colden in his history has styled “the Romans of the West;” these powerful savages still occupied the upper extremity of the valley in great force. Ancient allies of the English, they were continually at war, on the one hand with the Canadian nations in the French interest, including the warlike Algonquins; while in every other direction over the forest region, so widely had the terror of their prowess spread, that they dared to lay a claim, which no neighbour ventured to resist, to the whole undefined but immense back-country south of the Great Lakes. “I have been told by old men in New England,” says Colden (an early writer) “who remembered

* Elsewhere called the six nations. Our author uses both terms; and each may be correct. We believe the truth is that they were five originally, but that a new tribe, the Southern Tuscaroras, was taken into the confederacy in comparatively modern times. The French called them the *Iroquois*.

when the Mohawks made war on *their* Indians, that as soon as a single warrior was discovered in their country, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, *a Mohawk! a Mohawk!*" upon which they all fled like sheep before wolves to the Christian's houses, the enemy, often pursuing them so closely that they entered along with them, and knocked their brains out in the presence of the whites. Here then, were neighbours worth having; that is, if it pleased them to be amicable, as to the English it always did; and here was a country fit to be the theatre of a grand romantic drama of real life. How could anything less than a history, magnificently rich in originality, adventure and excitement, grow up on such a soil? How could one but do justice to such a theme, who, as our author says of himself, had spent his early years there, at a period when the events of the Old War, "*which nowhere else raged so furiously,*" were fresh in the recollections of the people? and "many a time and oft" he listened to these recitals with thrilling interest. "Nor," he well might add, "was the interest of these verbal narratives diminished by visiting the sites of the old fortifications, strolling over the battle-fields, and noting the shot-holes in the walls of such houses as had stood out the contest, and the marks of cannon-balls upon the trunks of trees, yet remaining on fields which had been scenes of bloody strife!"

The tenor of the foregoing remarks must have shown, that our expectations of interest in the perusal of our author's pages have by no means been disappointed. It could hardly be otherwise. His subject, though it is not very formally announced or very rigidly adhered to, may be called on the whole the History of the War of the Revolution "West of Albany," as he somewhere has it; that is, in other words, almost the whole of the genuine and extraordinary *border warfare*, which constituted so considerable and so important a portion of that contest; the broad and bright embroidery, forming the setting of a texture only less historically attractive than itself.

Much of this is an Indian fabric. It is a gorgeous exhibition of the qualities by which that singular people have been most distinguished. It shows their strange cunning, their savage science, their matchless hardihood and fortitude, their wild fearful prowess, as displayed under that excitement of war which seemed almost their natural element, as it certainly was but too much their supreme delight. It shows too, it is just to say, some better qualities, for which the race has had scanty credit allowed them. These were developed under the same inauspicious stimulus. They grew luxuriantly, as it were on the same stem, with the harsh fruits of an educational system, to which, barbarous in some respects as it was, we venture to say the annals of the Spartans themselves have scarcely afforded a parallel, in the systematic and scientific severity of its discipline, and especially in the astonishing faculty of self-management, which it chiefly sought for and always produced.

So wonderful indeed were the results of this drilling, both the conception and application of which imply in themselves intellect of no mean order, that many writers have felt compelled to attribute to nature what was in fact the product of education. Hence, theories about the original physical insensibility of the Indians, than which nothing can be

more absurd. Even in civilized society we see the extraordinary effects of muscular diet, exercise, and exposure; not to say anything of the effect of pride or honour in inducing the concealment of pain actually felt. The pedestrian, the prize-fighter, the Highland soldier are proofs in point. The Indian, it must be remembered, was always and altogether in *training*, mind and body, from that moment of his infancy when he was first plunged into the running brook by a mother, not less scrupulously exact or less fondly anxious in her management than any whose affection beats under a whiter skin or shows itself in actions of less unflinching spirit. With these Indians, in the days we refer to, war might be considered the sole business of existence, the "chief end of man." It was so with them from the first, almost by necessity of circumstances. New provocations, inducements, and opportunities occurred after the commencement of the various European settlements. Such too were the Indian notions of the allowable and even manly mode of conducting wars, that they often became, not efforts merely for the obtaining a transient distinction, or a tract of hunting-ground, or even to cripple the enemy in such a manner as to disable him from future power of annoyance, but even wars of extermination—struggles for existence itself.

Under these circumstances, had the North American savages been a careless, stupid, indolent, enfeebled people, slow in conceiving suspicion and quick in forgetting it, having no codes of national and material etiquette, no *esprit-de-corps*, no personal or professional sense of honour; still it is evident, the circumstances we have mentioned above, as well as the general or relative situations of the tribes at large, must have furnished continual and almost irresistible inducement to war, and of course to that discipline, which thus became the indispensable and principal habit, accomplishment, safety and pride of every male member of a tribe. But in truth these savages were and are in their way the most sensitive, the most punctilious of men. They had their cherished traditions of glory; their perverted but conscientious notions of just revenge as well as of never-forgetting gratitude; their proud rude joy in bold adventure, in skilful stratagem, in the gleaming of tomahawks and the whizzing of arrows by night among trees. They had their chivalry in all this,—their codes.

In this, as in most other respects, the Indians have been misunderstood most grossly. Writers have too generally represented their warfare (and it is in that state they have been chiefly observed) as the crude and cruel result of gross blood-thirstiness of constitution; a mere bearish or boorish animal propensity for blood and blows, partly the consequence of reckless habits of early life, or rather of a hap-hazard, helter-skelter existence, without any habits, intention, or principle whatever running through it.

The best early writers of American history are full of these and still worse notions. Such is their hatred and contempt of the Indians, that they use the most indecent language in speaking of them. Even their best and bravest warriors are but the more emphatically marked out by such men as Hubbard for "oafs," "thieves," "brutes," and "fiends." All this is easily accounted for by the circumstances under which these authors wrote; but unfortunately they

have become historical authorities; and, mixed up inextricably with both their real and pretended facts, their monstrous prejudice itself has descended to after generations, and become extensively spread throughout the minds of almost the whole reading public of our own age. It is a great part of the Augean labour undertaken by Mr. Stone to clear history of these abuses as far as possible, and to fill their places with impartial and undoubted truth; and we take occasion to say that we know no historical writer who has accomplished (considering especially the scattered and meager condition of his data) a more arduous, delicate, or honourable service.

We have spoken of the Indian sense of honour. The following anecdote will at once illustrate and prove our assertions:

"Among other amusements, in addition to their own native sports of running, wrestling, and leaping—their dances and songs—their sacrifices and other festivals of war and of thanksgiving—the Six Nations had adopted from the whites the popular game of ball, or cricket.* Indeed, so much attached were they to this manly exercise, that the game had become national throughout the Confederacy; and it was no uncommon thing for one nation to challenge another to play a match—upon a much larger scale, beyond doubt, than was ever practised among the pale-faces.

"A game of this kind was commenced on one occasion, in the year 1794, between the young Mohawks and Senecas, which was well nigh attended with fatal consequences. The Mohawks were the challengers. After the game had proceeded for a considerable time, one of the Mohawks, in a struggle with a Seneca for a stroke at the ball, struck his antagonist a sharp blow with his bat. The occurrence having been observed by the players, the Senecas dropped their bats instantly, to a man, and retired to their posts with silent, though evident resentment. Without speaking a word, but with bosoms heaving with indignation, they took up the stakes they had deposited, and retired to their own country, on the upper waters of the Genesee, toward the northern spur of the Alleghanies. About three weeks subsequent to the occurrence, a Seneca messenger arrived at the Mohawk village, dispatched thither by Red Jacket, the Corn-planter, and others, complaining of the insult, demanding satisfaction for the affront, and denouncing war in case of refusal. The Mohawks, feeling that they were in the wrong, were somewhat troubled at the message. Brant convened a council of his chiefs, and after consultation, a message was returned to the Senecas, proposing an amicable meeting of the chiefs of both nations, to confer upon the subject matter of complaint, with a view of healing the wound by compromise and explanation, and of course without bloodshed. The Senecas, anxious to avoid hostilities against a nation with which they had been in alliance so long, acceded to the pacific proposition, and a joint council was the consequence. Red Jacket, however, did all he could to prevent a reconciliation. He delivered an inflammatory speech, labouring with all his art and eloquence to aggravate the insult, and urging his nation to avenge the insult by an appeal to arms. But Captain O'Neil, and some others of the older Seneca chiefs, were for the

adoption of a more conciliatory course. They were little moved by the exciting philippic of Red Jacket, and desired nothing more of the Mohawks than a reasonable and honourable atonement for the wrong done to their young warrior by the party offending. The proposition was met with equal magnanimity on the part of the Mohawks, and the result of the council was an adjustment of the difficulty. The calumet was smoked, and the chiefs—all save the disappointed demagogue, Red Jacket—separated upon the most amicable terms."

We have a hint in this passage, of the Indian education of which we have spoken, and to which, with the application of it in war, the whole life of the warrior might be said to be devoted; since in such a state of things the light agricultural labour of the tribe was of necessity abandoned chiefly to the women; while the chase, by which they were supported for the most part, was virtually itself but one of the most efficient forms of their training,—the closest counterpart they could have to the reality of war. The author introduces the testimony of a respectable woman, Mrs. Jamison, who was long a captive among them, to show, what is indeed well ascertained, that these athletic games and exercises were practised with the express view of perfecting the suppleness of their bodies, or at least preventing any relaxation during peace of that high fighting order which was so much wanted, and might be so suddenly called for in war. In this manner also the tribe had an opportunity to make their selections of martial leaders, or to prepare their judgements for so doing. Thus did this shrewd people make everything subordinate and subservient to military excellence. Civilized, self-civilized they certainly were to a very considerable extent, particularly the Six Nations; but unfortunately this civilization was valued and used almost exclusively as a system of soldier-making. For this end, and this only, and so far only as they thought indispensable to its accomplishment, their proud spirits submitted implicitly to the unparalleled process to which we refer.

The reader who has followed us thus far in our development of the real Indian character, will be interested in knowing that three years after the game mentioned above the same two nations contended again. Mr. Stone's description of this contest, which may be taken as a fair specimen of his style, is one of a thousand which might be cited to show that nothing can be more mistaken than the notions commonly entertained of the dull or apathetic character of the red men. It throws new light also on the extent to which the game itself was encouraged. There is no reason to doubt that similar contests were of continual occurrence between the various tribes, probably sometimes between parties who on other occasions encountered each other in war. In this case our informant is the same as before. He was at the time a guest of Brant, and was by him invited to see the amusement. The game was played in a Mohawk village, the Senecas being now the challenging party.

"The place selected for the trial of strength, agility, and skill, was a broad and beautiful green, of perhaps one hundred acres, perfectly level, and smooth as a carpet, without tree or shrub, or stone to encumber it. On one side of the green the Senecas had collected in a sort of irregular encampment—

* Hockey or Bandy we presume Mr. Stone means.
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men, women, and children—to the number of more than a thousand. On the other side the Mohawks were actively assembling in yet greater numbers. The stakes deposited by each party were laid upon the ground in heaps, consisting of rifles, hatchets, swords, belts, knives, blankets, wampum, watches, beads, brooches, furs, and a variety of other articles of Indian utility and taste—amounting, in the whole, according to the estimate of Captain Brant, to upward of a thousand dollars a side. By the side of the stakes were seated a group of the aged chiefs—grave and reverend seignors, whose beards had been silvered by the frosts of many winters, and whose visages gave evidence of the toils of war and the chase.

"The combatants numbered about six hundred upon a side, young and middle-aged men—nimble of foot, athletic and muscular. Their countenances beamed with animation and high hope. In order to the free and unfettered use of their sinewy limbs, their persons were naked with the exception of a single garment like an apron, or kilt, fastened around the waist, and descending nearly to the knee. The area of the play-ground was designated by two pair of 'byes,' placed at about thirty rods distant from each other, and the goals of each pair about thirty feet apart. The combatants ranged themselves in parallel lines on each side of the area, facing inward, and leaving a space between them of about ten rods in breadth. Their bats were three feet six inches in length, curved at the lower end somewhat in the form of a ladle, the broad part for striking the ball being formed of net work, woven of thongs, of untanned deer-skin, strained to the tension of tight elasticity. The ball, large as a middling-sized apple, was also composed of elastic materials.

"On one side of the area, near the centre of the line, and in a conspicuous place, were seated a body of elderly sachems, of each nation, with knives and tally-sticks, to score the game. The rules governing the game were somewhat intricate. None of the players were allowed to touch the ball with hand or foot, until driven beyond the 'byes' or land-marks. It was then thrown back by hand toward or into the centre of the area, when the game proceeded as before. Their mode of counting the game was peculiar, the tallies-men not being in all cases bound by arbitrary rules, but left to the exercise of a certain degree of discretionary power. Each passage of the ball between the goals, at the end of the play-ground, counted one, so long as the contest was nearly equal; but, for the purpose of protracting the game, whenever one party became considerably in advance of the other, the tally-chiefs were allowed to check or curtail their count in proportion to the excess. For instance, if the leading party had run up a regular count to thirty, while their opponents had numbered but fifteen, the tallies-men, at their discretion, and by consent of each other, though unknown to the players, would credit the winning party with only two notches for three passages of the ball—varying from time to time, according to the state of the game. The object of this course was to protract the game, and to increase the amusement, while despondency upon either side was prevented, and the chance of ultimate victory increased. Frequently, by this discretionary mode of counting, the game was continued for three or four days.

"The game on this occasion was commenced by about sixty players on a side, who advanced from their respective lines with bats in their hands, into the centre of the play-ground. Of this number about twenty were stationed at the end land-marks, to guard the passage of the ball. The players who were to begin, were apparently mingled promiscuously together. All things being thus ready, a beautiful maiden, richly dressed in the native costume of her people, wearing a red tiara plumed with eagles' feathers, and glittering with bracelets and other ornaments of silver, came bounding like a gazelle into the area, with the ball, which she placed upon the ground in the centre. Instantly the welkin rang with the shouts of the whole multitude of spectators, and the play began; while the bright-eyed maiden danced back, and joined her own circle among the surrounding throng. The match was begun by two of the opposing players, who advanced to the ball, and with their united bats raised it from the ground to such an elevation as gave a chance for a fair stroke; when, quick as lightning, it was sped through the air almost with the swiftness of a bullet. Much depends upon the first stroke, and great skill is exerted to obtain it.

"The match was played with great spirit, and the display of agility and muscular strength was surprising. Every nerve was strung; and so great were the exertions of the players, that each set was relieved by fresh hands every fifteen or twenty minutes; thus alternating, and allowing every player of the whole number to perform his part, until the game was finished. The scene was full of excitement and animation. The principal Chief entered fully into the enjoyment, and by his explanations to his guest heightened its interest, which of itself, the latter declared to have afforded him a greater degree of satisfaction than any game or pastime that he had ever beheld. The contest was continued three days, at the end of which, after a severe struggle, the Senecas were proclaimed the victors, sweeping the stakes, to the great mortification of the proud-spirited Mohawks—the head of the Confederacy."

Brant, it will be observed, is spoken of as a "captain," and there is mention also of a Captain O'Bail. Both were eminent chieftains, and the title given them had been borrowed by the Indians as the highest military distinction. Brant, however, was still more legitimately authorised, according to our notions, to bear it; having, as he states, in one of his many letters to his kind and cordial patron and friend the then duke of Northumberland, borne a regular captain's commission in the British army during the revolutionary war; though at the same time he served only at the head of his own warriors, very large bodies of whom were sometimes under his command. Another of his letters, bearing no date, but evidently written during his well-known visit to England, soon after the war (in 1786,) is addressed to the under-secretary, Sir Evan Nepean. A copy of it was found by the author among the chieftain's papers, which were put into his hands for the purposes of this history by the surviving members of Brant's family, highly respectable persons now residing in Canada.

"Sir:—

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I

have been thinking a great deal about the half-pay, or pension, which you and I have talked about.

"I am really sorry that I ever mentioned such a thing to you. It was really owing to promises made to me by certain persons several times during the late war, that I should always be supported by the government, at war or peace. At that time I never asked any body to make me such a promise. It was of their own free will.

"When I joined the English at the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked upon these engagements, or covenants, between the King and the Indian Nations as a sacred thing. Therefore I was not to be frightened by the threats of the rebels at that time. I assure you I had no other view in it. And this was my real case from the beginning.

"However, after this, the English gave me pay and a commission from the Commander-in-chief, which I gladly received as a mark of attention, though I never asked for it; and I believe my trouble and risques was of equal value to the marks of attention I received: I am sure not too much in the eyes of the Indians, or I should not have accepted them, as I should be sorry to raise jealousies. My meaning for mentioning those things to you, is because I saw there was some difficulty on your part how to act on this head relative to half-pay or pension;—and when it does not seem clear, I should be sorry to accept it. Therefore I beg of you will say no more about it;—for was I to get it when there were doubts about the propriety of it, I should not be happy. For which reason I think it is best to go without it.

"I am now, Sir, to beg you will return my best thanks to Government for what they [have] done for me, and am, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"Humble servant,

"JOSEPH BRANT."

This letter is highly characteristic of Brant. In the first place it shows to what extent he had profited by his opportunities of gaining a civilized education. These, though certainly greater than his countrymen often enjoyed, or indeed could be brought to submit to, were meager at the best. By the suggestion to Sir William Johnson, his early and constant friend, he spent some time at the celebrated Indian school of the Rev. Mr. Wheelock in Connecticut, which afterwards became what is now called Dartmouth College. Mr. Stone enters into some discussion as to the amount of the training he received in this establishment. It appears clear to us that it was very small so far as mere letters were concerned. This is abundantly proved by some of the chieftain's subsequent correspondence, much of which is as ungrammatical as it is shrewd; the inference being, that he gradually improved himself in this as in other departments without much aid. It ought to be observed, that some years after leaving the school in question he was domiciliated with Sir William, or at least employed by him in public business; and that when early in the revolutionary contest the baronet was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Sir John, and by his son-in-law, colonel Guy Johnson, in the important office of general superintendent of the Indian department in America, the young favourite was immediately appointed secretary to the latter. No doubt he was at the same time adopted into the

family at Johnston-hall, one of the most splendid mansions then in the provinces; that family having various ways, and especially by their remarkable and well-earned popularity with the Six Nations, become possessed of the largest estates in land which were ever held by any individual in the country, with the exception of William Penn. Sir John succeeded his father also as major-general of the militia, then an office of importance as well as distinction; and this must have multiplied still more the opportunities and duties of Brant.

This intimacy was still further increased by the circumstance of Sir William's having chosen for his second wife an elder sister of the young Mohawk, a lady known in history as "Molly Brant." Sir William himself speaks of her endearingly in the letters preserved in the volumes before us, using only her Christian name. Campbell, in his *Annals of Tryon county*, gives her credit for a good deal of character, and especially for the care she took in the education of her children, "some of whom were respectably married." This, indeed, might be expected from the discretion of Sir William, whose judgment was in excellent repute, notwithstanding the rashness which some may think they perceive in his character from the following passage:

"The traditions of the Mohawk Valley state, that the acquaintance of Sir William with Molly had a rather wild and romantic commencement. The story runs, that she was a very sprightly and very beautiful Indian girl of about sixteen when he first saw her. It was at a regimental militia muster, where Molly was one of a multitude of spectators. One of the field-officers coming near her upon a prancing steed, by way of banter she asked permission to mount behind him. Not supposing she could perform the exploit, he said she might. At the word she leaped upon the crupper with the agility of a gazelle. The horse sprang off at full speed, and, clinging to the officer, her blanket flying, and her dark tresses streaming in the wind, she flew about the parade-ground swift as an arrow, to the infinite merriment of the collected multitude. The Baronet, who was a witness of the spectacle, admiring the spirit of the young squaw, and becoming enamoured of her person, took her home as his wife."

Our author says of this lady, that the successors of Sir William, who certainly did not inherit his extraordinary influence with the population, either red or white, near and among which he lived, yet derived *essential aid* from "Miss Molly," who was "a woman of talents as well as tact, and possessed great weight among her own people."

Such were, in reality, the scenes of Brant's early education, so far as civilization was concerned; and as to his Indian training and his chieftainship, we shall have occasion to show that he had begun to be distinguished in the wars of his tribe when a lad of only thirteen years of age, and had subsequently been among them enough not only to understand their system, but to attain great skill in its practice. He is in fact, as it seems to us, the most remarkable instance on record of what we should call a *two-lived man*. His opportunities of an education and even of good breeding, according to our ideas of these matters, were on the whole very great. He volunteered, or was otherwise engaged, in numerous missions and other affairs requiring an almost continual

intercourse between the two races and the various portions of each. He came to England repeatedly, and several times paid long visits to the different cities of the United States. His correspondence with men distinguished and in high authority, especially during the latter years of his life, was constant. These and all other means of improvement he evidently made the most of. When he first appeared in England, in 1775, being then little more than thirty years of age, he made acquaintance with many of the nobility and gentry; and the cordiality of his reception seems to have been dictated not less by the estimation in which his intelligence and cultivation were held, than by his renown as a warrior, his fidelity as an ancient ally of the crown, and his high Indian rank and influence as the principal war-chief (or, as an English document of that period, announcing his arrival as an event of some public interest, expresses it the *king*) of the Mohawks; a station which, by custom, made him in fact the leader of the whole of the Six Nations, of whom that tribe was, as we have stated, the "uncle." In this connexion Mr. Stone says, vol. ii. p. 250,

"Earl Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, who had served in America as Lord Rawdon, had formed a strong attachment to Captain Brant, and gave him his picture set in gold*. The late General Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of the Earl of Bute, who, while serving in America, had often slept under the same tent with him, had the warmest regard for him,† and cordially recognised him as his friend in London. With the late Duke of Northumberland,‡ then Lord Percy, he had likewise formed an acquaintance in America, which ripened into a lasting attachment, and was maintained by a correspondence, continued at intervals until his death. With the Earl of Warwick, and others of the nobility and gentry, he had become acquainted during his first visit, ten years before. His acquaintance was also sought by many of the distinguished statesmen and scholars of the time; among whom were the Bishop of London, Charles Fox, James Boswell, and many others. He sat for his picture for Lord Percy, as he had done for the Earl of Warwick and Boswell when first, in England; and Fox presented him with a silver snuff-box, bearing his initials.¶ With the King and royal family he was a great favourite—not the less so on the part of his Majesty, for having proudly refused to kiss his hand on his presentation. The dusky Chief, however, in declining that ceremony, with equal gallantry and address remarked that he would gladly kiss the hand of the Queen. George the Third was a man of too much sterling sense not to appreciate the feelings of his brother chief, and he

loved his Queen too well not to be gratified with the turning of a compliment in her Majesty's favor, in a manner that would have done no discredit to the most accomplished cavalier of the Court of Elizabeth—Sir Walter Raleigh."

All authorities agree in allowing him credit for his tact in society. The celebrated Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, himself no superficial observer, in introducing Brant to his daughter at New York, says of him,

"I am sure that you and Natalie will be happy in the opportunity of seeing a man so much renowned. He is a man of education—speaks and writes the English perfectly—and has seen much of Europe and America. Receive him with respect and hospitality. He is not one of those Indians who drink rum, but is quite a gentleman; not one who will make you fine bows, but one who understands and practises what belongs to propriety and good breeding."—*Vol. ii. page 456.*

To the same effect is the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Miller, now president, we believe, of one of the American colleges. He says,

"I have called Joseph Brant 'a remarkable man.' He was, in my opinion, truly so. My personal intercourse with him was not considerable; but it was quite sufficient to impress me with most respectful sentiments of his intellectual character, his personal dignity, and his capacity to appear well in any society. I met with him repeatedly;—was with him at a dining party—and listened to his conversation in various situations—some of them rather trying; and was surprised at the simple, easy, polished, and even court-like manners which he was capable of assuming; though, at the same time, I was assured that he was capable of being as great a savage as any individual of his nation."—*Vol. ii. page 457.*

This last remark alludes to what was, in our estimation, the most striking proof of Brant's great capacity. We have called him a two-lived man. Before we come however to his Indian character, not a little should, in justice, yet be added to the civilized. Brant, for example, was not merely capable of assuming in his own single person a phase which did not originally belong to it, but one which was as repugnant as possible to that which *did*. There was great genius implied in doing even this so thoroughly and so truly as he did; but it was not all: he was inspired, we may say, with the most liberal and vigorous generalizations of a mind, not partially civilized, or superficially, but sounded and cultivated to the whole depth of its rich, natural strength, and allowing itself no idle intervals, no barren spots. In this he was completely *un-Indianized*. He was so much so that he could cease not merely to look, dress, walk, talk, or act, but to *think* like an Indian. He had imbibed the philosophy of civilization into the very grain of his nature. He had learned it, not as late in life he might have learned French, by dictionary and grammar and the drilling of schools, and mixing his Indian and his English with it—half learning it, in fact never learning it, after all: but as if, beginning early, having the best practical and social added to his speculative and scholastic training,—and feeling, not a mere good-mannered, over-persuaded school-boy inclination for the business as a matter of petty emulation, an exercise or a task, but an intense, spontaneous, intuitive interest in it

* "Now in possession of the lady of Colonel William J. Kerr, the daughter of Thayendenegea."

† "Letter of Thomas Campbell to the late John Brant, or Ahyonwaeghs, the son of Thayendenegea; of whom more hereafter."—*Author's note.*

‡ The Duke of Northumberland here mentioned, it is well known, was formally inaugurated as a Mohawk and received a regular Indian name on the occasion. In one of his letters to Brant he speaks altogether in this capacity. Brant, in reply, always called him "my Lord Duke."

§ "Still in the possession of Mrs. Kerr."

for its sake and for his own and his peoples';—having, in a word, an intellect capable of this feeling, and of sustaining it, possessed of the energy and the dignity also to do and to do well what it had the intelligence and the instinct to comprehend and desire; a mind as incapable of being turned aside from its once settled determination, as it was able to give itself the right direction at the first; as unflinching, straightforward, indefatigable, and all-observing as the march of the Indian hunter or warrior himself in the wilderness. It was with Brant, as if, having once and early caught an eagle-glimpse of the true spirit of civilization, and of the use which might be made of that system in his own position, he had thenceforth set himself to the great and noble work, not (as other Indians have done, or intended to do) of merging his own nature in a foreign one,—for that would neither have satisfied his patriotism nor gratified his pride,—but of adding this second nature to his first; becoming and remaining perfect master of each, in such a manner as to give him, as far as the case absolutely permitted, all the advantages of both systems without the commonly incidental disadvantages of either. In this spirit,—as an individual Indian, and as an influential, responsible, and thoroughly patriotic member and leader of a powerful tribe, a mighty confederacy, and a wide-spread race of red men—powerful, mighty, and wide-spread, yet most precariously situated, balancing, as it were, on the very turning-point between a glorious destiny and a ruinous downfall; in this spirit it was, that with all his energies, yet with all his wariness, he studied and seized hold of the whole generalization, and at the same time the more palpable machinery of civilization in detail, so far as they were any or all of them subservient to his purposes. The result was as we have intimated. It could not be otherwise. He could not merely act the "pale face," but in all, save skin, he could be one.

Of this transformation of nature, (most remarkable, considering the habitual, systematic, self-respecting and extremely circumspect character of his race,) the volumes before us are filled with illustrations and proofs. We have seen that Brant was a polished gentleman, when he chose to be so, as Dr. Miller wisely puts in. This, we repeat, is saying a great deal. In point of fact, so far as our information extends, and we have not been altogether idle in our inquiries and observations concerning this matter, it is more than any other Indian ever accomplished. For this there are sound, sufficient and well-known reasons, not derogatory to their intellect or morals, just as there are corresponding reasons why no thoroughly civilized character has ever become thoroughly savage. This rationale need not be here discussed; it could not without a review of all the Indian history we have, which in fact is very little, and still more unsatisfactory in quality than in amount: for be it ever remembered, that this wronged and hated race,—hated because wronged, ever pursued by an hostility breathing out blood and slaughter, slandered in peace, their motives misunderstood, their complaints unheard, their injuries unredressed, their glorious land itself, the hunting-ground of their ancestors, the gift of the Great Spirit, their fathers' resting-place in death, their children's only hope hereafter, all, all trampled under foot in the rude, lasting rush of the white men,—and last and worst of all, when prejudice and malice could do no more with the person or

the possession, the name itself still held up to the world's scorn, the "perturbed spirits" of their memory allowed no chance of rescue, no interval of rest;—this Indian race, we say, have never been allowed the privilege of putting on record one word, we need not say of accusation, but of explanation—of defence. They are and have been, morally and historically, a dumb, disabled people. Sadly, indeed, as our author suggests in his introduction, have they realized the fable of the lion and him who pointed out to the noble animal the image of one of his species fallen under the arms of a human master. The lions had no sculptors, and the Indians have had no historians. "Who will weep for me?" said Logan, "Who will write the truth of me?" he might have asked and still the stern, despairing answer would have been, "*not one!*"

But this is digression—one, however, for which we will not apologize. We have said that Brant was really a polished, civilized gentleman. He was at ease with the best-bred men and women in the highest circles of the British metropolis, and at the court of the king himself, in the most trying situations. But he went further than this. There is a good deal of evidence in Mr. Stone's work that the chieftain availed himself of his opportunities to take a broad and liberal, yet leisurely, thoroughly, calm and accurate survey of the life and system of the white men; just as one can imagine him in his warlike capacity to have warily approached in the gloom of the morning the unsuspected sleeping-scene of one of his forays,—overlooking the whole sweep of some lovely valley from a tangled thicket among the mountains that hemmed it in; and here patiently and carefully considering and debating with himself what winding course to choose; what objects to select for his prey; whether to destroy or spare, to leave behind him or carry away. Thus he surveyed the system of civilization, and thus he made his forays into it. He looked at it as a system. He embraced no part of it till he understood its comparative as well as its absolute character, its relations with every part and with the whole; and then remained the other and greater question to be settled—to be settled in and by virtue of his *Indian* capacity,—as to the appropriation and application of this particular idea of institution to Mohawk purposes; or perhaps the modification, the Indianization of it, in some degree the better to suit their condition, or the more gradually and safely to meet it, as it were, half-way.

Concerning some things there could be no doubt; and in these cases there was no hesitation. Brant was a great "temperance man," for example; not that we can prove him a staunch "*te-totaller*:" we have no proof of his having signed any pledge, or got up any society, or any meeting, or any speech, on the subject; but he was something more of a temperance man than being temperate himself,—though this was much to his credit, as the world wags with the Indians; since very many, if not most of the distinguished chieftains known to the whites have been sanguine admirers of a cup of whiskey. Poor old Logan, for instance, who made the superbly simple address, recorded by President Jefferson,* and from which we have quoted above,—Logan was a great

* Some doubt was for a time thrown on this document by a French writer, but Mr. Stone has, in our opinion, completely removed it.

sot at the close of his life, if not at the beginning. So was the famous Seneca chief of later days, "the last of the Senecas,"* in truth. Mr. Stone, with the impartiality which is one of his greatest merits, in his strong desire to do justice to the Indian race, and especially to injured individuals among them, has never, in any instance within our knowledge, discovered the slightest propensity to suppress or unduly smoothe over anything which may make against these his especial *protéges*. He allows them, on the contrary, to be chastised when they deserve it, and even goes through that painful duty himself,—not cheerfully we dare say, but with a conscientious determined energy, as a good and true historian should. He not only calls Red Jacket a "demagogue," and moreover shows that he was one, but he proves also, which he had no occasion to do, that he too was a monstrous hard drinker. Indeed, he never denied it himself. He seems either to have been too gross-minded to perceive the meanness of it, or too proud to make any explanation of what he might in fact have felt ashamed of:—and there never existed either a prouder spirit, a more sensitive, a more truly independent man, on one hand, than poor Red Jacket was, with all his faults; nor, on the other, a more thorough-going, intentional, systematic, tenacious pagan. Once when he dined or rather when he *drank* with General Porter, he wished his host all manner of Mohawk blessings in his own sententious style, but more particularly that he might have a thousand children, and *live where whiskey was only three pence a quart!* And yet Red Jacket, by acknowledgment of all parties, was possessed of consummate talent. He might have been a "cow-killer," as Brant says, who justly despised him; he might have run away when he first went into battle. He laid no claim to a warrior's honours. He affected even to disparage them, which few Indians would have done. The secret of all this was in his splendid genius as an orator: in this he was unsurpassed among his race in modern times. The renown he thus obtained made him indifferent to martial fame; at least it enabled him to afford appearing to be so. He knew that to be a great orator among the Indians, who have the highest respect for this faculty, was not only a great thing, but that it was enough for one man. The Senecas were too sensible to expect him to be doubly wonderful. So long as he could speak for them, he might kill cows or not, as it pleased him: he might even "vilely cast away" the tomahawk and the tobacco-pipe in battle, and run away "like a sheep." What then? So, they say, did Demosthenes with his shield. Red Jacket could even afford to be a sot. He made some of his greatest speeches in the same condition in which Cooke produced some of his best effects upon the stage.

And so, in a word, it is and has been with the whole race. Whiskey is their universal curse. Now Brant, we say, deserved some credit, under these circumstances, for being, as he was, a remarkably temperate man. But, far more than this, he looked well at the evil at large. He traced its history, and surveyed its effects; and foreseeing what must be the end of it if its course were completed, he set himself strenuously to discover and apply a cure. The means he adopted with this view are detailed

by Mr. Stone; and it appears, especially by a remarkable document got up by the Mohawk women,* that he must have had very considerable success. These, however, we need not describe; enough has been said to illustrate our position, that whatever was good and applicable in the civilized system he adopted,—rejecting the rest. Of the ability and spirit with which he reasoned and wrote upon these subjects, we have a singular specimen in the following portion of a letter addressed to an American philanthropist who had questioned him concerning his views on imprisonment for debt. It must be understood that this is no translation or corrected version; it is word for word as Brant wrote it.

"Your letter came safe to hand. To give you entire satisfaction I must, I perceive, enter into the discussion of a subject on which I have often thought. My thoughts were my own, and being so different from the ideas entertained among your people, I should certainly have carried them with me to the grave, had I not received your obliging favour.

"You ask me, then, whether in my opinion civilization is favourable to human happiness. In answer to the question, it may be answered, that there are degrees of civilization; from Cannibals to the most polite of European nations. The question is not, then, whether a degree of refinement is not conducive to happiness; but whether you, or the natives of this land, have obtained this happy medium. On this subject we are at present, I presume, of very different opinions. You will, however, allow me in some respects to have had the advantage of you in forming my sentiments. I was, Sir, born of Indian parents, and lived while a child among those whom you are pleased to call savages; I was afterwards sent to live among the white people, and educated at one of your schools; since which period I have been much honoured beyond my deserts, by an acquaintance with a number of principal characters both in Europe and America. *After all this experience, and after every exertion to divest myself of prejudice, I am obliged to give my opinion in favour of my own people.* I will now, as much as I am able, collect together, and set before you, some of the reasons that have influenced my judgment on the subject now before us. In the government you call civilized, the happiness of the people is constantly sacrificed to the splendour of empire. Hence your codes of criminal and civil laws have had their origin; hence your dungeons and prisons. I will not enlarge on an idea so singular in civilized life, and perhaps disagreeable to you, and will only observe, that among us we have no prisons; we have no pompous parade of courts; we have no written laws; and yet judges are as highly revered amongst us as they are among you, and their decisions are as much regarded.

"Property, to say the least, is as well guarded, and crimes are as impartially punished. We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence. The estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word, we have no robbery under the colour of law. No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave and worthy action, but the consciousness of having served his

* Thatcher's Lives of the Indian Chiefs.

* Vol. ii. p. 449.

nation. Our wise men are called Fathers; they truly sustain that character. They are always accessible, I will not say to the meanest of our people, for we have none mean but such as render themselves so by their vices.

"The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see perhaps a *deformed piece of earth* assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above. Go to one of your prisons; here description utterly fails! Kill them, if you please; kill them, too, by tortures; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call savages, relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, and dispatches his unhappy victim with a sudden stroke. Perhaps it is eligible that incorrigible offenders should sometimes be cut off. Let it be done in a way that is not degrading to human nature. Let such unhappy men have an opportunity, by their fortitude, of making an atonement in some measure for the crimes they have committed during their lives.

"But for what are many of your prisoners confined!—for debt!—astonishing!—and will you ever again call the Indian nations cruel? Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level, to the everlasting disgrace of civilization. I knew, while I lived among the white people, many of the most amiable contract debts, and I dare say with the best intentions. Both parties at the time of the contract expect to find their advantage. The debtor, we will suppose, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, fails; here is no crime, nor even a fault; and yet your laws put in the power of the creditor to throw the debtor into prison and confine him there for life! a punishment infinitely worse than death to a brave man! And I seriously declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on this continent, than languish in one of your prisons for a single year. Great Spirit of the Universe!—and do you call yourselves Christians? Does then the religion of Him whom you call your Saviour, inspire this spirit, and lead to these practices? Surely no."—*Vol. ii. page 481-483.*

This appears to have been merely a private communication, and it may have been hastily composed, for Brant was always full of cares. Some allowance, therefore, might be made, though we see little need of it, for a lack of completeness in the argument, or exactness in the mode of expression. One can imagine too, that the letter was written with a view to particular transactions the chief had in mind. There seems almost a bitterness even in much of the truth, and that was a feeling by no means characteristic of the writer. It is clear enough, however, that these were his settled opinions; and as such, and coming from such a source,—from a strong, sound-minded man, who here says of himself, in substance, what we have been trying to show without his aid, viz. that he had tried *the two systems* more thoroughly and fairly than any other person ever did, or probably ever will,—we cannot but consider this to be a document of uncommon interest, setting aside its literary character, and whatever our readers may severally believe in regard to the somewhat vexed and delicate question to which it chiefly alludes. Nor does it, in our opinion, at all interfere with our theory of Brant's double, yet determined mind. It

was double because determined,* on one hand,—determined to "try all things, and hold fast that which is good;" and, on the other, determined because double; for it was, in fact, from his having tried them, that he did hold fast. The letter, in all respects, speaks volumes in his praise.

Nor have we entirely done with this portraiture, on the civilized side of the face? In the same intelligent, curious, anxious, but discriminating and independent spirit which breathes throughout this composition, and was indeed so characteristic of the chieftain altogether, we find him, throughout these volumes, deeply interested in regard to the subject of Christianity, both as a matter of intellectual and moral concern to himself, and of more palpable and even economical consideration to his people. In Dr. Wheelock's "Narrative of the Charity-school," published at a period when the chieftain was only seventeen years old, it is stated that Brant had been, some time previous, engaged by a young missionary of fortune to attend him on a visit to the *Mohawks*—"as interpreter," is the word; but there is no reason to doubt, that on this and many similar occasions, Brant's attention was far from being monopolized by the mere duties of his station; though it is easy to see, that even were it so, these opportunities were still very suitable to some of his designs, and might be considered a portion of his great scheme of a complete self-education in the first place, and of a reformation and re-establishment of his people and his race in the second. Various mentions are made of him by missionaries and others about this time; and in every instance we find him in the same active, inquiring and improving course. Our author thinks he assisted in 1769 in Dr. Ogilvie's Mohawk Prayer-book, and states it as a well-known fact, that he was "partial to exercises of that description."† It is certain that he aided the doctor essentially in numerous translations two years afterwards, when he was still living at Canajoharie, "comfortably settled, in a good house, with everything necessary for the "use of his family."‡ Subsequently, he attached himself to the Church of England, and became a regular and attentive communicant: nor can there be the least doubt of his sincerity. Whether his religious impressions continued as strong as at first, through all the counteracting influences of his later career, is a question which the author wisely declines to decide. His policy, his philosophy, however, remained unchanged. He saw that Christianity would be a good thing for his people, and he did everything in his power to establish and extend it among them. It comes out, during his second visit to England, that

"Notwithstanding the ceaseless activity of his life, he had found time to translate the Gospel of Mark into the Mohawk language; and as most of the

* It is well known how extremely difficult it has always been to induce an Indian (and for reasons obvious enough) to undergo any process of civilized education even for a short time, and how almost universally, after all that could be done to reclaim them, (we mean individually, and, especially by literary training,) they have made their escape as soon as possible back again into savage life. Brant, himself, had many associates at the Wheelock school, who early adopted this course.

† Vol. i. p. 26.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 27.

Indian Prayer and Psalm Books previously in use had been either lost or destroyed during the war, the opportunity of his visit was chosen by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to bring out a new and superior edition of that work, under Brant's own supervision, and including the Gospel of Mark as translated by him. This was the first of the Gospels ever translated entire into the Mohawk language. The book was elegantly printed in large octavo, under the immediate patronage of the King."—*Vol. ii. page 260.*

For the better performance of this work he had once contemplated the acquisition of the Greek language, though it is not stated whether his engagements allowed him to accomplish his purpose. An intelligent missionary, so late as 1800, writes to President Wheecoon as if greatly encouraged by Brant's aid in his efforts both to civilize and christianize the Indians. It is a curious fact, that the first episcopal church in Upper Canada was built by him, from funds collected during his last English visit.* We might have excused him for being wholly engrossed on this occasion with his new acquaintances alone; but on the contrary, while he rendered them a faultless attention, and might have been deemed by a superficial observer to be thinking of nothing else, everything else in reality would seem to have more occupied his mind. The business of his nation was always first; but he found time, it appears, for literary occupations.

He even designed writing a history of his own nation; but this was prevented by his more pressing engagements. Of these the reader can form no conception from the allusion made to them thus far. He must at least bear in mind, that we have been considering but *one half*, as it were, of his purposes; that he was always living, within and without, a twofold life. Each of these, it is evident from this history, was large enough for any *one* man. Mr. Stone doubts if there is another ease on record of activity so intense and so long-continued as his. In this very respect, we may add, as much as in any, Brant had denaturalized himself; there could be no severer test of his transformation, that is, of his *bifurcation*. Continuous application for a great length of time is, of all horrors, the most repulsive to the habitual Indian taste; and hence a chief difficulty in their civilization.

We might speak of Brant's domestic virtues, of his kind attention to his family and friends, his anxious and judicious care in the education of his children. In this department, again, there was nothing left to desire. He lived not merely as a civilized man, but as a Christian gentleman should. All this the author has abundantly shown; and what is yet more satisfactory, he states that the chieftain, at a good old age, died as he had lived. This event occurred in 1807, at a mansion he had built some years previous on a tract of land given him by the monarch to whose interests he had ever maintained an unflinching fidelity, according to the ancient leagues of his tribe. It was at the head of the great Lake Ontario,—the situation noble and commanding,—affording a glorious view of that beautiful water, with a fruitful soil and a picturesque country around it. "He bore his illness, which was painful, with

patience and resignation. He died in the full possession of his faculties; and, according to the belief of his attendants, in the full faith of the Christian religion!" How touching is this picture! How still more interesting, when we know that, Christian as he was, he was an Indian also still! To the last, his own people, to whose welfare his entire life had been so intensely devoted, to the last gasp, they were yet in his thoughts. At the solemn moment of his departure, turning to his nephew, the old Sachem murmured out, "*Pity the poor Indians!*" and expired.

And now a word on his distinct Indian character. We confess ourselves almost reluctant to disturb the impression which we would gladly believe the foregoing narrative has made on the reader's mind; but, in the first place, we have undertaken, like Mr. Stone, to tell the truth and the whole truth, at all events; and in the second place, we consider it the best policy to do so. It clearly is so, even in regard to Brant's own memory; for though the preceding statements may convey some notion of what he accomplished in a certain sphere, they do not give us the means of appreciating the enormous obstacles which he had to encounter in the accomplishment of his purpose.

If Brant then was a thoroughly civilized and christianized* man, so was he emphatically and essentially as consummate a Mohawk as ever stripped off the reeking scalp from the head of his foe. In the first place, he was all Indian in blood. It would somewhat have altered the most remarkable features in his case, had he really been a *half-breed*, as most writers have alleged: there would have been apparently much less merit in that docile yet independent pliability in his character of which we have spoken. He would have seemed almost authorized by nature to have chosen which he pleased of his two phases, or both. The noted Lequodgah, or Gieesr, as the Americans now call him, who has gained so much fame in the world of late by the invention of an alphabet now in general use among the Cherokees, is not an Indian, but a half-breed. So was the Creek chief, as they termed him, MacIntosh, who was equally famous about the time of General Jackson's Florida wars. This man, as his name indicates, was half Scotch; a very clever fellow no doubt, but no more a fair specimen of Indian cleverness or character, in any respect, than General Jackson himself. Among other peculiarities, he was a great slaveholder, having at one time not less than a hundred negroes on one of his plantations; than which nothing could be more un-Indian, since these northern savages have never either borrowed that institution from their civilized neighbours, or submitted, in any case, to its imposition on themselves. Be this as it may, we acknowledge there was a plausibility in making a half-breed of Brant, these men being, in fact, notoriously shrewd, and, as may be supposed, constitutionally balanced in such a manner as to make it comparatively easy for them to become or remain either civilized or savage, as the case may be. Mr. Stone, however, makes it clear that this is a mistake: the blood of the chieftain was as good Mohawk as ever ran in red man's veins.

* We mean here to use this word in the sense sustained by the statements heretofore made on this point.

As to the rank of his family there is some question—we confess we hardly perceive about what. The author contends that he came of what he calls noble stock; and there are authorities showing that, to some extent, there is an hereditary right of appointment to the principal chieftship of the tribe just named, which chieftship is also acknowledged by the other Five Nations. Other authorities, however, use a different language. It seems to us probable, on the whole, that the office came to be at least practically elective; the queen-mother, though nominally authorized in some cases, never really making an appointment except in pursuance of the will of the tribe, and perhaps merely as their organ. No doubt *family* had its effect even upon this principle. A great warrior would be likely to bring up a son in the way he should go, according to his notions; and the son, unless he were a great dunce, would feel an unusual inducement to distinguish himself; while the nation, on the other hand, would be naturally inclined to look favourably on the young candidate's performances and pretensions. This theory, at least, is the more creditable to Brant of the two. We find him actually in the high station referred to at a very early age; and the fair inference is, for aught we can see, that he was considered worthy to fill it. Of an inferior character is such a situation we know not an instance in Indian annals. Besides, it clearly appears, that the young man was precociously savage, so to speak. It must have delighted his admirers indeed, to see the stripling, when but thirteen years of age, fighting, in the memorable battle of Lake George, by the side of their favourite patron, Sir William Johnson, who gained his baronetcy by his victory over Baron Dillshau on this occasion. The author has met with a singular rumour respecting Brant's conduct in this action.

"It is reported, that in relating the particulars of this bloody engagement to Dr. Stewart, the youthful warrior acknowledged, 'that this being the first action at which he was present, he was seized with such a tremor when the firing began, that he was obliged to take hold of a small sapling to steady himself; but that after the discharge of a few volleys, he recovered the use of his limbs and the composure of his mind, so as to support the character of a brave man, of which he was exceedingly ambitious.' He was, no doubt, a warrior by nature. 'I like,' said he, once in after-life, when the conversation was about music, 'the harpsichord well, and the organ still better; but I like the drum and trumpet best of all, for they make my heart beat quick*.'"—*Vol. i. page 19.*

This is likely enough to be true, and is by no means discreditable to the Mohawk, though we are not sure as to what Mr. Stone means by his being a "*warrior by nature*." We should rather say that the anecdote encouraged the contrary opinion—the belief that he had something in his constitution to contend against more than Mohawks usually have; and we should infer that, as he never afterwards, to our knowledge, discovered the like weakness, he must have succeeded in subduing it; for which he deserves some credit, as he does for the frankness of his confession. It illustrates the strength of his

real *character*, as distinguished from his temperament or nerves. It is a case, moreover, in corroboration of what we have said respecting the efficiency of the Indian training, and in refutation of the theory of their being "*warriors by nature*," or even daring, or hardy, or insensible to suffering, originally, in any unusual degree. We may mention, by the way, that the same weakness, that is, the same average human nature, is attributed by various authorities to other distinguished chiefs, as it has been to more civilized generals than themselves. That it should be true of Red Jacket, "*the cow-killer*," was to be expected; for he was habitually a demagogue. His *forte* was in *talking*. It was his profession to induce and instruct others, not to set an example, or even to follow one, unless it were that of running away. The shrewd Delawares compared such theoretical heroes to those bear-hunters who very bravely cheer on a pack of dogs against the enemy, and take all the credit of the victory, if they get one, but most carefully avoid anything beyond the considerate supervision of the contest itself. The same circumstance, however, is related of Tecumseh himself, not merely a powerful orator like the Seneca, but confessedly a great and brave warrior in actual battle, as well as a general and a statesman of consummate ability in the "*marshalling of affairs*." This chieftain (who belonged to the always warlike tribe of the Shawanees) has obtained, even among his enemies, (for he too was attached to the *British* interest) the title of the "*Indian Buonaparte*."* He served in our army, or rather *with* it (like Brant,) as a brigadier-general, but retained at the same time his Indian rank. This truly wonderful man (who was slain in the battle of the Thames, by a pistol-shot from the hand of Colonel Johnson of Kentucky, the present Vice-President of the United States, as that gentleman's admirers at least maintain,) obtained an influence among the numerous and widely-scattered Indian tribes of the west and north-west scarcely credible, and only rivalled, if at all, in the annals of his own race, by that of the renowned Pontiac in the last century, and the yet more celebrated Philip in the century before. That he could have maintained this influence had he been a timid man, or anything less than the complete warrior he was, in the prime of his career, we do not believe. And yet we see no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition, that, like Brant, he had and confessed his feelings of fear at his *debut*, we believe in the great battle of Governor Dunmore with the combined Indian nations, in 1774, at Point Kenhawa. It only serves to show again what determination, ambition, and drilling of the Indian order will effect. They will make a first-rate warrior of one who might otherwise have become a notorious poltroon. This was the very view of the savages in adopting this regimen. Nothing could better illustrate the warlike wisdom of their policy than the existence of proofs of its efficiency so conspicuous as these we have named. Be this as it may, we hear no more of it in Brant, any more than we do in Tecumseh. He trembled once, and that was enough. Many years afterwards we find him thus spoken of in Wheelock's "*Narrative*." The writer has been describing his services as interpreter, and he adds,

"But the war breaking out at that time between

* "*Letter of T. Campbell (the poet) to Ahyon-waeghs, the son of Brant.*"

the back Indians and the English, Mr. Smith was obliged to return; but Joseph tarried, and went out with a company against the Indians, and was useful in the war; in which he behaved so much like the Christian and the soldier, that he gained great esteem."—*Vol. i. page 24.**

There may seem to some almost an inconsistency in the expressions here used; they only confirm, however, our view of Brant's double life. We shall find everywhere that he maintained his Indian character (when it pleased and suited him so to do) as completely as his civilized. And what greater inconsistency is there between a civilized white man sustaining the character of a Christian soldier, as so many have done, and a civilized red man doing the same thing? There may be said to be something wrong in the public opinion which justifies such language; but public opinion it is, nevertheless, and the ease is as fair for the one party as the other. Nor can there be, in our opinion, a particle of doubt, that Brant, at all events, was just as conscientious in his Christianity as he was in his warriorship. He fell into the very common and much-honoured weakness of thinking it a duty, as well as a fine and famous thing, "*dulcet et decorum*," to fight and die for one's country, liberty, or name.

As to the particular mode of fighting, the established, avowed, exclusive practices of the contending parties must be considered altogether in point. These, or some of them, may be more or less satisfactory to other parties; they may be intrinsically and even gratuitously harsh; but if, as we have said, established and advertised to the world, we can discover no real cause of complaint. A vast number of sanguinary and truly diabolical devices and machines have been used heretofore in the warfare of nations "called civilized," as Brant says. Some have used poisoned arrows, among the rest, which the Indians never do. In fact, although their peculiar circumstances and education may have led them to the adoption of a style of warfare which deserves to be called savage, and is indeed perfectly congenial to them in that capacity; yet it is a regular system, and has been universally practised. Were one to inquire deeply into the subject, we suspect he would find it difficult to show how they could practise a very different warfare from this, without ceasing to be Indians and to live as they do. On this subject we are happy to have Brant's own views, as Mr. Stone has received them. He said

"The object of each party, when engaged in war, was to destroy his enemy, or to weaken and intimidate him so much as to force him into a reasonable peace. The Indians, he said, were destitute of many of the means and implements of war which the white people possessed. They could not successfully contend with them in the open field, man to man, because they had no artillery, so indispensable to, and

* This war, as the author suggests, must doubtless have been the celebrated and critical contest of the great Pontiac, a Chippewa chieftain, already named in the text. "He combined the great Indian tribes of the north-west almost as one man." He surprised several important English stations, and it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevented from taking Detroit.

so destructive in, a field fight. Besides, if they could, the Indians being generally inferior in numerical force to their white enemies, would soon be subdued by an equal sacrifice of man for man; that the Indians had no forts to resort to for protection after a discomfiture in the field; no battering trains to dislodge the enemy after they had retired to theirs; and no depots or jails for securing the prisoners they might capture. The simple and necessary principle, therefore, of Indian warfare, was extermination—to destroy as many of the enemy, and save as many of themselves, as practicable; and for this purpose, to resort to ambuscades, stratagems, and every species of deception, direct or indirect, to effect their object. Brant justified taking the lives of prisoners, but disapproved the practice, so common among savages, of torturing them; and he always maintained that he had himself at different times, by great efforts, saved several, not only from torture, but death. As to taking life, he thought (and with some truth,) that in this respect there was but little practical difference between the red and white men; for the death of an Indian prisoner was as certain a consequence of his capture, as that of a white man taken by the Indians."—*Vol. ii. page 462.*

Probably our readers have never before been favoured with an Indian's exposition of his national customs in war. We cannot but think there is some reason in it. As to his assertion of having prevented unnecessary cruelties, this history is filled with conclusive proofs of it, and of the general assertion that he universally carried on this professional Indian warfare,—which alone even he knew much about,—in a personal spirit as manly and even as generous, as chivalrous we may say, as it is easy to imagine consistent with waging that warfare at all. Of this we may come to other illustrations. Meanwhile, we wish to show Brant in his savage capacity, as he confessed it to be.

Early in 1777 he had a remarkable parley with the American General Herkimer, of which Mr. Stone gives a spirited account. Here he made no secret of his intention to join the war on the British side, or of his reasons for doing so. There is some ground for supposing he had already struck the first blow. Our author thinks he was at the battle of the Cedars. During the same season we find the "Great Captain of the Six Nations" fairly in the field. Joining St. Leger in his siege of Fort Schuyler, he is supposed to have led on nearly a thousand warriors. In one of the sharp actions which took place near this fortress, we find these savages routed and losing a great number of men. This exasperated them, and they remembered it for a long time; a fact to be considered when we estimate the difficulties their leader had to struggle with in centralizing them. As for himself, we find him on one of these occasions literally "up a tree," as the Americans say; having been, like Santa Anna, in later days, driven to such a refuge in the course of a rapid retreat. Again we find him hovering about the borders of the American settlements, rallying the remote tribes, negotiating, fighting, writing, or doing whatever else was to be done. He entered into the business with his whole soul, using with his utmost energy all the powers and capabilities of his person and his station, as he believed it became him, for the defence of his own cause and the destruction of his foe. The author

acquits him of petty expeditions or secret massacres, but the following passage sufficiently shows that he still did not shrink from pursuing, in general, the usual belligerent plan of his people. The author speaks of the German Flatts in 1778:—

"Early in the evening Brant arrived at the edge of the settlement, but as the night came on excessively dark and rainy, he halted with his forces in a ravine, near the house of his Tory friend Shoemaker, where the younger Butler and his party were captured the preceding year. Here the chieftain lay with his warriors until the storm broke away toward morning—unconscious that his approach had been notified to the people by the scout in season to enable them to escape the blow of his uplifted arm. Before the dawn he was on foot, and his warriors were sweeping through the settlement; so that the torch might be almost simultaneously applied to every building it contained. Just as the day was breaking in the east, the fires were kindled, and the whole section of the valley was speedily illuminated by the flames of houses and barns, and all things else combustible. The spectacle, to the people in the forts, was one of melancholy grandeur. Every family saw the flames and smoke of its own domicile ascending to the skies, and every farmer the whole product of his labour for the season dissolving in ashes."—*Vol. i. p. 365.*

This, again, is Indian to the heart's content. Elsewhere we are told that Brant seemed almost omnipresent. Whole families often disappeared from settlements, with no other notice to those who were left of the enemy having been near them. The ruins he left in his course alone pointed him out, till finally some solitary captive came back, or a prisoner taken from the foe furnished more definite information. To all this extensive western region Brant was the evil genius of the war.

It was during this season that the terrible desolation of the lovely Valley of Wyoming occurred, and also that of Cherry Valley. The Indians were concerned in both, but Mr. Stone shows clearly that Brant was not in the former scene, and so removes at once the most considerable cause of the odium which has long been unjustly attached to his name. A good deal was done to sustain this feeling by Mr. Campbell in his famous poem on this subject. The poet calls him "the Monster Brant," and gives him the credit of all the atrocities which took place on that occasion. At the same time it is clear from his own letter, written a few years ago to young Brant, when the latter was in this country, that he was entirely justified in his representation by historical authorities. These accounts, until within some eighteen years, have met with no contradiction whatever. Mr. Stone, of whose labours and merits in the way of correction this is but one specimen among many, makes it apparent not only that Brant was not at Wyoming, but that there is not the slightest truth in a great part of the descriptions given by historians of the barbarities committed,—not but there were enough of them at the best. Even the common Indians, however, the "*vulgar pecus*," were not responsible, it would seem, for the worst of these. Our historian proves, that on this, as on numerous other occasions, where the savages generally have had the whole blame to bear, (one effect of their having no writers of their own,) the atrocities com-

mitted by the white men were not only the principal ones, but that they far transcended the regular and conscientious cruelties, as they might almost be considered, of the savages themselves. Nor does it appear that there was much to boast of in this respect between the English and the Americans. The author here again manifests a resolute impartiality for which we honour him. He even takes particular pains to render justice, not merely to Brant, but to many of the British authorities whose characters have suffered unduly, perhaps even with their own countrymen, to this day. Among these are the Johnsons, the Butlers, and General Burgoyne.

As to Cherry Valley, Brant was there, and fought, as usual, *en sauvage*. Some barbarities were committed, but these he had no power to prevent even had he been in command,* which he was not, and here disappears another of his disgraces. Moreover, the author furnishes some authentic data to mark strongly the humanity and high bearing in which, as far as possible, he indulged himself on this occasion, and which he seemed always much to prefer. We gather from the first of these anecdotes also that his reputation for these characteristics were really established:

"On entering one of the dwellings, he found a woman employed in household matters. 'Are you thus engaged,' inquired the chief, 'while all your neighbours are murdered around you?' The woman replied that they were in favour of the King. 'That plea will not avail you to-day,' replied the warrior. 'They have murdered Mr. Wells's family, who were as dear to me as my own.' 'But,' continued the woman, 'there is one Joseph Brant: if he is with the Indians, he will save us.' 'I am Joseph Brant!' was the quick response: 'but I have not the command, and I know not that I can save you; but I will do what is in my power.' At the moment of uttering these words, he observed the Senecas approaching. 'Get into bed quick,' he commanded her, 'and feign yourself sick.' The woman obeyed, and when the Indians came up, he put them off with that pretext. Instantly as they departed, he rallied a few of his Mohawks by a shrill signal, and directed them to paint his mark upon the woman and her children. 'You are now probably safe,' he remarked—and departed.†

"Another instance, from the same authority,‡ will serve farther to illustrate the conduct and bearing of this distinguished Indian leader on that occasion. After the battle was over, he inquired of one of the captives for Captain M'Kean, who had retired to the Mohawk Valley with his family. 'He sent me a challenge once,' said the chief; 'I have now come to accept it. He is a fine soldier thus to retreat!' It

* He was in command at the Canajoharie foray, the next season, and then had Indians only under him. On this occasion great ravages were made, but no needless outrages committed, as on defenceless women and children, other than carrying them into captivity. This was harsh indeed, but it was legitimate Indian warfare. This Brant always practised and avowed—and no more.

† "It is an Indian practice thus to mark their captives, and the known mark of a tribe or chief is a protection from danger at other hands."

‡ Campbell's Annals.

was said in reply: 'Captain McKean would not turn his back upon an enemy where there was a probability of success.' 'I know it,' rejoined Brant: 'he is a brave man, and I would have given more to take him than any other man in Cherry Valley: but I would not have hurt a hair of his head.'—*Vol. i. pp. 380, 381.*

Passing over small matters, we come, in 1779, to the battle of Minisink. There were some needless cruelties committed by nobody knows who. This matters little to our present purpose. Enough that Brant again has had to bear the whole blame of them; and that the charge in this case turns out totally unjust. One white man, in particular, it appears that he spared on his showing the *Master-masons' halting-signal of distress*, the chieftain himself belonging to a lodge. After the action a different scene occurred, which is too singular to be omitted.

"Among those who were grievously wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Gabriel Wisner, a gentleman of great respectability, a magistrate, serving among the Goshen volunteers. In surveying the battle-field, the situation of Wisner arrested the attention of the Indian commander, who examined his condition. The chief saw that he was wounded past the hope of recovery, but he was, nevertheless, in the full possession of his faculties, and was even able to converse. Believing his case to be altogether beyond the power of medical and surgical skill, and having no means of carrying him away, Brant reflected a moment upon his own course of duty. He was disposed to save his life if he could, and yet felt that it was impossible. To leave him thus helpless and alone upon the field, in the possession of his senses to a degree enabling him to appreciate all the horrors of his situation, would be the height of cruelty; added to which was the moral certainty, that the wolves abounding in the forest, guided by the scent of blood, would soon be gorging themselves alike upon the wounded and the dead. The thought, therefore, that Wisner might be torn in pieces while yet alive, seemed to him even more than savage cruelty. Under these distressing circumstances and considerations, the chief argued with himself that true humanity required a speedy termination of his sufferings. Having formed this conclusion, the next point was to compass his death without inflicting additional torture upon his feelings. With this view he engaged Wisner in conversation, and while diverting his attention, struck him dead in an instant, and unperceived, with his hatchet."—*Vol. i. p. 420.*

This, as the author observes, was "but a *savage* exhibition of *humanity*." It was, however, an exhibition of humanity, and it was according to the Indian notions of benevolence. Brant was accustomed in after years to relate this anecdote himself. Probably it never occurred to him to be ashamed of it.

Very early in the spring of 1780 he enters the same country in his usual way, but most formidable style, and here we get another characteristic glimpse of him.

"Brant, in wending his way from Harpersfield toward Schoharie, fell suddenly upon Harper and his party on the 7th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately surrounded them—his force consisting of forty-three Indian warriors and seven whites. So silent and cautious had been the approach of the enemy, that the first admonition

Harper received of their presence, was the death of three of his little band, who were struck down while engaged in their work. The leader was instantly discovered in the person of the Mohawk chief, who rushed up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, and observed—"Harper, I am sorry to find you here!" "Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?" replied the other. "Because," rejoined the chief, "I *must* kill you, although we were schoolmates in our youth,"—at the same time raising his hatchet, and suiting the action to the word. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired—"Are there any regular troops at the forts in Schoharie?"

The result is, that Harper persuades the chief that a great American force is fast coming upon him, and he begins a hasty retreat, taking his prisoners with him. All these might fairly have been slain on Indian principles; but as there were eleven of them, and the captors retreated in haste, there seemed a better special reason for such a course than usual, setting aside the force of *general necessity*: and it expressly appears, indeed, that not only a "talk was held on the subject during the night, but that the controversy ran high. The general voice was for death, to which the white men seemed to have made no objection. Harper's party were all the while within hearing of this interesting *conversazione*, having been shut up, bound hand and foot, in a rough pen of logs, under charge of the seven whites, whose leader, a red man named Beecraft, one of those notorious blood-thirsty pirates so numerous on both sides during the sanguinary civil war waged with such peculiar violence in all this border region, amused himself and kept his prisoners from sleeping, by amiably warning them, with appropriate epithets, that "they would all be in hell before morning." This massacre Brant succeeded in preventing; and after another rigid examination of Harper, informed him that he and his men would be taken into captivity, but their lives spared. The merit of this interposition and leniency may be better appreciated when we consider that the savages were highly exasperated by their disappointment in this laborious expedition, and that they also suspected Harper of deceiving them, which he had done.

Some incidents occurred on this march too illustrative to be omitted. On the second day they fell in with a friendly white, who flatly contradicted Harper's account. This was a critical moment for the latter. The Chief brought him to a third scrutiny, which, however, he bore so well, that the uplifted tomahawk was again averted. The same day an old man was captured, who finally proved unable to keep up with the march, and was quietly despatched without unnecessary pain or delay, probably by Brant's permission, and at all events according to regular custom. The Indians, it should be observed, were all this time laden with plunder, only part of which could be carried by their prisoners, while some of their number must act as guards, and no doubt others as scouts. The better the real situation of these people in war is understood, the less intrinsic cruelty will be seen in their belligerent customs. The whole system was harsh, but it was harmoniously so; the circumstances were harsh which suggested and which sustained it. And we must bear in mind, that when Brant, by a truly extraor-

diary effort, obtained a sort of illegal respite for an enemy, it was done somewhat at the expense of the system itself, and went to alter it. It was setting a precedent, of some authority, to that effect. This consideration undoubtedly weighed with a people so remarkable for regularity as the Indians notoriously are. No doubt indeed it affected Brant's own mind, for he now was an Indian too, the chief of them,—struggling desperately for the rights of the race, and even for their existence.

In the sequel of this march we are told—

“Being heavily encumbered with luggage, and withal tightly pinioned, the prisoners must have sunk by the way, at the rate the Indians travelled, and would probably have been tomahawked but for the indisposition of Brant, who, providentially for the prisoners, was attacked with fever and ague—so that every alternate day he was unable to travel. These interruptions gave them time to rest and recruit. Brant wrought his own cure by a truly Indian remedy. Watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunbeams, he caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into soup, of which he ate. A speedy cure was the consequence.”—*Vol. ii. pp. 58, 59.*

We pass over a most graphic scene, in which the exploits of some white men, just escaped from another Indian party by killing nine of their captors in sleep, had well nigh proved fatal to Harper's band. “The effect on the warriors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage and a desire of revenge seemed to kindle every bosom, and light every eye as with burning coals: they crowded round the prisoners in a circle, and began to make preparations for hacking them to pieces!” Once more, however, their lives are rescued from these rude hands; the march proceeds; a famine begins at last, and here we have a genuine specimen of humanity.

“A luxury, however, awaited them, in the remains of a horse which had been left by Sullivan's expedition to perish from the severity of the winter. The wolves had eaten all flesh from the poor animal's bones excepting upon the under side. When the carcass was turned over, a quantity of the flesh yet remained, which was equally distributed among the whole party and devoured. On reaching the Genessee river, they met a party of Indians preparing to plant corn. These laborers had a fine horse, which Brant directed to be instantly killed, dressed, and divided among his famishing company. They had neither bread nor salt; but Brant instructed the prisoners to use the white ashes of the wood they were burning as a substitute for the latter ingredient, and it was found to answer an excellent purpose. The meal was partaken of, and relished as the rarest delicacy they had ever eaten. In regard to provisions, it must be mentioned to the credit of Captain Brant, that he was careful to enforce an equal distribution of all they had among his own warriors and the prisoners. *All fared exactly alike.*”—*Vol. ii. page 61.*

This, too, was no doubt customary humanity, else, under such exigencies the savages would never have submitted to its application;—the prisoners would all have been murdered, as it were, in self-preservation. But it had been resolved—regularly—twice—that they should be saved. The decree had gone

forth; the Indian honour was pledged: hence they must be fed as well as spared, even at the risk of the captor's own lives. Such was the system again. It was, after all, as rigidly humane as it was sternly, *Romanly* severe. And now we have another memorable trait of Brant's true character. We have seen how he inured himself to the savage bearing; we have now an instance where he could exercise his native good feeling, and practice even his Christian lessons as well, without too fatal a disregard of the customs of the people who were after all his first care, and of the immediate circumstances which demanded his greatest attention. To understand this case, we must premise that the Indians have a custom, when male captives are brought in, of making them “*run the gauntlet*,” that is, through two long lines of warriors armed with various weapons, and who may exercise these instruments upon them pretty much at their discretion. If an expedition has been unfortunate, or the prisoners mischievous, or cowardly, (for the savages respect an enemy's courage as much as their own,*) this “discretion” sometimes proves fatal to those under its charge. Now there were multitudes of Indians at Niagara, and this Brant knew; he knew, too, that his captives were worn out with fatigue: so, (as it afterwards appeared,) without apprising any one of his plan, he sent on an *avant-courier* to the station, to one Moore, who had lately married, as it happened, a niece of the prisoner Harper; though even this fact was unknown to the latter. The consequence was, that Moore contrived to have most of the male Indians drawn off to a frolic at some other place.

“Such was the scene which Harper and his fellow-prisoners now had in near prospect. They of course well knew the usages of Indian warfare, and must expect to submit. Nor was the chance of escape from injury very cheering, enfeebled and worn

* Heckwelder gives a good illustration of this. He is speaking of the gauntlet-post, pointed out to a party of captives:

“The youngest of them, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt; but the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children, with weapons in their hands ready to strike, kept begging the Captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and would build him a large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. ‘Run for your life,’ cried the Chief to him, ‘and don't talk now of building houses!’ But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the Captain; who, at last, finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being badly bruised, and he was, besides, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward; while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.”—*Vol. ii. page 62, note.*

down as they were by their journey and its privations. Miserable comforters, therefore, were their white guards, who were tantalizing them in anticipation, by describing this approaching preliminary cruelty. But on emerging from the woods, and approaching the first Indian encampment, what was the surprise of the prisoners, and chagrin of their conductors, at finding the Indian warriors absent from the encampment, and their place supplied by a regiment of British soldiers! There were only a few Indian boys and some old women in the camp; and these offered no violence to the prisoners, excepting one of the squaws, who struck young Patchin over the head with an instrument which caused the blood to flow freely. But the second encampment, lying nearest the fort, and usually occupied by the fiercest and most savage of the Indian warriors, was yet to be passed. On arriving at this, also, the Indians were gone, and another regiment of troops were on parade, formed in two parallel lines, to protect the prisoners. Thus the Mohawk chief led his prisoners directly through the dreaded encampments, and brought them safely into the fort."—*Fol. ii. page 63.*

And this is the same man whom, further on—having now resumed the *Indian*—we find carrying havoc into the rich vales of Canajoharie, where, we are told,

"The strength of the main fort did not deter the chief from leading his warriors directly into its vicinity, where the church, distant about a quarter of a mile, and the parsonage, together with several other buildings were burnt. Sixteen of the inhabitants were killed, between fifty and sixty persons, mostly women and children, were taken prisoners, fifty-three dwelling-houses, and as many barns were burnt, together with a grist-mill, two small forts, and a handsome church. Upwards of three hundred black cattle and horses were killed or driven away, the arms of the people, their working tools and implements of husbandry destroyed, and the growing crops swept from the fields. Indeed, the fairest district of the valley was in a single day rendered a scene of wailing and desolation; and the ravages enacted in the Indian country by General Sullivan the preceding year, were in part most unexpectedly re-enacted by the Indian chieftain himself in the heart of the country of his invaders."*—*Fol. ii. page 96.*

This last remark compels us to remind the reader that this ravaging system was by no means confined to the Indian side. With them indeed it was regular, but the civilized parties to the contest were ready disciples in their school. As we have hinted before they far exceeded their masters in the end, if not in the beginning. The red men were exact in cruelty. They had a principle, a system. They could claim their pound of flesh by bond; but more than this they did not claim: shedding even of "one drop of blood" beyond it, was disgraceful in their eyes. The whites, on the contrary, did not understand this,

or would not. They did from choice what the Indians did by rule. Once cut loose from the civilized code of warfare, the whole ocean of human passion was before them, with no check of any kind. In a word, the red men were warriors, the white men pirates. Here is a striking illustration of what we mean, or at least of Brant's own opinion about it. The incident occurred at Fort Hunter, at the time of an invasion by Brant and Sir J. Johnson, which had just been driven back. The plundered and distressed inhabitants, it is said, now

"crowded about the fort, each his tale of loss or grief to relate. Among them was a woman, whose husband and several other members of the family were missing. She was in an agony of grief, rendered more poignant by the loss of her infant, which had been snatched from the cradle. Early the next morning, while the officers at Van Rensselaer's headquarters were at breakfast, a young Indian warrior came bounding into the room like a stag, bearing an infant in his arms, and also a letter from Brant, addressed 'to the commanding officer of the rebel army.' General Van Rensselaer not being present at the moment, the letter was opened by one of his suite, and read substantially as follows:—

"Sir: I send you, by one of my runners, the child which he will deliver, that you may know that, whatever others may do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me in the service, who are more savage than the savages themselves."—*Fol. ii. pp. 125, 126.*

The infant proved to be that of the disconsolate mother mentioned above. And this, again, is the same man whom, after a long, laborious 'fall' campaign, we find at the head of twelve hundred savages, in the winter, at the Niagara post! and then in 1781, even so early as "during the months of February and March, Brant was hovering about the Mohawk, ready to spring upon every load of supply destined for the forts, and cutting off every straggling soldier or inhabitant so unfortunate as to fall within his grasp."* Well may the author call him the "lynx-eyed Chieftain," a name much better earned by him, at least in war, than by Red Jacket, whose Indian title was literally "the keeper-awake."

And thus we might go on through the whole of this man's military career; but the principle of it all is the same. Everywhere and always he was ready, at a moment's notice, to put off and put on, either his savage or his civilized aspect, as though it were merely a masque, or a coat of armour; and in the former capacity, not less than the latter, we confess he appears to us perfectly thorough-going, cordial, and at home. Deeply interesting and curious are the forest-glimpses we get of him, as he glances and darts, as it were, from the one system to the other,—his character now glistening gorgeously in gleams of the sunshine even of the highest civilization as well as the noblest chivalry, and now shrinking from both with a frown, and retreating gloomily into shade. But enough of this has appeared to make out our case of a *two-lived man*, which we have pronounced so rare. We will only add, as a matter of minor

* "A detachment from this expedition was sent by Brant, at the same time, against the settlement on Norman's Kill, in the very neighbourhood of Albany, where they succeeded in burning twenty houses."—*Macaulay.*

curiosity, the chieftain's martial costume: it is the account of a captive:—

"While in the guard house, the prisoners were visited by Brant, of whom Captain Snyder says—'he was a likely fellow, of a fierce aspect—tall and rather spare—well-spoken, and apparently about thirty (forty) years of age. He wore moccasins, elegantly trimmed with beads—leggings and breech cloth of superfine blue—short green coat, with two silver epaulets—and a small, laced, round hat. By his side hung an elegant silver-mounted cutlass, and his blanket of blue cloth, purposely dropped in the chair on which he sat, to display his epaulets, was gorgeously decorated with a border of red.'"—*Vol. ii. page 67.*

and the following amusing anecdote, illustrative of Brant's humour, and of the facility with which he could put his "savagery" on:

"During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball, or masquerade, was got up with great splendor, and numerously attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded as proudly in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glittered in his girdle like burnished silver. There was, likewise, in the gay and gallant throng a stately Turkish diplomat of rank, accompanied by two houris, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chieftain's singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was brilliant as the imagination could desire; but among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights, damsels, and gypsies, there was, to the eye of the Mussulman, no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk; which, being natural, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted visor, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course, watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humor of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had Hassan touched his facial point of honor, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasburgh trumpeter, than the Chieftain made the hall resound with the appalling war-whoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Mussulman's head, as though his good master, the Sultan, in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rung through that *salon* of fashion; and breaking suddenly, and with startling wildness, upon the ears of the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror, while the female masquers—the gentle shepherdesses, and fortune-telling crones, Turks, Jews and gypsies, bear-leaders and their bears, Falstaffs, friars, and fortune-tellers, Sultans, nurses and Columbines, shrieked, screamed and scudded away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained; and the incident was accounted as happy

in the end as it was adroitly enacted by the good humored Mohawk."*—*Vol. ii. pp. 259, 260.*

But we must not leave Brant here. It would be most unjust to him not to allude, at least more emphatically than we have done, to his character as a statesman and a patriot. He was not less thoroughly Mohawk or Indian in the council, or in his warmest affections and his highest ambition, than he was or could be in the field. He acted the warrior, indeed, with the energy we have described, for the reason that he looked forward to peace and security and civilization and permanent character and prosperity among his tribe and his race; and because he panted for all these. To attain them he found or thought it necessary to rouse himself and his people for a determined struggle. Their lands, rights, liberties, existence, were at stake. There must be no finching in such a contest. It might be the last occasion for putting forth the terrible capacities of their belligerent system in defence or offence, but it was certainly in his mind an occasion; and it was no time for commencing suddenly an experimental and radical modification of that system which the Indians could not yet appreciate, and which might at the same time prove fatal to the destinies of the red men.† The war being finished, we find the warrior no more; but the objects of that contest were not forgotten. The indefatigable activity, the sleepless anxiety of Brant were still alive for his people. Dropping the tomahawk, he bounded out of the forest the moment the signal of peace appeared, and with a facility and a reality of transformation of which the cleverest theatrical shiftings give scarcely a hint, he appears *instantly* and perfectly in character always—successively on the great stages of negotiation, legislation, civilized Christian and literary reform and repose. The history before us affords evidence of his continual and unwearied efforts for the rights, possessions, dignity and improvement of his tribes. For them he visits Canada—the States—England—again and again. For them he gives up his time, rest, health, funds, his personal friends, his public favour. The Americans offered him large temptations, according to his own account, and his veracity is not disputed. They wished him to work in their service, that is, by inducing a peaceful temper among the troublesome north-western tribes after the war, and by bringing them to agree on a treaty about boundaries, which was finally settled, and with great difficulty, only in 1795. This he declined. He was in favour of peace, to be sure. He asked no pay for that, however; he would take none; nor would he accept compensation at all, even for real trouble, or time taken and spent, since he wished to be above even the suspicion of dishonour. So, too, though his whole life was devoted to the Mohawks, he never received a penny from them in return. Repeatedly, in contending for their cause he quarrelled with old

* "This incident was somewhat differently related by the British Magazine, which represented that the weapon was raised by Brant in sober earnest; he having taken the freedom of the Turk for a real indignity. But such was clearly not the fact. His friends never so understood it."

† We should not forget that it was only by mixing among the Indians in their own style, that Brant could retain any influence over them whatever.

acquaintances and real friends. The English authorities in Canada wanted to keep them under what was considered, no doubt, a proper and necessary guardianship or control. The Americans wished to do much the same. Both knew the policy of suggesting divisions among the Indians themselves: hence much trouble to Brant from a want of unanimity among his people. Of this he appreciated the vast importance, as well as his allies or his opponents. His great effort was to accomplish what their great effort was to prevent. Hence, conferences and councils and correspondence and missions to and fro, in all which Brant neither remitted his labours nor relaxed his high tone. In this there was a glorious, an heroic patriotism, which, splendid as it was,—when we think how little it was destined to avail, how fallen are the fortunes now of this people, once powerful,—with all our civilization, we cannot but regard in sorrowing and gloomy admiration. Of course, nothing less than complete independence could suit a spirit like this: a guardianship, a pupilage, a fealty!—his soul revolted at the thought. He says, in one of his speeches,

“We were promised our lands for our services, and those lands we were to hold on the same footing with those we fled from at the commencement of the American war, when we joined, fought, and bled in your cause. Now is published a proclamation, forbidding us leasing those very lands that were positively given us in lieu of those which we were the sovereigns of the soil. This, brothers, is surely a contradiction that the least discerning person amongst you must perceive, and which we think wonderful. Of those lands we have forsaken, we sold, we leased, and we gave away, when and as often as we saw fit, without hindrance on the part of your government; for your government well knew we were the lawful sovereigns of the soil, and they had no right to interfere with us as independent nations.” In support of this assertion, the Chief proceeded to enumerate various sales and gifts of their lands; among which he mentioned the large and celebrated tract to Sir William Johnson, commonly called the Royal Grant, and for signing the conveyance of which the captain asserted that he received a present of fifty pounds.” —*Vol. ii. pp. 402, 403.*

The progress and result of these negotiations we must leave here. In some cases Brant was successful; in other respects the questions at issue are unsettled to this day. The Americans, after Wayne's victory in 1795, effected their object in the treaty of the same year. Brant's grand design of a general Indian combination was broken up by circumstances which he could not control. The great statesman-like projects he cherished for the good of the race at large where then in a great measure abandoned, as they had been by Pontiac and Philip before. It remained only to do what he could for his confederacy and his tribe, and to this he devoted his attention till the time of his decease, as before described. His last words, it will be remembered, were still for the “poor Indians.” He died, as he had lived, a savage patriot, no less than a civilized man. The Indian and the Christian expired as they had existed—together.

And so perished the last of the Mohawks! A warrior, a Mohawk, a true Indian, he clearly was:

but for this we can forgive him. He was so born and bred. There was a charge committed to him. He felt himself responsible even in the eyes of the Great Spirit for his tribe, his confederacy, his race. Country, liberty, possessions, friends, home, might have their charms for him, for his soul at least was like the soul of the “pale face”—it was *white*. He was, in a word, what all mankind have honoured men for being. He contended with us and with every opponent for objects whose sacredness and whose sweetness have been from the first ages of history pronounced inalienable, inestimable, by the universal human heart. And more than this—he was not merely the white man's foe, but his friend. Whenever the first claims upon him could be relaxed, the second were always heeded. He was faithful to every engagement. No stain on his honor can be shown. His fidelity to the ancient faith of his nation and to the English alliance never wavered. When occasion permitted it, he was lenient, merciful, magnanimous; even in war it delighted him to be so.

For all these things, as well as for his actual services, his splendid talents, his extraordinary character and career, the memory of Brant deserved the historian it has found—discriminating, generous, laborious and just. Mr. Stone's work is not faultless, but he has rendered the cause of letters and of philosophy on the whole a noble service; and we believe he will feel himself richly repaid for it in the honour and the justice which hereafter will be rendered at once to himself and to his hero.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN I.

1.

Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

2.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odours moist ascend,
And 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

3.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbours eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

4.

On lands and seas, on fields and woods,
And cottage roofs and ancient spires,
O, Morn! thy gaze creative broods,
While night retires.

5.

Aloft the mountain ridges beam
Above their quiet steepes of grey;
The eastern clouds with glory stream,
And vital day.

6.

By valleys dank, and river's brim,
Through corn-clad fields and wizard groves,
O'er dazzling tracks and hollows dim,
One spirit roves.

7.

The broad-helm'd oak-tree's endless growth,
The mossy stone that crowns the hill,
The violet's breast, to gazers loath,
In sunshine thrill.

8.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

9.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance
Existence swells with teeming power,
And all illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

10.

Not sands, and rocks, and seas immense,
And vapours thin and halls of air;
Not these alone, with kindled glance,
The splendour share.

11.

The fly his jocund round inweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves,
And nought is mute.

12.

In Man, O Morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

13.

With healthful pulse, and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,
His thoughts unchecked to Heaven aspire,
Reveal'd in him.

14.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he hends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

15.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

16.

Such grace from thee, O God! be ours,
Renew'd with every morning's ray,
And fresh'ning still with added flowers,
Each future day.

17.

To Man is given one primal star;
One day-spring's beam has dawn'd below;

From thine our inmost glories are,
With thine we glow.

18.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to thee, O Fount of Light!
Our light returns.

HYMN II.

1.

By scale and method works the Will Supreme,
Nor clouds, nor waves, without a limit stream;
And all the floods that daylight never saw,
The rayless tide of ruin owns a law.

2.

O'er all confusions marring earth and air,
O'er all the shuddering hours of man's despair,
Still reigns one fix'd decree of peace and love,
And still, though dim below, 'tis bright above.

3.

Yet those clear eyes that seek and read the True,
Which disappoints not long the earnest view,
Though firm their faith, sometimes with doubt may
mark
The fearful signs when Heaven, it seems, is dark.

4.

When hoary rule and custom's hallow'd sway,
By selfish force are lavish'd all away,
Misused by pride and gain, while power impure
Reveres no right, so leans on none secure.

5.

When through the ranks of grave ancestral state
Poor Baseness creeps, and saps whate'er was great,
Chokes with sweet baits a nation's vital breath,
And decks it out to be a prey for death.

6.

When ancient glories blazon modern shame,
And Folly blows the moss-grown trump of Fame,
When waste profuse, and idlest joys alone,
Degrade the Council's halls and Monarch's throne;

7.

Then Faith and Conscience note with sober ken
The brood of woes begot by sins of men,
And, standing fast, behold majestic Law
By those its chosen hands, despoil'd of awe.

8.

No self-submitting force of soul is theirs,
That public toil as noblest honour bears;
And seeks to raise, from step to step of good,
The hearts that now but long for daily food.

9.

To build their tower they undermine the wall,
And let, to feed their fire, the roof-tree fall;
To frame a wine-cup, they pluck off their crown,
And play in lordly sloth the drunken clown.

10.

So spreads from hearth to hearth o'er all the land
The rumour whispering late revenge at hand;
And countless hosts unsheath at last and wield
The curses long within the heart conceal'd.

11.

Then eyes, made hard and dull by want and woe,
With bestial fierceness each select a foe;
And soule, unstrain'd to yearn for purer joy,
With Hate's dark instinct burst, pursue, destroy.

12.

Unrighteous deeds of long-departed time,
Forgotten follies, ghosts of buried crime,
Each inner chamber's thoughts of lust and gore
All start to view, and sweep with ocean's roar.

13.

The glittering legends fraught with smooth delight,
The names revered, and blazonries of right,
All ties of living love, pride, ease, and trust,
Laws, charters, customs, quiet, crash to dust.

14.

While madd'ning stars in new-found courses wheel,
And earth's invaded buses quake and reel,
Each frantic wish, and strange deluding cry,
Like mountain flames, and ashes, leap on high.

15.

So fire invades a regal palace old,
With all its carven ivory, bronze, and gold,
And sunk in uncouth wreck and shapeless gloom,
Gem, column, kingly bust, and marble tomb.

16.

Thus fade in havoc's wide and fierce embrace,
By mortals' will, their life's repose and grace,
And all that wore the look of weightiest power
But strikes with louder fall the fatal hour.

17.

'Tis hard, O God! for men unmoved to scan
The weary bounds of grief that compass man,
The dusk expanse of setting ill's survey,
Nor wish the whole a dream's unsteadfast play.

18.

Thus fain the wise would bid depart afar
The sight of myriads lost in passion's war,
In blind and empty reasoning's vague debate,
Devoouring appetite, and poisoning hate.

19.

Yet o'er the whirl of ruin, 'mid the shock
That smites all towers, makes all foundations rock,
It is thy arm, O God! which, wrapt in cloud,
Weighs down the strong, and thunderstrikes the proud.

20.

With blasting flames thy holiest judgments shine,
And lightnings flash around thy face benign,
While clad in wrath and night thy blessings dwell,
And seem the horrid shades of Death and Hell.

21.

And thus, through all Destruction's 'whelming
course,
A hopeful promise works with secret force,
O'er those remains, immense and shatter'd soil,
Bids new-born powers with happier purpose toil.

22.

Now Law to peace and reverence moulds again
The sadden'd hearts and firmer thoughts of men;

And rights by bad occasion long subdued
To bolder growth arise, at heart renew'd.

23.

Uprear'd to loftier height on surer ground,
A nation lifts the head serene and crown'd,
And o'er the waste of battle-fields and graves,
With strong feet stands, and sun-bright pinions
waves.

24.

Through fast-receding skirts of storm and dread,
With kindling eyes it sees thy glory spread;
With songs triumphant over vanquish'd ill,
Thy love proclaims and hymns thy peaceful will.

HYMN III.

1.

O Thou! whom earth and stars proclaim
The sire of this resplendent Whole,
But chief on Man hast set thy name
And shed thy glory round the soul.

2.

Beneath thy Heaven, with spheres alive,
The heart expands as wide as they;
Devotion's failing wings revive,
And joyful soar their upward way.

3.

Soon breaks the dawn in golden glow.
The rays thou giv'st the breast inspire,
And human thoughts from thee that flow,
Are blent amid those beams of fire.

4.

This world of ours is opening round,
In lines obscure, reflecting Thee;
Where, kindling cloud, and wave, and ground,
Thy sovran glance in all we see.

5.

Thy pillar'd halls, the mountains, rise,
Of Thee thy living waters tell;
And fields, and woods, that drink the skies,
With thine abundance teem and swell.

6.

Impress'd by lines of mystic flame,
The wond'rous image lives in man,
And song spontaneous hymns the fame
Of thy creation's endless plan.

7.

Oh! Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of Being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

8.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood!
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good!

9.

And so 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh! grant us still in thee to dwell.
And through thy ceaseless web to trace,
Thy presence working all things well.

10.

Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray,
From Thee our nature's only guide.

11.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

HYMN IV.

1.

O Thou! sole Sire! pervading Lord of all,
Who spread'st thy fulness round this earthly ball;
You teach me still in every face to see
An ampler mould than all the skies of Thee.

2.

By Passion wrench'd and darken'd, torn by Hate,
By Sin dethroned from all our heavenly state,
Thy spirit stain'd, defaced, and scarr'd with shame,
Still shows on each thy noblest creature's name.

3.

Though changed, how far! from all thy will com-
mands,
And bruised and maim'd by Evil's rending hands;
While Life, and Thought, and Soul, and Sense are
ours,
Still lasts the wreck of more than earthly powers.

4.

Renew—thou only canst, O God!—the plan
Of truth and love, so blurr'd and crush'd in man—
That good, design'd for all, to all unknown,
Till set before our eyes in One alone.

5.

From Him, so full of Thee, the Father's mind,
The Father's holy love to all our kind,
Oh, teach us Thou to draw whate'er of best
Restores to Thee the self-bewilder'd breast!

6.

Amid our waste be He a living spring,
Amid our lawless wars a peaceful king;
In our dark night be He a dawning star,
In woe a friend, to aid us come from far.

7.

And thus, that we his help and hope may share,
Our hearts, o'erthrown by sin, do Thou repair,
And so in chambers purified by Thee,
His peace may dwell, and there his Spirit be.

8.

O Thou! whose will has join'd us each to all,
And made the lonely heart itself appal;
Who art the vital bond that knits in one
Thy countless myriads born beneath the sun;

9.

Thou aid us, Heavenly Sire! that each for each
May live, as He for all, in deed and speech;

And so do Thou for us, paternal Lord,
Make bright, like His, the face, and pure the world.

10.

Like us, a man, He trode on earthly soil,
He bore each pang, and strove in weary toil;
He spake with human words, with pity sigh'd;
Like us He mourn'd, and fear'd, and wept, and died.

11.

Yet all thy fulness, Father, dwelt in Him,
In whom no shadow made thy glory dim;
Such strength, O God! from Him to us derive,
And make, by life from Him, our death alive.

HYMN V.

1.

Amid the gay and noisy throng
Around me fluttering, wheeling, shining,
My ears are fill'd with shout and song,
But yet my soul is still repining.

2.

In every face around I see
Some heart-felt curse in silence working;
Each eye reflects my sins on me,
And shows me all within me lurking.

3.

'Mid bounding joy and passion's glow,
'Mid sportive bursts of mutual gladness,
Thin shades arise from far below,
Where boils a secret gulf of madness.

4.

A quivering cheek, a faltering glance,
One throb, one sigh, the whole revealing;
In all the flashing, whirling dance,
I see a world to shipwreck reeling.

5.

And while I fain would pause and think,
Me too the tumult onward presses;
In vain I strive, in vain I shrink;
My breast the hour's vague fiend possesses.

6.

'Mid wreaths and gems, 'mid masks and crowns,
'Mid brows austere, or smooth from sorrow,
On all alike one ruin frowns,
And bodes for all one fearful morrow.

7.

And 'tis the worst despair to know,
By pangs within my bosom aching,
How deep in earth the root of woe,
How many a heart is slowly breaking.

8.

But while my sad bewilder'd view
The wide confusion vainly traces,
One look I see serenely true,
Among the false and loveless faces.

9.

Like yon blue sky, when first it shows
The storm-tost ship how Heaven hath pity;
Or some pure mountain breeze that blows
Its healing o'er a plague-struck city.

10.

A voice not loud, like wind or wave,
A look made low by conscious greatness,
Where all is calm, and deep, and grave,
With a full soul's mature sedateness.

11.

By Him subdued to thought and peace,
The crowd no more in tumult wander,
The sounds of surging riot cease,
And hearts high swollen devoutly ponder.

12.

By his mild glance and sober power
Renew'd to tranquil aspiration,
My soul escapes the reckless hour,
And learns his spirit's pure elation.

13.

To Thee, O God! a man redeem'd,
With all a world to thee returning,
We own the light from Him that beam'd,
In Him its source for ever burning.

14.

So 'mid our stormy griefs and joys
May He still teach unforced devotion,
Recall our shaken being's poise,
And clear and deepen all emotion.

HYMN VI.

1.

O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from Thee rejoicing earth and air!
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,
And thy great ocean slumbers every where.

2.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong with darken'd rocks and
dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide on high
A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.

3.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

4.

Amid the leaves' green mass, a sunny play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life;
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

5.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,
The peasant stops where swift the waters gleam,
And broods as if his heart in silence drank
More freshening draughts than that untainted stream.

6.

The cottage roof, the burn, the spire, the graves,
All quaff the rest of seasons hush'd as this,
And earth enjoys, while scarce its foliage waves,
The deep repose and harmony of bliss.

7.

O Thou! the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.

8.

How longs each gulf within the weary soul
To taste the life of this benignant hour,
To be at one with thine untroubled Whole,
And in itself to know thy hushing power.

9.

Amid the joys of all my grief revives,
And shadows thrown from me thy sunshine mar;
With this serene to-day dark memory strives,
And draws its legions of dismay from far.

10.

Prepare, O Truth Supreme! through shame and
pain
A heart attuned to thy celestial calm!
Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with searching balm.

11.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord to all thy world of joy,
May I be nerved to labours high and pure,
And Thou thy child to do thy work employ.

12.

So might in many hearts be kindled then
The lambent fire of faith not rashly strong—
So might be taught to souls of doubtful men
Thy tranquil bliss, thy love's divinest song.

13.

In One, who walk'd on earth a man of woe,
Was holier peace than e'en this hour inspires;
From Him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

14.

So this great All around, so He, and Thou,
The central source and awful bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land, and sea, and air, thy presence brings.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

TEN YEARS OF BRITISH POLITICS.

I.

As we commenced in 1830, this year is the opening of our second decade; and we intend to devote some pages to a review, not merely of our own course, but the general current of the ten important years just concluded, its sources, and its tendency. It would require far ampler limits than what we can afford, even to attempt any thing like a deep or extended review of that period; and our sketch must of necessity be hasty and imperfect. It cannot be otherwise; for no ten years, unmarked by fierce and wide-spread foreign wars, or by civil strife actually bringing well-matched armies into regular battles in the field, have been of such striking and stirring interest in our annals: and if we look further than those events, which fill the tables of the chronologer, or afford scope for the narrative or descriptive powers of the historian, we shall be inclined to think that our country has passed through few crises of more lasting importance—none, certainly, since the revolution of 1688.

The five-and-twenty years of the French revolution were of far less moment in our domestic politics. After the Jacobin atrocities had driven every man, not pledged to anarchy and murder, into irreconcilable hostility against the cause of republicanism and regeneration, as preached by the Marats or the Robespierres; and the military aggression and insolence of the generals of the Directory, crowned by the iron tyranny and reckless ambition of Buonaparte and his satellites, had bound all, who could be actuated by feelings of national honour and national independence, no matter what might be their speculative differences of opinion, in one knot of defiance against the armed despotism imposed upon the crouching necks of trampled kings and people; our causes of internal quarrel were forgotten, or at least postponed. They merged in the one sacred cause of opposing the giant enemy of independence, civilisation, and freedom; and the very hazard of the opposition rendered it dearer to the high-spirited men of England. That some from faction, some from spite, some from a spirit of ignorant cavil, some from unworthy panic, denied the possibility of our making a successful head upon the Continent against that power which had bent the rest of the European world in submission, is true; but at no period of the contest was such a heresy entertained with respect to our ability to master the empire of the seas. That we should appear as victors by land was long a subject of sneer and jest; but when, after the successes of the Peninsular campaigns, the nation would no longer listen even to *that*, the enemies of the Anti-Jacobin war were finally reduced to those who in heart and soul were the enemies of the country, and their voice was cautiously uttered, and disdainfully heard. Many a page, many thousand pages of undying interest have been written, and many thousand more remain to be written, of the events of the French revolution, by the philosopher, the statesman, the soldier, the poet, the biographer, or the po-

litician. Great were its consequences all over the world, and mighty are the lessons to be learned, and the examples to be shunned or followed, which it has left to mankind; but, so far as England was personally concerned, the main question speedily resolved itself into the old rivalry of Britain and France—a rivalry not more or less prominent at Trafalgar or Waterloo, than at Cressy and Agincourt. The debates of mere politics were soon cast into oblivion; and, like the archepiscopal adviser of Henry V., we hastened to forget the special pleadings of orators and lawyers, pamphleteers and protocolists, to call for the “unwinding of our bloody flag.” Slight, indeed, was the impression which the wars of the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, or the Empire, made upon those points which will attract the attention of the constitutional historian of England. The contest affected not one single item of our domestic policy; and at its close in 1815, our parties at home were of the same complexion, guided by the same principles, and led by the same men, or their immediate representatives, as when we began it in 1793. No changes, or preparation for change, had been made during the intervening period, in our constitution. The battle had been fought away from our own shores; and the storm, which passed as a whirlwind of destruction over the thrones and cathedrals, halls and castles, of the Continent, reached us in no severer form than that of a bracing gale, stimulating our energies, and stringing our nerves for more untiring action.

Nor, if we go back to the period which elapsed between the revolutions of England and France, shall we find any thing politically comparable to what we have witnessed in the last ten years. The reigns of William and Anne were occupied by wars, which were the consequences of the grand conspiracy against political and religious liberty, and of which the revolution of 1688 itself was but an earlier consequence. The enemy had been quelled in England before “our armies were in Flanders,” whether led by William III. or the Duke of Marlborough. Under the first two Georges, though the league against European freedom conceived by the priestly guides of Louis XIV., and mainly held together by his talent and energy, and the power of the nation, whose destinies had been unfortunately committed to his charge, was broken, enough of its spirit remained, so far as we were concerned, to keep the national mind directed to any other occupation than that of tampering with our institutions, or unsettling popular notions of loyalty and allegiance. The Pretender was not finally crushed upon British soil until 1746; and for nearly twenty years afterwards his name exercised that sort of disturbing power which we see depicted in *Redgauntlet*. After the accession of George III., indeed, none but peddling adventurers, petty intriguers, half-cracked nonjuring parsons, disappointed Scotch place-hunters (the sweets of newly won India soon loyalised *this* portion of the Jacobite interest,) straggling Papiests, and crazy antiquaries, thought seriously of the Stuarts. The Bolingbrokes of the cause dwindled into tipsy balladmongers, for “Auchindoun, on the tenth of June;” its Atterberies sank into sham bishops by ordination, but real quack doctors, toothach-curers, and water-casters by trade—and the representative of its

"Peterborough, and old Ormond,
And many chiefs that now lie dormant,"

was, when honest in his zeal, no better than a smuggler of French brandies, or, when dishonest, than a pauper peer under attain, a shambling pamphleteer, or a swindling secretary, anxious to sell their secrets, or themselves, for whatever they could, at the sacrifice of any body, to the first purchaser ready to bid for what they had procured or trumped up by treachery, perjury, or pretence. But even so, the luckless house of Stuart had still the power of creating alarm, which, in one quarter of the empire, was not imaginary. It has been reserved for our own days to discover that, in the Popish hierarchy of Ireland, a standing body of enemies to the Hanoverian dynasty existed, carefully organized, and regularly recruited, far more venomous, and, if occasion should have favoured, more dangerous than the convivial or contemplative Jacobites whom we have above enumerated. But as their reverences were at that time too tightly curbed to do any mischief, they contented themselves with making loud expressions of loyalty to the house seated upon the throne—swearing the most profound allegiance to King George III. in Munster, and to King Charles III. in Italy. Their true head well knew that the former oath was not merely an absurdity, but a sin, which, however, he was kind enough to wash away with the appropriate detergent.

In the earlier years of George III., the symptoms of a desire to break down the great landmarks of the constitution were manifest enough in the case of Wilkes, and other demagogues of minor degree; but, before they could be adequately developed in England, they appeared in fuller force in the colonies. A war ensued, in which we were defeated; why or how, is no essential matter of inquiry, at least in so rapid a sketch as this. It is sufficient to know that we lost what is now the United States. The struggle, which so ended, feebly as it was conducted in America on our part, had, however, the usual result of arming against us the continental powers, jealous of our maritime superiority, and actuated by old recollections, and feelings of discomfiture and revenge. This turned the national sentiment into its accustomed channel. Some sophistry, or reasoning, might induce people at home to think there was something so detrimental to British liberty in taxing colonies to pay their own expenses, as to justify patriots and rhetoricians in saying that every victory in America struck a blow upon their hearts; but when France and Spain interfered, the question was altered. It might have been zeal for liberty that led to sympathy with Washington and Franklin; it was treason against all that is English to imagine that we were not to do our utmost to "sink, burn, and destroy" our enemies on the waters: and Rodney turned to more habitual and gratifying topics the popular mind from nice mootings of the respective merits of republicanism and monarchy—a question, be it remarked, which never was presented in England in a more unpalatable form, than when its solution in favour of the former involved the loss of colonies planted by her monarchs, defended by her blood, enriched by her treasure, and reared into independence at the expense of her military fame. The period which intervened between the recognition of the United States by George III. and the outburst of

the French revolution, was too short and too feverish, on external accounts, and, besides, somewhat marked by a sense of national humiliation, to allow any experiments of much moment to be made upon the great points of our constitution; and Ireland, too, was beginning to display an inclination of following the example of America, which even the most patriotic of the *English* reformers felt no great desire to encourage.

These sketches, then, shew that we are justified in saying, that the ten years now concluded have had more influence upon the organic forms of our constitution, and will afford more momentous precedents for the future, whether of good or evil, than any period, even the most historically striking, since the last days of James II. We might go somewhat further. The Revolution itself made no very remarkable change in the principles of government. An absurd and impracticable fanatic, who could not be tolerated any longer on the throne and whose fitting residence should have been a monastery or a madhouse, was got rid of; but so far was the monarchical principle from being disturbed, that his place was filled by the next heir of his line, who was not heir of his creed also. The tenacity with which many persons for so long a period stuck to the warming-pan story, that the Pretender was not the son of James at all, proves that even among the staunchest adherents of the house of Hanover a large party was desirous of salving their consciences with any pretext for believing that there had been no deviation from the direct line of the Stuarts; and the majority of the bishops, whose opposition to James had been the proximate cause of his expulsion, refused allegiance to those who succeeded him. It is evident that all parties were anxious that the departure from hereditary succession should be as slight as possible. No new constitutional laws were enacted—old principles were *declared* and *settled*—old *rights* were defined, and embodied in a single bill. But for the plottings of the Jacobites, the government of the country was carried on as tranquilly, parliaments as easily summoned, courts of law as much respected, taxes as readily paid, all the machinery of civil polity as smoothly and noiselessly set in motion five years after, as five years before, the revolution. A great advance had been made in the *assertion* of practical liberty, but not much besides. The nation, as we have already said, was more occupied by the siege of Namur, or the battle of Blenheim, the treaty of Utrecht, or the dread of the Highlanders, than in considering the ultimate principles by which society is bound together. They had got the watch—it went very well—and nobody felt inclined to pull it to pieces. That was left for our times.

II.

We by no means intend to say, that the doctrines and examples of the French revolution had *any* effect upon the feelings and the politics of this country. Our meaning is, that they had not such material influence at the moment on the English mind; and, consequently, no such effect on our history, in a constitutional point of view, as the events which we have lately witnessed. The brazen voice of war drowned the noisy howl or the defeated whisper of Jacobinism; but when that sound ceases to blow, when the battle is over, and

"The horseman, wearied with his glorious labour,
Leans on his steed, the days of combat o'er;
The hand that, glued with blood, clung to the sabre,
Feels the warm gushing of the stream no more;"
the pen, no longer occupied with disquisitions on campaigns and battles; and the tongue, no longer employed at home in exciting or depressing military enthusiasm, or abroad in raising

"That thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's hearts and tongues unite,"

are naturally engaged in political discussions, to which, in 1815, were brought the maxims and the experience of the five-and-twenty years that had elapsed. The cessation of the war had thrown hundreds of thousands of men out of their habitual employment throughout Europe; and every land was filled with discontented spirits, in the prime and vigour of life, trained to active and daring habits, and impatient of civil control. Europe rang with the lamentations of the discomfited party; and loud, indeed, were the moans over the passing away of their merciless tyranny. The reign of that liberty-loving and constitutional prince, Napoleon, was deplored with real tears, and for the very reason assigned by the satirist—

"*Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.*"

The marshals and generals could no longer rob and insult upon a gigantic scale, followed at appropriate interval by the pigmy plunderers and oppressors of the ranks. Kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, wagon-loads of plate, galleries of pictures, chests of treasure, were no longer to be won by successful brigands of high class; no commissions or (what was much better) contractorships fell to the lot of their inferiors; and the disinterested mustaches of the guards, whether old or new, or designated by a more appropriate adjective, lamented that there was no more taking of purses for the glory of France. In prose and verse, in speech and song, we were stunned by the profound affliction of the military Macheaths, and the no-longer-gold-coated Peachums and Lockits of the imperial court. All history, perhaps, would be ransacked in vain for a finer piece of tragi-comedy than the finale of Murat, who, having started in life a horse-boy, run through an enormous career of rapine and murder, declared with his dying breath, that nothing so much distressed him in his last moments as the melancholy reflection that he could not leave to his son the kingdom of Naples. At home, though our disbanded soldiers and paid-off sailors had not the same sources of grief as their rivals of the Continent, yet they too mourned over their own *causæ irarum, sævique doloris*, which rendered them, as gentlemen of like condition in days of old, "cankers of a calm world." Not that, indeed, we should be so unjust as to attribute to the gallant fellows who had so nobly served their country any notions of disloyalty or disaffection—the contrary was exactly the case; but, in general, the transition from war to peace had so altered, or rather upset, the system to which for nearly a generation, mankind had been accustomed—had turned so many thousands of people out of employment, and set them upon uncertain speculations, and in anxious quest of new modes of living—had, in short, generated such

a predisposition to think that all things were out of joint—that we must date the history of the Reform-bill from the general disarming of Europe.

The seasons of the first years of the peace contributed to swell the causes of discontent and distress. The years 1816 and 1817 were remarkably and ruinously unpropitious. The failure of the crops produced much misery in every part of the empire; in Ireland it was attended by absolute famine and spreading pestilence. It is unreasonable, we know, to class such visitations of Providence among those ills which kings can cause or cure: but, as the French proverb says, an empty belly has no ears—the starving ploughman or mechanic, and the ruined landlord or manufacturer, were not disposed to listen to any other voice than that which told them how their hunger could be relieved, and their difficulties remedied. Then, for the first time, was heard the name of "Radical." The unoccupied man—the unsuccessful man—the man driven to beggary or bankruptcy, was each a ready recruit at the service of the bawling demagogue, who, attributing all their calamities, real and imaginary (there was, unfortunately, too large a stock of the former), to the boroughmongers, maintained that every thing would be set right by universal suffrage, and other unfailing remedies supplied from the same infallible pharmacopœia. The government of the day met this spirit with a determined front, and Toryism had still sufficient strength in the country to afford our rulers adequate support. Hulton of Hulton, with the yeomanry of Manchester, crushed, in 1819, the misguided rabble under Henry Hunt, in St. Peter's Fields; and the scattering of the mob at what was ridiculously called Peterloo, was followed by the incarceration, punishment, and effectual intimidation, of their leaders. The law swept the refuse of the sword, and the land had at least the semblance of peace. The progress of a few years is sufficient in England to work out new channels for industry, and to direct energy to occupations of sufficient interest and advantage to compensate for the loss of those which occupied the enterprising in former days: emigration, whether wisely or wildly conducted, took off some of the discontented; wars in South America gave employment to others; the seasons did not continue to be unfavourable; sedition was checked; confidence and employment restored; and, in 1820, the nation was so far recovered from the evils that Peace, contrary to her proverbial custom, had brought in her train, as to find nothing better worthy of public attention than the matrimonial quarrel between George IV. and his queen.

III.

As we are not writing details, but results, we shall allot but small space to this miserable affair. We take it for granted that no person of common sense or ordinary knowledge of the world, now when the mists of faction have cleared off, and enabled the most prejudiced to see their way before them, pretends to believe in the innocence of Queen Caroline. The "unsunned snow" of Alderman (now Sir Matthew) Wood, very rapidly became a byword of jest. She was merely used as a party instrument, a brickbat to sling at the head of her husband by his old friends the Whigs, irritated at his desertion of their party, after they had so long anticipated an indulgence

In the sweets of office from his favour. The case against her was not well managed, and it was generally understood (indeed Lord Brougham, in the preface to his speech on what is commonly called her trial, republished in the collection he printed in 1838, distinctly asserts it) that Lord Eldon, seeing with the sure glance of the keen eye set in his long pondering head, the mischief it was calculated to produce, strongly advised against undertaking it at all. The ministers felt that they had an unpleasant, nay, an odious part to perform, and reluctantly engaged in the task; old recollections, to say nothing of deeper feelings, rendered the Tory party not much more than tolerant of George IV., certainly did not bias them towards him so strongly as to enter warmly into his personal cause; the Whigs, dreaming of nothing but how they could install themselves in Downing Street, determined for that end to plunge into the meanest and dirtiest cesspools of factious opposition. It delighted the city agitators, the heroes of Liveries and Common Councils, to set themselves up as antagonists of the court; all who, for any reason, hated royalty, joined in a cry that could annoy and irritate a king; and a general feeling, that whatever may have been her faults or vices, she had been an ill-used woman in these particulars which a woman most sensitively feels, secured for her no small degree of sympathy among classes of men who are usually enemies of agitation. The struggle ended in the defeat of the court; but the king was, in all probability, the only person seriously annoyed by such a result. The cabinet, and the Tory majorities in parliament, had got rid of a business in which they had been unwilling participators, and it left no consequences behind calculated to shake public order, except one, and that of no permanent importance, though, for other reasons, worth noticing.

Cobbett, who in those days, was writing with his usual vigour, congratulated the country i. e. its disturbers, on the success which had attended the various works directed against the king and the aristocracy. We have, of late years, been accustomed to hear charges of "enormous lying" directed and with no small justice, against the ordinary organs of the present administration: but we cannot compliment even them by admitting that they are, in that quality, to be compared with the authors of the *Extraordinary Black Book*, the *Peep at the Lords*, and other works of the same kind. Enormous, indeed, was their lying, and the heated state of public opinion obtained for them thousands of credulous hearers. The court, the bishops, the clergy, the peers, the aristocracy, the gentry in general, were held up by name, and with great pretensions to accuracy, as the devourers of the national wealth. Lists were published, and sold in incredible quantities, of their places, their pensions, their sinecures, their salaries, their revenues, their estates, calculated without any better data than what the pot-house press supplied, swollen, tenfold in amount, and exaggerated a hundred fold in importance.

"This we could not have done," cried old Cobbett in triumph; "no, we could not have done it, but for the queen." Its effect was to beget a tone of insolence towards the upper orders of society, which, no doubt, contributed somewhat to the mischief expected by the friends of confusion; but it was not of the importance which writers of such political pam-

phlets or essays attach to their lying labours. Falsehood never advances any cause in the end. The lie is at last sure to perish; and the detection not of one lie, but of lies by hundreds in the *Black Books*, &c., in no long course of time worked its proper effect of consigning them to contempt. Their Whig abettors, too, discovered, to their own infinite annoyance, that the weapons of personal warfare in political literature were not to be monopolised by themselves and their assassin underlings. The Tories at first stood amazed under the pelting of the Satanic artillery directed against them;

"Rage prompted them at last, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose;"—

arms of nobler mould, and more crushing efficacy, the remembrance of which, even at the present hour, extorts many a dolorous groan from those who first excited the contest. It is only two or three weeks ago since Mr. O'Connell, speaking at a dinner given to him in Brandon, attributed the introduction of personalities into our political contests to the *John Bull*, "conducted by a miscreant of the worst class." Such is the only compliment which Theodore Hook could receive from Mr. O'Connell; and it marks how smarting must have been the wounds inflicted upon the falsehood, the treachery, the baseness, and the vanity of the wholesale dealers in Billingsgate, and rancorous slander, far worse than Billingsgate, when the chief of the party remembers them with so much acrimony at the end of twenty years. His accuracy of remembrance is only one-sided, however; for he chooses to forget the *ocular* labours of his friend, Mr. Thomas Browne, the younger, alias Mr. Thomas Moore; the pamphlets, serious or satirical, of Mr. William Hone; the tribes of *Black Dwarfs*, and other such imps of sedition; or to go nearer home, his own speeches, and those of his colleagues or followers, in various clubs and receptacles for spouting forth what then we used to consider treason, but which now, it appears, are converted into schools for inculcating the profoundest deference to monarchy. We are now deafened with an ultra-loyal clamour, in which Bradshaw of Canterbury, and Roby of Rochdale, are held up as miscreants and ruffians in language which, of course, possesses no savour of personality or taint of violence, because they commit the crime of wishing that the profligate crew introduced to the circle of the queen, by those who, taking advantage of her innocent youth and her want of knowledge of the world,

—"all the palace fill
With loathed intrusion."

should be purged forth from its walls. Lord Hill is blamed for merely reprimanding, instead of ordering to instant execution, Colonel Thomas, for his guilt in not hearing unspoken treason; and half a million of the descendants or representatives of the men of Scullabogue or Wexford Bridge—those true friends of the crown, the church, and the people of England, are offered most disinterestedly to the queen to protect her in this unheard-of peril. Never, we are assured by the various advocates of the ministry, was any thing so distressing and so disgraceful as this torrent of Tory abuse. If her majesty feels any curiosity to know how the courts of her

grandfather and her uncles were spoken of by her present chivalrous adherents, we refer her to Lord Melbourne himself, who may inform her that Lord Byron (a particular friend of the premier's accomplished lady, Lady Caroline Lamb, who, if now alive, would no doubt appropriately grace and ornament her majesty's drawing-room and dinner-table) called Queen Charlotte, her majesty's grandmother, a bad, ugly woman; that Tom Moore insulted George IV. and all the ladies of his circle with the most licentious grossness—(her majesty may read the *Two-penny Postbag* with much edification)—remind her that one of her newly-made privy councillors, the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel, huzzaed in an ecstasy over the dying-bed of her uncle, the Duke of York, "Success to Foxglove!"—and tell her to consult the daily files of the newspapers which it delights him to honour, for specimens of slander and insult, not directed against the cabinet, but the person of Queen Adelaide. And yet Queen Charlotte was, what Queen Adelaide is a lady of the most eminent virtue, against whom no charge of the slightest impropriety was ever insinuated; and none of the courts selected for Whig reviling is darkened by such a stain as that of the case of Lady Flora Hastings.

With the death of Queen Caroline her influence vanished, and her husband won popularity by his visits to Edinburgh and Dublin. In both places he was received with enthusiasm, necessarily concomitant upon a royal visit to cities never so honoured since the Hanoverian dynasty ascended the throne; if, indeed, Dublin could claim such distinction since the middle-ages, except in the tumultuous and hasty sojourn of James and William in the civil wars of the Revolution: or Edinburgh, since the accession of the house of Stuart, save in the forced and melancholy visits of the Charleses. Scott threw an air of picturesque poetry and romance over the king's appearance in Scotland; the Irish tour was principally marked by the flood of slavering sycophancy let loose in his honour by the servile herd who had spent their lives in heaping abuse upon him, and his house, and his adherents, but who could not refrain from grovelling in the mud before the presence of a king. It is impossible for any man of high or commonly honourable feelings to look back upon the scenes enacted in Dublin in 1822, with any other sensation than that of disgust: but the visit unquestionably served the purpose of George IV. in acquiring a popularity which he so much needed; and, as Radicalism was terrified by the examples made by a government still in power, and somewhat ashamed of the dirt through which it had been dragged in the affair of the queen; as the Whigs had no prospect of office, and were obliged to content themselves with the skirmishing of Hume, then not gagged as at present, since he has sunk into the condition of a joint of the "Tail," and as the money matters of the country were apparently prosperous, two or three years rolled over without any thing to excite suspicion of danger then, or to call for particular commentary now.

IV.

And the country was, indeed, highly prosperous—in appearance; appearance so strong as to deceive even him to whom our finances were intrusted. Up

rose, to pour forth the tale of our prosperity from full heart and in sounding sentences, Frederick Robinson, the famous Chancellor of the Exchequer of the famous year 1825, from that speech, "long after known in history, and named" Prosperity Fred. That he believed all he professed in his golden and glowing periods redolent with the airs of Eldorado, cannot be doubted. As little is the doubt that he delivered over the mercantile wealth and the household accumulations of a century to the hands of gamblers and swindlers. The ravens flew to their quarry and picked the bones of their victims bare with unsparing beak and untiring talon. Then triumphed the joint-stocks, then were mines discovered in the moon, and gold extracted from paving-stones. Had the philosophers at the court of La Royné Entelechie, or their Laputan successors, been in those days in existence and in London (whither they would indubitably have flocked, no matter through what quarters of the earth they might have been dispersed), there would they have found abundant markets for their ingenious wares and admirable inventions. A new Pactolus, a Tagus of nothing but sands, or rather rolling rocks, of gold, seemed to the beglamoured eyes of the prosperity-men to have overflowed the land with wealth-bestowing gush, enriching all. Above them stood the enraptured chancellor, like the young spodizator in the court of that loyal lady to whom we have just referred, extracting many a bray from a dead ass, and selling them with much solemnity and good faith, to an eager crowd of customers, at threehalfpence a yard. Beside him was a worthy colleague, Mr. Canning (who afterwards succeeded him as chief financier to the greatest commercial and most monied nation that ever existed, with a cheering declaration that he never was able to understand a sum in long division or tot up a column of figures): and this useful functionary, and so well qualified for the management of fiscal affairs, moved perhaps by noble emulation or jealous rivalry of Frederick the Great, was determined not to be outdone in the race of prosperity, and therefore (to make use of his own sagacious and statesman-like expression) he "called into existence a new world to balance the old;" which, in plain English, meant no more than that, by acknowledging and encouraging the bankrupt swindlers of Mexico and the South American States, he let loose a fresh set of harpies upon the English money-market, and helped, with much sagacity and reflection, to complete the work of Robinson, who was scattering the wealth of the country through uncountable gaps and leaks at home, by opening for it a new and most diffusive running gullyhole of escape abroad.*

Lord Byron tells that he went to bed one night, and when he awoke in the morning found himself famous. In the case of our eminent financiers, they went to bed one night after swelling speeches in honour of the inexhaustible resources of the country,

* See an excellent paper in *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1832 (vol. v. p. 155), in which it is shewn up to that time the country had been deprived of the presence and use of fifty-four millions of capital advanced to governments abroad, of nine millions and a half of arrears, and sixteen hundred and ninety thousands per annum. Of course the bill is heavier now.

and, when they awoke in the morning they found themselves bankrupt. The prosperity had taken to itself wings and fled. Like the splendour in the fairy tales, it was only substantial ice and snow—as the gold in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, given by the magician to the barber's brother, it was nothing more valuable than leaves. Great was the astonishment of Robinson, trim the sentences of Canning, mathematical the proofs of the political economists, who had on the strictest principles of philosophy contributed to the squandering of millions of money, that the calamity could not, on any principle of their glorious science, have occurred. It was no use. The astonishment of the chancellor, the wit of the secretary, the proofs of the sages, were all in vain. It ought not to have occurred; nay, it was very unphilosophical that it should have occurred; but, unfortunately it *did* occur. The unlucky speculators had nothing for it, but exclaim with Napoleon as he galloped from Waterloo *Tout est perdu*; or if they happened to know the words and the air, chant with the Swiss after the battle of Morignan, or the fair Mademoiselle Linuel on her deathbed, *Tout est verlore bigoth*; a scurvy tune to sing at the funeral of a man's fortune. The PANIC had come. Huskisson was obliged to confess that the country was within forty-eight hours of a state of barter; and Jeremiah Harman the Governor of the bank of England, deposed before the House of Commons that, but for the accidental finding of a box of one-pound notes, the existence of which had been forgotten, the Bank must have ceased meet its engagements, and all the monetary affairs of the country would have been involved without a moment's notice in universal and irretrievable confusion, bankruptcy, and ruin.

The shock which the panic gave to confidence, and the general misery which it entailed, was not rendered the less appalling in the minds of those who looked beyond the mere surface of passing events, by the reflection that its causes lay deeper than the giddy folly of the prosperity-mongers, or the grave and fraudulent sophistry of the political economists. In spite of the big language of the sound-and-solid currency doctors, people began to think that we can never be secure from a recurrence of such calamitous events: that Cobbett's feast of the gridiron—though by one shifting shuffle or another put off, or by some such lucky accident as that commemorated by Mr. Harman, averted for a moment—is to come at last, as a necessary consequence of that measure, which, for the sake of its author, we regret to say, is known by the title of Peel's Bill of 1819. Let not our readers start on the perusal of these ominous words—those words truly of fear to those whose fortune or taste it is to study magazines, reviews and newspapers. We shall not inflict upon them an essay on the currency, nor a speech in the manner of Mr. Thomas Attwood, once the hero and sage of the bull ring, until his quondam disciples burnt it down. We shall do no more than quote the homely but happy illustration of Locke—that a narrow currency is like a narrow blanket. Give to three boys a blanket sufficient but for two, and you entail perpetual discord upon their bed—each endeavouring to protect his own interest in the indispensable covering. A metallic currency must be always narrow. What are esteemed the precious metals are by nature limited in their quantity. Operations in commerce must be limited

only by the bounds of earth and ocean, and the necessities or the speculations of man. A currency to suit the needs of commerce, therefore, should be bounded, not by the contents of laboriously worked mines, or the slow agency of scantily supplied mints, but by the credit of men engaged in traffic. If there be no credit, there can be no trade; and trade should, therefore, supply a currency for itself, quite independent of the coinage of kings and states, which is required for other purposes. To quote Locke again—what he says on a far different subject is applicable here. "We cannot fit a standing measure to a growing bulk;" and yet, in spite of this axiomatic dictum of a true philosopher, the impossibility has been attempted in the Currency Bill of 1819. Are we safe from its operation this moment? Ask at the Bank of England; ask in Liverpool; ask in New York. But we remember our promise, and refrain from improvising a city article. Nor shall we encumber our pages with a disquisition on free trade, contenting ourselves by recording it not merely as our opinion, but as that of most of the sufferers (as well as of all the swindlers) of 1824-6—that to the restriction of the currency, and the free trade folly or knavery, as much as to the mad measures of those to whom our money affairs were committed, was due that portentous panic, which struck at once the banker in the city, the merchant on 'change, the tradesman in Oxford street or Piccadilly, the country gentleman in his manor-house, the old lady annuitant in her snug lodgings; nay, which even affected—as was proved by their losing all their *totum nihil*—even the tribes of literary men, who are in general supposed to have nothing to lose.

V.

The stability of the tories, however, would have sufficed to weather this storm; when, as it was beginning to subside, an event occurred which, in its consequences, led to the breaking up of that party in a couple of years. The Earl of Liverpool, never a man of any striking talent, and in nothing praiseworthy, save the regulated decorum of his life, was suddenly stricken by paralysis, which at once incapacitated him from public business, and in no long period after terminated his existence. He had been prime minister, at least in name, from the assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, until his own political death in 1827. His was the glory—thanks to the Duke of Wellington, in spite of the feeble ministerial clique of Jenkinson, and Bathurst, and Dundas, and Ryders, and so forth, at home—of being the minister at the triumphant conclusion of a protracted and infinitely perilous war; and he had those abilities of administrative detail which are supplied by long practice, and most easily acquired by persons of an humble class of intellect. In the House of Lords, his eloquence was decent; and he never committed his party by any escapade of rashness or genius. His toryism was sincere; but it was a toryism bounded by the public offices, and looking not elsewhere than to official men for support. Dependent in a great measure—and on all occasions requiring zeal or courage—upon Lord Castlereagh, unhappily pledged by some Irish arrangements to the advocacy of the Romish claims, (for which he never had any other return than that of measureless abuse,) Lord

Liverpool consented to introduce the fatal system of a cabinet divided upon a vital question of imperial—and more than imperial—policy. From that moment forth, he became a mere machine of expedients—wavering to and fro according as he was led by the conflicting influences of those who consented to act under him. On the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, his cabinet became practically divided into two sections, of which Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington headed the one, and Mr. Canning the other. Lord Liverpool was by tacit acquiescence allowed as a nominal chief, and he kept the parties together—being about the same value as a rotten peg, which holds from falling to pieces some ill-assorted work of joinery, and cannot be dispensed with, however useless it may be in itself, but with the imminent risk of the fabric tumbling to the ground.

His sudden removal was the signal for the breakup of the ministry. The star of Canning was in the ascendant; and Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and their friends, retired. The new minister was obliged to throw himself into the arms of the whigs; and after having, in a brief and feverish career, betrayed and disgusted every one, he died, and was heard of no more. He had considerable power of rhetorical oratory, and sometimes could boast of turning off a sounding sentence, or applying, after due study, with infinite success, a hackneyed quotation; or having been happy in a piece of ribald wit of the smaller order. His fame must not be extended beyond the limits of such renown. As a writer, or speaker, his talents were not made to establish any lasting praise; and his best efforts are forgotten already. As a statesman, his policy, when left to himself, was ridiculous, if it had not the power of doing mischief; as a minister, or a party-man he was utterly faithless. His conduct to Lord Castlereagh, and his final undermining his colleagues in 1827, are of this more than sufficient proofs. Personal courage he undoubtedly possessed; and, depending upon it, he never scrupled to have recourse to bluster, insolence and swaggering. He was the last of the rhetoricians of parliament; Shiel and Macaulay are but poor imitations, (though Macaulay has more literary knowledge,) especially as they do not possess the political standing, or the intrepidity of Canning; and as it was he who commenced that disuniting of the tory party, and setting its once well-knit portions in antagonism to each other, it was only fitting that to him should fall the lot of, with brazen impudence, proclaiming that nothing more was necessary to extinguish a demagogue than to set him on the floor of that house, where he should soon find his level; the very House of Commons in which the blustering boast was made being, principally on account of what Canning himself had said and done, the very last that in our time retained, in its collective capacity, at any period of its existence, the slightest influence on the public mind. Set a man now, indeed, to find his level on the floor of the House of Commons! The flashy orator who uttered the vaunt little dreamt that his own career was fast urging forward the period when what he imagined to be the *beau ideal* of a spouting-club assembly was to fall into pitiless contempt.

The death of Canning was followed by two brief and indescribable ministries, of which no record is necessary; and in 1828 the Duke of Wellington was

placed at the head of affairs, with a seeming reconciliation of the jarring members of Toryism. In 1829 was carried the bill for Roman Catholic emancipation, on what ground it is truly hard to conceive. Eleven years have passed since that deadly measure, and we have had no adequate explanation of its motives. O'Connell handsomely and gratefully attributes it to fear. We may perhaps pretend to know as much of the general motives of Protestants in such emergencies as Mr. O'Connell, and we positively aver that among their body no fear whatever existed. The history of what has since passed also proves that there could not have been at the time any reasonable motive of dread. Others assure us that there was an alarm lest the Irish soldiers in the army, who no doubt were tampered with by traitor priests, should become disaffected; but such a chimerical and unprofessional source of alarm could hardly have weighed with the Duke of Wellington. Again, it is asserted that the intrigues of Russia, and some other continental powers, were exciting apprehension; and that the duke wished to convince Prince Lieven, and his brother-diplomatists, that his grace was supreme in England, and of his power to wield, for whatever purpose, foreign or domestic, all the energies of the kingdom, by carrying the measure most hated by his own party; and which his antagonists, after half a century of debate, had scarcely moved a single point. This is scarcely probable; and the result speedily proved that the *corps diplomatique* had more to dread from the carrying than the refusing of the Romish pretensions. We are elsewhere assured that the duke carried the measure to disembarass the government of a perpetually pending question; and to get rid of which he has always denounced, as hostile to an effective administration, a divided cabinet. So lately as the close of the last session, he took an occasion of saying that it had been his misfortune to have served in such cabinets, and he had always deplored the mischief they engendered. But whatever may have been the cause, never was there so mistaken a movement. Well are we confident that the duke would not have committed a military error of the same kind or degree in presence of Buonaparte, or Massena, or Soult.

Emancipation was carried; and it required not more perspicacity than that enjoyed by a mole to foresee what followed. The Tory party was broken, and the Whigs had only to walk in and do their work. Not a friend had been made among the Papists by those who carried the Emancipation-bill; not a thought entertained by the Whigs of abating their ravenous prey for office, now within scent of their hungry nostrils; the Anti-Popish Tories—ever the soundest part of the body—sullen and sulky, felt no sympathy with an administration by which they had been betrayed and despised; the red-tapemen, always unpopular, and usually contemptible, had no strength in themselves; and in about a year and a half after the passing of the Emancipation-bill, the Duke of Wellington felt himself obliged to resign, because he could not command more than a majority of twenty-eight upon some trumpery matter of civil-list regulation. It is evident that he had not the tenacity of office displayed by his successors. They resign on a majority of twenty eight! Resign! For so signal a triumph they would illuminate all Downing Street.

We have thus brought the history of the events which led to the accession of the Whigs to office, from the conclusion of the war in 1815 to 1830, when Lord Grey succeeded the Duke of Wellington. In the earlier years of that period, distress, arising from various causes, produced a discontent, of which the demagogue and the incendiary availed themselves. In 1820, the queen's case gave license for a saturnalia of insolent abuse against the upper orders, of which also much advantage was taken by the enemies of good government. In 1825, a wide-spreading panic, produced by ignorant legislation, diffused a quantity of ruin over the empire,—to which the once celebrated panic produced by the bursting of the South-Sea bubble was comparatively a trifle. During the whole period, Ireland was kept in a state of perennial agitation, swollen into more than ordinary insolence by the coquettings of George IV. with that party which, by the most enormous perversion of the meaning of the word, is styled liberal; and by the persecution directed against the attached and devoted friends and adherents of the House of Hanover, under the viceroynalties of the Marquesses of Wellesley and Anglesea, and particularly during the attorney-generalship of Plunkett. And yet Hunt and his Radicals—the blanketeers of Leeds, the Peterloo men of Manchester,—the riotous queen-mob of London, which once absolutely had the city at their lawless disposal,—the bankruptcy, and universal distress and dismay spread by the panic of 1825,—the riot, and raving, the murders and the meetings of daily or hourly occurrence in Ireland,—failed permanently to shake the established order of things, or even to endanger the existing constitution of Parliament. We were able to bear with the imbecility of Lord Liverpool,—the sanguine folly of Frederick Robinson,—the mischievous flash of Canning, embroiling us year after year in one difficulty after another,—the desperate quackery of the political economists, and the rash meddling with our currency, comparatively unharmed. The mischief which all these failed to effect was produced almost in a moment by the political demise of one feeble minister. There is no need of much sagacity to discover why this should have been. During those events, the Tory party was unbroken, and the institutions of the country were safe from external outrage, and in no lasting danger from internal mismanagement. The moment that it was shaken by cabinet intrigue, danger began to approach; when it got the blow which effectually broke it, by the carrying of Roman Catholic emancipation, the main defence and bulwark of the constitution was gone,—

"Then shivered was the crown's best spear,
And broken was the shield!"

The presence of the Irish incendiary enemies of the church in parliament was a signal for the advances of the incendiary enemies of the state. Mr. Wilson Croker, in a very able speech which he made against parliamentary reform, in 1832, proved incontestably that the people, until the expected accession of the Whigs to power, manifested the coolest indifference to the measure, by shewing that, for years before 1830, the petitions in its favour were scanty in amount, and trivial in importance; whereas, in the years 1830 and 1831 they were immense in quantity, and incalculable in number of signatures. From this,

Mr. Croker inferred, it was mainly to the arts of agitation, and other discreditable or disloyal practices, that so rapid, and to him unaccountable, except on the principle of seditious agitation, an increase had taken place. If this phenomenon were else unaccountable to him, it was not so to others. Parliamentary reform, or any other mere political change, may be an error, may be perhaps a crime; but nobody considers it a *sin* to make any arrangement whatever concerning rotten or half-rotten boroughs. There are those, however, who consider the introduction of Popery into power, and perjury into lofty places, as *sin* in the highest degree. These men, large in number, great in moral worth, strong in conscientious feeling, and therefore powerful in a Christian land, felt that the boroughmonger-parliament had betrayed its solemn trust; and retaining no longer any respect for a system which, if it worked well for the trafficker, the jobber, or the tape-twisting official, worked ill for that which they felt in their heart of hearts was a thousand fold more important than the prosperity, or even the existence, of these panegyrist of an unreformed house, either joined those who for any reason desired a change, or at least, by standing neuter in the contest, indirectly contributed to swell the list of those who demanded reform, by refraining to exert their influence against it. This, Mr. Croker may be assured, is quite sufficient to explain the difference between the number and importance of the reform petitions before and after 1829. If he had reflected upon what happened in *that* year, he would have seen the real cause of the alteration. Even in foreign countries, the breaking of the Tories was felt in quarters which perhaps had advocated the Roman Catholic question. The besotted ecclesiastics of the court of Charles X. were overjoyed at "the heavy blow and vast discouragement of Protestantism;"—in fifteen months after it was carried, the Jesuit-ridden monarch and his monkish herd were driven from France, as terrified fugitives and pauper outcasts from their native land, never to return. It is said—perhaps the story is untrue, but it came to us upon some authority—that intelligence of the approaching measure of emancipation was brought to Della Genga, who then filled the papal chair under the title of Leo XII. The old man, who was long versed in state affairs, and had filled some important diplomatic offices during the revolution, was dying at the time, and heard the tidings from the eager lips of those who communicated it without participating in their joy. The statesman triumphed over the ecclesiastic. "It is," said he in French, after a pause, "a mortal blow struck against the aristocracy of Europe." So at least the elder branch of the Bourbons found it; their sceptre would not have been broken if that party had swayed in England, which it is said Prince Polignac and the other blind ministers of Charles laboured to overthrow, by canvassing in favour of emancipation, and by encouraging, through their priests, the hopes and views of Irish treason.

"O miseræ hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!"

VII.

In 1830, about a year and a half after the passing of the suicidal act of 1829, the Duke of Wellington was obliged to resign, after having passed through the dignity of being made a fool of by Sir John Key; and Earl Grey succeeded in his place. The date of

our appearance in literature, viz. Feb. 1830, is therefore nearly contemporaneous with the fall of the duke and the accession of Lord Grey; and we have accordingly pursued the fortunes of the Whig administration. At first, in common with that section of the Tories with whom it has been our choice and chance to act, we rather hailed the deposition of the duke, embittered as it was by the entrance of our old enemies the Whigs into office. We promised to give them fair play before we condemned them; but they did not keep us long from entering upon that course of condemnation, which our opening article on their appearance in power too correctly anticipated. Born of a mob, they were mob-led and mob-supported, from the very outset of their career until the moment when, their purposes of anarchy being served, they turned as tyrants to persecute and oppress those stupid instruments whom they had formerly befooled. With all right-feeling men we denounced the wickedness and folly which represented the jobbing Reform-bill as a salve for all the miseries of the nation; we pointed out the quackery of its theoretical provisions, and prophesied their failure in practice. Our vaticination has been correct. Old Sarum, Medhurst, Gatton, and other standing *opprobria* of the Reform party, have vanished from the list of boroughs. Arundel, Horsham, Liskeard, &c., have been deprived of half their representatives. Ashton-under-Lyne, Merthyr Tydvil, and some more, now return a single member. Birmingham, Leeds, Macclesfield, Manchester, Wolverhampton, unrepresented London (a phrase of our own,) and a dozen more places, are now gifted with two House of Commons expounders of their political feelings. Counties are divided and united, jobbed and parcelled in various ways; and all this enfranchising and disfranchising, putting together and putting asunder, has been done with a direct view of increasing or preserving Whig interests, at any expense to the interests of the country; and we are told that reform is only begun. The stationary system is rejected: the movement must go on. The old story of the tinkering of the kettle, making two holes to mend one, is revived; and those who were most anxious to employ the itinerant tinman, now complain that the vessel on which he has been unhappily permitted to work leaks worse than ever. This we predicted from the beginning; but our voice was as that of Cassandra,—prognostic of misfortunes not to be believed until they occurred.

The internal history of the Whigs in power is to be written in characters of theft, falsehood, low cunning, and remorseless treachery; its external history, in blood and fire. They came into office with loud promises of reform, retrenchment, economy. The first care of Lord Grey was to quarter more than a hundred of his immediate relations on every place that fell within his power to bestow. Something like seven hundred places under commissions were created by the no-patronage government, to fill the hungry maws of their dependents, relations, pimps, or parasites. The history of nepotism never supplied any thing like that of Lord Plunkett and his Hannibals. In jobbing, what can equal the career of Spring Rice, now Monteagle, Sir John Newport, Sir Henry Parnell, or the other Irish suckers of English coin? We may offer a slight emendation on *Hamlet*, and read, as the motto of the Whig

government, "Theft, theft, Horatio." It certainly was not "Thrift, thrift." All the persons who came in with the Whigs are now safely and securely landed upon pensions, sinecures, and other snug berths, for which the public has to pay. ALL! There is not one exception, from Glenelg down to Macaulay. And these are the men who so long held forth, in talk and print, on the impropriety of public men being remunerated by profit. In talking of the money that they have cost us, we pass by "Monteagle's" exchequering—Althorp's payment of the millions of Dutch loan, which enabled the emperor to crush Skryznecki and the Poles—the twenty million affair for the West Indies—the various advances to Ireland—the late loan, and its ridiculous management,—though by these altogether the country has been saddled by an increase of debt amounting at least to thirty millions of money;—we pass them by, we say, because we impute them to sheer stupidity on the part of the bullock-driver Althorp, and to perfect ignorance on that of the Exchequer-bill-manufacturer Rice. That Althorp made any *percents* by his money-dabbling, we do not believe; that Rice—but we do not wish to *rail-a-way*, and shall advert to a different subject.

Economy of any kind, then, the Whigs have not practised. Abroad, they have supported the Queens of Spain and Portugal against their uncles,—a noble feat, which has highly conduced to the general honour of the country, and the particular profit of those who were induced to join actively in these beastly contests. We were actually delighted to read, a few days ago, a diplomatic letter from a Portuguese blockhead, titled Sabroza (we forget the man's original name), in which he bullies Palmerston, or Howard de Walden, for daring to request the suppression of the slave-trade, and modestly asks for the chief city in the island of Ceylon. It is equally amusing to see that the Spaniards have not the slightest notion of paying a maravedi to the unlucky people who formed the British Legion, led by Captain Evans (lieutenant-colonel by brevet), who, for having displayed every failing that could disgrace an officer, has been made a Knight of the Bath. France insults our flag at sea, even in sight of her quondam colonists, the venomous Creoles of the Mauritius. Russia makes little concealment of her intention to meet us on the first opportunity on land. The United States of America are avowedly winning Texas, for the purpose of assailing our West Indian possessions; and allowing, if not encouraging, their baser ruffians to make a pillaging and throat-cutting war upon Canada. How are those dangers, actual or impending, met? By reductions of our navy, by affronts to our army, by rejection of the proffered services of loyal men, by the encouragement of the eternal haters of English faith, English connexion, and English rule. Are we frightened by this disgusting and disgraceful state of affairs? Frightened? No! We are perfectly sure that, when the actual danger comes, we shall get rid of those who have reduced us from our rank of conquerors to that of trucklers—we shall get rid of those who have exposed us to the danger and the disgrace. We shall be no longer under the control of them who had made us the marks of scorn "from China to the Pole."

At home, we have had the burnings and massacres of Bristol, Birmingham, Bolton, Newport, Mon-

month, Llanidloes, Derby, Nottingham—as the fruits of Whig reform. We refrain from noticing the periodical murders of Ireland, encouraged by the pardoning government of Lord Normanby, who, liberal in the pardon of Irish ruffians, sends English lunatics mercilessly to the drop of Newgate, under the marshalling and superintendence of Daniel Whittle Harvey, chief consigner, nowadays, to their destiny, to those as ill-favoured as himself and the solicitor-general once might have seemed in the eyes of the family of the law. The truth is, that under the rule of the Whigs, we have been a besieged land; and the besieged have at last begun to make sallies on the besiegers. We must not be ruled by the rump of a ministry, which is itself but the rump of the patriest and most un-English faction that was ever allowed to deposit its foul droppings as fitting food for a Christian country.

Grey, betrayed and cheated—after having been gorged, however—was shouldered out by his underlings. The venerable senior bore the misfortune, at the time, with the patience conferred upon him by the recollection that, in the scramble, he and his had picked up no small gain. Brougham was shuffled away, because he could not be depended upon. Graham, Ripon, Stanley, cut the gang of their own accord, when they found that Ruffianism and O'Connell, not Reform and Grey, were the order of the time—and who remains?

John Russell, Normanby, Palmerston, Melbourne, old Holland, Lansdowne, Cottenham—a respectable man, but nobody—Macauley, and all that new set; such trash as to be but positive burlesque. And this is the fag-end of an administration which once called itself “All the Talents;” and still, by its paid placemen, and the two or three public writers which think it not disgraceful to accept wages for snuffing in behalf of the degraded ministers, styled a “Liberal” ministry! What a bundle of profligates, plunderers, pickpockets, and paupers! Contempt is too lofty a word to bestow upon men whose due reward for their public conduct should be the public pelting at Charing Cross, of the miscellaneous ordure of all quarters, from Palace Yard to Covent Garden, collected for the personal battering of their brazen and blush-abandoned countenances.

But we must be lenient. We are nearly free from them: let them die, then, and be—canonised, as were the half-dozen animals the other day by the pope himself, in this enlightened nineteenth century. A dissolution, we are told, is coming, and then we shall see which is the party predominant in the empire—the Destructive or the Conservative—the enemy of God and man, or those who desire to honour the one and serve the other.

* * * * *

Such were, and such are, our politics.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT THE TOMB OF THE STUARTS
IN ST. PETER'S.*

Eve's tinted shadows slowly fill the fane
Where Art has taken almost Nature's room,
While still two objects clear in light remain,
An alien pilgrim at an alien tomb.

A sculptured tomb of regal heads discrown'd,
Of one heart-worshipp'd, fancy-haunted name,
Once loud on earth, but now scarce else renown'd,
Than as the offspring of that stranger's fame.

There lie the Stuarts!—there is Walter Scott!
Strange congress of illustrious thoughts and things!
A plain old moral, still too oft forgot—
The power of genius and the fall of kings.

The curse on lawless Will high planted there,
A beacon to the world, shines not for him;
He is with those who felt their life was sore,
When the large love of loyalty grew dim.

He rests his chin upon a sturdy staff,
Historic as that sceptre, theirs no more;
His gaze is fixed; his thirsty heart can quaff
For a short hour, the spirit-draughts of yore.

Each figure in its pictured place is seen,
Each fancied shape his actual vision fills,
From the long-pining, death-deliver'd Queen,
To the worn outlaw of the heathery hills.

O grace of life, which shame should never mar!
O dignity, that circumstance defied!
Pure is the neck that wears the deathless scar,
And sorrow has baptised the front of pride.

But purpled mantle, and blood-crimson'd shroud,
Exiles to suffer and returns to woo,
Are gone, like dreams by day-light disallow'd;
And their historian—he is sinking too!

A few more moments, and that labouring brow
Cold as those royal busts and calm will lie;
And, as on them his thoughts are resting now,
His marbled form shall meet the attentive eye.

Thus face to face the dying and the dead,
Bound in their solemn ever-living bond,
Communed; and I was sad that ancient head
Should ever pass those holy walls beyond.

R. M. MILNES.

* When Sir Walter Scott was at Rome, the year of his death, the history and localities of the Stuarts seemed to absorb all other objects of his interest. The circumstances of this poem fell within the observation of the writer.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide ;
 Playing by the water side ;
 Wandering o'er the heathed fells ;
 Down within the woodland dells ;
 All among the mountains wild ;
 Dwelleth many a little child !
 In the baren's hall of pride ;
 By the poor man's dull fireside ;
 'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean ;
 Little children may be seen !
 Like the flowers that spring up fair,
 Bright and countless every where !

In the fair isles of the main ;
 In the desert's lone domain ;
 In the savage mountain glen ;
 Among the tribes of swarthy men ;
 Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone ;
 On a league of peopled ground ;
 Little children may be found !

Blessings on them ! They, in me,
 Move a kindly sympathy !
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears ;
 With their laughter and their tears ;
 With their wonders so intense,
 And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
 On the wide earth are ye known ;
 'Mid its labours and its cares ;
 'Mid its sufferings and its snares.
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 In the world of love and life,
 Where no sinful thing hath trod
 In the presence of our God !
 Spotless, blameless, glorified,
 Little children, ye abide !

From *Tak's Magazine*.

THE CLOAK.

'Twas all for popularity—
 The Devil knows 'tis true—
 I've played the statesman thirty years,
 In Orange and in Blue ;
 But soon I fear the cloak must go—
 The wretches laugh so at Jim Crow.

Hypocrisy ! and must I soon
 Untie thy golden band ?

Thou'st made a little man like me
 Look big like Talleyrand.
 Dear Cloak, without thy frowning screen,
 How must I look—how small and mean ?

For place and pelf I fain would try
 The yellow patch once more ;
 But lest the rogues should sneer and bah,
 I feel confounded sore ;
 And sooth, so much I've dealt in bam,
 I'm devilish sheepish as I am.

What am I ? Pshaw !—What nature meant,
 Herself the best can tell ;
 But that 'twas none of nature's lords,
 My conscience knows too well.
 Perhaps a lord by royal grace—
 A something good enough for place.

And yet, good conscience, here I am
 A prime Whig Legislator ;
 A minister, a patriot too,
 Law-maker, lord-creator—
 I know myself too well, no doubt,
 But yet *they've* hardly found me out.

Good Cloak, I thank thee for the tongue
 That thrill'd a grateful nation,
 And vowed, most patriot-like to fall
 With curs'd Appropriation.
I didn't—did the gulled ones scout me ?
 No ! What could England do without me ?

I am the *juste milieu*—for so
 My pensioned patriots say ;
 And hence a little principle
 Must now and then give way.
 If not, Joe Hume, or else his Grace
 Would strip the Whigs of pelf and place.

Dread consequence ! no royal smile,
 No Palace chat for me ;
 If Cupid falls, then England's lost—
 If England, Liberty.
 The fate of England—hear, ye stupid !—
 The fate of Freedom, hangs on Cupid.

Dread consequence !—Where we have ate,
 The Radicals may eat ;
 Or Tory dogs in pride of place,
 May grub the children's meat.
 Good right my hacks should howl "Pollution !
 Anarchy !—Bloodshed !—Revolution !

Dread consequence !—My good old Cloak,
 I'll hug thee closer still ;
 Still cram with words the simple gull,
 The knave with pudding fill ;
 Still smile and kiss a fair *bas bleu* :
 For am not I the *juste milieu* ?

CYPRUS.

From the *Britannia*.

SHOOTING STARS.

Of late years, it has become the custom of our men of science to look for peculiar displays of meteors at certain periods. The 13th of November, 1838, was the expected night, and it was said to exhibit an extraordinary number. The 10th of August, 1839, was mentioned as a night on which, if the sky was clear, they would fall in great profusion, the writer of these lines happened to glance at the sky towards midnight, and observed a considerable number, but he was subsequently informed that later still they fell in abundance. As meteorologists hitherto knew little of their origin, and nothing of their purpose, they are the fitter for the objects of imagination. In all aspects, they are a singular, exciting and lovely spectacle.

'Tis night. The world has not a sound;
The trees in dew are bowed;
The millions of the land are bound
In sleep, as in the shroud.
Beneath one mighty canopy
All still, as yet, all earth shall lie.

But all above is glorious night,
A firmament of stars;
A galaxy of flame and might,
Wheeling their diamond cars,
By one mysterious impulse driven,
Bright squadrons of the fields of heaven.

But see! a sudden meteor springs
Down from the central zone;
Another from the horizon flings
Its upward light—'tis gone!
Another darts; now, blaze on blaze,
A thousand shoot in mystic maze.

Whence come their splendours? vanish where?
Has ever mortal known?
They mark the angels' high career,
As, stooping from the throne,
They bear to people and to kings
Its will upon their burning wings.

See one! far rushing to the North,
Its hue the hue of blood;
That herald goes to summon forth
The living Scythian flood;
The Tartar millions, yet once more,
To bathe the shrinking world in gore.

Despot of Russia! son of spoil!
Thou still art but the scourge,
To chase the Turk from Europe's soil;
Thou'rt but the senseless surge,
Roused by the great avenging hand,
To sweep the heathen from the land.

And thou, when thy wild task is done,
Shaft, like the scourge, be torn,
And, winged with vengeance, to the Throne
Shall Poland's curse be borne.
The swamp shall be thy kingdom then,
Thy host a horde, thy home a den!

What tells that rider of the South?
It flashes o'er Algiers!
Woe, woe to France; her broken truth
Shall yet cost bitter tears.
Even the wild Moorman's blood has cried
To heaven against the homicide.

Where is the hand that struck the blow—
The Bourbon? gone and past.
Another crown shall be as low;
I hear the coming blast;
I see the tiger Anarchy,
Crouching with fixed and fiery eye.

What tells yon rider of the East,
That fires the hemisphere?
It calls the vulture to a feast,
Where armies load the bier.
The lion's roaring has begun,
A host lies weltering in the sun.

The crescent standard lies in dust,
The Turk beside his steed,
The Sultan's target is dim with rust,
His lance a broken reed;
The dark Egyptian is the lord
Of Stamboul, diadem and sword.

Another shoots! Its deadlier tinge
Is borrowed from the grave;
Then changes, like the fiery fringe
Of storms on evening's wave.
Then wan, like vapours from the heath,
Where pestilence still sleeps beneath.

What tells that long and livid line?
A deadlier vengeance still;
For Palestine! for Palestine!
For every vale and hill!
For every tear-drop shed in vain,
Where Israel withers in the chain.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

MARCH, 1840.

From the Quarterly Review.

BELMAS'S SIEGES OF THE PENINSULA.

Journaux des Sieges faits ou soutenus par les Français dans la Péninsule de 1807 à 1814, rédigés d'après les ordres du Gouvernement, sur les Documents existant aux Archives de la Guerre et au Depot des Fortifications. Par J. Belmas, Chef de Bataillon du Genie. 4 vols. Paris, 1836.

THIS work, though neither so trustworthy nor so interesting as the title-page promises, is yet deserving of some notice. M. Belmas's redaction of the several operations, though less unfair than the works of the modern French school generally are, cannot of course be of the same value that the original documents from which he professes to have compiled his narrative would have been. He has subjoined, however, to his own narratives copious appendixes of those original documents—some of which are very curious;—but even their authority is seriously impaired by the fact that they are only a selection of such parts of the general correspondence as it suited his own views to produce. Admitting them to be authentic and valuable as far as they go, it is obvious that they do not give the whole truth and are rather to be considered as *ex parte* statements than as a complete body of historical evidence.

The first volume is dedicated, not to the sieges, but to a general summary of the Peninsular War—occupying two hundred and ninety pages, followed by nearly five hundred pages of *pieces justificatives*. The other volumes contain respectively narratives of the sieges of,

II. Saragossa, Roses and Girona.

III. Astorga, Lerida, Mequinenza, Ciudad Rodrigo, Almeida, Tortosa, Tarragona, Olivenza, Badajoz, and Campo Mayor.

IV. Tarifa, Saguntum, Valencia, Peniscola, Castro Urdiales—all by the French;—Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, the forts of Salamanca, Burgos, St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, and Monzon (a small town and *chateau* in Aragon)—by the English:—

—each of these being followed by an appendix, more or less copious, of the original correspondence. Of operations so various and extensive we cannot pretend

to give even a summary, much less any details: we can only indicate to the military student where the information is to be found—but a few particulars which may interest the general reader we shall endeavour to condense into manageable limits.

The most remarkable of these documents are assuredly certain *Notes* and *Instructions*, dictated from time to time by Buonaparte himself, relative to the military operations in the Peninsula—a subject which never can be uninteresting to a British reader, particularly when as in the present instance, he can obtain a glimpse of the real motives and movements of the French, divested of the falsehood and *fanfaronnade* of their published despatches. M. Belmas does not state where he found these documents, nor to whom they were addressed, nor on what authority they are given. It might be concluded from his title-page that he found the *Notes*, as well as Buonaparte's direct correspondence with several of the generals, in the official archives at Paris. But such is not the fact. M. Belmas did not like to own whence they came: we can supply the omission: they were addressed to King Joseph and his staff at Madrid, as the materials, on which these puppets were to frame their orders to the several armies; and were taken with the rest of Joseph's effects after the battle of Vittoria: they were published (and more than M. Belmas has republished) in the Appendix to the first volume of Colonel Napier's History, and noticed in the Quarterly Review, vol. 56, p. 155; but some further communications between Joseph and Napoleon, and a considerable portion (not all) of a correspondence with the Generals commanding the French armies in Spain, are new to us, and we heartily wish that M. Belmas had been able, or (what we doubt more) willing to enrich history with a fuller and less select collection of such valuable documents. We are grateful for every attempt to lift even a corner of that almost impenetrable curtain of 'falsehood lined with terror,' behind which Buonaparte prepared the various incidents of his wonderful drama; and in this view the present publication has many interesting points. All the Buonaparte papers, though applying to a single subject and a narrow period, mark strongly the character of their author—the affectation (if, indeed, like other impostors, he

had not grown to believe in himself) of omniscience and omnipotence which prompted him to prescribe from Bayonne, St. Cloud, or even Vienna, the movements (some of them in minute detail) of his armies in Portugal, Valencia, or Andalusia—the harsh presumption with which he criticised what any one else did, and the severe injustice with which he visited on individual officers the natural impediments or inevitable accidents that happened to thwart his insolent and often injudicious designs; and—with all this personal arrogance—the patience or policy with which he bore—if indeed he did not (as we rather believe) foment—the squabbles, jealousies, and indeed almost continual insubordination, of his generals amongst themselves. Provided they obeyed him, he seems to have been totally indifferent how they behaved to one another. His very interests were often sacrificed to his vanity; and even the reverses of his lieutenants had to his mind the consolation of showing the world that Napoleon the Great was *all in all*, and that without him *La belle France*, and all her skilful marshals and her valiant armies, were—NOTHING.

As the most important of these documents have been already applied to their *historical* uses, it is chiefly as illustrative of Buonaparte's personal character and his mode of dealing with his Generals and Marshals, that we shall now examine them.

The first of the *Notes* is of 13th July, 1808, without date of place, but it must have been from Bayonne, and is addressed to Savary, chief of Joseph's staff, at Madrid. It takes a general, but, as affairs turned out, not a very correct view of the operations in Spain. The chief solicitude at that moment was as to the movements of Marshal Bessières, prior to the battle of Medina del Rio-Seco. On a victory *there* Buonaparte rested the whole cause of Spain—while the authorities at Madrid were more alarmed about Dupont in Andalusia—and Buonaparte is very angry that some reinforcements had been sent to the latter which might have reached the former.

‘If General Dupont were to suffer a check, it would be of *little consequence*, and could have no other effect than obliging him to recross the mountains; whereas a blow directed against Bessières would strike the heart of the army, and be felt like a *tetanus* to all its extremities.

‘The true way to reinforce General Dupont [in the south] is not to send him troops, but to send troops to Marshal Bessières [in the north]. General Dupont and Verdier have troops enough to maintain themselves in their entrenched positions; and if Bessières were reinforced, and the Spaniards routed in Galicia, Dupont would find himself in the best possible position, both by the reinforcements which might then be sent to him, and still more by the moral situation of affairs. There is not a city of Medina—not a peasant of the valleys, that does not feel that the whole fate of Spain is to-day in the operations of Marshal Bessières. How unfortunate it is that in this great concern you should have gratuitously given *twenty chances* against us!’—vol. i. p. 320.

We will here observe that Buonaparte was in the habit of estimating the total chances of any object—say, at *one hundred*, and of proportioning off the chances of success or failure at so much *per cent.*, in a style that seems to us somewhat pedantic, and, in

spite of its affected precision, very vague—as in this very instance: Bessières, he says, at Rio Seco, had 75 chances for, to 25 against him; while Dupont, he says, with 21,000 men, would have 80 chances for, and only 20 against him.

Now the result was the very reverse of Bonaparte's opinions, predictions, and calculations. Bessières, with 15 or 16,000 men, had more than enough; for Bonaparte afterwards admits that he had employed but 8000 in winning the great battle of Rio Seco,—which, though the success was more complete than could be hoped for, had very limited results: while Dupont, with more than the specified force, instead of being in the best possible position, was beaten, and, instead of recrossing the Sierra, was forced to surrender to Castanos—the single event which had the greatest influence on the ultimate destinies of the war. We are amused with a couple of instances of what the French used to call the ‘lofty conceptions of the Emperor,’ but which seem to us less characteristic of *le plus grand Capitaine*, than of *le plus grand charlatan* that even France has produced. King Joseph's cabinet had, it seems, proposed to order one of its armies to occupy a position called *Milagro*—no, says the Emperor,

‘You should occupy *Tudela*, because it is an *honourable* position, and *Milagro* is an *obscure* one.’—p. 331.

And again, he desires another army to take up a position at *Burgos* rather than *Trevino*, which had been proposed, because

‘*Burgos* is a position threatening, offensive, *honourable*, whilst that of *Trevino* would be *blind and shameful* (*honteux et borgne*).’—p. 334.

This anxiety about the moral character of a military position would seem extravagant in any other man; but the truth is, that Bonaparte was well aware how much his reputation, and, consequently, his power, were dependent on *prestige*, delusion and stage-effect, and he was anxious that despatches dated from important places, such as *Burgos* and *Tudela*, should keep up in France and throughout Europe, the idea that his position in Spain was firm and commanding.

Another paragraph of these notes is important to a just appreciation of the share which the British army had in the subsequent successes. After recapitulating all the events, the numbers and positions of the French and Spanish armies, he concludes by saying,

‘What I have thus stated proves that the Spaniards are not to be feared; all the Spanish forces united would not be capable of defeating 25,000 French in a tolerable position.’—p. 338.

At last, however, in November, 1808, the great man came to Spain himself, ‘to purge the Peninsula of the hideous presence of the *leopards*’—‘*je les chasserai*,’ said he, ‘*de la Péninsule!*’ but he soon abandoned that *chasse* to his lieutenants, and returned suddenly to Paris to conduct his third Austrian war. Of his own proceedings in Spain these volumes contain only two documents, both dated from the ‘obscure position’ of Chamartin, near Madrid, the 8th of December, one to Marshal Ney, and the other to Mortier, in which he criticises rather severely the conduct of both, and particularly that of Ney, with

whom, says M. Belmas, he was '*fort mecontent.*' In this letter he tells Ney, that

'the English are flying as fast as they can (*a toutes jambes*); but we have been for a moment in a serious position.'—p. 348.

This 'serious position' must have been the situation of the French prior to the passage of the Somo Sierra, when Ney had made a movement, with which Bonaparte now reproached him as a blunder which compromised for a moment the safety of the whole army. M. Belmas throws no light on a question which has always interested us, namely, why, just as Bonaparte had enveloped, as it were, Sir John Moore with three armies, each considerably greater than ours, and all capable of being united with an overwhelming superiority, and with every prospect of a brilliant success against the English—*why* he should at that moment (1st January, 1809,) have suddenly given over the command to Soult, and hastened away to Paris. It is everywhere stated that this was in consequence of intelligence received at that date of the preparations of Austria; but pressing as that danger might be, it does not appear to have been so *extremely* urgent as not to have allowed him a week or ten days for an object of such importance to his cause, and such *éclat* to his personal glory, as a victory over the English army would have been, particularly as we find that he did not leave Paris for the Austrian campaign before the 18th of February. Our conjecture is, that he foresaw that he could not force the British to a battle before they reached Corunna, and that *there* he could be by no means sure of a victory, and was therefore not unwilling to escape, *de sa personne*, from a doubtful operation, in which he could not count upon having 'ninety-nine chances' for himself. Yet if he had persevered and succeeded, it might have had a more lasting influence on his fortunes than even the wonderful triumphs of that Austrian campaign—England would probably have abandoned the Peninsula, and WELLINGTON not have marched from Lisbon to Paris!

In a letter, dated Paris, 31st August, 1809, Buonaparte criticises pretty severely the conduct of Soult, Victor, Jourdan, and in short, of everybody in the campaign of Talavera, and disapproves, of course, not only the mode in which that battle was fought, but its being fought at all, when there were only 50,000 French to 30,000 English, who have thus been allowed to brave the whole French army. *A battle never should be fought unless you have three fourths of the chances in your favour.*'—p. 405.

In a letter of the 31st January, 1810, in tracing a plan for the ensuing campaign, he says,—

'The Emperor considers that there is nothing in Spain dangerous but the English; that all the rest is *canaille*, that can never keep the field,'—p. 423.

We find, however, in these volumes one instance, at least, of a pitched battle, in which the Spaniards, though miserably beaten, deserve more honourable mention. Marshal Victor, two or three days after his victory at Medellin (28th of March, 1809) writes to King Joseph:—

'The loss of the Spaniards was so great that it must be seen to be believed. I myself have gone over the field of battle to ascertain the facts. All the Spanish battalions which General Cuesta had sta-

tioned to oppose us, whether in line or in columns, are still lying there in the same order. Every man, officer and soldier, was killed! I at first stated their loss at from 10,000 to 12,000 killed: I now believe it was more. All my staff have seen it as well as myself. But you must not suppose that this was a massacre of prisoners: no, they defended themselves to the last extremity, exclaiming *No quarter*. The sight of the field of battle is really frightful.'—p. 372.

Such steady bravery is admirable: but much more astonishing is the alleged fact, that the death of these 12,000 heroes, the capture and utter dispersion of the rest of the Spanish army, cost the French but 340 men killed and wounded!

But though the Spaniards were thus powerless in the field, their defences of their towns exhibit the highest degree, not merely of courage and enthusiasm, but of skill and ability. The details given by M. Belmas of the well-known sieges of Saragossa and Girona are exceedingly interesting, and raise, if possible, the reputation of these wonderful defences; and particularly that of Don Mariano Alvarez, the governor of Girona, whose resistance, though less romantic, and therefore less celebrated, was even more obstinate, and, in the loss incurred by the French, more important, than that of Saragossa. It lasted nine months, during which the French fired 11,910 bomb-shells, 7984 howitzer-shells, and 80,000 cannon balls. Of a garrison of 10,000, and a population of 20,000, one-half perished by famine, sickness, and the sword.

The siege cost the French at least as dear. M. Belmas admits their loss to have been 15,000; but this must be far short of the mark, for we have the evidence of General Verdier, commanding the besieging army himself, that on the 21st of September, *three months before the capture of the place*, his own division of the army, which was specially employed in the siege, had *already* lost 12,000 men (vol. ii. p. 769); and this is subsequently repeated by Augereau:—

'This division has suffered greatly, as well by the enemy's fire as by sickness, to such a degree, that, of 17,000 men, with which it began the siege, it has to-day (28th September) but 5000 left.'—*Augereau, to the Minister of War*, vol. ii. p. 810.

But we notice this siege more particularly as exhibiting some instances of that incredible insubordination which Buonaparte seems to have tolerated (and toleration with him was encouragement) amongst his generals. The fact is so curious, that every fresh example which emerges is worth notice.

The general of division, Count Gouvion St. Cyr, commanded in chief the army, under whose protection the first corps, headed by the general of division, Count Verdier, was charged with the immediate operations against the town. Verdier, however, began by declaring (28th March) that he could not undertake the siege with so small an amount of force as Gouvion had assigned to him, and he appealed to Buonaparte *direct* against the decision of the commander-in-chief. Buonaparte directed that Verdier's demands should be complied with, and the siege proceeded; but this appeal of Verdier's produced further differences, which, Verdier alleged, went so far, that Gouvion *wished to prevent the capture of the place*; but this charge was, we suppose, unfounded. At length on the 19th September, after *six months* of

operations, and after *one hundred and five days* of open trenches, an assault was made, but so gallantly and effectually repulsed, that the French were forced to turn the siege into a blockade, and trust to the powerful 'auxiliaries of time, fever, and famine' for the eventual capture of the place. Upon this—

'General Verdier, who had been already indisposed with a fever (?), and was desperately mortified, both by this failure and by his differences with General Gouvion, *withdrew himself (se refugia) to Perpignan, and the two generals made mutual complaints to the emperor.*'—vol. ii. p. 612.

Verdier not only withdrew himself without leave but against orders; for he asked under colour of his fever, Gouvion's permission to retire, and being refused, he gives him notice that 'rather than continue in a command where his honour and character are comprised, he will go into the hospital as a private soldier.' But a wound in an officer's character not being an hospital case, he could not, we presume, find refuge there; and we see by Gouvion's report to the minister of war, that the dissatisfied general took *French leave*, and quitted the army altogether. Gouvion writes to the minister of war:—

'*Fornelis, 24th September, 1809.*

'I have the honour to announce to your excellency, and with the greatest regret, the departure of General Verdier, in spite of everything I could do to retain him, in order to avoid the ill effects which this evidence of his discouragement might have on the troops of his division; as had been the case on the retirement of Generals Mario and Lechi, who have left the army during the siege, and whose departure has been as pernicious on the spirit of the army as the diseases which are gradually increasing. It was in vain that I earnestly pressed Generals Verdier, Sanson, and Taviel to continue at least the appearance (*simulacre*) of a siege,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 787.

This command before Girona was very unpopular; for Marshal Augereau, who had been nominated to relieve Gouvion, was detained at Perpignan by a fit of the gout, which Gouvion, no doubt, thought to be a pretence; for he—Gouvion—also left his army without leave or licence, and came to Perpignan to hasten his successor, which, not being able to do so by persuasion, he at length was obliged to constrain him (*le contraindre*) to proceed to the army by suddenly (*brusquement*) quitting Perpignan on the 5th of October, and withdrawing (*se refugiant*) to his own home in the interior of France, as a private gentleman—leaving the marshals, the generals, the besiegers, and the besieged to settle their matters as they best might. Gouvion's succession cured at once Augereau's gout and Verdier's fever, and they both immediately joined the army before Girona, and, after a three month's further siege and blockade, took the town by famine and capitulation. We have no trace of the Emperor's decision on this series of squabbles, and we suppose he treated them as he did the dissensions between Massena and Ney in the campaign of 1811, of which M. Belmas gives the following account:—

'Marshal Ney, who had been from the commencement of the campaign in open difference (*scission*) with the general-in-chief (Massena), positively refused to obey his orders, [for maintaining a menac-

ing position at Guarda] preferring the withdrawing from Portugal by Almeida, and thence on Salamanca, to recruit and refresh the army. Massena, irritated by a refusal which compromised his authority, thought it necessary to send away (*renvoyer*) Marshal Ney, hoping that by this example of severity, exercised on one of the first officers of the empire, he might restore subordination in the army.'—Vol. i. p. 171.

The following extracts from Massena's own letter to Berthier, giving his account of this affair, are curious:—

'*Celbrico, 22d March, 1811, eleven at night.*

'Monseigneur.—I find myself reduced at last to an extremity which I have long endeavoured to avoid. The Marshal Duke of Elchingen [Ney] has put the finishing stroke to his preceding insubordination. As this disobedience might have results disastrous to the Emperor's enemies, I have ordered the generals of the several divisions of his army no longer to obey any other orders than mine. It is, Monseigneur, very afflicting to an old soldier so long in the command of armies, and so honoured with the Emperor's confidence, to be forced to such extreme measures with respect to one of his colleagues. But the Marshal Duke of Elchingen has not ceased since my arrival at the army to thwart me in all my military operations. I have been, perhaps, too patient; but I was far from supposing that he would abuse my forbearance to such a scandalous extremity as he has now done. But the Duke of Elchingen's character is well known; and I shall say no more about it. I have ordered him to return into Spain, there to await his Majesty's orders.'—Vol. i. p. 509.

The truth is, all went on smoothly with these gentlemen as long as they were victorious, and had nothing to do but to divide the spoils of the conquered and the rewards of their master; but as soon as the tide began to turn, and when they had nothing to share but Wellington's blows and Napoleon's censures, every French Army exhibited the discord of Agramant's camp. In this instance, the real cause of dissension was, not so much the natural ill-temper of Ney, as the battle of Busaco, the estoppel put upon the French at Torres Vedras, and their disastrous retreat from Portugal. In all these operations, though Massena had the chief direction, Ney, as second in command, had the main share of the execution; and certainly there was nothing in the result of these campaigns to put either of the heroes in a very good humour. At Busaco, M. Belmas states (vol. i. pp. 123, 130) Wellington's force at 27,000 English and 13,000 Portuguese (such as the Portuguese were, at this stage of the war,) while Massena and Ney had 62,000 men. The French lost, says M. Belmas, 1800 killed and 3000 wounded in this action—but he soon after admits that, when Massena arrived before the lines of Torres Vedras, his army had lost no less than 7000 men hors de combat.

Of the military foresight, skill, and courage which designed, executed, and defended these lines, the following summary from the official mouthpiece of the enemy is worth the attention of our readers:—

'Such a mass of troops (English, Portuguese, and Spanish) intrenched in positions so formidable,

having in their rear the safe and spacious harbour of Lisbon, and affording the opportunity for bringing the maritime power and wealth of England to support her soldiers on the field, offers to the attention of mankind the *most wonderful combination of circumstances* that can be found in the military annals of the world.'—vol. i. p. 135.

No doubt M. Belmas means, by attributing so much of this success to a *wonderful combination of circumstances*, to diminish the personal glory of the Duke of Wellington. But what is military genius, but the faculty of preparing and combining circumstances? And when it is recollected that Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his defence of the Cintra Convention in 1808, when there was no prospect of his ever having anything to do with them, foretold, as it were, the capabilities of the position of Torres Vedras, and when we find him on his return to Portugal, and during his advance into Spain in 1809, preparing this barrier against future possibilities, it cannot be denied that it was indeed 'a wonderful combination of circumstances,' in which genius did all, and left nothing to accident or chance.

In the retreat which followed, Ney commanded the rear-guard with skill and bravery, but without success, and was so dispirited, that, as we have seen, he insisted on retreating farther than Massena at first thought of going; but Wellington soon forced Massena to be of Ney's opinion (vol. i. p. 171), and after a series of 'unfortunate' affairs, they were at last driven back upon Salamanca.

It was in the course of this retreat that Berthier wrote from Paris a private letter to Massena—in which, after stating the Emperor's criticisms on Massena's conduct in Portugal, he adds a remarkable assertion:—

'We are perfectly informed—indeed better than you are—of the movements of the English by the English themselves. The Emperor reads the London newspapers, and every day a great number of letters from the Opposition; some of which accuse Lord Wellington, and speak in detail of your operations. England trembles for her army in Spain, &c.'

This additional proof of the British spirits and true patriotism of the Opposition of that day needs no comment!

We are always glad when we can find any statements of the relative forces of the armies in any degree clear of the habitual falsehood of the French bulletins; Buonaparte, who knew at least his own force, states in one of his confidential instructions dictated to Berthier on the night between the 29th and 30th of March, 1811—

'The head-quarters of the Army of Portugal [Massena's] remain at Coimbra. This army has 70,000 men under arms. It has orders to fight a battle, if Lord Wellington should attempt to pass the river—but Lord Wellington has under his orders (altogether) but 32,000 English.—After the harvest, Lisbon will be attacked by these 70,000 men of the army of Portugal, and by from thirty to thirty-five thousand of the Army of the South, under the Duke of Dalmatia—in all 100,000 men, which, resting on Coimbra and Badajoz, must insure the conquest of Portugal,' &c.—vol. i. p. 523.

We wonder that these magnificent reveries were not a little disturbed by the recollection that this

very army of 70,000 French had been for the last two months retreating—always beaten—before as many of these 32,000 English as were not in garrisons, hospitals, &c., and their Portuguese allies.

In these same notes, Buonaparte orders Bessieres to send Massena 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. On the 1st of May, Marshal Bessieres himself joined Massena with his advanced guard—the rest joined in a day or two—and then Massena, at the head of, according to *Buonaparte's own calculation*, 80,000 men, attacked the allied army, which even he does not rate higher than 50,000 (say 30,000 British and 20,000 Portuguese)—in a position which bore the (to the allies) auspicious name of *Fuentes d'Onor*—the *Fountains of Honour*. This engagement lasted the 3rd, 4th, 5th of April, 1811; and Massena says that he 'had all the glory of the day, having killed or wounded 2,000 of the allies, and taken about 1,000.' No very great result, even if it were true, considering the superiority of his forces: but, in fact, the French were *entirely defeated*—of which the best proof is, that they fell back in such haste that they could not even communicate with Almeida, which they left to its fate—one single soldier only contriving to get in with orders to the Governor to blow it up and abandon it, which orders were obeyed; and the French army never stopped their retrograde movement till they reached Salamanca, where the unlucky Massena, covered as he was with 'the glory of the day,' was deprived of the command, and Buonaparte sent a new Marshal—Marmont—to try his luck with the terrible Wellington.

After the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, Bessieres went back to his own head-quarters of Valladolid, where, however, he soon received, like the others, some tokens of his master's good temper. Berthier writes to him from Rambouillet, 19th May, 1811:—

'The Emperor is dissatisfied at your not having furnished the Prince of Essling (Massena) the necessary assistance. The emperor hopes you will repair the enormous fault you have committed.'—vol. i. p. 523.

Whether it was this despatch that soured Bessieres's own temper, or whether he had more direct orders for some proceedings which immediately ensued, we know not, but certainly those proceedings are an indelible disgrace to whoever was either the instigator or perpetrator of such enormities.

M. Belmas gives us an *arrete*, or decree of Marshal Bessieres, issued at Valladolid under date of the 5th of June, 1811, of which we will offer a few extracts to the indignation of our readers:—

'ARRETE.

'1. There shall be made out lists of all persons who have quitted their habitations.

'2. Every such person shall return within a month, and if they do not, they shall be reputed to have joined the insurgents—their property shall be confiscated, and their tenants or debtors shall pay the amount of their respective debts into the hands of the government.

'3. The fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, and nephews of any such person shall be held responsible in property and person for any act of violence by such person committed.

'4. If any inhabitant be carried off from his residence, all the relatives, in the aforesaid degrees, of any known insurgent, shall be immediately arrested

as hostages; and if any inhabitant so carried off should be put to death by the insurgents, the hostages [fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, or even nephews, of any insurgent, and who may have had no connexion whatsoever with the offending parties] shall be shot to death on the spot, and without any form of trial.'—vol. i. p. 563.

Then follow eight other articles in the same atrocious spirit. Another decree of the following day relates to the collection of the contributions imposed by the French army; two articles will suffice to show its spirit.

'Art. III. The parson of every parish—the alcade—and the magistrates and the clergy in general, are to be held responsible—1st. For the payment of all contributions. 2nd. For the supply of the French army with equipments, goods, merchandise, and means of transport.

Art. IV. Any village which shall not immediately execute any order it shall have received shall be subjected to military execution.'—vol. i. p. 567.

Even in the annals of French violence in Spain, we have never before found such *avowed** atrocity as this—which was detestable, not only in itself, but as provoking and justifying retaliatory measures on the part of the Spaniards; yet Bessieres had the reputation of being one of the least savage of Buonaparte's pro-consuls; and these infernal *ordonnances* are countersigned by

'The Auditor of the Council of State,
'Secretary General of the Government,
—vol. i. p. 567. 'DE BROGLIE.'

* We beg pardon:—Colonel Jones, in his late work on Spain, quotes, from the uncontradicted pages of a French military writer, a distinct statement that, 'in Massena's army, detachments sent out to forage had orders to bring in all girls between twelve and thirty years of age for the use of the soldiery. A gallant friend of ours, who has been so good as to read these pages before publication, recalls to us this horror, and adds—'I saw with my own eyes, when Massena had retired before the lines of Torres

De Broglie! What, the present Duke de Broglie? Alas, yes! The self-same liberal and tender-hearted gentleman who could not endure the intolerable despotism of the *Restoration*, and who was so peculiarly indignant at the Polignac ordonnances—which, compared with these of his own manufacture, were, we venture to think, as honey to vitriol—as water to blood!

In the same style, we find 'the Emperor dissatisfied (*mecontent*) and complaining (*se plaint*) of the mistakes and inactivity of Augereau (i. 433,) though Augereau has left us some damning proofs of a zeal not less atrocious than that of Bessieres and De Broglie. In a proclamation to the people of Catalonia, 18th December, 1809, he says, *inter alia*,—

'Every Catalan taken with arms in his hand, twenty-four hours after the present proclamation, shall be *hanged without the form of trial*, as a highway robber—the house in which any resistance is made shall be *burned—all shall undergo the same fate*.'—i. 429.

And these abominations are not the exaggerated imputations of enemies, but facts published and republished by the French themselves, and were practised in a province which, as Buonaparte wrote to Marshal Macdonald, a few months after, 'he intended to make a part of France.' (i. 435.) Of this last insanity we do not recollect to have before had such positive evidence.

Bessieres, notwithstanding the bloody zeal of, his and M. de Broglie's proclamations, was soon recalled, and replaced by General Dorsenne, with whom Buonaparte very soon showed that he was no better satisfied.

Lord Wellington had now taken Ciudad Rodrigo, and again discomposed his imperial Majesty's temper—who thereupon sets to criticising, and lecturing, and reproaching his generals with his usual acrimony.

Vedras, forty or fifty of these wretches in a state of disease, famine, and *insanity*, beyond all conception.'

We shall exhibit some specimens of these *jobations*, with the replies of the accused party in the opposite columns:—

"Prince Berthier to General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North, at Burgos.

"Paris, Feb. 1, 1812.

"The Emperor is extremely dissatisfied with your negligence in this whole affair of Ciudad Rodrigo.

"How is it that you had not news from that place twice a week?

"What were you doing with Souham's fine division?

"General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North, to Prince Berthier.

"Burgos, Feb. 23, 1812.

"Monseigneur,—If your Excellency had been pleased to read my despatches of the 15th, 16th and 23d of January,* before writing yours of the 11th, you would have seen that I was in no degree to blame about Ciudad Rodrigo.

"I ordered General Barrié to send me reports, not twice a week, but *every day*. They were intercepted—is that my fault?

"Souham's division passed from my command under that of Marshal Marmont, so long ago as the 10th of January.

* Misprinted *February* in the original.

"This is a strange mode of making war; and the Emperor obliges me to say that the *shame* of this event falls on you.

"This humiliating check can be attributed only to want of precaution on *your* part, and to the inconsiderate measures *you* adopted."—Vol. i., p. 608.

"Prince Berthier to Marshal Marmont.

"Paris, Feb. 11, 1812.

"The Emperor regrets that with Souham's division and the three other divisions you had assembled, you did not return towards Salamanca to see what was going on. That might have alarmed (*donne a penser*) the English, and been useful to Ciudad Rodrigo.

"You must now concentrate your army on Salamanca, and even push on to Ciudad Rodrigo, and if you have siege artillery, even take the place—your honour requires it. If you cannot, for the moment, retake Ciudad Rodrigo, take up an offensive position from Salamanca to Almeida—re-occupy the Asturias—make your preparations for a siege; push forward heavy detachments on Ciudad Rodrigo, and menace the English."—Vol. i., p. 611.

Berthier to Marmont.

Paris, Feb. 18.

"The Emperor is not satisfied with the direction which you give the war. *You have a superiority over the enemy*, and yet, instead of taking the initiative, you do nothing but receive it.

"You displace and harass your troops—that is not the art of war.

"The real road to Lisbon is by the north. The enemy, having his magazines and hospitals on that side, can only retire very slowly on that capital.

"You run great risks by receiving the initiative instead of giving it—by thinking about the army of the south, [Soult's,] which does not need your assistance, since it is composed of 80,000 of the best troops in Europe; and by busying yourself about districts which are not under your command—you risk, I say, by directing your attention to those objects, the receiving a check which might be felt throughout Spain.

"I repeat, therefore, the Emperor's orders—with-

"Your Highness had yourself placed me *under Marshal Marmont's orders*, to whom you had given direct instructions relative to the defence of Rodrigo, with which therefore, I had nothing at all to do.

"If the Emperor does not change his unfavourable opinion of me, *I beg he will recall me*, as I cannot remain in Spain with the conviction of having lost his confidence."—Vol. i., p. 609.

"Marshal Marmont to Prince Berthier.

"Valladolid, Feb. 26, 1812.

"Your Highness forgets that the Emperor had previously ordered me to leave the three divisions on the other side of the mountains.

"If I were to concentrate the army on Salamanca, it could not exist a fortnight. If I were to advance toward Ciudad Rodrigo, I could not remain there three days before the place would have ruined my army. You say 'my honour requires the re-capture of that place.' My honour will always prompt me to what is useful to the Emperor's service; but it seems to me that his Majesty reckons as nothing the difficulties of feeding the army. Perhaps his Majesty may not be satisfied with my reasons—in that case *I beg that he will give me a successor*, and place the command of his army in better hands.—Vol. i., p. 628.

"Marmont to Berthier.

"Valladolid, March 22, 1812.

"My army is, *I admit, strong enough to beat the English*—[witness SALAMANCA]—but it is inferior in the means of moving. The English have their abundant magazines behind them, and ampler means of transport, I on the contrary, must be guided, not by the principles of military manœuvres, but by the resources of the localities, and the possibility of existing. This state of things will last till the harvest.

"If this alludes to the detachments in the valley of the Tagus, it cannot apply to me, for I did not send them there, and, on the contrary, have stopped movements that were making, and have taken the greatest pains to spare my troops all unnecessary fatigues.

"I believe that all who know the country are of a contrary opinion. The enemy has neither magazines nor hospitals on that side: his magazines are at Abrantes and in Estremadura, and his hospitals in Castlebranco, Abrantes, and Lisbon itself. For my part, I am convinced that, whenever the army attempts to operate by the north, the result will be disastrous.

"The Emperor thinks that I trouble myself too much with other people's concerns, and not enough with my own. But until now I had considered that the Emperor himself had prescribed to me as a duty to assist the army of the south, and this duty has been formally urged upon me in twenty of your despatches, and lately repeated by the order to leave three divisions in the valley of the Tagus; but being now relieved from this, my position is much clearer and better.

"His Majesty's orders are so imperative that I

in twenty-four hours after the receipt of this letter you will set out for Salamanca. You will concentrate your army on that place, Toro, and Benevent, fixing your head-quarters at Salamanca. Work actively at fortifying that town. Employ for that purpose 6000 troops and 6000 peasants. Collect there a fresh equipage—establish magazines of provisions.

“Let your outposts exchange shots every day with those of the enemy.

“You will immediately send an advance-guard to occupy the *debouches* on Ciudad Rodrigo, and another the *debouches* on Almeida.

“It will be eight days after these measures are taken before they will produce their effect on the enemy; but as you see the effect of these offensive operations on the enemy, you will gradually withdraw the division you will have left in the valley of the Tagus, and you will increase your offensive demonstrations so as to show that you only wait for the new grass to enter Portugal.

(Signed) “ALEXANDER.”

Vol. i., p. 614.

Our readers have seen that, in this correspondence, the inculpated generals were clearly in the right, and that Buonaparte's complaints were captious in spirit and unfounded in fact; and we shall see that—as in the former cases of Bessieres and Dupont—the event contradicted his predictions, and that his own positive orders produced disasters of which he subsequently laid all the blame on the unfortunate generals. In spite of Marmont's explanations and remonstrances, we find that, in a letter of the 16th of April, Berthier reiterates the preceding orders:

“To concentrate the army about Salamanca—to take the initiative, and give the war the character suited to the glory of the French army—and to exchange shots with the English every day under the very walls of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.”—Vol. i., p. 642.

But when Marmont, in pursuance of the spirit and almost the letter of these positive instructions, provoked the battle of Salamanca, and lost it, Buonaparte (who, as Marmont had before hinted to Berthier, had a convenient facility of *forgetting* even his own orders) turned round on Marmont, and on the receipt of the despatches of the 22nd July, directed the Duke of Feltre, minister of war, to send him a very sharp censure of his conduct, which Feltre delayed to do for some months, waiting Marmont's recovery from the severe wounds he received in the battle. The following are the main points of this letter:—

“The Emperor, in considering the case, has set out with a principle which you cannot dispute, namely, that you should consider the *King* (Joseph) as your commander-in-chief, and that you were bound to conduct yourself by the general system which he should adopt! Now being placed at Salamanca, in

shall obey; but if, in consequence, Badajoz shall be taken, I hope I shall not be blamed. [*It was taken in three weeks after.*] It seems that his Majesty forgets that I have neither money to pay, nor victuals to feed these 12,000 workmen, and that every kind of service on every side is on the point of failing utterly for want of resources; and as to magazines, if his Majesty were to send me the necessary means, and if I could collect one month's subsistence for the army, I should think I had done wonders; and it would be most advisable not to spend these supplies in making demonstrations, but to reserve them for the moment when we are to act seriously on the enemy.

“His Majesty is then ignorant that our advanced posts, are from the nature of things, no where nearer to the English than twenty leagues (50 or 60 miles,) and that if we are to exchange shots, it could only be with guerrillas, who come up to our very lines.

“I know not what is meant by the *debouches* of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida: the country between the Agueda and the Tormes is an immense plain, open in all directions.

“I conclude, Monseigneur, by expressing the pain I feel at the manner in which the Emperor depreciates the efforts which I am constantly making for his service; and since his Majesty attributes the loss of Almeida to me, I am ignorant how I can possibly guard myself against any possible inculpation.

(Signed) “THE MARSHAL, DUKE OF RAGUSA.”

Vol. i., p. 634, &c.

furtherance of that general system, you ought not to have departed from it without the sanction of your commander-in-chief. The Emperor, therefore, considers your proceeding as a direct insubordination and disobedience of his orders.”—Vol. i. p. 668.

Our readers will observe that, in the former instructions, there is not an allusion to King Joseph or his system, nor a hint that Marmont was placed at Salamanca in pursuance of any such system. On the contrary, he was there by the special and detailed orders of Napoleon himself, and he was told not to busy himself with any thing beyond his own immediate sphere. But there is one point on which Buonaparte's criticisms appear to have been just, namely, Marmont's not having waited for the considerable reinforcements which he knew were within a couple of days of him. To these criticisms Buonaparte directed Marmont to make ‘precise and categorical answers;’ but M. Belmas does not give us the Marshal's defence, which we should be the more curious to see, as the Duke of Wellington seems to concur with Buonaparte in thinking Marmont's movements premature and injudicious. Our readers will see with interest his Grace's short, yet comprehensive summary of this battle, addressed to Lord Lynedoch, then Sir. T. Graham:

‘*Flores*’ d’Avila, 25th July, 1812.

“I cannot allow the despatches to go off without writing you a few lines respecting our action of the 22nd. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached hills, which you will recollect on the right of our position. This race the French won; and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action.”

“I knew that the French were to be joined by

the cavalry of the army of the north on the 22nd or 23d, and that the army of the centre [Joseph's] was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But instead of that, and after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last passed my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating."—*Wellington Despatches*, vol. ix. p. 309.

What force, what simplicity, what true grandeur, even in this familiar note to a private friend!

Marmont, however, was not singular in his presumption that he was strong enough to beat the English, for Suchet writes to Joseph from Valencia, 30th June,—

"Marshal Marmont may unite the greater part of the army of Portugal, and I doubt whether, in the present state of England—[the French always calculated on the factious spirit at home as a powerful auxiliary]—Lord Wellington dare hazard a battle. He has too much to lose, and the French too much glory to gain, to venture an engagement so far from his ships."—vol. i. p. 660.

But Suchet had his own troubles. He ends the same letter by these words:—

"In my present position, I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of entreating your Majesty [Joseph] to request the Emperor to give me a successor in this command, who—more happy than I—may find your Majesty disposed to believe his reports, and who may possess enough of your Majesty's confidence not to be selected to afford the example of a commander-in-chief's being called from an extensive government and indispensable duties, to make a march of twenty days' distance from his headquarters with 12,000 men."

It is not surprising, considering that this work was patronised by M. Soult, that M. Belmas should give us none of Buonaparte's criticisms and *tirades* against that marshal; but we find that he, like the others, complained that he had not the Emperor's confidence and requested to be relieved in his command. (vol. i. p. 459.) M. Belmas gives no *pieces justificatives* concerning the battle of Albuera (17th May, 1811); but it is to his credit that his narrative presents a tolerably fair account of the action, which, from the official pen of an enemy, is worth abstracting. He says:—

"The Duke of Dalmatia had with him 20,000—the allied army was composed of 31,000, including 4000 Spaniards under Castanos, and 10,000 other Spaniards of Blake's expeditionary army, a division of Portuguese (about 5000), and two British divisions under Cole and Stewart (10,000 men.)"

The fact is, that at Albuera there were, of British infantry, nominally 7000 but really only 6000—of British cavalry 1200: there were 38 pieces of artillery, of which 24 were British; and the allied forces of all kinds were not quite 30,000 men:—while the enemy had 19,000 French infantry, 4000 French cavalry, and 50 pieces of artillery. But let us hear M. Belmas:—

"The main attack was on the right of the allies, where the English were posted, while General

Godinot was to make a diversion on the left. General Girard advanced with the first French corps to attack the English right, while four regiments of cavalry, hussars, and lancers, took it in flank by a brilliant charge; the first line of the English yielded to these vigorous efforts but soon rallied; and, returning *enpolence*, directed a most effective fire (*des mieux nourris*) on Girard's column, which soon suffered enormous losses, and was forced to retire. The second division, under General Danican, immediately advanced, like the first in close column; but it suffered the same difficulty in deploying under the enemy's fire. It struggled for awhile, revolving in confusion on itself (*en tourbillonnant sur elle-meme*) but at last entirely disbanded itself in the most frightful disorder (*se debanda dans le plus affreux desordre*.) The reserve, under General Werte, hastened up to protect the retreat, but could not retrieve the victory. It, in its turn, was carried away in the flight of the others (*entraîne par les fuyards*): The artillery, which amounted to *from thirty to forty* pieces, sustained for two hours the efforts of the English. Its fire was dreadful, and it, supported by the cavalry, saved the army. So ended one of the bloodiest battles of the Spanish war. The French, very inferior in number—[by M. Belmas's own account they were double the number of the English, on whom he also admits the whole brunt of the action fell]—lost 7000 men *hors de combat*, the allies more than 8000, the most part of the artillery and cavalry—two thirds of the English were destroyed. The two armies remained in presence of each other the next day, the 17th; but in the night, Marshal Soult, who could no longer hope to face the allies, made his retreat—but so slowly, that he did not reach Llerena till the 23d. The British cavalry,—[there was, it seems, cavalry enough left to take the offensive]—pursued him; and there was a sharp affair at Usagre, but without result. Marshal Soult remained in observation at Llerena to reorganise his army, which was very much discouraged (*dant le moral se trouvait fort affecté*) by the losses it had suffered."—vol. i. p. 184.

Such was the battle as described by M. Belmas,*

* It is hardly worth while to notice even M. Belmas's little inaccuracies—which, however, are always in favour of the French. One brigade of the British infantry could not cross the Gaudiana; so that in reality we had but 6000 of our own infantry in the field. Of these 4500 were killed or wounded, so that we had but 1500 during the night. The Spaniards would not fight early in the day; and Soult, with 20,000 infantry and a very great superiority of cavalry, ought, by all rules, to have won that battle. But our 6000 British infantry, commanded by gentlemen, stood firm, in happy ignorance of the tactical pedantry which permits troops to run away whenever their flank is turned or their line broken. Thus, for example, the 57th regiment had at Albuera, out of 25 officers, killed and wounded 22; of 570 rank and file, killed and wounded 425. This regiment was composed chiefly of Londoners from the Middlesex militia. They had been notorious as marauders, and were nicknamed the *Steelbacks*, from being daily flogged by the provost; but after Albuera their more honourable style was the *Diamonds*.—MS. Note of an officer previously referred to.

series been foreseen and provided against. We have done what we never did before: we have read two volumes of ancient English letters at a sitting.

'The present work (says Mr. Tytler) has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions; slight biographical sketches are given of those illustrious statesmen and scholars who pass in review before us; and occasional critical discussions are introduced, where the letters were calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of history, or supplied important facts in the lives of eminent men. Lastly, it has been judged right to render these letters intelligible to general as well as to antiquarian readers by abandoning the ancient mode of spelling.'—(Preface, p. vii.)

The system therefore which has been adopted is neither history, in its highest sense, nor a mere collection of letters, but a *via media*. We are not to consider the book as making any pretensions to give a complete view of England under Edward and Mary; for instance, the large and vitally important subject of religion is purposely—and we think unwisely—avoided. Besides this, however, other points of considerable pith and moment have been passed over; while some again have been brought forward, and made to occupy a conspicuous place, which Hume would have deemed it out of his province to have touched upon. To view these volumes aright, they should be regarded as the gossip of a humane and charitable scholar, who is quoting and explaining a series of state-papers in the order in which they present themselves. Where no letters occur, he makes few remarks, or none: where the letters are abundant, he has many things to say. One paper requires an introductory sketch, biographical or historical; another provokes a few remarks on the opinions of previous writers; a third suggests an entertaining episode: a lack of novel materials for conducting the recital of English history leads him to glance at our continental relations; but it is impossible for him long to examine the reports of our ambassadors without finding it necessary to explain how this negotiation and that treaty affected the interests of England; and thus coming back again to the principal and most interesting subject. No character comes forward without our being told where he comes from, or whither he is going. His rank does not screen him from judgment: while equally inefficacious in averting from him censure or commendation, are the plaudits with which preceding writers have encumbered him, and the disparaging remarks with which he has been inadvertently or designedly blackened.

Mr. Tytler has considered the period which his work embraces as susceptible of division into three parts. The first comprises the interval between the death of Henry VIII. and the fall of Somerset (1457 to 1549:); the second is from the deposition of Somerset to the death of Edward VI. (1549 to 1553:); and the third treats of Queen Mary's reign. Each of these sections is preceded by a brief essay, which, giving a preliminary sketch of foreign and domestic history, places the reader on a pinnacle, as it were, and enables him to take a bird's-eye view of the subject, before approaching it more closely.

We have too much respect for our readers to think

it necessary to remind them of the march of events in England during the period of time which our collector passes first under review; but without a rapid glance at some portion of the history—let that portion be ever so inconsiderable—it would be difficult to convey a just idea of what his volumes contain. It will be remembered, then, that the death of Henry entailed upon the nation that heavy misfortune, an infant king; and this circumstance, at any time pregnant with mischief, was rendered particularly calamitous by the state of feeling in England, and by the ambitious spirits which ties of blood placed nearest to the throne. The young king's uncle, at that time Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, assumed the protectorship, surrounded by crafty, aspiring, and rapacious nobles, of whose number, his own brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the lord Admiral, was at once the most conspicuous and the most formidable. And here we may call the reader's attention to a piece of secret history, singularly indicative of the boldness of the parties concerned in it, and affording a curious illustration of the method with which they played their game. When it is stated that the events of the three days immediately succeeding Henry's demise, viz., from the 28th of January, on which day, at two o'clock in the morning, the king died, until the 31st, when his death was first disclosed and his will read to the parliament, have ever been looked upon as one of the obscure passages in the history of King Edward's reign, the value and interest of the two following letters will be immediately perceived,—written during that interval, and by the principal person in the kingdom.

'The Earl of Hertford to Sir William Paget.

'This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published; for divers respects I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime, I think it sufficient, when ye publish the king's death, in the places and time as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to show that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and who be councillors; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning, at the parliament house; and in the mean time we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein: and so I bid you heartily farewell.

'From Hertford, the 29th of January, (1546-7,) between three and four in the morning.

'Your assured loving friend,

'E. HERTFORD.'

'I have sent you the key of the will.'

The endorsement is—

'To my right loving friend, Sir William Paget, one of the King's Majesty's two Principal Secretaries.

'Haste! Poste haste! Haste with all diligence. For thy life! For thy life!'

Mr. Tytler observes,—

'Edward VI., at the moment of his father's death, was at Hertford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. Immediately after the event, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, hastened to this place, from whence they conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, and there they first declared to him and the Lady Elizabeth the death of Henry, their father. Both of them heard the intelligence with tears. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."

The following letter 'is of the next day (30th January):—

'To the Council.

'Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein.

'For answer thereunto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can show no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that hath more need thereof than he.

'We do very well like your device for the matter; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same.

'We intend the king's majesty shall be a-horseback to-morrow by xi of the clock, so that by iii we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done, ye send some express person for the same.

'And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell.

'From Enwild (Enfield) this Sunday night, at xi of the clock.

'Your good Lordship's assured loving friends,

'E. HERTFORD.

'ANTHONY BROWNE.'

Our commentator says:

'Short as are these two letters, they furnish us with some important facts, which are new to English history, and throw light on what may be justly called the salient points in the policy of Hertford and his party—their proceedings in the interval between the king's death and its being communicated to parliament. It has been observed by Sir James Mackintosh that, in our own time, the delay of three days before taking any formal steps relating to the demise of the sovereign would be censured as a daring presumption; but neither this writer, nor any of our historians who had before, or who have since treated

of this reign, were aware how far more daring was the conduct of Hertford and his associates than the mere concealment of Henry's death. Their leader had the will in his private keeping. This is proved by the emphatic postscript, "I have sent you the key of the will." And the fact increases the suspicion which hangs over this extraordinary document. They opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with the king's death; they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hertford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged; and when parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made. It is worthy of remark also, that Hertford although still bearing no higher rank than one of the executors of the late king, is consulted by them as their superior, and already assumes the tone and authority of Protector; another proof that all had been privately arranged amongst them.—vol. i. pp. 15-19.

On the very threshold of this work, so many great names arrest us and demand attention—so many pleasing biographical notices introduce this private letter, and that official despatch—that we cannot think of passing on to any thing else till we have selected another specimen both of the author's manner and of his materials; and the following remarks, for their good sense and right feeling, as well as for the historical value of the document which they precede, seem as deserving of insertion as any:—

'There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have become part of the national belief: they may have been hastily or superficially assumed—they may be proved, by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous; but they are fondly clung to—screwed and dovetailed into the mind of the people—and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the "bloody Mary." The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one; yet, having examined the point with some care, let me say, for myself, that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic church; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Fox, Strype, Curte, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. The few unpublished letters of hers which I have met with are simple, unaffected, and kind-hearted; forming, in this respect, a remarkable contrast to those of Elizabeth, which are often inflated, obscure, and pedantic. The distinguishing epithets by which the two sisters are commonly known, the "bloody Mary" and the "good Queen Bess," have evidently a reference to their times, yet we constantly employ them individually.

'These observations apply, however, more to Mary the princess than Mary the queen. After her marriage

with Philip, we can trace a gradual change in her feelings and public conduct. Her devoted attachment to Philip, and the cold neglect with which he treated her, could not fail to tell upon a kind and ardent heart; blighted hope and unrequited affection will change the best dispositions; and she, whose youthful years had undoubtedly given a good promise, became disgusted with the world, suspicious, gloomy, and resentful. The subsequent cruelties of her reign were deplorable; yet it is but fair to ascribe much of them rather to her ministers than to herself; she believed it to be a point of her religion to submit her judgment to the spiritual dictation of Pole, Gardiner, and Bonner; and they burnt men upon principle. This was a miserable mistake—bigotry in its worst sense; but we can imagine it existing in a mind rather distorted and misled, than callously cruel. No one ever accused Cranmer of cruelty; yet he insisted on burning Joan of Kent. These remarks, the reader who wishes to judge for himself, should follow up by studying Sir Frederick Madden's minute and interesting memoir of Mary, prefixed to the volume of her privy purse expenses. The following letter from her when princess, addressed to the Duchess of Somerset, her "good Nan," exhibits her in an amiable light, interceding for two poor servants who were formerly attached to the household of her mother, and who had fallen into poverty:—

To My Lady of Somerset.

'My good Gossip,—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids; and, as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompense for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath.

'Wherefore, I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city.

'And thus, my good Nan, I trouble you both with myself and all mine, thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore, once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my brother's wardrobe of the beds, from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor if all the rooms be not filled, and, if they be, to have the next reversion; in the obtaining whereof, in mine opinion, you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health, and us shortly to meet, to his pleasure.

'From St. John's, this Sunday at afternoon, being the 24th of April.

'Your loving friend during my life,

—vol. i. p. 48.

'MARYE.'

This 'good Nan,' the gossip of the Queen, was

Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, 'a lady,' as Lloyd says, 'of high mind and haughty, undaunted spirit.' As the protector's wife, she chose to hold her head higher than the queen-dowager, who had married his brother the admiral. 'Very great,' says the same quaint writer, 'were the animosities betwixt their wives, the duchess refusing to bear the queen's train, and, in effect, justled her for precedence; so that, what between the train of the queen and long gown of the duchess, they raised so much dust at court as at last put out the eyes of both their husbands.'

On the second period (1549 to 1553) we must not enter. It embraces the triumph of the lofty and towering Warwick, soon after the Duke of Northumberland, over the protector Somerset—the trials and deaths of both these great men—and the character of the young king, which comes out more harsh, and cold, and levelling, than we looked for. It may be a matter of question, from a few glimpses we get in these letters, whether the early death of Edward did not save the Church of England from some severe blows; but we have no room for extracts, and must be contented with pointing out these new materials to the future historian of the period. One passage in a letter of Sir Richard Morysine contains a graphic portrait of Charles V. (vol. ii. p. 135). The emperor sitting 'at his ease without a carpet or anything else upon it, saving his cloak, his brush, his spectacles, and his tooth-pick;' the courtesy with which he received Edward's letter, 'putting hand to his bonnet and uncovering the upper part of his head;' the impediment in his speech, 'his nether lip being in two places broken out, and he forced to keep a green leaf within his mouth at his tongue's end;' we are pleased with these minute touches when connected with so great a man. 'He hath a face,' says Morysine, 'unwont to disclose any hid affection of his heart, as any face that ever I met with in all my life; his eyes only do betray as much as can be picked out of him. He maketh me oft think of Solomon's saying, *a king's heart is unsearchable*,—there is in him almost nothing that speaks besides his tongue.'

The third and last section embracing, as it does, the whole of Mary's reign, is perhaps the least satisfactory of the three. This, however, is to be attributed solely to its shortness: for it discloses many curious documents; of which by no means the least important are the letters of Simon Renard, Charles V.'s ambassador at the English court. We obtain from it a few hints relative to Elizabeth's connection with Wyatt's conspiracy; and referring the reader to the papers themselves for particulars, shall content ourselves with transcribing Mr. Tytler's brief summary, which seems to embody the substance of all that has hitherto been disclosed on that obscure point of history.

'These letters of Renard tell their own story, and follow each other at such brief intervals that any comment is unnecessary. If I do not overrate them, they add many new and important facts to the history of this period, on which Noailles' despatches have hitherto been the great authority; a slight glance at them will convince the critical reader how differently the same facts appear in Noailles' pages and in Renard's narrative. Both ambassadors undoubtedly had their bias, the one for, the other against, Mary:

and, between the two, we are likely to arrive at something like the truth. As to one point, Elizabeth's connexion with Wyatt's plot, I confess, Renard's letters leave on my mind little doubt of her knowledge of the designs of the conspirators in her favour. That she directly encouraged them there is no direct proof; and, if Wyatt wrote to her, and the Lord Russel delivered his letter, she could not help it. It may be said, concealment was equivalent to indirect encouragement; but we can imagine her shrinking from becoming an informer, and yet disapproving of the enterprise.'—vol. ii. p. 421.

Queen Mary's knight (Sir Frederick Madden) is more chivalric than her esquire (our author;) for the former maintains that personal beauty was superadded to all her other good qualities,—a cause in which the latter refuses to do battle: but the esquire's opinion is sustained by all the authentic portraits, of which one is engraved for his second volume—though we wish he had rather obtained the use of that which was taken by the French from the Madrid Gallery, and which is now in Lord Ashburton's possession. One document now disinterred contains a refutation of the commonly received opinion of her severity towards her sister, at the time of Wyatt's rebellion. A narrative in Fox has furnished all our historians, from Strype to Turner, with materials for an invective against Mary. That writer states, that on the day after the rising, the Queen sent three of her council to Ashridge with a troop of horse, to bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, '*quick or dead*;' and he has embellished his account of the journey, and of the mode in which the messengers performed their errand, with sundry touches of cruelty which render the whole story revolting. Mr. Tytler publishes the original report of the commissioners, describing their interview with Elizabeth, and entering into full details of their conduct: from which it is proved that Fox's narrative is completely erroneous. Another source of misapprehension, which had led some of our historians into error respecting Mary's feelings towards her sister, is also here pointed out (vol. ii. p. 429.) Her responsibilities are heavy enough, without needing that any unfounded calumnies should be laid to her charge.

There were two rare qualities united in Queen Mary's character; she was determined in council, resolute and bold in action: but when she had accomplished her purpose, she was, Mr. Tytler thinks, as mild as was consistent with her personal safety. The letters of Renard show, that Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was deeply implicated in Wyatt's rebellion, and in the eye of the law he was worthy of death; yet Mary not only pardoned him, but treated him with much kindness, and sent him to travel for his improvement (vol. ii. p. 471.) Mr. Tytler gives a touching letter addressed to the Earl by his mother (p. 473,) and another more curious, but less interesting, from the Earl to the Queen herself (p. 494.) More illustrations of Mary's merciful disposition might be quoted.

One of her most unpopular acts was her match with the Spanish Prince; and we extract a description of Mary's behaviour with reference to her approaching marriage, as given in one of the somewhat lengthy despatches of Renard to Philip's imperial father:—

'On the following Tuesday at three o'clock, the Earl of Pembroke and the Admiral came to bring us to the Queen and her Council; here, in a chamber where was the blessed Host, the ratifications of her Majesty and his Highness were delivered, and the oaths taken by both the one party and the other: but, before this, the Queen fell on her knees, and called God to witness that this marriage was not in her the result of any carnal affection; that it did not originate in ambition, or any motive except the good of her kingdom, and the repose and tranquility of her subjects; that in truth, her single intention in all she did, was to prove faithful to the marriage and oath which she had already made to the crown; expressing this with so much grace, that those who stood round were in tears. . . . After this, her Majesty, as she had already done, dropped upon her knees, and requested us to join our prayers with hers, that God would be pleased to give her his grace to fulfil the treaty which she had sworn, and that He would make the marriage fortunate. Upon which, the Count Egmont presented to her the ring which your Majesty has sent, and which she showed to all the company (and assuredly, Sir, the jewel is a precious one, and well worth looking at.) After this we took our leave, first enquiring whether her Majesty had any commands for his Highness; to whom she begged to send her most affectionate regards, begging us to assure him that for her part, as long as she lived, she would by all dutiful obedience endeavour to vie with him in mutual love and good offices: she added that, as his Highness had not yet written to her, she deferred writing to him till he began the correspondence.'—vol. ii. pp. 326, 328.

We cannot find room for a description of the marriage, but must refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 430. He will also be interested with the new proof adduced by Mr. Tytler of the extent to which the unhappy Queen indulged the delusion she was about to become a mother. There exists in the State Paper Office an original letter addressed to Cardinal Pole, and signed by Philip and Mary, wherein the wished-for event is mentioned as having already occurred: 'God has been pleased, amongst his other benefits, to add the gladdening of us with the happy delivery of a Prince.'—(p. 469.) The anxiety of Charles V. on the subject is strikingly illustrated in a letter from Sir John Mason, p. 470. But we must restrict ourselves to some one definite object.

Deeply impressed with the historical importance which attaches to the name of Cecil, Mr. Tytler has lost no opportunity of directing attention to him in the course of these two volumes, which embracing that portion of his life, concerning which least of all is known, contain much that is new about this great minister. His biographers, dazzled by the lustre of his acts and high station under Elizabeth, invariably slur over the two preceding reigns; contenting themselves with vague assertions or unsupported conjectures. Let us attempt, with Mr. Tytler's help, to supply this defect. Cecil was born, as he himself informs us in one of his little memorandum-books, preserved in the British Museum, on the 13th of September, 1520.

'His grandfather,' says Mr. Tytler, 'David Cecil, Esq., was water-bailiff to Henry the Eighth, and one of the King's serjeants-at-arms. His father

was Richard Cecil, Esq., yeoman of the wardrobe. From these facts we may infer that he was descended from an honest and respectable, rather than from a "very ancient and honourable house," as his biographers have so often repeated. He belonged, I think, to the gentry of the country. The heralds, it is true, in the palmy days of Burleigh, got up for him a handsome descent from William Sitsilt, an intimate friend of William Rufus, in the year 1091; which pedigree (with reverence be it spoken) is said to be drawn by Camden; yet so much doubt hangs over the effusions of Rouge Dragons and Clarendieux's, when working for prime ministers, that, till the proofs are produced, we may be allowed to hesitate.—vol. i. p. 71.

We may indeed. But Mr. Tytler should here have mentioned Cecil's mother,—Jane Hickington, the daughter and heiress of a Lincolnshire gentleman, William Hickington, of Bourne. It was she who brought Burleigh, then a small property, into the family. She lived to a great age, to see her son prime minister, and to keep (as her letters and other papers show) a very strict and severe scrutiny over the farming and planting operations of the great Statesman, who in her lifetime managed Burleigh for her. There is a curious portrait of her at Hatfield, exceeding grim and plain, but with an expression of strong sense. Such were Cecil's ancestors; nor does there seem to be the remotest proof that he had any claim to the genealogical honours of the house of Sitsilt; neither do we remember, amid all the orthographical vagaries which his name admits of, ever having seen it blundered into *Sitsilt* by any one of the family. It was alternately Cyssell, Cysyll, Cissell, Cecyll: and various persons addressing the minister, contrived, by a little gratuitous exercise of ingenuity, to torture the sibilants into combinations yet more uncouth and eccentric. He himself invariably spelt his name *Cecil*.

This great man, who has illustrated a long and honoured posterity, may well dispense with ancestral glories. Still, however, his progenitors can be shown to have been 'respectable.' In a bitter attack upon him which came from abroad, it is said his grandfather kept the best inn at Stamford, and the writer ridicules his quartering lions in his coat, when a couple of fat capons would have been more appropriate. The greater part of this piece is, no doubt, a mere lying libel; but it is curious enough that in the will of David Cecil, he leaves to his son Richard, Burleigh's father, 'all the title and interest that he has or may have in the *Taberd* at Stamford.' That David, therefore, had something to do with this inn is clear: it is possible that his ancestors may have had a nearer connexion with it; but he could, we think, have had none but one of property. He styles himself, in his will, 'of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, Esquire;' and in those days *Esquire* meant something. In the British Museum are preserved many of his letters: they prove that he was patronized by Cromwell, the able but unscrupulous minister of Henry VIII., and seem the production of a worthy man, and of one possessing considerable local authority and importance. He evidently lived 'in something like affluence; but from his enumeration of the effects which he bequeathed to his wife, and to his sons Richard and David, his property seems to have consisted mostly of farming

stock and feather beds. He mentions no large sums of money; and Richard, as he inherited little, so had he little to bestow.

Burleigh himself, having received the rudiments of education at Grantham and at Stamford, at the age of fourteen was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; where he is said to have made extraordinary progress; his diligence being so great, that, according to the story preserved by one of the gentlemen of his household, 'he hired the bell-ringer to call him up at four of the clock every morning;'—an anecdote which the 'seminary priests afterwards turned into an assertion that he was hired as the bell-ringer's boy. This over-application impaired his health, and is supposed to have laid the foundation of that malady, to which, in his old age he became a martyr. He had, no doubt, something of the stimulus of the grand 'Magister Artium.' It is recorded by a contemporary, and evidently a partial writer, that 'one Medcalf, then master of that house (St. John's) seeing his diligence and towardness, would often give him money to encourage him;' and Cecil himself in after years declared that his 'bringing up' had been '*mean*.'—Vol. i. p. 430.

'We know from his Journal,' says Mr. Tytler, 'that, on the 6th of May, 1541, when twenty-one years of age, he came to the inns of court. His marriage to a sister of Sir John Cheeke took place in August, 1541, and this seems to me to have been the first thing that brought him into notice; for, Cheeke being appointed tutor to Prince Edward in 1544, he must have had opportunities of befriending his brother-in-law: and yet I suspect he did not even then desert the law, and come to court. The exact year when he did so has not yet been pointed out by any of his biographers, and his Journal is silent.'—vol. i. p. 72.

The traditional account of Cecil's obtaining the notice of Henry VIII., by confuting O'Neill's two chaplains in a Latin argument on the supremacy question, is very vague; but true or false, it is fair to infer from such a report, that he gave early evidence of that understanding and judgment for which he became afterwards so remarkable.

The conjecture respecting the circumstance which first swelled Cecil's sail with the gales of court favor is probably correct. Sir John Cheeke, as tutor to the young king, must have possessed considerable influence at court, though he was a person of inconsiderable origin. Baker says,—'Cheeke's mother sold wine in St. Mary's parish, in Cambridge, in which quality she may be met with upon the college books.' By this marriage Cecil had one son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter; and the next point deserving of notice in his history has been first distinctly pointed out by Mr. Tytler; viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, 'he managed the whole correspondence of the Protector Somerset, probably in the capacity of his private secretary.' (vol. i. p. 73.) This was in 1547, at which time we may begin to regard Sir William Cecil in the light of a public man—though the statement that he was master of requests in that year is inaccurate; he was not appointed to this office till much later.

The period, therefore, when he entered on his public career was precisely that interesting epoch with which the volumes before us commence. Somerset,

the lord protector of the kingdom, at that time in the zenith of power, was his friend and patron; Cecil accompanied the duke on his great Scottish expedition in 1547, at the battle of Pinkey (10th September); and he narrowly escaped being killed by a cannon-shot. In the following February (1547-8) the protector speaks of him in such terms as seem to show that he managed much of his correspondence (vol. i. p. 75); and this very well agrees with an entry in Cecil's Latin diary, which has misled the biographers. Under the year 1548, he says, '*Mense Septemb. cooptatus sum in officium secretarii*,'—meaning of private secretary to the protector. Accordingly, Sir Walter Mildmay and others, addressing him in that year, style him 'Secretary to my lord protector's Grace.'

Perhaps there never was a period of history more trying to a statesman than that when Cecil commenced his career. It was a fiery furnace wherein pure faith and honesty proved fatal to their possessors, and the baser qualities stood a man in better stead. He was most fortunate who could most skillfully steer his barque amid the conflicting currents in the great ocean of politics; for to resign oneself to the influence of any one of these, and to become involved in utter ruin, were the same thing. The recollection of Cecil's subsequent greatness suggests some investigation of his conduct during this extraordinary period; and first,—What befel him when Somerset was hurled from place and power in 1549? When the Duke was deserted by his former friends and colleagues—openly denounced as an enemy by the council, who till that hour had done his bidding, Cecil was one of the very few who clung to him. Cranmer, Paget, Smith, and he, were almost the only friends who remained with the Protector at Windsor at that memorable moment when the imperious Warwick was summoning him 'to withdraw himself from the king's majesty, disperse the force which he had levied, and be content to be ordered according to justice and reason.' Of these, Cranmer and Paget proved false to him, but Smith and Cecil shared his imprisonment. '*Mense Novembris, 20 30 E. 6, fui in Turri*,' says Cecil: a statement which has puzzled Mr. Tytler (vol. i. pp. 245 and 274), but we think without reason. The Duke and Smith were committed to the Tower on the 13th of October, how then, says our author, did it happen that Cecil did not follow them thither till the following month? We reply, first, that Cecil's *having been* in the Tower in November is no proof that he was not sent there in October; and secondly, that as Mr. Tytler has himself remarked (vol. i. p. 76) Cecil's diary is evidently the work of a later period of his life; and therefore its minuta statements are not to be relied on. The inconveniences attending a residence in the Tower during the nipping month of November probably made the strong impression upon his memory.

Mr. Tytler has shown that Cecil obtained his liberty 25th January, 1549-50 (vol. i. p. 274.) The fact is interesting; but still more interesting and extraordinary is the fact that, on his release, he possessed the regard not only of Somerset but also of Warwick. That he should have been obliged to sacrifice the duke's friendship in order to obtain a share of the earl's confidence seems only natural; but Mr. Tytler appears to think that he did not *then* do so (vol. i. pp. 276-7.) Warwick must have been deeply

impressed with Cecil's merit and value: Cecil, who was now twenty-nine, pursued the path which it is probable that, under similar circumstances, most men would have pursued; and the consequence of his adherence to Warwick was his promotion to the secretaryship on the 5th of September, 1550.

In 1551, the memorable year of Somerset's second and final fall, our author again directs attention to Cecil's conduct. Edward VI. states in his journal, that when 'the duke sent for the Secretary Cecil to tell him he suspected some ill, Mr. Cecil answered, that if he were not guilty, he might be of good courage; if he were, he had nothing to say, but to lament him: whereupon the duke sent him a letter of defiance;' and on this reply, 'so cold, measured, and unkind,' Mr. Tytler proceeds to pass some severe comments: but let us look a little into this. Surely before we condemn him for having turned his back upon his friend and first patron in the hour of adversity, it is necessary to examine scrupulously on *what* the charge rests: now the only evidence is the young king's journal, and 'there cannot be a doubt, I think,' says Mr. Tytler himself, 'that the narrative of Edward was the story told him by Northumberland' (vol. ii. p. 60.) It is proper to remember that Cecil was now a man of considerable personal standing—that he *had* to make his choice between two ambitious chiefs—that it is quite possible he sincerely disapproved of Somerset's, and approved, as far as he then understood them, of Northumberland's views—and, finally, that *much* would depend on the language and manner in which he communicated with Somerset on the occasion; as to which we have no evidence at all. In October, 1551, he was knighted; and Pickering wrote from Paris, congratulating him on having been 'found undefiled with the Duke's folly.' Northumberland and he lived apparently on terms of great intimacy and friendship, as Mr. Tytler shows from a curious letter in which the Duke assures him that he will not fail to visit his father, in his progress through Lincolnshire, were it only 'to drink a cup of wine with him at the door; for I will not trouble no friend's house of mine otherwise in this journey,' says the magnificent Northumberland, 'my train is so great, and will be, whether I will or not' (vol. ii. p. 111.) 'It must have gratified old Richard Cecil,' observes Mr. Tytler, 'to see the boy who had left his roof with no such bright prospects, return to it secretary of state, and friend and confidant of the first man in the realm. But had he known the cares and dangers of the office, he would have hesitated to change his own cloth of frieze for his son's cloth of gold.' Cecil seems to have deeply felt the restraint to which Northumberland's imperious temper subjected him. In a remarkable entry in his private diary, he describes himself as having no will of his own under Edward, and as only recovering the rights of a free agent by the death of the young king—'*Libertatem adeptus sum, morte Regis; et ex misero aulico factus liber et mei juris*.'

We must find room for another extract.

Cecil's desertion of Somerset, and his devotedness to Northumberland, brought him to the brink of a precipice. The moment of trial was now come, and it is curious to trace him under it; yet let us do it with every allowance. The times were dreadful, and, in the vocabulary of statesmen, to lose your place and to lose your head were then almost convertible terms.

On his first suspicion of the desperate game which Northumberland was playing, Cecil appears to have adopted an expedient not uncommon in those days with councillors who wished to get rid of a dangerous question. He became very sick, and absented himself from court. This, at least, is Strype's conjecture, and there is every reason to believe it correct. Many of his friends, however, thought him really ill, and amongst these, Lord Audley, who loved and studied the healing art, undertook his cure, as appears by the following humorous recipe and epistle. 'Cecil's disease was deeper fixed than to be cured by soup formed from the distillation of a sow-pig boiled with cinnamon and raisins, or a compost of a porpin or hedgehog stewed in red wine and rosewater. It was Northumberland's plot that troubled his digestion.'—vol. ii. p. 171.

It must be unnecessary to do more than remind the reader of the daring scheme of the last-named ambitious peer to divert the succession into his own family, and of the reluctance of the council to comply with his wishes. Cecil was as loth as the rest to affix his signature to the king's will, and at first was so fearful of becoming implicated in any of Northumberland's proceedings, that he, as we have seen, absented himself from the council on the plea of sickness. This was from the 22nd April to the 2nd June, 1553, at which time Lord Audley prescribed his hedgehog soup. His signature, however, in common with that of the rest of the council, was obtained by Northumberland, and he was thus made accessory to an act directly hostile to Queen Mary.

This placed him in a critical position on her accession. Northumberland on the scaffold, and the Roman Catholic party triumphant, were appalling changes. We must content ourselves with a general reference on this subject to the volumes under consideration (pp. 191 to 206), where an extraordinary paper is published in illustration of Cecil's conduct. It is entitled '*A brief Note of my Submission and of my Doings*,' and was presented by himself to the Queen. He endeavours to exculpate himself on the grounds,—1st, of his having acted on compulsion—'I did refuse to subscribe the book, when none of the council did refuse; in what peril I refer it to be considered by them who knew the duke;' 2ndly, of his having participated, to the least possible extent, in the treasonable practices of Northumberland, or rather of his having secretly acted against him, e.g. 'I dissembled the taking of my horse, and the rising of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, and avowed the pardonable lie where it was suspected to my danger.'

All this seems rather shabby; but he was pardoned, though he lost all his places. It is not wonderful that he should seem to have taken little part in public affairs during Mary's reign; though we strongly suspect not so much because he *could* not have acquired a larger share of influence and authority, as because he did not choose to contend for any. But while he shunned all public business, he continued to be the private adviser of Elizabeth. 'Write my commendations in your letters to Mr. Cecil,' said the Princess to Parry, her cofferer, in 1551; 'I am well assured, though I send not daily to him, that he doth not, for all that, daily forget me: say, indeed, I assure myself thereof.' (vol. i. p. 426.) He foresaw that, provided Queen Mary died without issue, a few

short years, could he but be successful in surmounting them in safety, would restore the religion and the government of the country to that footing on which it was the wish of his heart to see them placed. When, therefore, we find him following Paget and Hastings to the court of the emperor for the purpose of conducting to this country Cardinal Pole, we feel less inclined to believe, with Mr. Tytler, that he 'cultivated with assiduity the friendship of Cardinal Pole, the great man of the day, to whom Mary gave her chief confidence' (vol. ii. p. 475), than to suspect that Cecil absented himself as a measure of precaution; too happy to be out of the way of those trials to which all Protestants (especially such as had enjoyed favour in the preceding reign) were exposed. Cecil's name does not occur in the instructions with which Paget and Hastings were furnished (vol. ii. p. 445), and he does not appear to have attended them in an official capacity; if he did, it must have been in a very subordinate one. It seems tolerably certain, however, that with his characteristic sagacity, Cecil did attach himself in some degree to Cardinal Pole. 'The Cardinal,' says Burnet, 'was a man of a generous and good disposition, but knew how jealous the court of Rome would be of him if he seemed to favour heretics, therefore he expressed great detestation of them. Nor did he converse much with any that had been of that party but the late Secretary Cecil, who, though he lived for the most part privately at his house near Stamford, where he afterwards built a sumptuous house, and was known to favour the Reformation still in his heart, yet in many things he complied with the time, and came to have more of his confidence than any Englishman.'

The question in how far Cecil conformed to the popish church after his return to England is one with which his biographers have coquetted. There is in the State Paper office a document illustrative of this subject, from which Mr. Tytler prints a few extracts. It gives 'the names of them that dwelleth in the parish of Wimbleton, that was confessed, and received the sacrament of the altar,' at Easter, 1556: the first three persons being 'my master Sir William Cecil, my lady Mildred his wife, and Thomas Cecil [his son]' (vol. ii. p. 443: from which, viewed in connexion with other documents cited by Mr. Tytler, the fact that Sir William Cecil conformed to the full extent during Queen Mary's reign may be considered as established. He confessed, attended mass with his wife, and brought up his son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. 'The paper to which Mr. Tytler has called attention was apparently in the hands of Dr. Nares before him; yet could it extort from the latter nothing beyond the general admission,—Of Sir William Cecil's conformity, to a certain extent, there can be no doubt.' (*Life*, vol. i. p. 673.) Sir William Cecil's conformity was exactly what he found necessary to his personal security.

A more pleasing feature, which comes prominently forward during this reign, was his strong attachment to country occupations,—his love of his farm—of his garden—of planting and horticulture. In the pocket-book which he carried with him into the Low Countries, when he accompanied Paget, we meet with no ambitious memoranda—no hints for government or statistical collections—but a method of cultivating the willow is carefully set down, dated from Menen.

This taste seems to have acquired strength as he advanced in years. 'His temperate mind ever tempered all his actions,' says a temporary biographer;—'If he might ride privatlie in his garden upon his little muile, or lye a day or two at his little lodge at Theobalds, retyred from business or too much company, he thought it his greatest happiness and onlie greataess. As to his books, they were so pleasing to him, as when he got liberty from the Queen to go unto his country house to take the ayre, if he found but a book worth the opening, he would rather lose his riding than his reading; and yet, riding in his garden and walks upon his little muile, was his greatest disport.' If the reader ever dreamed away a happy hour in the picture-gallery of the Bodleian, he will not require to be reminded that he has *seen* Burleigh pursuing his favourite recreation.

It would be an endless task to collect all the curious evidences of the extent to which Cecil indulged this passion for his garden and his library; but particularly for his garden. Allusions to it occur in the official correspondence of many of our ambassadors, and some high dignitaries in church and state at home testified their solicitude to gratify the minister in this particular by many an interesting postscript, and indeed often by entire letters. But, above all, we have abundance of Cecil's correspondence with his own stewards and servants; where, amid the most miscellaneous notices relating to the building of his house, the state of his farms, &c. &c., such passages as the following are of perpetual recurrence:—'Sir, I have sent to Burleigh seven pear-tree stocks and six apple-tree stocks to graft in; and if I can find any more I will send them thither.' This was written by Sir James Hurst, the vicar of Essenden. Another passage from a letter of another vicar and steward, Sir John Abraham (Lansdowne MSS., 3, 75,) is worth inserting. At the time it was written, Cecil was busied enclosing his ground with quickset. 'When your swans,' says Sir John, 'are fat, I shall, as I may, sell one of them. Your Jennet is, and shall be, both favoured and foddered as well as we can do it. I beseech you let us have either the grey or bay mare to draw, whereof we have much need, and she not worse a pin. The hop yard was dressed above three weeks ago, and the holes in the orchard dug ready for fruit trees, but none came to be set but two dozen of crab-tree stocks. The 19th of this month were your sheep drawn and numbered. There was of young wethers seventeen, one ram, lambs with tithe lambs five score and four, ewes five score.' So wrote Sir John Abraham on the 22nd November, 1557. Gerhard the author of the well-known Herbal, was for twenty years Cecil's gardener.

It was in pleasures and concerns such as these that the secretary sought relief from the overwhelming cares of such a weight of business as, perhaps, never before or since fell to the share of a single officer of the state. Well might it be said of him by one of his household, 'I myself, as an eye-witness, can testify that I never saw him half an hour idle in four-and-twenty years together;' for through his hands, as well as through his head, every transaction involving in any degree the interests of the nation seems to have passed. He was far, indeed, from being of Choiseul's opinion,—to wit, that there is ink enough in a premier's standish if there be 'de quel signer son nom.' Was an ambassador to be

despatched to some foreign court,—the rough draft of his instructions is found in Cecil's handwriting; was any negociation pending, any treaty contemplated,—the arguments *pro* and *con* will be found drawn up by the same vigilant, unwearied pen, and the question, in private, decided by him alone. His endorsement is seen on most of the despatches of our statesmen, as well as on most of those letters which he daily received from the spies and emissaries which the dangerous complexion of the times and the want of newspapers rendered it indispensable to have distributed over England, Scotland, and the continent. In addition to his business in the council, he is said to have daily received never less than twenty or thirty letters containing domestic intelligence, and, during term time, from sixty to a hundred petitions. 'Indeed, he left himself scarce time for sleep, or meals, or leisure to go to bed,' says his domestic:—'It was notable to see his continual agitation both of body and mind. He was ever more weary of a little idleness than of great labour. When he went to bed and slept not, he was either meditating or reading; and was heard to say that he penetrated further into the depths of causes, and found out more resolutions of dubious points in his bed, than when he was up.' In vain, therefore, did he exclaim at night, when he put off his gown, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer!'

To read his private journals, (of which several have been preserved,) one would seriously doubt whether, instead of the memoranda of a prime minister, we had not stumbled on those of some ancient and very methodical housekeeper,—or at best, the precise steward of some small property. The wages of servants—the allowances or little perquisites to the miller, brewer, butcher, cook, &c., are all prescribed in his own hand. Thus, beside the miller's name, Burleigh writes, 'He shall have but three hens and one cock;' opposite the butcher's, the Atlas of the state indites, 'Of cattle-socking he shall have but the head, offal, and the skin.' We have notices of his minutest domestic arrangements; he tells us, for instance, that his Sunday dinner consisted of 'brawn and mustard, beef boiled, veal or pig, or such roast, roast capon, or some baked meat,' &c. Then we are treated with an inventory of his wardrobe; for which some excuse might perhaps be made, for

"Without black velvet breeches what is man?"

But how shall we picture to ourselves the care-worn statesman at Wimbledon, finding time and inclination ever and anon to weigh himself, his wife, children and servants, and gravely recording the result of the experiments in his memorandum-book?

While speaking of such small traits, we may notice one which we never remember to have seen pointed out, viz. that Cecil's handwriting was invariably excellent. He seems to have been gifted with a calm self-possession, which, even in moments of most pressure, never deserted him. Another peculiarity was his habit of preserving every thing in the shape of a written paper which came into his hands; and this is deserving of notice, because to this we are indebted for much of the accurate information we possess concerning Queen Elizabeth's reign. No one who considers his papers attentively will doubt for an instant that his intention was to have destroy-

ed a large proportion of them, which, owing to their immense variety and extent, it is not difficult to understand that he never lived to accomplish. We have sometimes been much struck with this last-named feature of Cecil's mind; how does it happen that he became re-possessed of so vast a number of his own letters; and, above all, how is that the rough drafts of letters addressed to him—by his son's tutor, for example—came into his hands? There can be no question that he procured the surrender into his keeping of all the documents which in any way concerned himself, his family, or his affairs, as well as of a vast number with which he had no concern at all. His love of pedigrees must not be ranked among the minor features of his character; for, from his country-visitation books it was that he derived that intimate knowledge of the interests and alliances of private families, which he was enabled to turn to such good account on so many occasions.

But it is time to close this sketch, with an allusion to the sincere piety which seems to have influenced Cecil throughout the greater part at least of his life. The earnestness with which he looked upward for support amid his trials, as well as his habitual reference of every blessing to the source of all good, have been dwelt upon at considerable length by his contemporary biographer. In this practice we shall find the best explanation of the same writer's assertions respecting the calmness with which he received the most unfavourable, as well as the most agreeable intelligence—"never moved with passion in either case; and it was worthily noted of him that his courage never failed, as in times of greatest danger he ever spake most cheerfully, and executed things most readily, when others seemed full of doubt or dread. And when some did often talk fearfully of the greatness of our enemies, and of their power and possibility to harm us, he would ever answer, '*They shall do no more than God will let them.*'"

Before we close this paper we must say a word on what appears to us a most ridiculous matter. It is stated by Mr. Tytler, in his preface, that by far the largest portion of these original letters were, by permission of Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, selected from the invaluable stores of the State Paper Office; but we have heard, with some surprise, a report that Lord John, shortly before he transferred himself from the Home Office to the Colonial, in deference to the remonstrances of certain royal commissioners for the publication of State papers, was prevailed on to interdict any continuation of this work. The plea upon which this very unusual step has been taken is, it is said, an alleged alarm that Mr. Tytler's labours may interfere with the large quarto volumes of State Papers now in progress of publication by these commissioners. But surely it requires only a cursory glance at the vast plan of these gentlemen, as detailed in their preface, and as contrasted with the object and execution of Mr. Tytler's volumes, to be convinced how perfectly groundless are all such terrors. To bring before the reader the gigantic undertaking of government, it need only be mentioned that, although these commissioners have already published five or six volumes, each containing about nine hundred pages, in illustration of the reign of Henry VIII., not more than one fourth, or at most one third, of the papers relating to that one reign have been hitherto printed by

them; that the papers of a later period increase so enormously in numerical extent, that fifty volumes, at least would be required to embrace, on their plan, the annals of Elizabeth; and that the materials for history swell out in such an enormous ratio throughout all succeeding reigns, that it becomes absolutely impossible to say where the labour of publication would end. Next, it must be stated that the volumes in question were originally published at three guineas each, so that it was contemplated that a person, to possess himself of a copy of the State Papers, was to disburse—it cannot be an exaggeration to say—several hundred pounds. No one will deny that it was intended that the State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign should cost about £60; since, to prevent any one from buying a single volume, or at least to prevent any use being made of it when bought, the index has been reserved for the end of the last volume!

Although the price of the volumes has of late been lowered to one guinea, we apprehend that we are not far from the mark in asserting that a complete set on the scale originally projected, would still cost some hundred pounds sterling; and let them cost what they might, the work cannot certainly be meant for the present age—it is obviously meant for posterity, and for a very remote posterity too. No living man must hope to see the State Papers of even Queen Elizabeth's reign; happy if he lives to possess the index to the volumes already published, relating to the history of her father. And all this—cheerless as the prospect is—is on the supposition that the work will be continued. Notwithstanding that the price has been so considerably reduced—a measure, we may be well assured, not of choice, but of stern necessity—the work has no sale; nor was a sale ever to be expected for it. It is, as far as it goes, well and carefully done; we have no fault to find in its execution; but it is not a book to be read; it is a book to be referred to; and of most books of reference it may be truly said, not only that they are to be found in all public libraries, but that they are not to be found anywhere else: while of the volumes hitherto published, it is obvious that their utility as books of reference is almost annihilated by the want of an index. The pains which have been taken to preserve the ancient orthography is also a serious obstacle which they have to contend with; for in point of fact those who have never served an apprenticeship at the British Museum, or elsewhere, cannot decipher a sentence so as to render it intelligible. Scarcely, therefore, does it seem an exaggeration to say of the volumes in question, that they are parts of a work which, in the first place, will never be completed; which, if completed, would never be bought; and lastly, which, if bought, would never be read.

Mr. Tytler has printed, in all, 191 letters; of which about 160 are preserved in the state-paper office: these 160 letters extend over a period of twelve years; viz., from 1547 to 1558. Now, considering the official volumes to contain, on an average, 450 letters each—(the first volume contains 468, and we have not the others at hand to refer to)—it appears that thirty years of Henry VIII.'s reign (for the earliest date is 1517) will claim illustration from about 9000 letters! This comparison must of itself demonstrate how groundless is the assertion, that one of these publications interferes with the other. It would be almost

as just to say that a literary man selecting a few instruments or treatises to illustrate some question of national history, finance, or political economy, was encroaching upon Rymer's *Fœdera*. Moreover, the modernized spelling which Mr. Tytler has adopted—the narrative with which he connects his letters—his criticism—his biographical sketches—and, above all, the protracted disquisition which he brings to bear upon a disputed point—unbroken, occasionally, throughout the space of twenty pages (as in the opening of the second volume, where the fall of Somerset is discussed)—all these features of his work effectually disconnect it from and render it dissimilar to the State-Paper publications;—and they are features, we must say, which we had strongly wished to retrace in a collection respecting the glorious reign of Elizabeth.

We do not comprehend the Commissioners. To anticipate what booksellers call a 'lively sale' for their productions would be about as reasonable as to expect a Treatise on the Cube Root from Lady Stepney—Mr. Sydney Smith to circulate papers for an edition of St. Jerome in a score of folios—or Dr. Pusey to start another 'Book of Beauty' in opposition to Lady Blessington. Their sole ambition in following out their colossal scheme must be to become the means of depositing in each of the principal towns of the United Kingdom, as well as in each of the capitals on the continent, a complete series of most important materials for history. To accomplish this must be the summit of their ambition; and they need dread no collision. General as the love of history undoubtedly is, it is quite obvious that a taste for the study of its original documents is still with the mass of society in its infancy. The public is like a great child: it requires to be led; and it is our deliberate opinion, that so far from interfering with the sale of the official States-papers, a series of volumes, conceived and executed like Mr. Tytler's, would conduce more effectually to promote the objects for which the commission was appointed than any schemes which could be devised for that purpose. The whole of this business appears to us absurd: and we are sure we are only doing Lord John Russell justice when we avow our belief that he never found leisure to bestow personal attention upon its bearings. If Lord Normanby should remain any time in the Home-office, we hope he may some fine morning happen to take up the fancy of overhauling the 'outrage' of these Chartists.

THE JEWS.

The Royal Consistory of Silesia state, that during the period intervening between the years 1820 and 1834, 347 individuals of the Jewish nation were baptised in the Protestant, and 108 in the Roman Catholic Communion; making a total of 455 in fifteen years. In the three following years the baptisms were respectively 30, 27, and 43. A similar official statement from Königsburg exhibits a total of 234 baptisms in twenty-four years; of which 217 were in the Protestant Church, and 17 among the Roman Catholics. Within the space of fifteen years, there have been 1888 Israelites baptised in the Prussian dominions alone.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

PART IV.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna,
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

HOR. CARM. Lib. iii. 49.

WHEN, after his return from Mr. Gammon's chambers, at Thavies' Inn, Titmouse woke at an early hour in the morning, he was labouring under the ordinary effects of unaccustomed inebriety. His mouth and lips were perfectly parched; there was a horrid weight pressing on his aching eyes, and upon his throbbing head. His pillow seemed undulating beneath him, and every thing swimming around him; but when, to crown the whole, he was roused from a momentary nap by the insupportable, the loathed importunities of Mrs. Squallop, that he would just sit up and partake of three thick rounds of hot buttered toast, and a great basin of smoking tea, which would do him so much good, and settle his stomach—at all events, if he'd only have a thimble full of gin in it—poor Titmouse was fairly overcome. He lay in bed all that day, during which he underwent very severe sufferings; and it was not till towards night that he began to have any thing like a distinct recollection of the evening he had spent with Mr. Gammon; who, by the way, had sent one of the clerks during the afternoon, to inquire after him. He did not get out of bed on the Tuesday till past twelve o'clock, when, in a very rickety condition, he made his appearance at the shop of Messrs. Dowlas & Co.; on approaching which he felt a sudden faintness, arising from mingled apprehension and disgust.

"What are you doing here, sir?—You're no longer in my employment, sir," exclaimed Tag-rag, attempting to speak calmly, as he hurried down the shop to meet Titmouse, and planted himself right in the way of his languid and pallid shopman.

"Sir!"—faintly exclaimed Titmouse, with his hat in his hand.

"Very much obliged, sir—very! by the offer of your valuable services," said Tag-rag. "But—that's the way out again, sir—that!—there!—good morning, sir—good morning, sir!—that's the way out"—and he edged on Titmouse, till he had got him fairly into the street—with infinite difficulty restraining himself from giving him a parting kick. Titmouse stood for a moment before the door, trembling and aghast, looking in a bewildered manner at the shop: but Tag-rag again making his appearance, Titmouse slowly walked away and returned to his lodgings. Oh that Mr. Gammon had witnessed the scene—thought he—and so have been satisfied that it had been Tag-rag who had put an end to his service, not he himself who had quitted it!

The next day, about the same hour, Mr. Gammon made his appearance at Messrs. Dowlas & Compa-

ny's, and inquired for Mr. Tag-rag, who presently presented himself—and, recognising Mr. Gammon, who naturally reminded him of Titmouse, changed colour a little.

"What did you please to want, sir?" inquired Mr. Tag-rag, with a would-be resolute air, twirling round his watch-key with some energy.

"Only a few minutes' conversation, sir, if you please," said Mr. Gammon, with such a significant manner as a little disturbed Mr. Tag-rag; who, with an ill-supported sneer, bowed very low, and led the way to his own little room. Having closed the door, he, with an exceedingly civil air, begged Mr. Gammon to be seated; and then occupied the chair opposite to him, and awaited the issue with ill-disguised anxiety.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Tag-rag," commenced Gammon, with his usual elegant and feeling manner, "that any misunderstanding should have arisen between you and Mr. Titmouse."

"You're a lawyer, sir, I suppose?" Mr. Gammon bowed. "Then you must know, sir, that there are always two sides to a quarrel."

"Yes—you are right, Mr. Tag-rag; and, having already heard Mr. Titmouse's version, may I be favoured with your account of your reasons for dismissing him? For he tells us that yesterday you dismissed him suddenly from your employment, without giving him any warn"—

"So I did, sir; and what of that?" inquired Tag-rag, tossing his head with an air of defiance. "Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when a man can't dismiss a drunken, idle, impudent vagabond."

"Do you seriously charge him with being such a character, and can you *prove* your charges, Mr. Tag-rag?" inquired Gammon, gravely.

"Prove 'em! yes, sir, a hundred times over; so will my young men."

"And in a court of justice, Mr. Tag-rag?"

"Oh! he's going to *law*, is he? That's why you're come here—ah, ha! when you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you may get your bill out of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse!—ha, ha, ha!" laughed Tag-rag, hoping thereby to conceal how much he was really startled.

"Well—that's our look-out, Mr. Tag-rag: to Mr. Titmouse, his character is as valuable as Mr. Tag-rag's is to him. In short, he has placed himself in our hands, and we are resolved to go on with the case if it costs us a hundred pounds—we are indeed, Mr. Tag-rag."

"Why—he's not a penny in the world to go to law with!" exclaimed Tag-rag, with an air of mingled wonder and contempt.

"But you forget, Mr. Tag-rag, that if Mr. Titmouse's account should turn out to be correct, it will be your pocket that must pay all the expenses, amounting probably to twenty times the sum which a jury may award to Mr. Titmouse."

"Law, sir!—It's not justice—I hate law—give me common sense and common honesty!"

"Both of them would condemn your conduct, Mr. Tag-rag; for I have heard a full account of what Mr. Titmouse has suffered at your hands—of the cause of your sudden warning to him, and your still more sudden dismissal of yesterday. Oh, Mr. Tag-rag! upon my honour, it won't do—not for a moment—

and should you go on, rely upon what I tell you, that it will cost you dear."

"And suppose, sir," said Tag-rag, in a would-be contemptuous tone—"I should have witnesses to prove all I've said—which of us will look funny then, sir?"

"Which, indeed! However, since that is your humour, I can only assure you that Mr. Titmouse defies you to prove any misconduct on his part. We have taken up his cause, and, as you may perhaps find, we shall not easily let it drop."

"I mean no offence, sir," said Tag-rag, in a mitigated tone; "but I must say, that ever since you came here, Titmouse has been quite another person. He seems not to know who I am, nor to care either—and he's perfectly unbearable."

"My dear sir, what has he *said or done*?—that, you know, is what you must be prepared to prove."

"Well, sir, and which of us is likely to be best off for witnesses?—Think of that, sir,—I've eighteen young men!"

"We shall chance that, sir," replied Gammon, shrugging his shoulders; "but again I ask, what did you dismiss him for? and I request a plain, straightforward answer."

"What did I dismiss him for? Haven't I eyes and ears?—First and foremost, he's the most odious-mannered fellow I ever came near—and—he hadn't a shirt to his back, when I first took him—the ungrateful wretch! Sir, it's not against the law, I suppose, to hate a man;—and if it isn't, how I hate Titmouse!"

"Mr. Tag-rag,"—said Gammon, lowering his voice, and looking very earnestly at his companion—"can I say a word to you in confidence—the strictest confidence?"

"What's it about, sir?" inquired Tag-rag, with an apprehensive air.

"I dare say you may have felt, perhaps, rather surprised at the interest which I—in fact our office, the office of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, in Saffron Hill—appear to have taken in Mr. Titmouse."

"Why, sir, it's *your* look-out to see how you're to be paid for what you're doing,—and I dare say lawyers generally keep a pretty sharp look-out in that direction."

Gammon smiled, and continued—"It may, perhaps, a little surprise you, Mr. Tag-rag, to hear that your present (ought I to say, your *late*?) shopman, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, is at this moment probably the very luckiest man in this kingdom."

"Why—you don't mean to say he's drawn a prize in the lottery?"—exclaimed Tag-rag, pricking up his ears.

"Pho! my dear sir, *that* is a mere trifle compared with the good fortune that has befallen him. He turns out to be the undoubted owner of an estate worth at least ten thousand a-year, besides a great accumulation of ready money."

"Ten thousand a-year, sir!—My Titmouse!—Tittlebat Titmouse!—Ten thousand a-year!" faltered Tag-rag, after a pause.

"I have as little doubt of the fact, as I have that you yesterday turned him out of doors."

"But—who could have dreamt it? How was how was I to know it?"

"That's the fact, however," said Gammon, shrugging his shoulders. Tag-rag wriggled about in his

chair, put his hands in and out of his pockets, scratched his head, and continued staring open-mouthed at the bearer of such astonishing intelligence. "Perhaps all this is meant as a joke, sir,"—said he—"if so—it's—it's—a very"—

"It's one of his solicitors, who were fortunate enough to make the discovery, that tells you. I solemnly assure you of the fact, Mr. Tag-rag. Ten thousand a-year, at the least, is Mr. Titmouse now the real owner of."

"Why, that's two hundred thousand pounds, sir!"—exclaimed Tag-rag, with an awe-struck air.

"At the very least"—

"Lord, Mr. Gammon!—Excuse me, sir, but how did you find it out?"

"Mere accident!—mere accident, sir."

"And does Mr. Titmouse know it?"

"Ever since the day after that on which I called on him here."

"You don't say so!"—Tag-rag continued silent for nearly a minute, evidently amazed beyond all power of expression.

"Well,"—at length he observed—"I will say this—he's the most amiable young gentleman—the very *amiabest* young gentleman I ever—came near. I always thought that there was something uncommon superior-like in his looks."

"Yes—I think he is of rather an amiable turn," observed Gammon, with an expressive smile—"and so intelligent"—

"Intelligent! Mr. Gammon! you should only have known him as I have known him!—Well, to be sure!—Lord! His only fault was, that he was above his business; but when one comes to think of it, how could it be otherwise? From the time I first clapped eyes on him—I—knew he was—a superior article—quite superior—you know what I mean, sir?—He couldn't help it, of course!—To be sure—he never was much liked by the other young men; but that was all jealousy!—all jealousy; I saw that all the while." Here he looked at the door, and added in a very low tone, "Many sleepless nights has their bad treatment of Mr. Titmouse cost me!—Even I, now and then, used to look and speak sharply to him—just to keep him as it were, down to the mark of the others—he was so uncommon handsome, and genteel in his manner, sir. Hang me, if I didn't tell Mrs. Tag-rag the very first day he came to me, that he was a gentleman born—or ought to have been one."

Now, do you suppose, acute reader, that Mr. Tag-rag was insincere in all this? By no means. He spoke the real dictates of his heart, unaware of the sudden change which had taken place in his feelings. It certainly has an ugly look—but it was the *nature of the beast*; his eye suddenly caught a glimpse of the golden calf, and he instinctively fell down and worshipped it. "Well—at all events," said Mr. Gammon, scarcely able to keep a serious expression on his face—"though not a gentleman born, he'll *live* like a gentleman—and spend his money like one, too."

"I—I—dare say—he will!—I wonder how he will get through a quarter of it!—what do you think he'll do, sir?"

"Heaven only knows—he may do just what he likes."

"I declare—I feel as if I shouldn't be quite right again for the rest of the day!—I own to you, sir, that all yesterday and to-day I've been on the point of going to Mr. Titmouse's lodgings to apologize for—*for*—Good gracious me! one can't take it all in at once—Ten thousand a-year!—Many a lord hasn't got more—some not as much, I'll be bound!—Dear me, what will he do!—Well, one thing I'm sure of—he'll never have a truer friend than plain Thomas Tag-rag, though I've not always been a flattering him—I respected him too much!—The many little things I've borne with in Titmouse, that in any one else I'd have—But why didn't he tell me, sir? We should have understood one another in a moment."—Here he paused abruptly; for his breath seemed suddenly taken away, as he reviewed the series of indignities which he had latterly inflicted on Titmouse—the kind of life which that amiable young gentleman had led in his establishment.

Never had the keen Gammon enjoyed any thing more exquisitely than the scene which I have been describing. To a man of his practical sagacity in the affairs of life, and knowledge of human nature, nothing could appear more ludicrously contemptible than the conduct of poor Tag-rag. How differently are the minds of men constituted! How Gammon despised Tag-rag! and how the reader must respect Gammon!

"Now, may I take for granted, Mr. Tag-rag, that we understand each other?" enquired Gammon.

"Yes, sir," replied Tag-rag, meekly. "But do you think Mr. Titmouse will ever forgive or forget the little misunderstanding we've lately had? If I could but explain to him how I have been acting a part towards him—all for his good!"

"You may have opportunities for doing so, if you are really so disposed, Mr. Tag-rag; for I have something seriously to propose to you. Circumstances render it desirable that for some little time this important affair should be kept as quiet as possible; and it is Mr. Titmouse's wish, and ours—as his confidential professional advisers—that for some few months he should continue in your establishment, and apparently in your service as before."

"In my service!—my service!" interrupted Tag-rag, opening his eyes to their utmost. "I shan't know how to behave in my own premises! Have a man with ten thousand a-year behind my counter, sir? I might as well have the Lord Mayor!—Sir, it can't—it can't be. Now, if Mr. Titmouse choose to become a *partner* in the house—ay, there might be something in that—he needn't have any trouble—be only a sleeping partner." Tag-rag warmed with the thought. "Really, sir, that wouldn't be so much amiss—would it!" Gammon assured him that it was out of the question; and gave him some of the reasons for the proposal which he (Mr. Gammon) had been making. While Gammon fancied that Tag-rag was paying profound attention to what he was saying, Tag-rag's thoughts had shot far ahead. He had an only child—a daughter, about twenty years old—Miss Tabitha Tag-rag; and the delightful possibility of her by-and-by becoming Mrs. Titmouse, put her amiable parent into a perspiration. Into the proposal just made by Mr. Gammon he fell with great eagerness, which he attempt-

ed to conceal—for what innumerable opportunities could it not afford him for bringing about the desire of his heart—for throwing the lovely young couple into each other's way, endearing them to each other! Oh, delightful! It really looked almost as if fate had determined that the thing should come to pass! If Mr. Titmouse did not dine with him, Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag, at Satin Lodge, Clapham, on the very next Sunday, it should, Tag-rag resolved, be owing to no fault of *his*.—Mr. Gammon having arranged every thing exactly as he had desired, and having again enjoined Mr. Tag-rag to absolute secrecy, took his departure. Mr. Tag-rag, in his excitement, thrust out his hand, and grasped that of Gammon, which was extended towards him somewhat coldly and reluctantly. Tag-rag attended him with extreme obsequiousness to the door; and on his departure, walked back rapidly to his own room, and sat down for nearly half an hour in deep thought. Abruptly rising at length, he clapped his hat on his head, and saying that he should soon be back, hurried out to call upon his future son-in-law, full of affectionate anxiety concerning his health—and vowing within himself, that thenceforth it should be the study of his life to make his daughter and Titmouse happy! There could be no doubt of the reality of the event just communicated to him by Mr. Gammon; for he was a well-known solicitor, he had had an interview on important business with Titmouse a fortnight ago, which could have been nothing but the prodigious event just communicated to himself. Such things had happened to others—why not to Tittlebat Titmouse? In short, Tag-rag had no doubt on the matter.

He found Titmouse not at home; so he left a most particular civil message, half a dozen times repeated, with Mrs. Squallop—to the effect that he, Mr. Tag-rag, should be only too happy to see Mr. Titmouse at No. 375, Oxford Street, whenever it might suit his convenience; that he was most deeply concerned to hear of Mr. Titmouse's indisposition and anxious to learn from himself that he had recovered, &c., &c.;—all which, together with one or two other little matters, which Mrs. Squallop could not help putting together, satisfied that shrewd lady that “something was in the wind about Mr. Titmouse;” and made her reflect rather anxiously on one or two violent scenes she had had with him, and which she was now ready entirely to forget and forgive. Having thus done all that at present was in his power to forward the thing, the anxious and excited Tag-rag returned to his shop; on entering which, one Lutestring, his principal young man, eagerly apprised him of a claim which he had, as he imagined, only the moment before established to the thanks of Mr. Tag-rag, by having “bundled off, neck and crop, that hodious Titmouse,” who, about five minutes before, had, it seemed, had the “impudence” to present himself at the shop-door, and walk in as if nothing had happened!! [Titmouse had so presented himself, in consequence of a call from Mr. Gammon, immediately after his interview with Tag-rag.]

“You—ordered—Mr. Titmouse—off!!” exclaimed Tag-rag, starting back aghast, and stopping his voluble and officious assistant.

“Of course, sir—after what happened yester”——

“Who authorized, you, Mr. Lutestring?” enquir-

ed Tag-rag, striving to choke down the rage that was rising within him.

“Why, sir, I *really* supposed that”——

“You supposed! You’re a meddling, impertinent, disgusting”—— Suddenly his face was overspread with smiles, as three or four elegantly dressed customers entered, whom he received with profuse obeisances. But when their backs were turned, he directed a lightning look towards Lutestring, and retreated once more to his room, to meditate on the agitating events of the last hour. The extraordinary alteration in Mr. Tag-rag's behaviour was attributed by his shopmen to his having been frightened out of his wits by the threats of Titmouse's lawyer—for such it was clear the stranger was; and more than one of them stored it up in their minds as a useful precedent against some future occasion.

Twice afterwards during the day did Tag-rag call at Titmouse's lodgings—but in vain; and on returning the third time felt not a little disquieted. He determined, however, to call the first thing on the ensuing morning; if he should then fail of seeing Mr. Titmouse, he was resolved to go to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—and besides, address a very affectionate letter to Mr. Titmouse. How totally changed had become all his feelings towards that gentleman within the last few hours! The more Tag-rag reflected on Titmouse's conduct, the more he saw in it to approve of. How steady and regular had he been in his habits! how civil and obliging! how patient of rebuke! how pleasing in his manners to the customers! Surely, surely, thought Tag-rag, Titmouse can't have been four long years in my employ without getting a—sort of a—feeling—of attachment to me—he'd have left long ago if he hadn't! It was true there had now and then been tiffs between them; but who could agree always! Even Mrs. Tag-rag and he, when they were courting, often fell out with one another. Tag-rag was now ready to forget and forgive all—he had never meant any harm to Titmouse. He believed that poor Tittlebat was an orphan, poor soul! alone in the wide world—*now* he would become the prey of designing strangers. Tag-rag did not like the appearance of Gammon. No doubt that person would try and ingratiate himself as much as possible with Titmouse! Then Titmouse was remarkably good-looking. “I wonder what Tabby will think of him when she sees him!” How anxious Tittlebat must be to see her—*his* daughter!—How could Tag-rag make Tittlebat's stay at his premises (for he could not bring himself to believe that on the morrow he could not set all right, and disavow the impudent conduct of Lutestring) agreeable and delightful? He would discharge the first of his young men that did not show Titmouse proper respect. What low lodgings poor Tittlebat lived in! Why could he not take up his quarters at Satin Lodge? They always had a nice spare bedroom. Ah! *that* would be a stroke! How Tabby could endear herself to him! What a number of things Mrs. Tag-rag could do to make him comfortable!

About seven o'clock Tag-rag quitted his premises in Oxford Street, for his country house; and, occupied with these and similar delightful and anxious thoughts and speculations, hurried along Oxford Street on his way to the Clapham stage, without thinking of his umbrella, though it rained fast. When

he had taken his place on the coach-box, beside old Crack, (as he had done almost every night for years,) he was so unusually silent that Crack naturally thought his best passenger was going to become bankrupt, or compound with his creditors, or something of that sort. Mr. Tag-rag could hardly keep his temper at the slow pace old Crack was driving at—just when Tag-rag could have wished to gallop the whole way. Never had he descended with so much briskness, as when the coach at length drew up before the little green gate, which opened on the nice little gravel walk, which led up to the little green wooden porch, which sheltered the slim door which admitted you into Satin Lodge. As Tag-rag stood for a moment wiping his wet shoes upon the mat, he could not help observing, for the first time, by the inward light of ten thousand a-year, how uncommon small the passage was—and thinking that it would never do, when he should be the father-in-law of a man worth ten thousand a-year—he could easily let that house, and take a large one. As he hung his hat upon the peg, the mischievous insolence of Lutestring occurred to him; and he deposited such a prodigious execration upon that gentleman's name, as must have sunk a far more buoyant sinner many fathoms deeper than usual into a certain hot and deep place that shall be nameless.

Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag were sitting in the front parlour, intending to take tea as soon as Mr. Tag-rag should have arrived. It was not a large room, but furnished prettily, according to the taste of the owners. There was only one window, and it had a flaunting white summer curtain. The walls were ornamented with three pictures, in heavily gilt frames, being portraits of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tag-rag; and I do not wish to say more of these pictures, than that in each of them the dress was done with singular exactness and fidelity—the faces seeming to have been painted in, in order to complete the thing. The skinny, little Miss Tag-rag sat at the worn-out, jingling piano forte, playing—oh, horrid and doleful sound!—*The Battle of Prague*. Mrs. Tag-rag, a fat, showily-dressed woman of about fifty, her cap having a prodigious number of artificial flowers in it, sat reading.

"Well, Dolly, how are you to-night?" enquired Tag-rag, with unusual briskness, on entering the room.

"Tolerable, thank you, Tag," replied Mrs. Tag-rag, mournfully, with a sigh, closing the cheerful volume she had been perusing—it having been recommended the preceding Sunday from the pulpit by its pious and gifted author, Mr. Horror, to be read and prayed over every day by every member of his congregation.

"And how are you, Tabby?" said Tag-rag, addressing his daughter. "Come and kiss me, you little slut—come!"

"No, I sha'n't, pa! Do let me go on with my practising"—and twang! twang! went those infernal keys.

"Dy'e hear, Tab? Come and kiss me, you little minx!"

"Really, pa, how provoking—just as I am in the middle of the *Cries of the Wounded*! I sha'n't!—that's flat."

The doating parent could not, however, be denied.

ed; so he stepped to the piano, put his arm round his dutiful daughter's neck, kissed her fondly, and then stood for a moment behind her, admiring her brilliant execution of *The Trumpet of Victory*. Having changed his coat, and put on an old pair of shoes, Tag-rag was comfortable for the evening.

"Tabby plays wonderful well, Dolly, don't she?" said Tag-rag, as the tea things were being brought in, by way of beginning a conversation, while he drew his chair nearer to his wife.

"Ah! I'd a deal rather see her reading something serious—for life is short, Tag, and eternity's long."

"Botheration!—Stuff!—Tut!"

"You may find it out one day, my dear, when its too late!"

"I'll tell you what, Dolly," said Tag-rag, angrily, "you're coming a great deal too much of that sort of thing—my house is getting like a Methodist meeting-house. I can't bear it,—I can't! What the deuce is come to you all in these parts, lately?"

"Ah, Tag-rag," replied his wife, with a sigh, "I can only pray for you—I can do no more!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Tag-rag, with an air of desperate disgust, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and stretching his legs to their utmost extent under the table. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. T.," he added, after a while, "too much of one thing is good for nothing; you may choke a dog with pudding;—I sha'n't renew my sittings at Mr. Horror's."

"Now, pa, do! That's a love of a pa!" interposed Miss Tag-rag, twirling round on her music-stool. "All Clapham's running after him—he's quite the rage! There's the Dugginses, the Pips, the Joneses, the Maggots—and, really, Mr. Horror does preach such dreadful things, it's quite delightful to look round and see all the people with their eyes and mouths wide open—and our's is such a good pew for seeing—and Mr. Horror is such a bee—yeautiful preacher,—isn't he, ma?"

"Yes, love, he is—but, I wish I could see you profit by him, and preparing for death!"

"Why, ma, how can you go on in that ridiculous way? You know I'm not twenty yet!"

"Well, well! Poor Tabby!" here Mrs. Tag-rag's voice faltered—"a day will come, when!"

"Play me the *Devil among the Tailors*, or *Copenhagen Waltz*, or something of that sort, Tabby, or I shall be sick!—I can't bear it!"

"Well!—Oh, my!—I never!—Mr. Tag-rag!" exclaimed his astounded wife.

"Play away, Tab, or I'll go and sit in the kitchen! They're cheerful *there*! The next time I come across Mr. Horror, if I don't give him a bit of my mind,—here he paused, and slapped his hand with much energy upon the table. Mrs. Tag-rag wiped her eyes, sighed, and resumed her book. Miss Tag-rag began to make tea, her papa gradually forgetting his rage, as he fixed his dull grey eyes fondly on the pert skinny countenance of his daughter.

"By the way, Tag," exclaimed Mrs. Tag-rag, suddenly, but in the same mournful tone, addressing her husband, "you haven't of course forgot the lace for my new bonnet?"

"Never once thought of it," replied Tag-rag, doggedly.

"You haven't! Good gracious! what am I to go to chapel in next Sunday!" she exclaimed, with

sudden alarm, closing her book, "and our seat in the very front of the gallery!—bless me! I shall have a hundred eyes on me!"

"Now that you're coming down a bit, and dropped out of the clouds, Dolly," said her husband, much relieved, "I'll tell you a bit of news that will, I fancy, rather"—

"Come! what is it, 'Tag'?" eagerly enquired his wife.

"What should you say of a chance of a certain somebody" (here he looked unutterable things at his daughter) "that shall be nameless, becoming mistress of ten thousand a-year?"

"Why?"—Mrs. Tag-rag changed colour—"has any one fallen in love with 'Tab'?"

"What should you say of our 'Tab' marrying a man with ten thousand a-year? There's for you! Isn't that better than all your religion?"

"Oh 'Tag, don't say that; but"—here she hastily turned down the leaf, of *Groans from the Bottomless Pit*, and tossed that inestimable work upon the sofa "do tell me, love! what are you talking about?"

"What indeed, Dolly!—I'm going to have him here to dinner next Sunday."

Miss Tag-rag having been listening with breathless eagerness to this little colloquy between her prudent and amiable parents, unconscious of what she was about, pouring all the tea into the sugar-basin.

"Have *who*, dear 'Tag'?" enquired Mrs. Tag-rag impatiently.

"Who? why whom but Tittlebat Titmouse!! You've seen him, and heard me speak of him."

"What!—that odious, nasty!"—

"Hush, hush!" involuntarily exclaimed Tag-rag, with an apprehensive air—"That's all past and gone—I was always too hard on him. Well—he's turned up all of a sudden master of ten thousand a-year—He has, indeed—you'll see if he hasn't!"

Mrs. Tag-rag and her daughter sat in speechless wonder.

"Where did he see 'Tab, 'Taggy'?" enquired at length Mrs. Tag-rag.

"Oh—I—why—you see—I don't exactly think *that* signifies so much—He *will* see her next Sunday."

"So then he's positively coming?"

"Y—e—s—I've no doubt."—(I'll discharge Lutestring to-morrow, thought Tag-rag.)

"But aren't we counting our chickens, 'Tag, before they're hatched? If Titmouse is all of a sudden become such a catch, he'll be snapped up in a minute."

"Why, you see, Dolly—we're first in the market, I'm sure of that—his attorney tells me he's to be kept quite snug and quiet under my care for months, and see no one.—So when he once gets sight of 'Tabby, and gets into her company—eh! 'Tab, sweet! you'll do the rest—hem!"

"La, pa! how you go on!" simpered Miss Tag-rag.

"You must do your part, 'Tab," said her father—"we'll do ours.—He'll bite, you may depend on it!"

"What sort of a looking young man is he, dear pa?" enquired Miss Tag-rag, blushing, and her heart fluttering very fast.

"Oh, you must have seen him, sweetest!"—

"How should I ever notice any one of the lots of young men at the shop, pa?—I don't at all know him!"

"Well—he's the handsomest, most genteel-looking fellow I ever came across; he's long been an ornament to my establishment, for his good looks and civil and obliging manners"—

"Dear me," interrupted Mrs. Tag-rag, anxiously addressing her daughter, "I hope, 'Tabby, that Miss Nix will send home your lilac-coloured frock by next Sunday."

"If she don't, ma, I'll take care she never makes any thing more for me."

"We'll call there to-morrow, love, and hurry her on," said her mother; and from that moment until eleven o'clock, when the amiable and interesting trio retired to rest, nothing was talked of but the charming Titmouse, and the good fortune he so richly deserved, and how long the courtship was likely to last. Mrs. Tag-rag, who, for the last month or so, had always remained on her knees before getting into bed, for at least ten minutes, on this eventful evening compressed her prayers, I regret to say, into one minute and a half's time, (as for Tag-rag, a hardened heathen, he always tumbled prayerless into bed, the moment he was undressed;) while, for once in a way, Miss Tag-rag, having taken only half an hour to put her hair into papers, popped into bed directly she had blown the candle out, without saying any prayers—or even thinking of finishing the novel which lay under her pillow, and which she had got on the sly from the circulating library of the late Miss Snooks. For several hours she lay in a delicious reverie, imagining herself become Mrs. Tittlebat Titmouse, riding about Clapham in a handsome carriage, going to the play every night; and what would the three Miss Knipp's say when they heard of it—they'd burst! And such a handsome man, too!

She sunk, at length, into unconsciousness, amidst a soft confusion of glistening white satin—favours—bride's maids—Mrs. Tittlebat Tit—Tit—Tit—Titmouse.

Tittlebat, about half-past nine on the ensuing morning, was sitting in his room in a somewhat dismal humour, musing on many things, and little imagining the intense interest he had excited in the feelings of the amiable occupants of Satin Lodge. A knock at his door startled him out of his reverie. Behold, on opening it, Mr. Tag-rag!

"Your most obedient, sir," commenced that gentleman, in a subdued and obsequious manner, plucking off his hat the instant that he saw Titmouse.

"I hope you're better, sir!—Been very uneasy, sir, about you."

"Please to walk in, sir," replied Titmouse, not a little fluttered—"I'm better, sir, thank you."

"Happy to hear it, sir!—But am also come to offer humble apologies for the rudeness of that upstart that was so rude to you yesterday, at my premises—know whom I mean, eh?—Lutestring—I shall get rid of him, I do think!"—

"Thank you, sir—But—but—when I was in your employ?"—

"Was in my employ?" interrupted Tag-rag, with a sigh—"Its no use trying to hide it any longer! I've all along seen you was a world too good—quite

above your situation in my poor shop? I *may* have been wrong, Mr. Titmouse," he continued, diffidently, as he placed himself on what seemed the only chair in the room—"but I did it all for the best—eh?—don't you understand me, Mr. Titmouse?" Titmouse continued looking on the floor, incredulously and sheepishly.

"Very much obliged, sir—but must say you've rather a funny way of showing it, sir. Look at the sort of life you've led me for this!"

"Ah! knew you'd say so! But I can lay my hand on my heart, Mr. Titmouse, and declare to God—I can, indeed, Mr. Titmouse"—Titmouse preserved a very embarrassing silence—"See I'm out of your good books—But—won't you forget and forgive, Mr. Titmouse? I *meant* well. Nay, I humbly beg forgiveness for every thing you've not liked in me. Can I say more? Come, Mr. Titmouse, you've a noble nature, and I ask forgiveness."

"You—you ought to do it before the whole shop," replied Titmouse, a little relenting—"for they've all seen your goings on."

"Them!—the brutes!—the vulgar fellows! you and I, Mr. Titmouse, are a *little* above them! D'ye think we ought to mind what *servants* say!—Only say the word, and I make a clean sweep of 'em all; you shall have the premises to yourself, Mr. Titmouse, within an hour after any of those chaps shows you disrespect."

"Ah! I don't know—you've used me most uncommon bad—far worse than they have—you've nearly broke my heart, sir! You have!"

"Well, my womankind at home are right, after all! They told me all along I was going the wrong way to work, when I said how I tried to keep your pride down, and prevent you from having your head turned by knowing your good looks. My little girl has said, with tears in her dear eyes—'you'll break his spirit, dear papa—if he's handsome, wasn't it God that made him so?' The little frost-work which Titmouse had thrown around his heart, began to melt like snow under sunbeams. "The women are always right, Mr. Titmouse, and we're always wrong," continued Tag-rag, earnestly, perceiving his advantage. "Upon my soul, I could kick myself for my stupidity, and cruelty too!"

"Ah, I should think so! No one knows what I've suffered! And now that I'm—I suppose you've heard it all, sir!—what's in the wind—and all that?"

"Yes, sir—Mr. Gammon, (that most respectable gentleman,) and I have had a long talk yesterday about you, in which he did certainly tell me every thing—nothing like confidence, Mr. Titmouse, when gentleman meets gentleman, you know. It's really delightful!"

"Isn't it, sir?" eagerly interrupted Titmouse, his eyes glistening with sudden rapture.

"Ah! ten thous—I *must* shake hands with you, my dear Mr. Titmouse;" and for the first time in their lives their hands touched, Tag-rag squeezing that of Titmouse with energetic cordiality; while he added, with a little emotion in his tone—"Thomas Tag-rag may be a plain-spoken and wrong-headed man, but he's a warm heart."

"And did Mr. Gammon tell you *all*, sir? eagerly interrupted Titmouse.

"Every thing—every thing; quite confidential, I assure you, for he saw the interest I felt in you."

"And did he say about my—hem!—eh? my stopping a few weeks longer with you?" enquired Titmouse, chagrin overspreading his features.

"I think he did, Mr. Titmouse! He's bent on it, sir? And so would any true friend of your's be—because you see," here he dropped his voice, and looked very mysteriously at Titmouse—"in short, I quite agree with Mr. Gammon!"

"Do you indeed, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse, with rather an uneasy look.

"I do, i' faith! Why, they'd give thousands and thousands to get you out of the way—and what's money to them? But they must look very sharp that get at you in the premises of Thomas Tag-rag—Talking of that, ah, ha!—it *will* be a funny thing to see you, Mr. Titmouse—Squire Titmouse—ah, ha, ha!"

"You won't hardly expect me to go out with *goods*, I suppose, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!—Might as well ask me if I'd set you to clean my shoes! No, no, my dear Mr. Titmouse, you and I have done as master and servant; it's only as friends that we know each other now. You may say and do whatever you like, and come and go when and where you like.—It's true it will make my other hands rather jealous, and get me into trouble; but what do I care? Suppose they *do* all give me warning for your sake? Let 'em go, say I!" He snapped his fingers with an air of defiance. "Your looks and manners would keep a shop full of customers—one Titmouse is worth a hundred of them."

"You speak uncommon gentleman-like, sir," said Titmouse, with a little excitement—"and if you'd only *always*—but that's all past and gone; and I've no objections to say at once, that all the articles I may want in your line I'll have at your establishment, pay cash down, and ask for no discount. And I'll send all my friends, for, in course, sir, you know, I shall have lots of them!"

"Don't forget your oldest, your truest, your humblest friend, Mr. Titmouse," said Tag-rag, with a cringing air.

"That I wont!"

[It flashed across his mind that a true and old friend would be only too happy to lend him a ten-pound note.]

"Hem!—now, *are* you such a friend, Mr. Tag-rag?"

"Am I?—Can you doubt me? Try me! See what I could not do for you! Friend, indeed!"

"Well, I believe you, sir! And the fact is, a—a—you see Mr. Tag-rag, though all this heap of money's *coming* to me, I'm precious low just now."

"Y—e—e—e, Mr. Titmouse," quoth Tag-rag, anxiously; his dull grey eye fixed on that of Titmouse steadfastly.

"Well—if you've a mind to prove your words, Mr. Tag-rag, and don't mind advancing me a ten-pound note"—

"Hem!" involuntarily uttered Tag-rag, so suddenly and violently, that it made Titmouse almost start off his seat. Then Tag-rag's face flushed over, he twirled about his watch-key rapidly, and wriggled about in his chair with visible agitation.

"Oh, you aren't going to do it! if so, you'd better say it at once," quoth Titmouse, rather cavalierly.

"Why—*was* ever any thing so unfortunate?"

stammered Tag-rag. "That cursed lot of French goods I bought only yesterday, to be paid for this morning—and it will drain me of every penny!"

"Ah—yes! True! Well, it don't much signify," said Titmouse, carelessly, running his hand through his hair. "In fact, I needn't have bothered an old friend; Mr. Gammon says he's my banker to any amount. I beg pardon, I'm sure!"

Tag-rag was in a dire dilemma. He felt so frustrated by the suddenness and seriousness of the thing, that he could not see his way plain in any direction.

"Let me see," at length he stammered; and pulling a ready-reckoner out of his pocket, he affected to be consulting it, as if to ascertain merely the state of his banker's account, but really desiring a few moments' time to collect his thoughts. "I was in vain, however; nothing occurred to him; he saw no way of escape; his old friend—the devil deserted him for a moment—supplied him with no ready lie. He must, he feared, cash up. "Well," said he—"it certainly is rather unfortunate, just at this precise moment; but I'll step to the shop, and see how my ready-money matters stand. It sha'n't be a trifle, Mr. Titmouse, that shall stand between us. But—if I *should* be hard run—perhaps—eh? Would a five-pound note do?"

"Why—a—a—if it wouldn't suit you to advance the ten?"

"I dare say," interrupted Tag-rag, a trifle relieved, "I shall be able to accommodate you. Perhaps you'll step on to the shop presently, and then we can talk over matters. By the way, did you ever see any thing so odd? forgot the main thing; come and take your mutton with me at Clapham, next Sunday—my womankind will be quite delighted. Nay, 'tis their invitation—ha, ha!"

"You're very kind," replied Titmouse, colouring with pleasure. Here seemed the first pale promise of the coming spring—an invitation to Satin Lodge.

"The kindness will be yours, Mr. Titmouse. We shall be quite alone; have you all to ourselves; only me, my wife, and daughter—an only child, Mr. Titmouse—such a child! She's really often said to me, 'I wonder—but,—I won't make you vain, eh? May I call it a fixture?'"

"Pon my life, Mr. Tag-rag, you're monstrous uncommon polite. It's true, I was going to dine with Mr. Gammon!"

"Oh! pho! (I mean no disrespect, mind!) he's only a bachelor—I've ladies in the case, and all that—eh, Mr. Titmouse? and a young one."

"Well—thank you, sir. Since you're so pressing,"

"That's it! An engagement—Satin Lodge—for Sunday next," said Tag-rag, rising and looking at his watch. "Time for me to be off. See you soon at the shop? Soon arrange that little matter of business, eh? You understand? Good-by! good-by!" and shaking Titmouse cordially by the hand, Tag-rag took his departure. As he hurried on to his shop, he felt in a most painful perplexity about this loan of five pounds. It was truly like squeezing five drops of blood out of his heart. But what was to be done? Could he offend Titmouse? Where was he to stop, if he once began? Dare he ask for

security? Suppose the whole affair should turn into smoke?

Now, consider the folly of Tag-rag. Here was he in all this terrible pucker about advancing *five pounds* on the strength of prospects and chances which he had deemed safe for adventuring *his daughter* upon—her, the only object on earth, (except money,) that he regarded with any thing like sincere affection. How was this? The splendour of the future possible good fortune of his daughter, might, perhaps, have dazzled and confused his perceptions. Then, again, *that* was a remote contingency; but this sudden appeal to his pocket—the demand of an immediate outlay and venture—was an instant pressure, and he felt it severely. Immediate profit and loss was every thing to Tag-rag. He was, in truth, a *tradesman to his heart's core*. If he could have seen the immediate *quid pro quo*—could have got, if only by way of earnest, as it were, a bit of poor Titmouse's heart, and locked it up in his desk, he would not have cared so much; it would have been a little in his line;—but here was a *FIVE-POUND NOTE* going out forthwith, and nothing immediate, visible, palpable, replacing it. Oh! Titmouse, had unconsciously pulled Tag-rag's very heart-strings!

Observe, discriminating reader, that there is all the difference in the world between a *TRADESMAN* and a *MERCHANT*; and, moreover, that it is not every *tradesman* that is a *Tag-rag*.

All these considerations combined to keep Tag-rag in a perfect fever of doubt and anxiety, which several hearty curses failed in effectually relieving. By the time, however, that Titmouse had made his appearance, with a sufficiently sheepish air, and was beginning to run the gauntlet of grinning contempt from the choice youths on each side of the shop, Tag-rag had determined on the course he should pursue in the matter above referred to. To the amazement and disgust of all present, Tag-rag bolted out of a little counting-house or side-room, hastened to meet Titmouse with out-stretched hand and cordial speech, drew him into his little room, and shut the door. There Tag-rag informed his flurried young friend that he had made arrangements (with a little inconvenience, which signified nothing,) for lending Titmouse five pounds.

"And, as life's uncertain, my dear Mr. Titmouse," said Tag-rag, as Titmouse, with evident ecstasy, put the five-pound note into his pocket—"even between the dearest friends—eh? Understand? It's not you I fear, nor you me, because we've confidence in each other. But if any thing should happen, those we leave behind us"—Here he took out of his desk an *L. O. U.* £5, ready drawn up and dated—"a mere slip—a word or two—is satisfaction to both of us."

"Oh yes, sir! yes, sir!—any thing!" said Titmouse; and hastily taking the pen proffered him, signed his name, on which Tag-rag felt a little relieved. Lutestring was then summoned into the room, and then (not a little to his astonishment) addressed by his imperious employer. "Mr. Lutestring, you will have the goodness to see that Mr. Titmouse is treated by every person in my establishment with the utmost respect. Whoever treats this gentleman with the slightest disrespect, isn't any longer a servant of mine. D'ye hear me, Mr. Lutestring?" added Tag-rag, sternly, observing a very

significant glance of intense hatred which Lutestring directed towards Titmouse. "D'ye hear me, sir?"

"Oh, yes, sir! yes, sir!—your orders shall be attended to." And leaving the room, with a half-audible whistle of contempt, while a grin overspread his features, he had within five minutes filled the mind of every shopman in the establishment with feelings of mingled wonder, hatred, and fear towards Titmouse. What could have happened? What was Mr. Tag-rag about? This was all of a piece with his rage at Lutestring the day before. "D—d Titmouse!" said or thought every one.

Titmouse, for the remainder of the day, felt, as may be imagined, but little at his ease; for—to say nothing of his insuperable repugnance to the discharge of any of his former duties; his uneasiness under the oppressive civilities of Mr. Tag-rag; and the evident disgust towards him entertained by his companions;—many most important considerations arising out of recent and coming events, were momentarily forcing themselves upon his attention. The first of these was his *hair*; for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue; and the next was—an *eyeglass*, without which, he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily-admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Tag-rag to depart for the day; and instantly directed his steps to the well known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier, in Bond Street—well known to those at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertisement in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear, (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it,) he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter, reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black"—and was answered—"only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter—where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"
"Sure it will do, sir!" inquired Titmouse, anxiously.

* This fearful-looking word, I wish to inform my lady readers is a monstrous amalgamation of three or four Greek words—denoting a fluid "*that can render the human hair black*." Whenever a barber or perfumer determines on trying to puff off some villainous imposition of this sort, strange to say, he goes to some starving scholar, and gives him half-a-crown to coin a word like the above, that shall be equally unintelligible and unpronounceable, and therefore attractive and popular.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner, "because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse: adding, with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" and, lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carrotty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious, "What a curse it is to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"I should think so, sir," answered Titmouse, mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honour, sir, certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the colour of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here, (I don't like to mention names,) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick dust; but, I assure you, the Cyanochaitantropopoion was too much for it, it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy, [the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow any thing; so he went on with a confidential air,] and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman, whom he had loved from a child, but who never would marry a man with such a head hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two, sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her—ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working phial into his pocket, and, on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitantropopoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eye glass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight! I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and mustachios, he hastened home. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little phial; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms—the "Duke of ———, the Countess of ———, the Earl of, &c. &c. &c. &c.—the lovely Miss ———, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye, (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used)—all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of ebony-hued locks"—that the cork was soon extracted from the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitantropopoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over every

syllable on the papers in which the phial had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed, full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream—that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before—and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!—This woke him. Up he jumped, and in a trice was standing before his little glass. Horrid! he almost dropped down dead! his hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again—rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looked into the glass—there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers and head—all were, if any thing, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his troubles been to this?—and what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got in and out of bed to look at himself again—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to pray; but it was in vain—and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig—that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose dark contents were remaining—of course it was *poison*. In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out—"Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what have you been?"

"Well, ma'am, what the devil do you mean? How dare you?"—commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. A pretty figure he was. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green colour.

"Lord-a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found it all out. "Well—*isn't* it a shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his nightcap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. "What d'ye think of that?" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad—I shall!"—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind, and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what "a good, hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub—lather, lather, lather, did they both; but the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever.

"What *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why, really I'd be off to a police office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you*."

"No—see if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it to me swallow what's left—and I'll smash in his shop front besides."

"Oh you won't—you musn't—not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colours out—but—a—a—excuse me, Mr. Titmouse—why wasn't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think he didn't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I'm blest if I don't think this a judgment on you."

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop? Ain't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment—where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That ain't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop—you're as grey as a badger underneath—I've often remarked it."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It is a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow! Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops*, instead of carrot *roo's*—and some like one, some the other—ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ"—he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him

to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them:—

"This divine fluid, (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Doodle,) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever colour, to a dazzling jet black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *lout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs. Fitz-frippery, owned to the proprietor, that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets, which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds," and so forth. A little farther on:—

"This exquisite effect is not in *all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, informed the inventor,) on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the colouring matter, constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as a deep a black: but, not unfrequently, the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints*; all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence, directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was the following:

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts to change or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy: of which, however, in all his experience" (the specific had been invented for about *six months*) "the inventor has known but very few instances." But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse entertained a dismal suspicion than he belonged.

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised or discomposed."

"Ah, yes! I see, I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people."

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad! I look like a green monkey."

"In *me*, the colour was strong *yellow*. But have you read the descriptions that are given in the wrapper?"

"I should think so! Much good they do *me*! Sir, you're a humbug!—an impostor! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all."

"Rather a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over, with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, "if you'll only persevere."

"Persevere!" interrupted Titmouse, violently, clapping his hat on his head, "I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public. I'll have a warrant out against you."

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!"

"The—devil—you—are!" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often—often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change: but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop with heads as black as crows."

"No! But really do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce colour."

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty, at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead—but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But every thing is honour and confidential *here*!"

"And did Lord What's-his-name's hair go *green*, and then black? and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in"——

"Soft soap!—soft soap! That explains all," (he forgot how well it had been already explained by him.) "By Heavens, sir!—soft soap! You may have ruined your hair for ever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to him that the intolerable green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you—go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of Damascus cream, and rub it in before it's too late; and then use the remainder of the"——

"Then you don't think it's too late?" enquired Titmouse, faintly; and having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was only three-and-sixpence, (stamp included)—he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked along the streets, with the air of a pickpocket fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

[I wonder, now, what effect the perusal of these pages must have upon the reader, gentle or simple, young or old, male or female, who has shared the folly of Titmouse in the particular now under consideration! They cannot help laughing at the trouble of Titmouse; but it is accompanied by a *blush* at the absurd weakness of which themselves have been guilty. Depend upon it, my gentleman, that every man or woman of sense who sees you, and suspects or knows what you have been about, can scarce help bursting out a-laughing at you, and writes you down ever after—*ass*. But if they do this on seeing him who has so weakly attempted to disguise red-coloured hair, what sorrow, mingled with contempt, must

they feel when they see a man, or woman, ashamed of—GREY HAIRS—a “crown of rejoicing to them that have done well,” a mark of one to whom God has given long life, as the means of gathering experience and wisdom—and dishonouring those grey hairs by the desperate folly of Tittlebat Titmouse ?]

Titmouse slunk up stairs to his room, in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer from sheer fatigue. Having risen, at length, to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sunk down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gammon, only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to himself. “*Without this*” (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he knew all the while quite well what Titmouse had been about; but he wanted the enjoyment of hearing Titmouse’s own account of the matter. Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied—Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter, all the while seeming on the point of bursting a bloodvessel. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a little more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, enquired, “What’s the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a-year with such a head of hair as this?” On hearing which Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and such an explosion of laughter followed as threatened to crack the panes of glass before him. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a grievous manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which “he deplored being unable to alleviate.” He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked if he could not “have the law” of the man who had so imposed on him. Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of paper, tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse’s emerald hair. Gammon was a man of business, however; and in the midst of all this distracting excitement, contrived to get Titmouse’s signature to sundry papers of no little consequence; amongst others, first, to a bond conditioned for the payment of L. 500; secondly, another for

L. 10,000; and, lastly, an agreement (of which he gave Titmouse an alleged copy) by which Titmouse, in consideration of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap using their best exertions to put him in the possession of the estate, &c. &c., bound himself to conform to their wishes in every thing; on pain of their instantly throwing up the whole affair, looking out for another heir-at-law (!) and issuing execution forthwith against Titmouse for all expenses incurred under his retainer. I said that Gammon gave his confiding client an *alleged* copy of this agreement;—it was not a real copy, for certain stipulations appeared in each that were not intended to appear in the other, for reasons which were perfectly satisfactory to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. When Gammon had got to this point, he thought it the fitting opportunity for producing a second five-pound note. He did so, and put Titmouse thereby into an ecstasy which pushed out of his head, for a while, all recollection of what had happened to his hair. He had at that moment nearly eleven pounds in hard cash! Gammon easily obtained from him an account of his little money transactions with Huckaback—of which, however, all he could tell was—that for ten shillings down, he had given a written engagement to pay fifty pounds on getting the estate. Of this Gammon made a careful memorandum, explaining the atrocious villany of Huckaback—and, in short, that if he (Titmouse) did not look very sharply about him, he would be robbed right and left; so that it was of the utmost consequence to him early to learn how to distinguish between false and true friends. Gammon went on to assure him that the instrument he had given to Huckaback was, probably, in point of law, not worth a farthing, on the ground of its being both fraudulent and usurious; and intimated something, which Titmouse did not very distinctly comprehend, about the efficacy of a bill in equity for a *discovery*; which, at a very insignificant expense, (not exceeding £100,) would enable the plaintiff in equity (i. e. Huckaback) in the way of declaring, on his solemn oath, that he had advanced the full sum of £50: and having obtained this important and satisfactory result, Titmouse would have the opportunity of disproving the statement of Huckaback—if he could; which of course he could not. By this process, however, a little profitable employment would have been afforded to a certain distinguished firm in Saffron Hill—and that was *something*—to Gammon.

“But, by the way, talking about money,” said Titmouse, suddenly, “how surprising handsome Mr. Tag-rag has behaved to me!”

“Indeed, my dear sir!” exclaimed Gammon, with real curiosity, “what has he done?”

“Advanced me five pounds—all of his own head!”

“Are you serious, Mr. Titmouse?” enquired Gammon.

Titmouse produced the change which he had obtained for Tag-rag’s five-pound note, minus only the prices of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, the Damascus Cream, and the pyeglass. Gammon merely stroked his chin in a thoughtful manner. So occupied, indeed, was he with his reflections, that though his eye was fixed on the ludicrous figure of Titmouse, which so shortly before had occasioned him such paroxysms of laughter, he did not feel the least inclination even to a smile. Tag-rag advance Titmouse five-pounds! Throwing as much smiling indifference into his

manner as was possible, he asked Titmouse the particulars of so strange a transaction. Titmouse answered (how truly the reader can judge) that Mr. Tag-rag had, in the very handsomest way, volunteered the loan of five pounds; and moreover offered him any further sum he might require!

"What a charming change, Mr. Titmouse!" exclaimed Gammon, with a watchful eye and anxious smile.

"Most delightful!"

"Rather sudden, too!—eh?—Mr. Titmouse?"

"Why—no—no; I should say 'pon my life, certainly not. The fact is, we've long misunderstood each other. He's had an uncommon good opinion of me all the while—people have tried to set him against me; but it's no use, he's found them out—he told me so! And he's not only said, but *done* the handsome thing! He's turned up, by Jove, a trump all of a sudden—though it long looked an ugly one."

"Ha, ha, ha!—very!—how curious!" exclaimed Mr. Gammon, mechanically revolving several important matters in his mind.

"I'm going, too, to dine at Satin Lodge, Mr. Tag-rag's country house, next Sunday."

"Indeed! It will be quite a change for you, Mr. Titmouse."

"Yes, it will, by Jove; and—a—a—what's more—there's—hem!—you understand?"

"Go on, I beg, my dear Mr. Titmouse."

"There's a lady in the case—not that she's *said* any thing; but a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse—eh? Mr. Gammon?"

"I should think so—Miss Tag-rag will have money, of course?"

"You've hit it! Lots! But I've not made up my mind."

[I'd better undeceive this poor devil at once, as to this sordid wretch Tag-rag, (thought Gammon,) otherwise the cunning old rogue may get a very mischievous hold upon him! And a *lady in the case*! The old scamp has a daughter! Whew! this will never do! The sooner I enlighten my young friend the better—through at a little risk.]

"It's very important to be able to tell who are real and who false friends, as I was saying just now, my dear Titmouse," said Gammon, seriously.

"I think so. Now look, for instance, there's that fellow Huckaback. I should say he"—

"Pho! pho! my dear sir, a mere beetle—he's not worth thinking of, one way or the other. But, can't you guess another sham friend, who has changed so suddenly?"

"Do you mean Mr. Tag-rag—eh?"

"I mention no names; but it's rather odd, that when I am speaking of hollow-hearted friends, you should at once name Mr. Tag-rag."

"The proof of the pudding—handsome is that handsome does; and I've got £5 of his money, at any rate."

"Of course, he took no security for such a trifle, between such close friends as you and him?"

"Oh—why—new you mention it—But, 'twas only a line—one line."

"I knew it, my dear sir," interrupted Gammon, calmly, with a significant smile—"Tag-rag and Huckaback, they're on a par—ah, ha, ha!" My dear Titmouse, you are too honest and confiding!"

"What keen eyes you lawyers have, to be sure!"

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Well—I never"—he was evidently somewhat staggered.—"I—I—must say," he presently added, looking gratefully at Gammon, "I think I *do* now know of a true friend, that sent me two five-pound notes, and never asked for any security."

"My dear sir, you really pain me by alluding to such a matter!"

[Oh, Gammon, is not this too bad! What are the papers which you know are now in your pockets, signed only this very evening by Titmouse?]

"You are not a match for Tag-rag, Titmouse; because he was *made* for a tradesman—you are not. Do you think he would have parted with his £5 but for value received? Oh, Tag-rag! Tag-rag!"

"I—I really begin to think, Mr. Gammon—'pon my soul, I do think you're right."

"Think!—Why—for a man of your acuteness—how could he imagine you could forget the long course of insult and tyranny; that he should change all of a sudden—just now, when"—

"Ay—by Jove!—just when I'm coming into my property," interrupted Titmouse, quickly.

"To be sure—to be sure!—Just now, I say, to make this sudden change! Bah! bah!"

"I hate Tag-rag, and always did. Now, he's trying to take me in, just as he does every body; but I've found him out—I won't lay out a penny with him."

"Would you, do you think, ever have seen the inside of Satin Lodge, if you hadn't?"

"Why, I don't know—I really think—hem!"

"Were you, my dear sir?—But now a scheme occurs to me—a very amusing idea. Shall I tell you a way of proving to his own face how insincere and interested he is towards you? Go to dinner by all means, eat his good things, hear all that the whole set of them have to say, and just before you go, (it will require you to have all your wits about you,) pretend, with a long face, that our affair is all a bottle of smoke: say that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snapp have told you the day before that they had made a horrid mistake."

"'Pon my life, I—I—really—daren't—I couldn't—I couldn't keep it up—he'd half kill me. Besides, there will be Miss Tag-rag, it would be the death of her, I know."

"Miss Tag-rag! Gracious Heavens! What on earth can you have to do with *her*? You—why, if you really succeed in getting this fine property, she might make a very suitable wife for one of your grooms."

"Ah! I don't know—she may be a devilish fine girl, and the old fellow will have a tolerable penny to leave her—and a bird in the hand—eh? Besides I know what she's all along—hem!—but that doesn't signify."

"Pho! pho! Ridiculous! Ha, ha, ha! Fancy Miss Tag-rag Mrs. Titmouse! Your eldest son—ah, ha, ha! Tag-rag Titmouse, Esq. Delightful! Your honoured father a draper in Oxford Street! All this might be very clever, but it did not seem to *tell* upon Titmouse, whose little heart had been reached by a cunning hint of Tag-rag's, concerning his daughter's flattering estimate of Titmouse's personal appearance. The reason why Gammon attacked so seriously a matter, which appeared so chimerical and preposterous, was this—that, according to his present plan, Titmouse was to remain for

some considerable while at Tag-rag's, and, with his utter weakness of character, might be worked upon by Tag-rag and his daughter, and get inveigled into an engagement which might be productive, hereafter or no little embarrassment. He succeeded, however, at length, in obtaining Titmouse's promise to adopt his suggestion, and thereby discover the true nature of the feelings entertained towards him at Satin Lodge. He shook Titmouse energetically by the hand, and left him perfectly certain, that if there was one person in the world worthy of his esteem, and even reverence, that person was OILY GAMMON, Esq.

As he bent his steps towards Saffron Hill, he reflected rather anxiously on several matters that had occurred to him during the interview which I have just described. On reaching the office he was presently closeted with Mr. Quirk, to whom, first and foremost, he exhibited and delivered the documents to which he had obtained Titmouse's signature, and which, the reader will allow me to assure him, were of a somewhat different texture, from a certain legal instrument or security which I laid before him some little time ago.

"Now, Gammon," said the old gentleman, as soon as he had locked up in his safe the above mentioned documents—"Now, Gammon, I think, we may be up and at 'em; load our guns, and blaze away," and he rubbed his hands.

"Yes, and long enough we've been in preparation! But I just want to name a thing or two that has occurred to me while with Titmouse." Then he told him of the effects which had followed the use of the potent Cyanochaitanthropoion, at which old Quirk almost laughed himself into fits. When, however, Gammon, with a serious air, mentioned the name of Miss Tag-rag, and his grave suspicions concerning her, Quirk bounced up out of his chair, almost startling Gammon out of his. If he had just been told that his banker had broke, he could scarce have shown more emotion.

The fact was, that he, too, had a DAUGHTER—an only child—Miss Quirk—whom he had destined to become Mrs. Titmouse.

"A designing old villain!" he exclaimed at length, and Gammon agreed with him; but, strange to say, with all his acuteness, never adverted to the real cause of Quirk's sudden and vehement exclamation. When Gammon told him of the manner in which he had opened Titmouse's eyes to the knavery of Tag-rag, and the expedient he had suggested for its demonstration, Quirk could have worshipped Gammon, and could not help rising and shaking him energetically by the hand, much to his astonishment. After a long consultation, two things were agreed upon by the partners; to look out fresh lodgings for Titmouse, and remove him presently altogether from the company and influence of Tag-rag. Some time after they had parted, Quirk came with an eager air into Mr. Gammon's room, with a most important suggestion, viz., whether it would not be possible for them to get Tag-rag to become a surety to them, by-and-by, on behalf of Titmouse? Gammon was delighted!—He heartily commended Mr. Quirk's sagacity, and promised to turn it about in his thoughts very carefully. Not having been let entirely into Quirk's policy, (of which the reader has, however, just had a glimpse,) he did not see the

difficulties which kept Quirk awake almost all that night—how to protect Titmouse from the machinations of Tag-rag and his daughter, and yet keep Tag-rag sufficiently interested in, and intimate with Titmouse to entertain, by-and-by, the idea of becoming surety for him to them, the said Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and how to manage Titmouse all the while, so as to forward their objects, and also that of turning his attention towards Miss Quirk, was really rather a difficult problem. Quirk looked down on Tag-rag with honest indignation, as a mean and mercenary fellow, whose unprincipled schemes, thank Heaven! he already saw through, and from which he resolved to rescue his innocent and confiding client, who was made for better things—to wit, Miss Quirk.

When Titmouse rose the next morning, (Saturday,) behold—he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet colour! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass at this unlooked for change of colour; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropoion was behind the counter as usual—calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see—as I said! as I said! Isn't it!—coming round quicker than usual—Really, I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering—"then is it really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"Tolerable well! delightful! perfect! couldn't be better! If you'd studied the thing, you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle colour between green and black. Indeed, black is only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!"

Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir, my hair is to come like yours—eh? you recollect, sir?"

"I have very little doubt of it, sir—nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropoion; his own hair being a natural black.]

"I am going to a grand dinner, to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people at the west end of the town—eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get my hair a shade darker by that time—for—hem!—most lovely girl—eh? you understand the thing! devilish anxious and all that sort of thing, you know!"

"Yes—I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is—generally arrived at in about two day's time"—

"But it will do *something* in a night's time—oh!—surely."

"I should think so! But here it is—it is called the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a kind of awe. "Pon honour, it almost takes one's breath away!"

"It will do more, sir—it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank, (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot,) whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze, came here, after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of this 'Tetaragmenon Abracadabra'—and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

"How much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Good gracious, what a price!—nine-and-six"

"Would you believe it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a distinguished German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world."

"I've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two—couldn't you say eight sh?"

"We never abate, sir," said the gentleman, rather haughtily. Of course, poor Titmouse bought the thing; not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night, he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making, (for by candle-light it really looked very dark,) that he resolved—at all events for the present—to leave well alone; or, at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects:—first, it was perfectly colourless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. However, it was no use hesitating; he had bought and paid for it; and the papers it was folded in gave an account of its success which was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed—and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result, which would be disclosed by the morning's light? But would you believe it? When he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock, (at which hour he awoke,) I protest it is a fact, that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combining with the purple colour of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects (in human shape) the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable folly in his features, and a purple crown on his head.

Really, it seemed as if the devil were wreaking his spite on Mr. Titmouse—nay, perhaps it was the devil himself who had served him with the bottles, in Bond street. Or was it a mere ordinary servant of the devil—some greedy, impudent, unprincipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vivo*—had pitched on Titmouse (seeing the sort of person he

was) as a godsend, quite reckless what effect he produced on his hair, so as the stuff was paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who really might have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed, with a feeling as if he were now fit for death. As before, Mrs. Squallop made her appearance with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table, dressed, and with his arms folded, with a reckless air, not at all caring to conceal the new and still more frightful change which he had undergone since she saw him last. Mrs. Squallop stared at him for a second or two in silence; then, stepping back out of the room, suddenly drew to the door, and stood outside, laughing vehemently.

"I'll kick you down stairs!" shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

"Mr.—Mr.—Titmouse, you'll be the death of me—you will—you will!" gasped Mrs. Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out of the kettle, which she was unconsciously holding in a slant. After a while, however, they got reconciled. Mrs. Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers; and seemed dismayed indeed on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning none could be got—and she teased him to try a little blacking! He did—but of course it was useless. He sat for an hour or two in an ecstasy of grief and rage. What would he now have given never to have meddled with the hair which God had thought fit to send him into the world with? Alas, with what mournful force Mrs. Squallop's words again and again recurred to him! To say that he eat breakfast, would be scarcely correct. He drank a single cup of cocoa, and eat about three inches' length and thickness of a roll—and then put away his breakfast things on the window-shelf. If he had been in the humour to go to church—how could he? he would have been turned out as an object involuntarily exciting every body to laughter.

Yet, poor soul, in this extremity of misery, he was not utterly neglected; for he had that morning quite a little levee. First came Mr. Snap, who, having quite as keen and clear an eye for his own interest as his senior partners, had early seen how capable was acquaintance with Titmouse of being turned to his (Snap's) great advantage. He had come, therefore, dressed very stylishly, to do a little bit of toadying on the sly, (on his own exclusive account,) and had brought with him, for the edification of Titmouse, a copy of that day's *Sunday Flash*, which contained a long account of a bloody fight between Birmingham Bigbones and London Littlego, for 500*l.* aside—eighty rounds were fought, both men killed, and their seconds had bolted to Boulogne. Poor Snap, however, though he had come with the best intentions, and the most anxious wish to evince profound respect for the future master of ten thousand a-year, was quite taken by storm by the very first glimpse he got of Titmouse, and could not for a long while recover himself. He had come to ask Titmouse to dine with him at a tavern in the Strand, where there

was to be capital singing in the evening; and also to accompany him, on the ensuing morning, to the Old Bailey, to hear "a most interesting trial" for bigamy, in which Snap was concerned for the prisoner—a miscreant who had been married to five living women. Snap conceived—and very justly—that it would give Titmouse a striking idea of his (Snap's) importance, to see him so much, and apparently so familiarly concerned with well-known counsel. In his own terse and quaint way, he was explaining to Titmouse the various remedies he had against the Bond Street Impostor, both by indictment and action on the case; nay, (getting a little, however, beyond his depth,) he assured the eager Titmouse, that a bill of discovery would lie in equity, to ascertain what the Titaragmenon Abracadabra was composed of, with a view to an indictment against the owner—when his learned display was interrupted by a double knock, and—oh!—enter Mr. Gammon. Whether he or Snap felt more disconcerted, I cannot say; but Snap looked the most confused and sneaking. Each told the other a lie, in as easy, good-natured a way as he could assume, concerning the object of his visit to Mr. Titmouse. Thus they were going on, when—another knock—and, "Is this Mr. Titmouse?" inquired a voice, which brought a little colour into the face of both Gammon and Snap; for it was absolutely old Quirk, who bustled breathless into the room, on his first visit, and seemed completely confounded by the sight of both his partners. What with this, and the amazing appearance presented by Titmouse, Mr. Quirk was so overwhelmed that he scarce spoke a syllable. Each of the three partners felt (in his own way) exquisite embarrassment. Huckaback some time afterwards made his appearance, but *him* Titmouse unceremoniously dismissed in a twinkling, in spite of a vehement remonstrance. But presently, behold another arrival—Mr. Tag-rag, who had come to announce that his carriage, (*i. e.* a queer, rickety, little one-horse chaise, with a tallow-faced boy in it, in faded livery,) was waiting to convey Mr. Titmouse to Satin Lodge, and take him a long drive in the country! Each of these four worthies could have spit in the other's face; first, for *detecting*, and secondly, for *rivalling* him in his schemes upon Titmouse. A few minutes after the arrival of Tag-rag, Gammon, half-choked with disgust, and despising himself even more than his fellow-visitors, slunk off, followed almost immediately by Quirk, who was dying to consult him on this new aspect of affairs which had presented itself. Snap (who, ever since the arrival of Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, had felt like an ape in hot irons) very shortly followed in the footsteps of his partners, having made no engagement whatever with Titmouse; and thus the enterprising and determined Tag-rag was left master of the field. He had in fact come to do business; and business he determined to do. As for Gammon, during the short time he had stayed, how he had endeared himself to Titmouse, by explaining, not aware that Titmouse had confessed all to Snap, the singular change in the colour of his hair to have been occasioned by the intense mental anxiety through which he had lately passed! The anecdotes he told of sufferers, whose hair a single night's agony had changed to all the colours of the rainbow! Though Tag-rag out-stayed all his fellow-visitors, in the manner which has been described, he could not prevail upon Titmouse to ac-

company him in his "carriage," for Titmouse pleaded a pressing engagement, (*i. e.* a desperate attempt he purposed making to obtain some *ink*;) but pledged himself to make his appearance at Satin Lodge at the appointed hour, (half-past three or four o'clock.) Away, therefore, drove Tag-rag, delighted that Satin Lodge would so soon contain so resplendent a visiter—indignant at the oringing, sycophantic attentions of Messrs. Quirk, and Gammon, and Snap, against whom he resolved to put Titmouse on his guard, and infinitely astonished at the extraordinary change that had taken place in the colour of Titmouse's hair. Partly influenced by the explanation which Gammon had given of the phenomenon, Tag-rag resigned himself to feelings of simple wonder. Titmouse was doubtless passing through stages of physical transmutation, corresponding with the marvellous change that was taking place in his circumstances; and for all he (Tag-rag) knew, other and more extraordinary changes were going on; Titmouse might be growing at the rate of an half-inch a-day, and soon stand before him a man more than six feet high! Considerations such as these invested Titmouse with intense and overpowering interest in the estimation of Tag-rag; how could he make enough of him at Satin Lodge that day? If ever that hardened sinner felt inclined to utter an inward prayer, it was as he drove home—that heaven would array his daughter in angel hues to the eyes of Titmouse!

My friend Tittlebat made his appearance at the gate of Satin Lodge, at about a quarter to four o'clock. Good gracious, how he had dressed himself out! He considerably exceeded his appearance when first presented to the reader.

Miss Tag-rag had been before her glass ever since the instant of her return from chapel, up to within ten minutes' time of Titmouse's arrival. An hour and a half at least had she bestowed on her hair, disposing it in little corkcrews and somewhat scanty curls, that quite glistened in bear's grease, hanging on each side of a pair of lean and sallow cheeks. The colour which ought to have distributed itself over her cheeks, in roseate delicacy, had thought fit to collect itself into the tip of her sharp little nose. Her small grey eyes beamed with the gentle and attractive expression that was perceptible in her father's, and her projecting under lip reminded every body of that delicate feature in her mother. She was very short, and her figure rather skinny and angular. She wore her lilac-coloured frock; her waist being pinched in to a degree that made you think of a fit of the colic when you looked at her. A long red sash, tied in a most elaborate bow, gave a very brilliant air to her dress generally. She had a thin gold chain round her neck, and wore long white gloves; her left hand holding a pocket-handkerchief, which she had suffused with bergamote that scented the whole room. Mrs. Tag-rag had made herself very splendid, in a red silk gown and staring head-dress. As for Mr. Tag-rag, whenever he was dressed in his Sunday clothes, he looked the model of a dissenting minister; in his black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and primly tied white neckerchief, with no shirt-collar visible. For a quarter of an hour had this interesting trio been standing at their parlour window, in anxious expectation of Titmouse's arrival; their only amusement being the numberless dusty stage-coaches driving every five minutes close past

their gate, (which was about ten yards from their house,) at once enlivening and ruralizing the scene. Oh, that poor laburnum—laden with dust, drooping with drought, and evidently in the very last stage of a decline—that was planted beside the little gate! Tag-rag spoke of cutting it down; but Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag begged its life a little longer—and then *that* subject dropped. How was it that, though both the ladies had sat under a thundering discourse from Mr. Dismal Horror that morning—they had never once since thought or spoke of him or his sermon—never even opened his “*Groans*?” The reason was plain. They thought of Titmouse, who was bringing “airs from heaven;” while Horror brought only “blasts from hell!”—and *those* they had every day in the week, (his sermons on the Sunday, his “*Groans*” on the week-day.) At length Miss Tag-rag’s little heart fluttered violently, for her papa told her that Titmouse was coming up the road—and so he was. Not dreaming that he could be seen, he stood beside the gate for a moment, under the melancholy laburnum; and, taking a dirty-looking silk handkerchief out of his hat, slapped it vigorously about his boots, (from which circumstances it may be inferred that he had walked,) and replaced it in his hat. Then he unbuttoned his surtout, adjusted it nicely, and disposed his chain and eyeglass just so as to let the tip only of the latter be seen peeping out of his waistcoat; twitched up his collars, plucked down his wrist-bands, drew the tip of a white pocket-handkerchief out of the pocket in the breast of his surtout, pulled a white glove half-way on his left hand; and, having thus given the finishing touches to his toilet, opened the gate, and—Tittlebat Titmouse, Esquire, the great guest of the day, for the first time in his life (swinging a little ebony cane about with careless grace) entered the domain of Mr. Tag-rag.

The little performance I have been describing, though every bit of it passing under the eyes of Tag-rag, his wife and his daughter, had not excited a smile; their anxious feelings were too deep to be reached or stirred by light emotions. Miss Tag-rag turned very pale and trembled.

“La, pa,” said she faintly, “how could you say he’d got white eyebrows and whiskers? They’re a beautiful black.”

Tag-rag was speechless: the fact was so—for Titmouse had, fortunately, obtained a little bottle of ink. As Titmouse approached the house, (Tag-rag hurrying out to open the door for him,) he saw the two ladies standing at the windows. Off went his hat, and out dropped the silk handkerchief, not a little disconcerting him for the moment. Tag-rag, however, soon occupied his attention at the door with anxious civilities, shaking him by the hand, hanging up his hat and stick, and then introducing him to the sitting-room. The ladies received him with most profound curtsies, which Titmouse returned with a quick embarrassed bow, and an indistinct—“I hope you’re well, mem!”

If they had had presence of mind enough to observe it, the purple colour of Titmouse’s hair must have surprised them not a little; all they could see, however, was—the angelic owner of ten thousand a-year.

The only person tolerably at his ease, and he *only* tolerably, was Mr. Tag-rag;—and he asked his guest—

“Wash you hands, Titmouse, before dinner?”

But Titmouse said he had washed them before he had come out. [The day was hot, and he had walked five miles at a slapping pace.] In a few minutes, however, he felt a little more assured; for it was impossible for him not to perceive the awful deference with which he was treated.

“Seen the *Sunday Flash*, mem?” said he, modestly, addressing Mrs. Tag-rag.

“I—I—no—that is—not to-day,” she replied, colouring.

“Vastly amusing, isn’t it?” interposed Tag-rag, to prevent mischief—for he knew his wife would as soon have taken a cockatrice into her hand.

“Ye—e—s,” replied Titmouse, who had not even glanced at the copy which Snap had brought him. “An uncommon good fight between Birmingham Big!”

Tag-rag saw his wife getting redder and redder. “No news stirring about Ministers, is there?” said he, with a desperate attempt at a diversion.

“Not that I have heard,” replied Titmouse. Soon he got a little further, and said how cheerful the stages going past must make the house. Tag-rag agreed with him. Then there was a little pause.

“Been to church, mem, this morning, mem?” timidly enquired Titmouse of Miss Tag-rag.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, faintly colouring, casting her eyes to the ground, and suddenly putting her hand into that of her mother—with such an innocent, engaging simplicity—like a timid fawn lying as close as possible to its dam!

“We always go to *chapel*, sir,” said Mrs. Tag-rag, confidently, in spite of a very fierce look from her husband; “the gospel isn’t preached in the Church of England. We sit under Mr. Horror—a heavenly-preacher! You’ve heard of Mr. Horror?”

“Yes, mem! Oh, yes! Capital’ preacher!” replied Titmouse, who of course (being a true churchman) had never in his life heard of Mr. Horror, or any other dissenter.

“When *will* dinner be ready, Mrs. T.?” enquired Tag-rag, abruptly, and with a very perceptible dash of sternness in his tone; but dinner was announced the very next moment. He took his wife’s arm, and, in doing so, gave it a sudden vehement pressure, which, coupled with a furious glance, explained to her the extent to which she had incurred his anger. She thought, however, of Mr. Horror, and was silent.

Titmouse’s proffered arm the timid Miss Tag-rag scarcely touched with the tip of her finger, as she walked beside him to dinner. Titmouse soon got tolerably composed and cheerful at dinner, (which consisted of a little piece of nice roast beef, with plenty of horse-radish, Yorkshire pudding, a boiled fowl, a plum pudding made by Mrs. Tag-rag, and custards which had been superintended by Miss Tag-rag,) and, to oblige his hospitable host and hostess, eat till he was fit to burst. Miss Tag-rag, though really very hungry, eat only a very small slice of beef, and a quarter of a custard, and drank a third of a glass of sherry after dinner. She never once spoke, except in hurried answers to her papa and mamma; and, sitting exactly opposite Titmouse, (with only a plate of greens and a boiled fowl between them,) was continually colouring whenever their eyes happened to encounter one another, on which occasion hers would suddenly drop, as if overpowered by the brilliance of his. Titmouse began to love her very

fast. After the ladies had withdrawn, you should have heard the way that Tag-rag went on with Titmouse—I can liken the twoto nothing but an old fat spider, and a little fly.

"Will you come into my parlour?
Said the spider to the fly;"

and it might have been well for Titmouse to have answered, in the language of the aforesaid fly:—

"No, thank you, sir, I really feel
No curiosity."

Titmouse, however, swallowed with equal facility Mr. Tag-rag's hard port and his soft blarney: but *all* fools have large swallows. When at length Tag-rag alluded to the painfully evident embarrassment of his "poor Tabby," and said he had "now found out what had been so long the matter with her," [ay, even this went down,] and hemmed, and winked his eye, and drained his glass, Titmouse began to get flustered, blushed, and hoped Mr. Tag-rag would soon "join the ladies." They did so, (Tag-rag stopping behind to lock up the wine and the remains of the fruit.) Miss Tag-rag presided over the tea things. There were muffins, and crumpets, and reeking-hot buttered toast; Mrs. Tag-rag would hear of no denial, so poor Titmouse, after the most desperate resistance, was obliged to swallow a round of toast, half a muffin, and an entire crumpet, and four cups of hot tea; after which he felt a very painful degree of turgidity, and a conviction that he should be able to eat and drink nothing for the remainder of the week.

After the tea things had been removed, Tag-rag, directing Titmouse's attention to the piano, which was open, (with some music on it, ready to be played from,) asked him whether he liked music. Titmouse, with great eagerness, hoped Miss T. would give them some music; and she, after holding out a long and vigorous siege, at length asked her papa what it should be.

"*The Battle of Prague*," said her papa.

"*Before Jehovah's awful throne*," hastily interposed her mama.

"The Battle," sternly repeated her papa.

"It's Sunday night, Mr. T.," meekly rejoined his wife.

"Which will you have, Mr. Titmouse?" enquired Tag-rag, with *The Battle of Prague* written in every feature of his face. Titmouse almost burst into a state of perspiration.

"A little of both, sir, if you please."

"Well," replied Tag-rag, slightly relaxing, "that will do. Split the difference—eh? Come, Tab, down with you. Titmouse, will you turn over the music for her?"

Titmouse rose, and having sheepishly taken his station beside Miss Tag-rag, the performances commenced with *Before Jehovah's awful throne*! But, mercy upon us! at what a rate she rattled over that "pious air." If its respectable composer had been present he must have gone into a fit; but there was no help for it—the heart of the lovely performer was in *The Battle of Prague*, to which she presently did most ample justice. So much were her feelings engaged in that sublime composition, that the bursting

of one of the strings—twang! in the middle of the "*canonading*," did not at all disturb her; and, as soon as she had finished the exquisite "finale," Titmouse was in such a tumult of excitement, from different causes, that he could have shed tears. Though he had never once turned over the right place, Miss Tag-rag thanked him for his services with a smile of infinite sweetness. Titmouse vowed he had never heard such splendid music—begged for more; and away went Miss Tag-rag, hurried away by her excitement. Rondo after rondo, march after march, for at least half an hour; at the end of which old Tag-rag suddenly kissed her with passionate fondness. Though Mrs. Tag-rag was horrified at the impiety of all this, she kept a very anxious eye on the young couple, and interchanged with her husband every now and then, very significant looks. Shortly after nine, spirits, wine, and hot and cold water, were brought in. At the sight of them Titmouse looked alarmed—for he knew that he must take something more, though he would have freely given five shillings to be excused—for he felt as if he could not hold one drop more. But it was in vain. Willy-nilly, a glass of gin and water stood soon before him; he protested he could not touch it unless Miss Tag-rag would "take something"—whereupon, with a blush, she "thought she *would*" take a wine-glass of sherry and water. This was provided her. Then Tag-rag mixed a tumbler of port-wine negus for Mrs. Tag-rag, and a great glass of mahogany-coloured brandy and water for himself; and then he looked round, and felt perfectly happy. As Titmouse advanced with his gin and water, his spirits got higher and higher, and his tongue more fluent. He once or twice dropped the "Mr." when addressing Tag-rag; several times smiled, and once even winked at the embarrassed Miss Tag-rag. Mr. Tag-rag saw it, and could not control himself—for he had got to the end of his first glass of brandy and water, and mixed himself a second, quite as strong as the former.

"Tab! ah, Tab! what *has* been the matter with you all these months?"—and he winked his eye at her and then at Titmouse.

"Papa!" exclaimed Miss Tag-rag, blushing up to her very temples.

"Ah, Titmouse—Titmouse—give me your hand," said Tag-rag; "you'll forget us all when you're a great man—but we shall always remember you."

"You're very good—very!" said Titmouse, cordially returning the pressure of Tag-rag's hand.—At that instant, it suddenly occurred to him to adopt the suggestion of Mr. Gammon. Tag-rag was going on very fast, indeed, about the disinterested nature of his feelings towards Titmouse—towards whom, he said, he had always felt just as he did at that moment—'twas in vain to deny it.

"I'm sure your conduct shows it, sir," commenced Titmouse, feeling a shudder like that with which a timid bather approaches the margin of the cold stream. "I could have taken my oath, sir, you would have refused to let me come into your house, when you heard of it!"

"Ah ha!—that's *rather* an odd idea, too. If I felt a true friendship for you as plain Titmouse, it's so likely I should. My dear sir! it was *I* that thought you wouldn't have come into my house! A likely thing!"

Titmouse was puzzled. His perceptions, never

very quick or clear, were now undoubtedly somewhat obfuscated with what he had been drinking. In short, he did not understand that Tag-rag had not understood him; and felt rather baffled.

"What surprising ups and downs there are in life, Mr. Titmouse," said Mrs. Tag-rag, respectfully—"they're all sent from above, to try us. No one knows how they'd behave, if as how (in a manner) they were turned upside down."

"I—I hope, mem, I haven't done any thing to show"—

"Oh! my dear Titmouse," anxiously interrupted Tag-rag, inwardly cursing his wife, who, finding she always went wrong in her husband's eyes whenever she spoke a word, determined for the future to stick to her negus—"the fact is, there's a Mr. Horror here that's for sending all decent people to— He's filled my wife there with all sorts of—nay, if she isn't bursting with cant—so never mind her. You done any thing wrong! You're a pattern!"

"Well—I'm a happy man again," resumed Titmouse, resolved now to go on—"And when did they tell you of it, sir?"

"Oh, a few days ago—a week ago," replied Tag-rag, trying to recollect.

"Why—why—sir—ain't you mistaken?" enquired Titmouse, with a depressed, but at the same time a surprised air. "It only happened this morning, after you left."

"Eh—eh—ah, ha!—What do you mean, Mr. Titmouse?" interrupted Tag-rag, with a sickening attempt at a smile. Mrs. Tag-rag and Miss Tag-rag also turned exceedingly startled faces towards Titmouse, who felt as if a house were going to fall down on him.

"Why, sir"—he began to cry, (an attempt which was greatly aided by the maudlin condition to which drink had reduced him),—"till to-day, I thought I was heir to ten thousand a-year—and it seems I'm not—it's all a mistake."

Tag-rag's face changed visibly; it was getting frightful to look at; the inward shock and agony were forcing out on his slanting forehead great drops of perspiration.

"What—a capital—joke—Mr. Titmouse!" he gasped, drawing his handkerchief over his forehead. Titmouse, though greatly alarmed, stood to his gun pretty steadily.

"I—I wish it was a joke! It's been no joke to me, sir. There's another Tittlebat Titmouse, it seems, in Shoreditch, that's the right!"

"Who told you this, sir?—Pho, I don't—I can't believe it," said Tag-rag, in a voice tremulous between suppressed rage and fear.

"True, 'pon my life, it is!"

"How dare you swear before the ladies? You're insulting them, sir!"—almost roared Tag-rag. "You're not a gentleman." He suddenly dropped his voice, and, in a trembling and most earnest manner, asked Titmouse whether he was really joking or serious.

"Never more serious in my life, sir."

"It's really all up?"

Titmouse groaned. A satanic scowl shot over Tag-rag's disgusting features.

"Oh, ma—I do feel so ill!" faintly exclaimed Miss Tag-rag, turning deadly pale. Titmouse was on the verge of dropping on his knees, and confessing

the trick, greatly agitated at the effect produced on Miss Tag-rag: when Tag-rag's heavy hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder, and he whispered in a fierce under tone—"You impostor!" and that stopped Titmouse, and made something like a man of him. He was a fearful fool, but he did not want for mere *pluck*, and now it was roused. Mrs. Tag-rag exclaimed, "Oh, you shocking seamp!" as she passed Titmouse, and led her daughter out of the room.

"If I'm an impostor, sir, I'm no fit company for you, I suppose, sir," said Titmouse, rising.

"Pay me my five-pound note," almost shouted Tag-rag.

"Well, sir, if I'm poor, I an't a rogue," said Titmouse, preparing to give him what he asked for; when a faint shriek was heard, plainly from Miss Tag-rag, overhead. Then the seething caldron boiled over. "You infernal scoundrel," said Tag-rag, almost choked with fury; and suddenly seizing Titmouse by the collar, scarce giving him time, in passing, to get hold of his hat and stick, he urged him along through the passage, down the gravel walk, threw open the gate, thrust him furiously through it, and sent after him such a blast of execration, as was enough to drive him a hundred yards down the road. Titmouse did not fully recover his breath or his senses for more than half an hour afterwards. When he did, the first thing that occurred to him was, an inclination to fall down on his knees on the open road, and worship the sagacious and admirable GAMMON.

And now, Tittlebat Titmouse, for some little time, I have done with you. Away!—give room to your betters. But don't think that I have yet "rifled all your sweetness," or am about to "ding you like a noisome weed away."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE AFGHANISTAN EXPEDITION.

"In the light of precaution," says Gibbon, "all conquest must be ineffectual unless it could be universal; for, if successful, it only involves the belligerent power in additional difficulties and a wider sphere of hostility." All ages have demonstrated the truth of this profound observation. The Romans conquered the neighbouring states of Italy and Gaul, only to be brought into collision with the fiercer and more formidable nations of Germany and Parthia. Alexander overran Media and Persia, only to see his armies rolled back before the arms of the Scythians, or the innumerable legions of India; and the empire of Napoleon, victorious over the states of Germany and Italy, recoiled at length before the aroused indignation of the Northern powers. The British empire in India, the most extraordinary work of conquest which modern times have exhibited, forms no exception to the truth of this general principle. The storming of Seringapatam, and the overthrow of the House of Tippoo, only exposed us to the incursions of the Mahratta horse. The subjugation of the Mahrattas involved us in a desperate and doubtful conflict with the power of Holkar. His subjugation brought us in contact with the independent and brave mountaineers of Nepal; and even their conquest,

and the establishment of the British frontier on the summit of the Himalayan snows, has not given that security to our Eastern possessions for which its rulers have so long and strenuously contended; and beyond the stream of the Indus, beyond the mountains of Cashmere, it has been deemed necessary to establish the terror of the British arms, and the influence of the British name.

That such an incursion into Central Asia has vastly extended the sphere both of our diplomatic and hostile relations; that it has brought us in contact with the fierce and barbarous northern tribes, and erected our out-posts almost within sight of the Russian videttes, is no impeachment whatever of the wisdom and expediency of the measure, if it has been conducted with due regard to prudence and the rules of art in its execution. It is the destiny of all conquering powers to be exposed to this necessity of advancing in their course. Napoleon constantly said, and he said with justice, that he was not to blame for the conquests he undertook; that he was forced on by invincible necessity; that he was the head merely of a military republic, to whom exertion was existence; and that the first pause in his advance was the commencement of his fall. No one can have studied the eventful history of his times, without being satisfied of the justice of these observations. The British empire in the East is not, indeed, like his in Europe, one based on injustice and supported by pillage. Protection and improvement, not spoliation and misery, have followed in the rear of the English flag; and the sable multitudes of Hindostan now permanently enjoy that protection and security which heretofore they had only tasted under the transient reigns of Baber and Aurungzebe. But still, notwithstanding all its experienced benefits, the British sway in Hindostan is essentially that of opinion; it is the working and middle classes who are benefitted by their sway. The interest and passions of too many of the rajahs and inferior nobility are injured by its continuance, to render it a matter of doubt that a large and formidable body of malecontents are to be found within the bosom of their territories, who would take advantage of the first external disaster to raise again the long-forgotten standard of independence; and that, equally with the empire of Napoleon in Europe, our first movement of serious retreat would be the commencement of our fall. Nor would soldiers be wanting to aid the dispossessed nobles in the recovery of their pernicious authority. Whoever raises the standard of even *probable* warfare, is sure of followers in India; the war castes throughout Hindostan, the Rajpoots of the northern provinces, are panting for the signal of hostilities, and the moment the standard of native independence is raised, hundreds of thousands of the Mahratta horse would cluster around it, ardent to carry the spear and the torch into peaceful villages, and renew the glorious days of pillage and conflagration.

But it is not only within our natural frontier of the Indus and the Himalaya that the necessity of continually advancing, if we would exist in safety, is felt in the British empire in the East. The same necessity is imposed upon it by its external relations with foreign powers. It is too powerful to be disregarded in the balance of Asiatic politics; its fame has extended far into the regions of China and Tartary; its name must be respected or despised on the banks of

the Oxus and the shores of the Araxes. The vast powers which lie between the British and Russian frontiers cannot remain neutral; they must be influenced by the one or the other power. "As little," said Alexander the Great, "as the heavens can admit of two suns, can the earth admit of two rulers of the East."

Strongly as all nations, in all ages, have been impressed with military success as the mainspring of diplomatic advances, there is no part of the world in which it is so essential to political influence as in the East. Less informed than those of Europe in regard to the real strength of their opponents, and far less prospective in their principles of policy, the nations of Asia are almost entirely governed by present success in their diplomatic conduct. Remote or contingent danger produces little impression upon them; present peril is only looked at. They never negotiate till the dagger is at their throat; but when it is there, they speedily acquiesce in whatever is exacted of them. Regarding the success of their opponents as the indication of the will of destiny, they bow, not only with submission, but with cheerfulness to it. All our diplomatic advances in the East, accordingly, have followed in the train of military success; all our failures have been consequent on the neglect to assert with due spirit the rights and dignity of the British empire. The celebrated Roman maxim *parcere subjectis et debellare superbis*, is not there a principle of policy; it is a rule of necessity. It is the condition of existence to every powerful state.

The court of Persia is, in an especial manner, subject to the influence of these external considerations. Weakened by long-continued and apparently interminable domestic feuds; scarce capable of mustering round the standards of Cyrus and Darius twenty thousand soldiers; destitute alike of wealth, military organization, or central powers, the kings of Tehran are yet obliged to maintain a doubtful existence in the midst of neighbouring and powerful states. The Ottoman empire has long pressed from the west upon them, and transmitted, since the era when the religion of Mahomet was in its cradle, the indelible hatred of the successors of Othman against the followers of Ali. In later times, and since the Cross has become triumphant over the Crescent, the Russian empire has pressed upon them with ceaseless ambition from the north. More permanently formidable than the standards of either Timour or Gengis Khan, her disciplined battalions have crossed the Caucasus, spread over the descending hills of Georgia, and brought the armies of Christ to the foot of Mount Ararat, and the shores of the Araxes. Even the south has not been freed from ominous signs and heart-stirring events: the fame of the British arms, the justice of the British rule, have spread far into the regions of Central Asia; the storming of Seringapatam, the fall of Scindiah, the conquest of Holkar, have resounded among the mountains of Afghanistan, and awakened in the breasts of the Persians the pleasing hope, that from those distant regions the arms of the avenger are destined to come; and that, amidst the contentions of England and Russia, Persia may again emerge to her ancient supremacy among the nations of the earth.

The existence of Persia is so obviously threatened by the aggressions of Russia, the peril in that quarter is so instant and apparent, that the Persian govern-

ment have never failed to take advantage of every successive impulse communicated to British influence, by their victories in Hindostan, to cement their alliance and draw closer their relation with this country. The storming of Seringapatam was immediately followed by a defensive treaty between Persia and Great Britain, in 1800, by which it was stipulated, that the English merchant should be placed on the footing of the most favoured nation, and that no hostile European force should be permitted to pass through the Persian territories towards Hindostan. Every successive addition made to our Indian empire; every triumph of our Indian arms, drew closer the relations between Great Britain and the court of Tehran; and it was not till the wretched days of economy and retrenchment began, till the honour of England was forgotten in the subservience to popular clamour, and her ultimate interests overlooked in the thirst for immediate popularity, that any decay in our influence with the court of Persia was perceptible. In those disastrous days, however, when the strong foundations of the British empire were loosened, in obedience to the loud democratic clamour for retrenchment, the advantages we had gained in Central Asia were entirely thrown away. With an infatuation which now appears almost incredible, but which was then lauded by the whole Liberal party as the very height of economical wisdom, we destroyed our navy at Bombay, thereby surrendering the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to any hostile power that chose to occupy them; we reduced our Indian army from two hundred and eighty, to one hundred and sixty thousand men, thereby exposing ourselves to the contempt of the native powers, by whom respect is never paid but to strength, and weakening the attachment of the native population, who found themselves in great part shut out from the dazzling career of British conquest; and we suffered Persia to combat, single-handed, the dreadful power of Russia in 1827, and never sent either a guinea or a bayonet to save the barrier of Hindostan from Muscovite dismemberment. These disgraceful deeds took place during the halcyon days of Liberal administration; when the Tories nominally held the reins, but the Whigs really possessed the power of government; when that infallible criterion of right and wrong, popular opinion, was implicitly obeyed; when the democratic cry for retrenchment pervaded, penetrated, and paralysed every department of the state; and when, amidst the mutual and loud compliments of the Ministerial and Opposition benches, the foundations of the British empire were loosened, and the strength of the British arms withered in the hands of conceding administrations. The consequences might easily have been foreseen: provinces after province was reft by the Muscovite invaders from the Persian empire; fortress after fortress yielded to the terrible powers of their artillery; the torrent of the Araxes was bestrode by their battalions; the bastions of Erivan yielded to their cannon; and Persia avoided total conquest only by yielding up its whole northern barrier and most warlike provinces to the power of Russia. It is immaterial to us whether these consequences took place under the nominal rule of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, or the Duke of Wellington; suffice it to say, they all took place during the government of the masses; and that the principles on which they were founded were those

which had been advocated for half a century by the whole Whig party, and which were then, as they still are, praised and lauded to the skies by the whole Liberal leaders of every denomination.

The consequences of this total dereliction of national character and interests, in order to gratify the short-sighted passions of an illiberal democracy, rapidly developed themselves. Russia, encouraged by the success with which she had broken the barrier of Hindostan in Central Asia, continued her aggressions on the Ottoman power in Europe. The Turkish fleet was destroyed by the assistance of a British force at Navarino; the Russian arms were carried across the Balkan by British sufferance to Adrianople; and the Ottoman empire, trembling for its existence, was glad to subscribe a treaty which virtually surrendered the Danube and its whole northern defences to the Russian power. Not content with this, the rulers of England, during the halcyon days of the Reform mania, descended to still lower degradation and unparalleled acts of infatuation. When the Pasha of Egypt revolted against the Ottoman power, which seemed thus alike deserted by its allies and crushed by its enemies, and the disastrous battle of Koniah threatened to bring the Egyptian legions to the shores of Scutari, we turned a deaf ear to the earnest prayer of the distressed Sultan for aid. Engrossed in striving to conquer Antwerp in northern, and Lisbon in southern Europe, for the advantage of revolutionary France, we had not a guinea nor a gun to spare to preserve the interest, or uphold the honour of England in the Dardanelles, and we threw Turkey, as the price of existence, into the arms of Russia. The rest is well known. The Muscovite battalions gave the requisite aid; the domes of Constantinople reflected the lights of their bivouacs on the mountain of the giant; the arms of Ibrahim recoiled before this new and unexpected antagonist, and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi delivered Turkey, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Russia, rendered the Euxine a Muscovite lake, and for ever shut out the British flag from the navigation of its waters, or the defence of the Turkish metropolis.

The natural results of this timorous and vacillating policy, coupled with the well-known and fearful reduction of our naval and military force in India, were not slow in developing themselves. It soon appeared that the British name had ceased to be regarded with any respect in the East; and that all the influence derived from our victories and diplomacy in Central Asia had been lost. It is needless to go into details, the results of which are well known to the public, though the diplomatic secrets connected with them have not yet been revealed. Suffice it to say that Persia, which for a quarter of a century had been the firm ally, and in fact the advanced post of the British power in India, deserted by us, and subdued by Russia, was constrained to throw herself into the arms of the latter. The Persian army was speedily organized on a better and more effective footing, under direction of Russian officers; and several thousand Russian troops, disguised under the name of deserters, were incorporated with, and gave consistency to, the Persian army. The British officers, who had hitherto had the direction of that force, were obliged to retire; insult, the invariable precursor in the East of injury, was heaped upon the British subjects; redress was demanded in vain by the

British ambassador; and Sir John McNeil himself was at length obliged to leave the court of Tehran, from the numerous crosses and vexations to which he was exposed. Having thus got quit of the shadow even of British influence throughout the whole of Persia, the Russians were not long in following out the new smoothed highway towards Hindostan: the siege of Herat, the head of the defile which leads to the Indus, was undertaken by the Persian troops, under Russian guidance; and Russian emissaries and diplomacy, ever preceding their arms, had already crossed the Himalaya snows, and were stirring up the seeds of subdued but unextinguished hostility in the Birman empire, among the Nepaulese mountaineers, and the discontented rajahs of Hindostan.

There is but one road by which any hostile army ever has, or ever can, approach India from the northward. Alexander the Great, Timour, Gengis Khan, Nadir-Shah, have all penetrated Hindostan by the same route. That road has, for three thousand years, been the beaten and well-known track by which the mercantile communication has been kept up between the plains of the Ganges and the steppes of Upper Asia. Herat stands at the head of this defile. Its population, which amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and wealth which renders it by far the most important city in the heart of Asia, have been entirely formed by the caravan trade, which, from time immemorial, has passed through its walls, going and returning from Persia to Hindostan. When Napoleon, in conjunction with the Emperor Paul, projected the invasion of our Indian possessions by a joint army of French infantry and Russian Cossacks, the route marked out was Astrakan, Astrabad, Herat, Candahar, the Bolan pass, and the Indus, to Delhi. There never can be any other road overland to India; for to the eastward of it inaccessible snowy ranges of mountains preclude the possibility of an army getting through; while to the west parched and impassable deserts afford obstacles still more formidable, which the returning soldiers of Alexander overcame only with the loss of half their numbers. It is quite clear, therefore, that Herat is the vital point of communication between Russia and Hindostan; and that whoever is in possession of it, either actually or by the intervention of a subsidiary or allied force, need never disquiet himself about apprehensions that an enemy will penetrate through the long and difficult defile which leads in its rear to Hindostan.

Since our empire in India had waxed so powerful as to attract the envy of the Asiatic tramontane nations, it became, therefore, a matter of necessity to maintain our influence among the nations who held the keys of this pass. Afghanistan was to India what Piedmont has long been to Italy; even a second Hannibal or Napoleon might be stopped in its long mountain passes and impenetrable barren hills. If, indeed, the politics of India could be confined only to its native powers, it might be wise to consider the Indus and the Himalaya as our frontier, and to disregard entirely the distant hostility or complicated diplomacy of the northern Asiatic states. But as long as India, like Italy, possesses the fatal gift of beauty; as long as its harvests are coveted by northern sterility, and its riches by barbarian poverty; so long must the ruler of the land preserve with jealous care the entrance into its bosom, and sit with frowning majesty at the entrance of the pass by which

"the blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coast" may find a way into its fabled plains.

There was a time when British influence might with ease, and at little cost, have been established in the Affghanistan passes. Dost Mahommed was a usurper, and his legal claims to the throne would not bear a comparison with those of Shah Shoojah. But he was a usurper who had conciliated and won the affections of the people, and his vigour and success had given a degree of prosperity to Affghanistan which it had not for centuries experienced. Kamram, the sultan of Herat, was connected with him by blood and allied by inclination, and both were animated by hereditary and inveterate hatred of the Persian power. They would willingly, therefore, have united themselves with Great Britain to secure a barrier against northern invasion; and such an alliance would have been founded on the only durable bond of connexion among nations—mutual advantage, and the sense of a formidable impending common danger. The states of Candahar and Cabool were in the front of the danger; the Russian and Persian arms could never have approached the Indus until they were subdued; and consequently their adhesion to our cause, if we would only give them effectual support, might be relied upon as certain. It is well known that Dost Mahommed might have been firmly attached to the British alliance within these few years by the expenditure of a hundred thousand pounds, and the aid of a few British officers to organize his forces. And when it is recollected that the Sultan of Herat, alone and unaided by us, held out against the whole power of Persia, directed by Russian officers, for one year and nine months, it is evident both with what a strong spirit of resistance to northern aggression the Affghanistan states are animated, and what elements of resistance they possess among themselves, even when unaided, against northern ambition.

The immense advantage of gaining the support of the tribes inhabiting the valley of Affghan, thus holding in their hands the keys of Hindostan, was forgone by the British power in India, partly from the dilapidated state to which the army had been reduced by the miserable retrenchment forced upon the Government by the democratic cry for economy at home, and partly from the dread of involving ourselves in hostility with Runjeet Sing, the formidable chief of Lahore, whose hostility to the Affghanians was hereditary and inveterate; and there can be little doubt that the conclusion of a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the powers of Cabool, would have excited great discontent, if not provoked open hostility, at the court of Lahore. In relinquishing their hold of the Affghanistan states, from the dread of compromising their relations with the wily potentate of the Indus, the British Government in India were only acting upon that system of temporizing, concealing, and shunning *present* danger, which has characterised all their public acts ever since the influence of the urban masses became predominant in the British councils. But it is now apparent, that in breaking with the Affghans to conciliate the rajah, the British incurred the greater ultimate, to avoid the present lesser danger. Runjeet Sing, indeed, was a formidable power, with seventy thousand men, and one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon under his command. But his situation, between the British terri-

tory on the one side, and the Affghans on the other, rendered him incapable of making any effectual resistance. His military force was by no means equal to what had been wielded by Tippoo or the Mahratas, and his rear was exposed to the incursions of his hereditary and inveterate enemies in the Affghanistan mountains. Still, more than all, his territories were pierced by the great and navigable river of the Indus—the best possible base for British operations, capable of conveying both the muniments of war and the provisions for an army into the heart of his dominions. In these circumstances, it is evident that the submission of Runjeet Sing must soon have become a matter of necessity; or, at all events, even if we had been driven into hostilities with him, it would have been a far less formidable contest than that into which we have been driven, by abandoning the Affghans in the late expedition to Cabool. The one would have been what the subjugation and conquest of Prussia was to Napoleon, the other was an expedition fraught with all the cost and perils of the advance to Moscow.

Notwithstanding these perils and this cost, however, we have no doubt that, at the time it was undertaken, the expedition to Affghanistan had become a matter of necessity. We had been reduced to such a pass by the economy, concession, and pusillanimity of former Governments, that we had no alternative but either to see the whole of Central Asia and Northern Hindostan arrayed in one formidable league, under Russian guidance, against us, or to make a desperate and hazardous attempt to regain our lost character. We have preferred the latter alternative; and the expedition of Lord Auckland, boldly conceived and vigorously executed, has hitherto, at least, been crowned with the most signal success. That it was also attended with great and imminent hazard is equally certain; but the existence of that peril, imposed upon us by the shortsighted parsimonious spirit of the mercantile democratic communities which for fifteen years past have swayed the British empire, is no impeachment whatever, either of the wisdom or necessity of the adventurous step which was at last resolved on. It only shows the straits to which a great nation must speedily be reduced when its Government, in an evil hour, yields to the insidious cry for democratic retrenchment.

Already the beneficial effects of this bold policy have become apparent. The crossing of the Indus by a powerful British army; the surmounting of the hills of Cashmere; the passage of the Bolan defile; the storming of Ghuznee; the fall of Candahar and Cabool, and the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his ancestors; have resounded through the whole of Asia, and restored, after its eclipse of fifteen years, the honour of the British name. The doubtful fidelity of the Rajah of Lahore has been overawed into submission; the undisguised hostility of the court of Persia has terminated, and friendly relations are on the eve of being re-established; and the indecision of the Sultan of Herat and his brave followers has been decided by the terror of the British arms, and the arrival of a train of artillery within its ruined bastions. As Britons, we rejoice from the bottom of our hearts at these glorious successes; and we care not who were the Ministry at the head of affairs when they were achieved. They were un-

dertaken in a truly British spirit—executed by whom they may, they emanated from Conservative principles. As much as the ruinous reductions and parsimonious spirit of Lord William Bentinck's administration bespoke the poisonous influence of democratic retrenchment in the great council of the empire, so much does the expedition to Affghanistan bespeak the felicitous revival of the true English spirit in the same assembly. At both periods it is easy to see, that, though not nominally possessed of the reins of power, her Majesty's Opposition really ruled the state. In the Affghanistan expedition there was very little of the economy which cut in twain the Indian army, but very much of the spirit which animated the British troops at Assaye and Laswarree;—there was very little of the truckling which brought the Russians to Constantinople, but a great deal of the energy which carried the English to Paris.

In a military point of view, the expedition to Affghanistan is one of the most memorable events of modern times. *For the first time since the days of Alexander the Great*, a civilized army has penetrated the mighty barrier of deserts and mountains which separates Persia from Hindostan; and the prodigy has been exhibited to an astonished world, of a remote island in the European seas pushing forward its mighty arms into the heart of Asia, and carrying its victorious standards into the strong-holds of Mahometan faith and the cradle of the Mogul empire. Neither the intricate streams of the Punjab, nor the rapid flow of the Indus, nor the waterless mountains of Affghanistan, nor the far-famed bastions of Ghuznee, have been able to arrest our course. For the first time in the history of the world, the tide of conquest has flowed up from Hindostan into Central Asia; the European races has asserted its wonted superiority over the Asiatic; reversing the march of Timour and Alexander, the sable battalions of the Ganges have appeared as conquerors on the frontiers of Persia, and on the confines of the steppes of Samarcand. So marvellous and unprecedented an event is indeed fitted to awaken the contemplation of every thoughtful mind. It speaks volumes as to the mighty step made by the human race in the last five hundred years, and indicates the vast agency and unbounded effects of that free spirit, of which Britain is the centre, which has thus, for a season at least, inverted the heretofore order of nature, made the natives of Hindostan appear as victors in the country of Gengis Khan, and brought the standards of civilized Europe, though in the inverse order, into the footsteps of the phalanx of Alexander.

Though such, however, have been the marvels of the British expedition to Central Asia, yet it is not to be disguised that it was attended by at least equal perils; and never, perhaps, since the British standard appeared on the plains of Hindostan, was their empire in such danger as during the dependence of this glorious but hazardous expedition. It was, literally speaking, to our Indian empire what the expedition to Moscow was to the European dominion of Napoleon. Hitherto, indeed, the result has been different, and we devoutly hope that, in that respect, the dissimilarity will continue. But in both cases the danger was the same. It was the moving forward a large force so far from its resources and the base of its operations, which in both cases constituted the danger. If any serious check had been sus-

tained by our troops in that distant enterprise; if Runjeet Sing had proved openly treacherous, and assailed our rear and cut off our supplies when the bulk of our force was far advanced in the Affghanistan defiles; if the Bolan pass had been defended with a courage equal to its physical strength; if the powder bags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee had missed fire, or the courage of those who bore them had quailed under the extraordinary perils of their mission; the fate of the expedition would in all probability have been changed, and a disaster as great as the cutting off of Crassus and his legions in Mesopotamia, would have resounded like a clap of thunder through the whole of Asia. Few if any of the brave men who had penetrated into Affghanistan would ever have returned; the Burmese, the Nepalese would immediately have appeared in arms; the Mahratta and Pindarree horse would have re-assembled round their predatory standards; and, while the British empire in Hindostan rocked to its foundation, an Affghanistan army, directed by Russian officers, and swelled by the predatory tribes of Central Asia, would have poured down, thirsting for plunder and panting for blood, on the devoted plains of Hindostan.

Subsequent events have already revealed, in the clearest manner, the imminent danger in which the English empire in the East was placed at the period of the Affghanistan expedition. So low had the reputation of the British name sunk in the East, that even the Chinese, the most unwarlike and least precipitate of the Asiatic empires, had ventured to offer a signal injury to the British interests, and insult to the British name; and so miserably deficient were Government in any previous preparation for the danger, that it was only twelve months after the insult was offered, that ships of war could be fitted out in the British harbours to attempt to seek for redress. It is now ascertained that a vast conspiracy had been long on foot in the Indian peninsula to overturn our power; in the strongholds of some of the lesser rajahs in the southern part of the peninsula, enormous military stores have been found accumulated; and not a doubt can remain, that, if any serious disaster had happened to our army in Central Asia, not only would the Burmese and Nepalese have instantly commenced hostilities, but a formidable insurrection would have broken out among the semi-independent rajahs, in the very vitals of our power. And yet it was while resting on the smouldering fires of such a volcano, that Lord William Bentinck and the Liberal Administration of India thought fit to reduce our military force to one-half, and shake the fidelity of the native troops by the reduction of their pay and allowances.

But this proved hostility of so large a portion of the native powers, suggests matter for further and most serious consideration. It is clear, that although the British Government has, to an immense degree, benefited India, yet it has done so chiefly by the preservation of peace, and the suppression of robbery, throughout its vast dominions; and it is painfully evident, that hardly any steps have yet been taken to reconcile the natives to our dominion, by the extended market which we have opened to their industry. The startling fact which Mr. Montgöimery

Martin* has clearly established, that notwithstanding all that was prophesied of, the trade to India has been, including exports and imports, *less for the last twenty years than for the twenty years preceding*, clearly demonstrates some vital defect in our colonial policy. Nor is it difficult to see where that error is to be found. We have loaded the produce of India—sugar, indigo, &c.—with duties of nearly a hundred per cent., while we have deluged them with our own manufactures at an import duty of *two or three per cent.* In our anxiety to find a vent for our own manufactures on the continent of Hindostan, we seem to have entirely forgotten that there was another requisite indispensably necessary towards the success of our projects even for our own interests,—to give them the means of paying for them. Our conduct towards our colonies, equally with that to foreign states, has exhibited reciprocity *all on one side*—with this material difference, that we have, in our blind anxiety to conciliate foreign states, allowed the whole benefits of the reciprocity treaties to rest with them; while, in our selfish legislation towards our colonial subjects, we have taken the whole to ourselves.

So vast is the importance of our Indian possessions, to the British empire, and so boundless the market for her manufactures which might be opened if a truly wise and liberal policy were pursued towards our Indian possessions, that there is nothing more to be regretted than that there has not hitherto issued from the press a popular and readable history of our Indian possessions. Auber has, indeed, with great industry, narrated the leading facts, and supported them by a variety of interesting official documents. But it is in vain to conceal, that his book possesses no attractions to the general reader; and accordingly, although it will always be a standard book of reference to persons studying Indian affairs, it has not and will not produce any impression upon public thought. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we recently opened the *Chapters on Indian History*, just published by Mr. Thornton, already so favourably known to the eastern world by his work on *India, and its State and Prospects*. From the cursory examination we have been able to give to this very interesting work, we have only reason to regret that the author has not been more comprehensive in his plan, and that, instead of chapters on British India since the administration of Marquis Wellesley, in one volume, he has not given to the world a full history of the period in three. The work is distinguished by judgment, candour, and research, and is, beyond all doubt, the most valuable that has yet appeared on the recent history of India. We would beg leave only to suggest to the able author, that his next edition should extend to two volumes, and should embrace the whole events of the period of which he treats; in particular, that Lord Hastings's war in 1817 should be more fully enlarged upon; and that greater exertions should be made, by the introduction of picturesque incidents and vivid

* See *Colonial Magazine*, No. I., article—"Foreign Trade to India,"—a newly established miscellany, full of valuable information, and which, if conducted on right principles, will prove of the very highest importance.

descriptions, to interest the mass of the nation in a subject daily rising in importance, and on which they must soon be called upon to exercise the functions of direct legislation.

To have engaged in and successfully accomplished such an undertaking; to have overcome so many and such formidable intervening obstacles, and planted the British guns in triumph on the walls of Herat, is one of the most glorious exploits which have ever graced the long annals of British military prowess. That our soldiers were undaunted in battle and irresistible in the breach has been often proved, in the fields alike of Asiatic and European fame. But here they have exhibited qualities of a totally different kind, and in which hitherto they were not supposed to have been equal to the troops of other states. They have successfully accomplished marches, unparalleled in modern times for their length and hardship; surmounted mountain ranges, compared to which the passage of the St. Bernard by Napoleon must sink into insignificance; and solved the great problem, so much debated, and hitherto unascertained in military science, as to the practicability of an European force, with the implements and incumbrances of modern warfare, surmounting the desert and mountain tracts which separate Persia from Hindoestan. Involved as we are in the pressing interests of domestic politics, and in the never-ending agitation of domestic concerns, the attention of the British public has been little attracted by this stupendous event; but it is one evidently calculated to fix the attention of the great military nations on the continent, and which will stand forth in imperishable lustre in the annals of history.

There is one result which may and should follow from our undertakings in Afghanistan, which, if properly improved, may render it the means of strengthening, in the most essential manner, our possessions in the East. The Indus and the Himalaya are the natural frontier of our dominions; they are what the Danube and the Rhine were to the Romans, and the former of these streams to Napoleon's empire. The Indus is navigable for fifteen hundred miles, and for nine hundred by steamers of war and mercantile vessels of heavy burden. It descends nearly in a straight line from the impassable barrier of the Himalaya to the Indian ocean; its stream is so rapid, and its surface so broad, that no hostile force can possibly cross it in the face of a powerful defensive marine. Never was an empire which had such a frontier for its protection; never was such a base afforded for military operations as on both its banks. Provisions for any number of soldiers; warlike stores to any amount: cannon sufficient for a hundred thousand men, can with ease ascend its waves. Vain is the rapidity of its current; the power of steam has given to civilized man the means of overcoming it; and before many years are expired, British vessels, from every harbour in the United Kingdom, may ascend that mighty stream, and open fresh and hitherto unheard-of markets for British industry in the boundless regions of Central Asia. Now, then, is the time to secure the advantages; and gain the mastery of this mercantile artery and frontier stream; and, by means of fortified stations on its banks, and a powerful fleet of armed steamers in its bosom, to gain that impregnable barrier to our Indian

possessions, against which, if duly supported by manly vigour at home, and wise administration in our Indian provinces, all the efforts of Northern ambition will beat in vain.

But there is one consideration deserving of especial notice which necessarily follows from this successful irruption. The problem of marching overland to India is now solved; the Russian guns have come down from Petersburg to Herat, and the British have come up from Delhi to the same place. English cannon are now planted in the embrasures, against which, twelve months ago, the Russian shot were directed; and if twenty thousand British could march from Delhi to Candahar and Cabool, *forty thousand Russians may march from Astrakan to the Ganges and Calcutta*. Our success has opened the path in the East to Russian ambition;—the stages of our ascending army point out the stations for their descending host; and the ease with which our triumph has been effected, will dispel any doubts which they may have entertained as to the practicability of ultimately accomplishing the long-cherished object of their ambition, and conquering in Calcutta the empire of the East. This is the inevitable result of our success; but it is one which should excite no desponding feeling in any British bosom; and we allude to it, not with the selfish, unpatriotic design of chilling the national ardour at our success, but in order, if possible, to arouse the British people to a sense of the new and more extended duties to which they are called, and the wider sphere of danger and hostility in which they are involved.

It is no longer possible to disguise that the sphere of hostility and diplomatic exertion has been immensely extended by our success in Afghanistan. Hitherto the politics of India have formed, as it were, a world to themselves; a dark range of intervening mountains of arid deserts were supposed to separate Hindoestan from Central Asia; and however much we might be disquieted at home by the progress of Russian or French ambition, no serious fears were entertained that either would be able to accomplish the Quixotic exploit of passing the western range of the Himalaya mountains. Now, however, this veil has been rent asunder—this mountain screen has been penetrated. The Russian power in Persia, and the British in India, now stand face to face; the advanced posts of both have touched Herat; the high road from St. Petersburg to Calcutta has been laid open by British hands. The advanced position we have gained must now be maintained; if we retire, even from tributary or allied states, the charm of our invincibility is gone; the day when the god Terminus recoils before a foreign enemy, is the commencement of a rapid decline. We do not bring forward this consideration in order to blame the expedition; but in order to show into what a contest, and with what a power, it has necessarily brought us. Afghanistan is the out-post of Russia; Dost Mohammed, now exiled from his throne, was a vassal of the Czar; and we must now contend for the empire of the East, not with the rajahs of India, but the Muscovite battalions.

The reality of these anticipations as to the increased amount of the danger of a collision with Russia, which has arisen from the great approximation of our outposts to theirs, which the Affghan expedition has occasioned, is apparent. Already

Russia has taken the alarm, and the expedition against Khiva shows that she has not less the inclination, than she unquestionably has the power, of amply providing for herself against what she deems the impending danger. No one can for a moment suppose that that expedition is really intended to chastise the rebellious Khan. Thirty thousand men, and a large train of artillery, are not sent against an obscure chieftain in Tartary, whom a few regiments of Cossacks would soon reduce to obedience. A glance at the map will at once show what was the real object in view. Khiva is situated on the Oxus, and the Oxus flows to the north-west from the mountains which take their rise from the northern boundary of Cabool. its stream is navigable to the foot of the Affghanistan mountains, and from the point where water communication ceases, it is a passage of only five or six days to the valley of Cabool. If, therefore, the Russians once establish themselves at Cabool, they will have no difficulty in reaching the possessions of Shah Shoojah; and their establishment will go far to outweigh the influence established by the British, by the Affghanistan expedition, among the Affghanistan tribes. Already, if recent accounts can be relied on, this effect has become apparent. Dost Mahommed, expelled from his kingdom, has found support among the Tartar tribes; backed by their support, he has already re-appeared over the hills, and regained part of his dominions, and the British troops, on their return to Affghanistan, have already received orders to halt. Let us hope that it is not in our case, as it was in that of the French at Moscow, that when they thought the campaign over it was only going to commence.

Regarding, then, our success in Affghanistan as having accelerated by several years the approach of this great contest, it becomes the British nation well to consider what preparations they have made *at home* to maintain it. Have we equipped and manned a fleet capable of withstanding the formidable armament which Nicholas has always ready for immediate operations in the Baltic? Have we five-and-twenty ships of the line and thirty frigates ready to meet the *thirty* ships of the line and eighteen frigates which Nicholas has always equipped for sea at Cronstadt? Have we thirty thousand men in London ready to meet the thirty thousand veterans whom the Czar has constantly prepared to step on board his fleet on the shores of the Baltic? Alas! we have none of these things. We could not, to save London from destruction or the British empire from conquest, fit out three ships of the line to protect the mouth of the Thames, or assemble ten thousand men to save Woolwich or Portsmouth from conflagration. What between radical economy in our army estimates, Whig parsimony in our naval preparations, and Chartist violence in our manufacturing cities, we have neither a naval nor a military force to protect ourselves from destruction. All that Sir Charles Adam, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, could say on this subject last session of Parliament was, that we had *three ships of the line and three guard-ships to protect the shores of England*. Never was such a proof afforded that we had sunk down from the days of giants into those of pigmies, than the use of such an argument by a lord of the British Admiralty. Why, thirty years ago, we sent thirty-nine ships of the line to attack the enemy's

naval station at Antwerp, without raising the blockade of one of his harbours, from Gibraltar to the North Cape. Herein, then, lies the monstrous absurdity, the unparalleled danger of our present national policy, that we are vigorous even to temerity in the East, and parsimonious even to pusillanimity in the West; and that while we give Russia a fair pretext for hostility, and perhaps some ground for complaint in the centre of Asia, we make no preparation whatever to resist her hostility on the shores of England.

The contrast between the marvellous vigour of our Indian Government and the niggardly spirit with which all our establishments are starved down at home, would be inconceivable if we did not recollect by what opposite motives our Government is regulated in Hindostan and in the British islands. Taxation in India falls upon the inhabitants, who are unrepresented; taxation at home falls upon the taxpayers, who have a numerical majority in Parliament. We never doubted the inclination of a democracy to dip their hands in *other people's pockets*; what we doubted was their inclination, save in the last extremity, to put them in their own.

Disregard of the future, devotion to present objects, has, in all ages, been the characteristic of the masses of mankind. We need not wonder that the British populace are distinguished by the well-known limited vision of their class, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes failed in inducing the most enlightened republic of antiquity to take any measures to ward off the danger arising from the ambition of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, strength or foresight sufficient to prevent its capital from being taken, and its arsenals pillaged by a British division not three thousand strong. Unless, however, the Conservative press can succeed in rousing the British public to a sense of their danger on this subject, and the Conservative leaders in Parliament take up the matter earnestly and vigorously, it may safely be pronounced that the days of the British empire are numbered.

No empire can possibly exist for any length of time which provokes hostility in its distant possessions, while it neglects preparation in the heart of its power; which buckles on its gloves and puts on the helmet, but leaves the breastplate and the cuirass behind. If a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line appears off the Nore, it will not be by deriding their prowess, or calling them a "pasteboard fleet," that the danger will be averted from the arsenals and the treasures of England. The Russian sailors do not possess any thing like the nautical skill or naval habits, of the British; but they are admirably trained to ball practice, they possess the native courage of their race, and they will stand to their guns with any sailors in Europe. Remember the words of Nelson, "Lay yourself alongside of a Frenchman, but out-manœuvre a Russian."

The manifest and not yet terminated dangers with which the Affghanistan expedition was attended, should operate as a warning, and they will be cheaply purchased if they prove a timely one, to the British people, of the enormous dangers, not merely to the national honour and independence, but to the vital pecuniary interests of every individual in the state, of continuing any longer the pernicious system of

present economy, and total disregard of future danger, which for twenty years has characterised every department of our Government. Why is it that England has now been compelled in the East, for the first time, to incur the enormous perils of the Affghanistan expedition—to hazard, as it were, the very existence of our Eastern empire upon a single throw; and adventure a large proportion of the British army, and the magic charm of British invincibility, upon a perilous advance, far beyond the utmost frontiers of Hindostan, into the heart of Asia? Simply because previous preparation had been abandoned, ultimate danger disregarded; because retrenchment was the order of the day, and Government yielded to the ever popular cry of *present economy*; because the noble naval and military establishment of former times was reduced one-half, or allowed to expire, in the childish belief that it never again would be required. Rely upon it, a similar conduct will one day produce a similar necessity to the British empire. It will be found, and that too ere many years have passed over, that the Duke of Wellington was right when he said, that a great empire cannot with safety wage a little war; and that nothing but present danger and future disaster, will result from a system which blindly shuts its eyes to the future, and never looks beyond the conciliating the masses by a show of economy at the moment. An Affghanistan expedition—a Moscow campaign—will be necessary to ward off impending danger, or restore the sunk credit of the British name: happy if the contest can thus be averted from our own shores, and by incurring distant dangers we can escape domestic subjugation.

But let not foreign nations imagine, from all that has been said or may be said by the Conservatives on this vital subject, that Great Britain has now lost her means of defence, or that, if a serious insult or injury is offered to her, she may not soon be brought into a condition to take a fearful vengeance upon her enemies. The same page of history which tells us that while democratic states never can be brought to foresee remote dangers, or incur present burdens to guard against it, when the danger is present, and strikes the senses of the multitude, they are capable of the most stupendous exertions. That England, in the event of war breaking out in her present supine, unprepared state, would sustain in the outset very great disasters, is clear; but it is not by any ordinary calamities that a power of such slow growth and present magnitude of England is to be subdued. She now possesses 2,800,000 tonnage, and numbers 1,600,000 seamen in her commercial navy, and a fleet of seven hundred steamboats, more than all Europe possesses, daily prowls along her shores. Here are all the elements of a powerful marine; at no period did Great Britain possess such a foundation for naval strength within her bosom. What is wanting, is not the element of an irresistible naval force, but the sagacity of the people to foresee the approaching necessity for its establishment, and the virtue in the Government to propose the burdens indispensable for its restoration. In the experienced difficulty of either communicating this foresight to the one, or imparting this virtue to the other, may be traced the well-known and often-predicted effects of democratic ascendancy. But that same ascendancy, if the spirit of the people is roused by experienced disgrace, or their interests

affected by present calamity, would infallibly make the most incredible exertions; and a navy, greater than any which ever yet issued from the British harbours, might sail forth from our sea-girt isle, to carry, like the French Revolutionary armies, devastation and ruin into all the naval establishments of Europe. No such career of naval conquest, however, is either needed for the glory, or suited for the interests of England; and it is as much from a desire to avert that ultimate forcible and most painful conversion of all the national energies to warlike objects, as to prevent the immediate calamities which it would occasion, that we earnestly press upon the country the immediate adoption, at any cost, of that great increase to our naval and military establishments which can alone avert one or both of these calamities.

From the Christian Observer.

SIR ROBERT GRANT'S SACRED POEMS.

We copy the following from "Sacred Poems by the late Sir Robert Grant," published by his brother, Lord Glenelg. The pieces are but twelve in number, and would not fill above three or four closely-printed pages of a magazine; but they are made to occupy nearly forty pages of elegant type and paper, apparently for presentation. Lord Glenelg says "Many of them have already appeared in print, either in periodical publication, or in collections of sacred poetry: but a few are now published for the first time." We are not aware of any other periodical publication than our own in which any of them originally appeared. The first in the collection—the admirable hymn "When gathering clouds"—was sent by the author for insertion in our volume for 1806, under the signature of E.—Y. D. R.; and the sent an improved edition for our volume for 1812, under the same signature. The beautiful lines on the Litany, "Saviour, when in dust to Thee," and we believe some others were inserted without signature. We have noticed the signature, because there is in our volume for 1806 another poem with the above signature, entitled "To a friend gathering wild flowers," which we pointed out to Lord Glenelg when he was collecting his brother's pieces; but none of the family had ever seen the lines, and his Lordship has omitted them, either as thinking them apocryphal, or not particularly worth preserving. They are not equal to our departed correspondent's other pieces; though the signature, which is specific, seems to determine them to his pen; and they were inserted the very month after "When gathering clouds." Lord Glenelg gives this last composition nearly as it appeared in our volume for 1812; but some compilation of hymns, we believe, have the reading of 1806. We are not sure that the following reading in the first copy was not the best:

1806.

When writhing on the bed of pain,
I supplicate for rest in vain;
Still, still my soul shall think of Thee,
Thy bloody sweat and agony.

1812, and reprint.

Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

The following was probably altered to avoid an ambiguity:—

1806.

Then bear me to that happier shore,
Where thou shalt mark my tears no more.

1812, and reprint.

Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

We have noticed these various readings to give the compilers of hymn-books their choice. We now proceed to copy a few pieces which we do not recollect having printed before.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

From Olivet's sequester'd seats,
What sounds of transport spread?
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,
To Sion's holy head?
Behold Him there in lowliest guise
The Saviour of mankind!
Triumphal shouts before him rise,
And shouts reply behind:
And, "Strike," they cry, "your loudest string:
He comes—Hosanna to our King!"

Nor these alone, that present train,
Their present King ador'd:
An earlier and a later strain
Extol the self-same Lord.
Obedient to his Father's will,
He came—he lived, he died;
And gratulating voices still
Before and after cried,
"All hail the prince of David's line!
Hosanna to the Man divine!"

He came to earth: from eldest years,
A long and bright array
Of prophet bards and patriarch seers
Proclaimed the glorious day:
The light of heaven in every breast,
Its fire on every lip,
In tuneful chorus on they prest,
A goodly fellowship:
And still their pealing anthem ran,
"Hosanna to the Son of man;"

He came to earth, through life he past
A man of griefs; and lo,
A noble army following fast
His track of pain and woe:
All deck'd with palms, and strangely bright,
That suffering host appears;
And stainless are their robes of white,
Though steeped in blood and tears;

And sweet their martyr anthem flows,
"Hosanna to the Man of woes!"

From ages past descends the lay
To ages yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.
But oh! while saints and angels high
Thy final triumph share,
Amidst thy followers, Lord, shall I,
Though last and meanest there,
Receive a place, and feebly raise
A faint hosanna to thy praise?

PSALM XLIX.

With musings sad my spirit teems,
My harp is strung to saddest themes;
O mortal, hear its notes complain,
Nor shun a dark but faithful strain,
Whose simple length, tho' short, shall span
The mournful history of man.

How oft, with dreams of pomp elate,
The rich upholds his haughty state,
With eager fondness counts his gains,
And proudly names his wide domains:
While, left to poverty and scorn,
The just in humble silence mourn!

Yet envy not the pomp, ye just,
That towers upon a base of dust:
For O, when death decreed shall come
To shake the proud man's lofty dome,
Will proffered gold avail to save?
Or ransoms bribe the yawning grave?

Lo stretched before his anguished eyes,
A child, a wife, a brother lies:
How vain his stores, his cares how vain,
The fleeting spirit to retain;
The form he clasps resigns its breath,
And fills his blank embrace with death.

Again it strikes;—a second blow;—
The man of pride himself is low;
Shall wealth, shall state, attend the dead?
'Tis only to his clay-cold bed.
Caressed by crowds, by hundreds known,
He fills the narrow house alone.

The funeral pomp, superb and slow,
The gorgeous pageantry of woe,
The praise that fills the historic roll,
Can these assist the parted soul?
Or will remembered grandeur cheer
The shivering lonely traveller?

And when that breathless wasting clay
Again shall feel the life-blood play;
When in the cell where dark it lies,
A morn of piercing light shall rise;
O whither then shall guilt retire,
Or how avoid the eyes of fire?

O man with heaven's own honours bright,
And fall'st thou thus thou child of light?

And still shall heirs on heirs anew
The melancholy jest pursue ?
And born the offspring of the sky
In folly live, in darkness die ?

But I on thee depend, O Lord,
My hope, my help, and high reward :
Thy word illumines my feeble eyes,
Thy spirit all my strength supplies ;
In sickness thou my aid shalt be,
And death but gives me all to thee.

“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE ? AND THERE IS
NONE UPON EARTH THAT I DESIRE IN COMPARISON OF
THEE.”—(Ps. lxxiii. 25.)

Lord of earth ! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd :
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,—
Ocean rolling in his power,—
All that strikes the gaze unsought,—
All that charms the lonely thought,—
Friendship—gem transcending prize,—
Love,—a flower from paradise,—
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but Thee ?

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light :
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company ;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings ;—
Oh that world is passing fair ;
Yet if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest ;
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lur'd thy wandering child ;
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away ;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
Oh if once thy smile divine
Ceas'd upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me ?
Whom have I in each but Thee ?

“BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENESTH.”—
(Psalm xciv. 12.)

O SAVIOUR ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wand'rings and guided my way,
Ador'd be the pow'r which illumin'd my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to
betray.

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Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair
I follow'd the rainbow,—I caught at the toy ;—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below ;—
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the
beam ;—
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of
woe ;—
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So, cur'd of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity displayed ;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven,
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the
morn ;—
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown ;—
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown ;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
O ! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below ;
There is rest,—but it dwells in the presence of God.

THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away ?
“With pilgrim course I flow,
“Or in summer's scorching glow,
“Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
“Nor stop nor stay ;
“For oh, by high behest,
“To a bright abode of rest
“In my parent ocean's breast
“I hasten away !”

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass ;
“Yet, yet delay !
“Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
“Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
“On, on, my course must sweep,
“I may not stay ;
“For oh, be it east or west,
“To a home of glorious rest
“In the bright sea's boundless breast,
“I hasten away !”

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay !
" I taste of the fragrant flowers,
" I respond to the warbling bowers,
" And sweetly they charm the hours
" Of my winding way ;
" But ceaseless still, in quest
" Of that everlasting rest,
" In my parent's boundless breast,
" I hasten away !"

Know'st thou that dread abyss ?
Is it a scene of bliss ?
Oh ! rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay !
" O who shall fitly tell
" What wonders there may dwell ?
" That world of mystery well
" Might strike dismay ;
" But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
" There held, I must need be blest,
" And with joy to that promised rest
" I hasten away !"

PART OF PSALM LXXXIV. IMITATED.

How deep the joy, Almighty Lord,
Thy altars to the heart afford !
With envying eyes I see
The swallow fly to nestle there,
And find within the house of prayer
A bliss denied to me !

Compelled by day to roam for food
Where scorching suns or tempests rude
Their angry influence fling ;
Oh ! gladly in that sheltered nest
She smooths, at eve, her ruffled breast,
And folds her weary wings.

Thrice happy wand'rer, fain would I,
Like thee, from ruder climates fly,
That sea of rest to share ;
Opprest with tumult, sick with wrongs,
How oft my fainting spirit longs
To lay its sorrows there !

Oh ! ever on that holy ground
The cov'ring cherub, Peace, is found,
With brooding wings serene !
And Charity's seraphic glow,
And gleams of glory that foreshow
A higher, brighter scene. !

For even that refuge but bestows
A transient tho' a sweet repose,
For one short hour allowed ;
Then upwards we shall take our flight,
To hail a spring without a blight,
A heaven without a cloud !

THE GREAT SOUTH SEA BUBBLE, WITH
ITS CONTEMPORARY BUBBLES.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

In looking from the loop holes of my retreat at the busy world, it often seems to me to be upon the verge of some great convulsion, and I can only attribute it to the merciful providence of God, not the wisdom or foresight of man, that it escapes it. The late pecuniary crisis in America might have been highly disastrous in its effects upon England ; and so might many other foreign transactions, on account of the intimate union which subsists between Great Britain as a commercial nation and other countries. But our own trading speculations are often indications rather of the excitement of fever than of vigorous health. The crisis of 1826, though it checked, did not extinguish, the thirst for overtrading ; and it is surprising that we have escaped a more recent crash. If history were not esteemed an old almanac, salutary cautions might be learned from previous disasters ; and especially from the bursting of the South Sea Bubble in 1716.

The South Sea Company had proposed to pay off the National Debt, by taking it upon themselves and giving their own stock in exchange, which Parliament agreed to. The scheme took so well that their stock rose from £86 to £1106 ; and their original fund of ten millions became nominally worth one hundred and ten millions ; and they opened four new subscriptions which made the total £295,000,000. The directors actually set up this new stock at one thousand per cent ; and yet such was the phrensy of the moment that the shares were sold at two hundred per cent premium. Upon the reaction what had been purchased for £1100 fell back to £86 ; the directors were ruined ; and parliament caused their estates to be confiscated to relieve thousands of families whom they had reduced to misery by their proceedings, and also for the same humane purpose remitted more than four millions of money which the insolvent company owed the State.

I will copy a curious passage from Maitland's History of London relative to the subject. The description is quite in the manner of De Foe.

" It is very surprising, that the wicked scheme of French extraction should meet with encouragement here, seeing the very year before it had almost ruined that nation. But what is still more surprising is, that the people of divers other countries, who, notwithstanding their having the direful effects of this destructive scheme before their eyes, and, as it were, tainted with our frenzy, begun to court their destruction, by setting on foot the like projects ; which gives room to suspect, that those destructive and fatal transactions were rather the result of an epidemical distemper, than that of choice ; seeing that the wisest and best of men were the greatest sufferers ; many of the nobility, and persons of the greatest distinction, undone, and obliged to walk on foot ; while others, who the year before could hardly purchase a dinner, were exalted in their coaches and fine equipages, and possessed of enormous estates. And such a scene of misery appeared among traders, that it was almost become unfashionable not to be a bankrupt. And, soon after, this direful catastrophe

was attended with such a number of self murders, as no age can parallel.

"And as if this wicked project had not of itself been sufficient to ruin both city and country, there were at the same time a vast number of other villainous projects set on foot, purely calculated to enrich the roguish projectors, at the expense of the middling and poorer sort of people, who were not capable of reaching the South Sea traffic. Those vile schemes were justly denominated *Bubbles*, as consisting of nothing but air, and scraps of paper. For the suppressing of those fraudulent and illegal practices, application was made (in the King's absence in his German dominions) to the Lords Justices, who came to the following resolution. 'Their Excellencies the Lords Justice in council, taking into consideration the many inconveniences arising to the public, from several projects set on foot for raising of joint stocks for various purposes; and that a great many of his Majesty's subjects have been drawn into part with their money, on pretence of assurances that their petitions, for patents and charters to enable them to carry on the same, would be granted; to prevent such impositions, their Excellencies, this day, ordered the said several petitions, together with such reports from the Board of Trade, and from his Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-General, as had been obtained thereon, to be laid before them; and, after mature consideration thereof, were pleased, by advice of his Majesty's Privy-Council, to order that the said petitions be dismissed, which are as followeth.'

The projects thus disallowed were—Royal English fishery; national fishery; whale fishery to Greenland; another to Davis's Straits; Greenland trade; building or buying ships to let or freight; sowing hemp and flax; making sail-cloth; raising madder; making sail-cloth and fine holland; the same and silk and cotton manufactures; fire assurance; the same; trading to Brunswick; importing German timber; salt-work; and making snuff in Virginia.

Some of these were good projects; but in consequence of the former extravagances, prejudice prevailed, and the good shared the fate of the evil. Maitland mentions the following as being carried on without patents or charters; and in the mention of these also, valuable projects are confounded with those which were unsafe or chimerical. Some are evidently satirical; and the true and the fictitious are so blended, that it is not clear, respecting several, whether the specification is genuine or otherwise. Private adventurers are also mixed up with joint-stock companies; and the whole is one mass of confusion. It is thus at all times; for ignorant persons cannot distinguish between a scheme founded upon solid principles and the wildest extravagance; thus classing "making iron and steel with pit-coals," instead of charcoal as formerly, which led the way, more than perhaps any other discovery of science, to the modern commercial greatness of England, with projects for an "Arcadian colony," "perpetual motion," and "making quicksilver malleable." The following is the list:—

American fishery; British alum-works; Santa Cruz settlement; Westley's actions; Blane's Society; Tortola settlement; importing beaver; bottomry; inoffensively cleansing cesspools; supplying London with sea-coals; clothing trade; supplying London with cattle; breeding cattle; insuring and improving

children's fortunes; improving certain manufactures; entering goods; furnishing London with hay; purchasing lands to build on; lending money on interest; purchasing lead mines; dealing in lace; purchasing fenny lands; raising hemp; manuring land; drying malt by hot air; restoring Morison's haven; buying naval stores; pensions to widows; trading to the Oroonoko; making pasteboard; improving paper; Colchester baize; ballast society; Bahama Islands; lending on bottomry; grand dispensary; improving land in Essex; royal fishery; fishpool; draining fens; making bottles; making looking glass; Globe permits; building houses; encouraging the breed of horses; founding hospital; discovering gold mines; importing Swedish iron; assurance against thieves; improving land; trading in hair; sinking pits for melting lead; insuring masters from losses by servants; lending on government security; muslin machine; importing pitch from Scotland; Nova Britannica Society; making rape oil; corn trade; Irish sail-cloth; Arcadian colony; Newcastle coal trade; making china ware; furnishing funerals; Orkney fishery; coral fishery; flying-engine; improving gardens; society for freeholders; making sail-cloth; importing holland; insuring horses; feeding hogs; bleaching hair; making steel; making iron and steel with pit-coals; improving land in Flintshire; buying, selling, and letting land; trading in iron; national permits; public fishery; life insurance; improving malt liquors; making pasteboards; purchasing lands in Pennsylvania; curing gout and stone; making oil of poppies; making quicksilver malleable; salt pans in Holy Island; improving soap; improving silk; bleaching sugar; making stockings; improving tin mines; trading in tobacco with Sweden; curing tobacco; establishing woollen manufacture in the North of England; furnishing merchants with watches; insurance against small-pox; air-pump for the brain; insurance against divorces; butter from beech-trees; making radish-oil; importing oils; paving London; making Manchester stuffs; extracting silver from lead; boiling rock salt; making salt petre; erecting turnpikes; improving tillage; importing timber from Wales; supplying Deal with water; importing walnut trees from Virginia; perpetual motion; engine to remove the South Sea-house to Bedlam; making deal boards of sawdust; making the river Douglas navigable; improving the Thanet; insuring seamen's wages; making Joppa soap; fitting out ships against pirates; ameliorating oil; discounting seamen's tickets; making sail-cloth in Ireland; Temple mills; supplying Liverpool with water; exporting woollen goods for brass; japanning shoes; casting navities.

These details are sufficiently curious to entertain the popular reader; but my object in noticing the subject was not amusement but profit. The spirit of commercial speculation is as rife among us at the present moment as in the time of the South Sea mania, and too many of the servants of Christ have been engulfed in the stream. Instead of waking in the morning with tranquillity, and praying with contented faith to their heavenly Father, in the quiet and diligent discharge of their worldly occupation, to give them that day their daily bread; they are constantly in a state of feverish anxiety; they cannot rest till they have seen the price of stocks, and the market rate of interest, and the rise and fall of rail-

road shares : and have read and digested the news of the day. Is this frame of mind desirable, or warrantable, in one who professes to be a pilgrim and stranger upon earth ? Alas, is it not essentially worldly and soul-destroying, and opposed to prayer, to watchfulness, and spirituality of mind. There is nothing unlawful in purchasing joint-stock shares in well-considered and useful undertakings : it is an allowable mode of improving property, and providing things honest in the sight of all men ; but the *spirit* of worldly speculation is opposed to the Gospel in its very essence ; and they that " *will* be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

But if any Christian do not see the matter distinctly at first as a question of principle, let him begin with viewing it as one of prudence. Let him think of the disappointment, loss, and misery occasioned by the South Sea speculation, which only exhibited on a large scale what is passing daily in families in consequence of the failure of rash and improvident commercial enterprizes. The evil is not confined to ordinary traffic : it pervades even the most sacred institutions. An amiable, pious, and gentle-tempered minister, not previously given to filthy lucre, was ruined in mind and health, in his family comfort and his spiritual and pastoral character, by having become entangled in an exciting pew-rent speculation. If the believer lived up to his high character and privileges, he would not be a *quietist*, because he would consider that he had duties to discharge as well as a cross to bear : but still less would he be " overcharged with the cares of this world," or be found trying to reconcile God and mammon.

A STANDER-BY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

BY ARCHÆUS.

HYMN VII.

1.

Thou, Lord ! who rear'st the mountains' height,
And makest the cliffs with sunshine bright ;
Oh, grant that I may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand !

2.

With forests huge of dateless time
Thy will has hung each peak sublime ;
But wither'd leaves beneath a tree,
Have tongues that tell us loud of Thee.

3.

While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall ;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects thy order'd world to view.

4.

In all the immense, the strange, and old,
Thy presence careless men behold ;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be Thou as clearly seen.

5.

Thou teach that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow ;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being ! save by Thee.

6.

Instruct my soul, by shows distraught
Too vast and loud for peaceful thought,
That every quiet mote and gleam,
With Thee to musing spirits beam.

7.

Inspire me, Thou, in every glance
Of all our dreams confuse as chance,
In every change of mortal things
To see a power from Thee that springs ;

8.

In every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
To know a plan ordain'd above,
Begun and ending all in love.

9.

So smallest bubbles here on earth
With me shall claim a heavenly birth,
And each faint atom passing by
Seem bright with thine eternal eye.

10.

So best we learn what light sublime
Is hid within the clouds of time,
Whose darkness, dreadful though it be,
From those who seek conceals not Thee.

HYMN VIII.

1.

I stood upon the heap'd remains
Of ancient worlds, 'mid waste and rock,
Where fire had heaved the rifted plains,
And flood had worn each massive block ;

2.

Great layers of cinders, ashes piled,
And molten streams congeal'd to stone,
Great peaks by biting ages filed,
And shapeless ruins overthrown ;

3.

Dark vales descending headlong deep,
Whose gulf our human thought devours,
And iron crags upon the steep
Sepulchral thrones of perish'd powers.

4.

What all around I seem'd to scan
Was desolation's eyeless face,
A world whose dim forgotten plan
No present skill avail'd to trace.

5.

Thy crystal sky's harmonious frame,
The joyous earth of fruitful cheer,
No kindred here methought could claim,
Where all was death, and grief, and fear.

6.

Swift fled the clouds that dismal hung,
Forth stept the sun with godlike away,
The gloom no more about me clung,
And glorious radiance fill'd the day.

7.

A boundless hall of purple sky,
Around me spread celestial air,
And smallest woofs were seen to lie,
In downy softness floating there.

8.

Beyond the mountain's nearer view,
So stern and rude, the ocean lay,
A circling plain of azure hue,
Becalmed in evening's loveliest ray.

9.

Far off, the shore, the fields, the vales,
The town, the hamlets glancing shone,
And burnish'd isles and gliding sails
Were bright with life beyond their own.

10.

But near, how changed is all around !
Destruction's woe and conflict o'er,
The pathless rocks, the dells profound,
To me are dark and sad no more.

11.

I see the herbage climb and steal
Through dens where once the earthquakes fought,
And cliff and peak seem all to feel
A stamp of good serenely wrought.

12.

Below, the valley seems to shut
Within its mounds a joyous rill ;
Not far beyond, a peasant's hut
Sends curling smoke along the hill.

13.

The wary goat is browsing nigh,
A bird is wheeling smooth in air,
Here seeks the flitting butterfly
Mid mountain plants an odorous fare.

14.

Here nature's lonely fortress towers,
By giant struggles rear'd and wall'd ;
Yet contemplation's happiest flowers
Are opening bright and unappall'd.

15.

Thou God, so rarest ; such the plan
Of endless change, evolving good ;
Thou ledest thus desponding man
With hope on all thy works to brood ;

16.

In all to see an endless will,
For all educing light and life ;
Thy blessings born from seeming ill,
And peace the end assured of strife.

17.

So Thou in me, O God ! ordain
That quiet faith and gladness pure,
O'er all convulsions past may reign,
And root my soul in Thee secure.

18.

So haggard wrecks of former woe
Beneath thy radiant light may shine
And charm'd to steadfast being, show
O'er all their havoc bliss divine.

HYMN IX.

1.

O Thou who strength and wisdom sheddest
O'er all thy countless works below,
And harmony and beauty spreadest
On lands unmoved, and seas that flow !
From grains and motes to spheres uncounted,
From deep beneath, to suns above,
My gaze with awe and joy has mounted,
And found in all thy ordering love.

2.

The fly around me smoothly flitting,
The lark that hymns the morning star,
The swan on crystal water sitting,
The eagle hung in skies afar—
To all their cleaving wings thou givest,
Like those that bear the seraph's flight ;
In all, O perfect Will ! thou livest,
For all hast oped thy world of light.

3.

The grass that springs beside the fountain,
The silver waves that sparkle there,
The trees that robe the shadowing mountain,
And high o'er all the limpid air—
Amid the vale each lowly dwelling,
Whose hearths with sweet religion shine,
In measure all things round are swelling
With tranquil being's force divine.

4.

And deep and vast beyond our wonder,
The links of power that bind the whole,
While day and dusk, and breeze and thunder,
And life and death unceasing roll.
While all is wheel'd in endless motion,
Thou changest not, upholding all ;
And lifting man in pure devotion,
On Thee thou teachest him to call.

5.

To him, thy child, thyself revealing,
He sees what all is meant to be ;
From him thy secret not concealing,
Thou bidd'st his will aspire to Thee,
And so we own in thy creation
An image painting all thou art ;
And crowning all the revelation
Thy loftiest work, a human heart.

6.

The will, the love, the sunlike reason,
Which thou hast made the strength of man,
May ebb and flow through day and season,
And oft may mar their seeming plan :
But Thou art here to nerve and fashion
With better hopes our world of care,
To calm each base and lawless passion,
And so the heavenly life repair.

7.

In all the track of earth-born ages,
Each day displays thy guidance clear,
And, best divined by holiest ages,
Makes every child in part a seer.
Thy laws are bright with purest glory,
To us thou givest congenial eyes,
And so in earth's unfolding story,
We read thy truth that fills the skies.

8.

But 'mid thy countless forms of being
One shines supreme o'er all besides,
And man, in all thy wisdom seeing,
In Him reveres a sinless guide.
In Him alone, no longer shrouded
By mist that dims all meaner things,
Thou dwell'st, O God ! unveil'd, unclouded,
And fearless peace thy presence brings.

9.

Then teach my heart, celestial Brightness !
To know that Thou art hid no more,
To sun my spirit's dear-bought whiteness
Beneath thy rays, and upward soar.
In all that is, a law unchanging
Of Truth and Love may I behold,
And own, 'mid thought's unbounded ranging,
The timeless One proclaim'd of old !

HYMN X.

1.

Time more than earthly o'er this hour prevails,
While thus I stand beside the newly-dead ;
My heart is raised in awe, in terror quails
Before these relics, whence the life is fled.

2.

That face, so well-beloved, is senseless now,
And lies a shrunken mask of common clay ;
No more shall thought inspire the pulseless brow,
Or laughter round the mouth keep holiday.

3.

In vain affection yearns to own as man
This clod turn'd over by the plough of death ;
The sharpen'd nose, the frozen eyes we scan,
And wondering think the heap had human breath.

4.

An hour ago its lightest looks or throbs,
Impell'd in me the bosom's ample tide ;
Its farewell words awaken'd sighs and sobs,
To me more vivid seem'd than all beside.

5.

Now not a worm is crawling o'er the earth,
But shows than this an impulse more divine ;
And wandering lost in stunn'd reflection's dearth,
I only feel what total loss is mine.

6.

Cold hand, I touch thee ! Perish'd friend ! I know
What years of mutual joy are gone with thee ;
And yet from these benumb'd remains there flow
Calm thoughts that first with chasten'd hopes agree.

7.

How strange is death to life ! and yet how sure
The law which dooms each living thing to die !
Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
And all that lasts eludes the subtlest eye.

8.

Because the eye is only made to spell
The grosser garb and failing husk of things ;
The vital strengths and streams that inlier dwell,
Our faith divines amid their secret springs.

9.

The stars will sink as fade the lamps of earth,
The earth be lost as vapour seen no more,
And all around that seems of oldest birth,
Abides one destined day—and all is o'er.

10.

Himalah's piles, like heaps of autumn leaves,
Will one day spread along the winds of space,
And each strong stamp of man the world receives
Will flit like steps in sand without a trace.

11.

Yet something still will somewhere needs abide
Of all whose being e'er has fill'd our thought ;
In different shapes to other worlds may glide,
But still must live as more than empty naught.

12.

The trees decay'd, their parent soil will feed,
Whence trees may grow more fair than grew the first ;
To worlds destroy'd, so worlds may still succeed,
And still the earliest may have been the worst.

13.

Thus, never desperate, muse believing men ;
But what, O Power Divine ! shall men become ?
This pale memorial meets my gaze again,
And grief a moment bids my hopes be dumb.

14.

Not thus, O God ! desert us ! Rather I
Should sink at once to unremembering clay,
And close my sight on thy translucent sky,
Than yield my soul to death a helpless prey ;

15.

Oh ! rather bear beyond the date of stars
All torments heap'd that nerve and soul can feel.
Than but one hour believe destruction mars
Without a hope the life our breast reveal.

16.

Bold is the life and deep and vast in man.
A flood of being pour'd unchecked from Thee;
To Thee return'd by thine eternal plan,
When tried and train'd thy will unveil'd to see.

17.

The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill;
The nobler inmate new abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.

18.

Although from darkness born, to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole;
The man survives, though the weird-corpsæ be dead,
And He who dooms the flesh, redeems the soul.

HYMN XI.

1.

Each trembling spray and little flower
Repeats a tale of God,
Who feeds their life with ev'ry shower
That wets the steaming sod.

2.

He gave the force unseen and strange
That works in every pore,
Through hours, and days, and seasons' range,
Unfolding wiser lore.

3.

A course of endless change in all
By changeless rules decreed,
That weave about this teeming vale
New life from every seed.

4.

Thou, seen around, above the whole,
Sustaining every part,
By each to man's believing soul
Displayest what thou art.

5.

Unmeasured might, unmingled good,
In countless beings shown;
That fills each leaf in all the wood,
In every bud is known.

6.

Beneath thy sun their fruits mature,
And so a world sustain;
Yet still the procreant seeds endure,
And all shall flower again.

7.

O God! thy forests old attest,
How fix'd thy wisdom's plan;
The sudden grass may teach us best
How much thy moments can.

8.

But while unfathomable will
Thou rules creation's host;
O living Truth! instruct me still
That man reveals thee most.

9.

He grows like herbs, like leaves decays,
And turns again to dust;
But even his flesh proclaims thy praise,
And bids his reason trust.

10.

Like some fair plant the body grows,
But oh! how subtler knit
The web and frame, that largely shows
Thy life pervading it!

11.

A moving frame, an engine strong,
For thought and choice to guide;
When these to it no more belong
In darkness laid aside.

12.

Give Thou the life which we require,
That rooted fast in Thee,
From Thee to Thee we may aspire,
And earth thy garden be.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WELLINGTON.

Ancient heroes, chiefs victorious,
Long have these been hail'd sublime;
Say, hath Britain none as glorious
For the tongues of future time?

Sullen years, and silence jealous,
Darken many a famous brow;
Farthest ages shall be zealous
Honouring him we honour now.

And while human hearts shall cherish
This our land's ennobled soil,
His renown shall never perish
Who redeem'd it best from spoil.

Language, Freedom, old Uprightness,
All our fathers were, and won,
All has gain'd its crowning brightness
In the praise of Wellington.

Who 'mid battles' booming thunder
E'er with calmer might arose,
Smiting down in helpless wonder
Hosts that scorn'd all meaner foes?

When the gather'd East defied him:
Swarthy kings at far Assaye,
Fewer those who fought beside him
Than the dead that round them lay.

But how wan that Indian story
Fades before the loftier tale,
When all Europe, pale and gory,
All but England, seem'd to quail.

Tags, Douro, leaping shouted
Tow'rd Busaco's crest of rock,
When they saw their plunderers routed
In the Briton's battle-shock.

Haught Iberia's stately regions,
Seats of laurell'd Rome's command,
Ye have seen Napoleon's legions
Fly before the island band.

But 'twas not alone the spirit,
Known so wide on shore and see,
Not the blood which we inherit,
Could alone the nations free.

'Twas the bright unwavering Reason,
One great soul's reflection sage,
That undid the despot's treason,
And befool'd his wildest rage.

Thus with blood was Ebro darken'd,
Storm'd Pyrene's cliffs of snow,
Till their Paris, while it harken'd,
Felt each coming step a blow.

Graves would tell, with triumph gladden'd,
If no living voice were true,
How the lord of nations, madden'd,
Found his doom at Waterloo.

Still amid the whirl of terror,
Smooth and strong as moves the sun,
Clear from passion, sure from error,
Sway'd the soul of Wellington.

Him no huge adventurous raving,
Him no storm of pride or wrath,
Him no sordid hunger's craving,
Turn'd aside from duty's path.

Him 'mid warfare's dread commotion,
Might the weak for safety trust;
Him his patriot life's devotion
Teaches all to name—the Just.

He with simple mild sedateness
All an empire's honours bears,
Yet they leave his own pure greatness
More than all the robes it wears.

Round the mountain pine of ages
Summer flowers may creep and twine,
Till the strife that winter wages
Cuts them down, but not the pine.

Friend of Peace, of Truth, and Order,
Seeking right with steadfast mind,
O'er his will a sleepless warder,
Thus he firmly rules mankind.

True to all, to all benignant,
Bold against the rage of all,
Well can he with voice indignant,
Public fraud and crime appal.

As a mole by seas assaulted,
Breasts at once and calms the waves,
So 'mid those from right revolted,
He subdues the souls he braves.

Britain, fair and stainless mother
Of the Bold, the Just the Wife,
Seldom hast thou known another,
Brighten thus thy fostering skies!

While so much is praised untruly,
Scarce his fame can struggle forth;
Years to come shall reverence duly
All the Man's unboastful worth.

ARCHÆUS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

SWEET Corrin!* how softly the evening light goes,
Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,
As if loth to deprive the deep woodlands below
Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow:
Oh, home-looking Hill! how beloved dost thou rise
Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies;
Shielding still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurl'd,
The landscape to me that so long was the world.
Fair evening—blest evening! one moment delay
Till the tears of the pilgrim are dried in thy ray—
Till he feels that through years of long absence not
one
Of his friends—the lone rock and grey ruin—is gone.

2.

Not one: as I wind the sheer fastness through,
The valley of boyhood is bright in my view!
Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight
May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,
O'er one maze of broad orchard, green meadow, and
slope—
From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of
hope;
Still the hamlet gleams white—still the church yews
are weeping,
Where the sleep of the peaceful my fathers are
sleeping;
The vane tells, as usual, its fib from the mill,
But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,
And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,
With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

* The picturesque mountain of Corrin, (properly Cairn-thierna, i. e. the Thane or Lord's cairn,) is the termination of a long range of hills which encloses a valley of the Blackwater and Fancheen, (the Avonduff and Fanshin of Spenser,) in the county of Cork, and forms a striking feature of scenery, remarkable for pastoral beauty and romance.

3.

My own pleasant River, bloom-skirted, behold,
Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently roll'd,
Where long through the landscape it tranquilly
flows,
Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious re-
pose!
By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,
Where the cushat's low call, and the murmur of
pines,
And the lips of the lily seem wooing its stay
'Mid their odorous dells;—but 'tis off and away,
Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose
shade,
Like a bird in the branches, an arbour I made,
Where the blue eye of Eve often closed o'er the
book,
While I read of stout Sinbad, or voyaged with
Cook.

4.

Wild haunt of the Harper!* I stand by thy spring,
Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling
Their wealth at my feet—and I catch the deep glow,
As in long-vanish'd hours, of the lilacs that blow
By the low cottage-porch—and the same crescent
moon
That then plough'd, like a pinnacle, the purple of
June,
Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms as unchanged
As if years had not pass'd since thy greenwood I
rang'd—
As if one were not fled, who imparted a soul
Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,
Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,
And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

5.

Thou long-vanish'd Angel! whose faithfulness
threw
O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue!
Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows
dim,
And the blackbird by Douglass is hushing its hymn,
Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side
Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the
tide?
Dost thou still think, with pity and peace on thy
brow,
Of him who, toil-harass'd and time-shaken now,
While the last light of day, like his hopes, has
departed,
On the turf thou hast hallow'd sinks down weary-
hearted,
And calls on thy name, and the night-breeze that
sighs
Through the boughs that once blest thee is all that
replies?

* One of the most beautiful bends of the Funcheon is taken through the demesne of Moorepark, near Kilworth, close to a natural grotto or cavern, called from time immemorial the cave of Thiag-na-fibah—(Tim or Teague the Bard.)

6.

But thy summit, far Corrin, is fading in grey,
And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Cough-
lea;
And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about,
Through the elm-shaded alleys rings joyously out;
Happy souls! they have yet the dark chalices to
taste,
And like others to wander life's desolate waste—
To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe;
But the same fount of yearning wherever they go,
Welling up in their heart-depths to turn at the last
(As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)
To their lair in the hills on their childhood that
rose,
And find the sole blessing I seek for—REPOSE!*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DREAM OF MOHAMMED THE SECOND.

THE empire of the Ottomans is the most extraor-
dinary instance in history of an empire raised by the
sword, governed by the perpetual effusion of blood,
despising all civilisation, corrupted by the grossest
excesses of private life, disordered in every function
of government, constantly exposed to the greatest
military powers of Europe, yet advancing from con-
quest to conquest for three centuries without a check,
(from 1299 to 1566,) and retaining its vast posses-
sions unimpaired for three centuries more.

The first approach of the Turks to Europe was at
the close of the thirteenth century, when Othman,
the son of a Turcoman chieftain in the service of
Aladin, Sultan of Iconium, on the memorable 27th of
July 1299, made a descent on the rich territory of
Nicomedia. The Asiatic dominions of the Greek
Emperors were lost in a struggle of two centuries,
when Mohammed the Second assaulted Constantinople,
on the 29th of May 1453. The body of the
last emperor was found buried under a heap of slain,
and Constantinople became the capital of a new faith,
a new people, and a new sovereignty. His imme-
diate successors wasted the blood, but exercised the
valour of their troops, in expeditions to Armenia, the
Caucasus, and Persia. But the nobler prize lay to
the west. All solid sovereignty belongs to the hardy
frances and the regular opulence of Europe. Soli-
man the First, named the Magnificent, and if a *con-
queror* can deserve the name, deserving it by the
vastness of his designs and the splendour of his suc-
cesses, threw himself upon Hungary. Combining
the unusual tactique of an army and fleet, in itself an
evidence of the superiority of his genius to that of
his time, he at once overran the dominions of the
Hungarian king, and assaulted Rhodes, held by the
famous Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and re-
garded as the bulwark of Christendom. By the re-

* "Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna. For instance, '*Martini Luigi implora pace.*' Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought; the dead had had enough of life—all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*."—LORD BYRON.

luctant aid of the Venetians, Rhodes was stormed, after a desperate siege. Soliman marched to the conquest of Austria at the head of 200,000 men—an army which no European potentate, in the rudeness and distractions of the age, could hope to oppose. On its way, it trampled down the army of Hungary, which had the madness to meet it; and marching over the bodies of 20,000 men, with their monarch, on the field, converted the kingdom into a Turkish province, and invested Vienna. The strength of the ramparts and the approach of winter alone saved the Austrian capital from following the fate of the Hungarian. But while all Christendom trembled at the sight of the horse-tails, Soliman died—living and dying, the greatest conqueror since Charlemagne.

But with him the empire had reached its fated height. Thenceforth it was to descend. The seraglio has been the ruin of Turkey. The secrecy of its bloody transactions—its habitual separation of the sovereign from the people—its desperate dissoluteness—and the sullen ignorance, brute vengeance, and helpless effeminacy, which must be nurtured within such walls, extinguished all the rude virtues of the barbarian. Soliman, a hero and a legislator, always exposing his life in the field, or holding in his own hand the helm of his vast empire, reigned almost half a century. The reigns of his successors have been proverbial for their brevity. The janizaries became the true disposers of the throne. From the time of Mustapha the First—whom they strangled for his effeminacy, and Achmet, whom they placed on the throne and then strangled for his usurpation—the janizaries were the recognised makers and executioners of the sultans.

The first decisive recoil of the Ottoman power was in 1683, when Sobieski, at the head of the Polish army, forced the Vizier Kara Mustafa to raise the siege of Vienna, on the 12th of September. But a power more formidable than even Austria now began to threaten the Porte on the feeblest part of its frontier. Peter the Great, breaking the treaty of Carlowitz, invaded Moldavia in 1711. But, though forced to make an ignominious convention for his escape, the Russian never forgot the hope of conquest, and has since never abandoned the opportunity.

The nineteenth century commenced in an aggravation of those horrors which had become characteristic of the Turkish throne. Selim the Sultan dethroned and strangled; Mustapha the Usurper dethroned and strangled; Bairactar, the famous Vizier, in the attempt to avenge the death of Selim, blown up by his own hand, and thousands of his adherents slaughtered by the janizaries; the accession of Mahmoud, the late Sultan, signalized by the total massacre of the janizaries in Constantinople, and the extinction of their order throughout the empire;—all less resembling the transactions of an established government, than the last desperate convulsions of a suicidal empire. Yet some extraordinary influence seems, for the last century, to have saved her from hourly ruin. Her time has clearly not come yet; and political prophecy has been once more put to shame. Turkey, mutilated of the two horns of her crescent, Greece and Egypt, still retains the solid centre of her possessions; and when all human probability looked for her immediate dissolution, by the advance of Russia on one side and Egypt on the other, she has found a sudden protection in the

tardily awakened vigilance of England, Austria, and France.

But the day of Turkish independence is at an end. She may live by the protection of the great states, but without it she cannot live. She is now a throne under tutelage; and remarkable as have been the instances of European recovery from national misfortune, there is nothing in the doctrines of Islamism, or the habits of the Asiatic, to administer that energy by which alone nations can stand on their feet again, after having been once flung on the ground. The grave of her despotism has been dug, but neither Russian nor Egyptian must be suffered to lay the body of the last of the Sultans there.

There is a tradition, that on the night of the capture of Constantinople, the conqueror saw in his sleep, like the Babylonish king, a vision, unfolding the fates of his dynasty.

SULTAN, Sultaun!*

Thou art lord of the world!

The last Constantine

At thy footstool is hurl'd.

Now trembles the West,

The East kneels before thee—

Joy, joy to the breast

Of the mother that bore thee!

Earth's tale shall be told,

Ere thy banner's green fold

Is dust, or thy name

Is no longer a flame!

Hark, hark to the shouts

Of the hordes as they lie

Round the feast, on the ramparts

That blaze to the sky.

Where the battlements reek

With the gore of the storm,

And the spoils of the Greek

With his heart's blood are warm;

And his new-wedded bride,

By the Turcman's side,

As his corpse, pale and cold,

Sits in fetters of gold.

High hour in the palace!

There sits at the board,

By his chieftains surrounded,

The King of the Sword.

And shouting, they quaff

The infidel wine,

And loudly they laugh

At the hypocrite's whine—

Let women and boys

Shrink from earth and its joys,

Was the grape only given

For hours and heaven?

Now the banquet is ended;

The cannon's last roar

Has welcomed the night

On the Bosphorus' shore.

* The Turkish pronunciation of the word.

Now the sweet dew of slumber
Has fallen on each eye,
And, like gems without number,
The stars fill the sky ;
And no echo is heard
Save the night chanting bird ;
And the tissues are drawn
Round thy chamber, Sultaun.

There is pomp in that chamber
That dazzles the eye ;
The gold and the amber,
The loom's Indian dye ;
The wall sheeted with gems,
That its keen lustre flings,
Where the mighty lamp streams
On the king of earth's kings.
Yet the pale watching slave,
Who hears thy lips rave,
And hears that heart-groan,
Would shrink from thy throne !

Sultaun, Sultaun !
Why thus writhe in thy sleep ?
Why thus grasp at thy dagger ?
Why shudder and weep ?
There are drops on thy brow,
Thick-falling like rain ;
The wringings of woe
From the heart and the brain.
And thy cheek's now blood-red,
Now pale as the dead—
Art thou corpse, art thou man,
Sultaun, Sultaun ?

There are visions unsleeping
Before that closed eye,
There are thousand shapes sweeping
From earth and from sky ;
Sons of splendour and heaven,
On pinions of flame ;
Sons of guilt unforgiven,
Whom chains cannot tame !
The Sultaun feels a grasp
Like a serpent's strong clasp ;
And from earth he upsprings,
In a whirlwind of wings !

Now he sweeps through the clouds
Till the sounds of earth die ;
Through fire and through floods,
Till the stars seem to fly.
Then he shoots down again,—
He is standing alone
On a measureless plain :
And around him are strown
Wrecks of time-moulder'd bones
Crash'd under their thrones,
And the viper's dark swarms,
Twining jewels and arms.

Then, deep as the thunder-peal,
Echo'd a voice :
" Wilt thou see what shall come ?
Man of fate, take thy choice.

Who the future will know,
Shall see clouds on his dawn."—
" Come weal, or come woe,"
High spoke the Sultaun.
Then the plain seem'd to reel
With a clashing of steel ;
And upburst a roar,
Like the sea on the shore.

" Is this the roused desert
Before the simoom ?"
" Those clouds are thy Moslems ;
The armies of doom."
Then the Danube was blood
And Buda was flame,
And Hungary's lion
Lay fetter'd and tame.
Then fell proud Belgrade ;
Nor the torrent was stay'd,
Till, Vienna, it roll'd
Round thy turrets of gold !

" Ho, princes of Christendom ;
Shrink at the sound ;
Ho, cling to thine altar,
Old King, triple crown'd !
Ay, look from thy Vatican !
All is despair ;
Thy Saints have forgot thee ;
No Charlemagne is there !"
But a haze deep and dun
Swept over the sun ;
And the pageant was fled—
All was still as the dead.

Then the plain was a sea
Of magnificent blue ;
And in pomp o'er its waters
The crescent flag flew.
There the haughty Venetian
Came, sullen and pale,
And on wall and on rampart
The gun pour'd its hail ;
Where thy warriors, St. John ;
Stood like lions, alone,
Till the trench was a grave
For the last of the brave.

Then all pass'd away !
Fleet and rampart were gone ;
He heard the last shout,
The trumpet's last tone.
But o'er the wild heath
Fell the rich eastern night,
The rose gave her breath,
The moon gave her light.
'Twas the Bosphorus' stream
That reflected her gleam,
And the turrets that shone
In that light were his own.

" Sultaun, Sultaun !
Now look on thy shame !"
In a silken Kiosk
Lay a vice-decay'd frame ;

And before his faint gaze,
To voice and to string,
Danced his soft Odalisques,
Like birds on the wing.
There was mirth mix'd with madness,
Strange revel, strange sadness:
The bowstring and bowl,
The sense and the soul.

Where are now his old warriors?
All tomb'd in their mail;
Where his crescent of glory?
Let none tell the tale!
But, the gilded caïque
Swept the waves like a dove,
And the song of the Greek
Rose to beauty and love.
The Sultaun, with a groan,
Saw the son of his throne
Slave of woman and wine.
Well he knew the dark sign!

But vengeance was nigh!
On the air burst a yell;
And the cup from the grasp
Of the reveller fell.
Who rush through the chambers
With hurra and drum!
The Janizar thousands,
The blood-drinkers come.
Then a thrust of the lance,
And a wild, dying glance,
And a heart-gush of gore,
And all's hush'd—and all o'er.

Then the plain was thick darkness
Through ages of sleep:
But, what son of the lightnings
Seems round him to sweep?
He sees the Death-angel,
The King of the tomb!
At his call ride the Spirits
Of war on the gloom.
From South and from North
Come the torturers forth;
Till the flags of the world
Round Stamboul are unfurl'd.

Why pauses the sword
Still athirst in the hand?
Does the thunder-cloud wait
The final command?
It shall burst like a deluge,
The terrible birth
Of the crimes of the world,
The avenger of Earth;
When sovereign and slave
Shall be foam on the wave.
Thy kingdom is gone,
Sultaun, Sultaun!

From *Tak's Magazine*.

"BEG FROM A BEGGAR—DEARK D'ON DEARKA."—IRISH
PROVERB.

BY R. M. MILNES, M. P.

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,
When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care;
A thought to gild its stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor;
A thought whose home is paradise—
The charities of Poor to Poor.

It were not for the Rich to blame,
If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn;
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife—
Is not for *them* to understand:

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil;—
To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
And, sleepless, meet the morrow's toil;—
The gifts, not proffered once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years;—
And, when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears!

What record of chivalrous deed,
What virtue pompously unfurl'd,
Can *thus* refute the gloomy creed
That parts from God our living world;
O Misanthrope! deny who would—
O Moralists! deny who can—
Seeds of hereditary good,
Deep in the deepest life of Man.

Therefore lament not, honest soul!
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou might'st so well control—
These luxuries of charity.
Manhood is nobler, as thou art;
And should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
To hold unchanged thy loving will?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble, mind,
And madden that debased before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy;
And industry the bliss supplies,
Which more possession might destroy.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JERUSALEM.

VAST as is the period, and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Judea still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world. Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region. With less to attract an invader than any other conspicuous land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin by the Romans in the first century did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of the neighbouring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Amrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Kaliph Omar. On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes—the dagger—the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem viceroys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting their crimes for their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the 12th century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the Desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1187, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns, took possession of Palestine. After another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the Ottoman, until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt,—a dreary period of 500 years, under the most desolating government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the Scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indication, that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may colour the future to us too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable, and splendid display of Providence in favour of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics towards Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change;

and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre; and the Israelite himself the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of the earth, and make man, what he was created to be—only “a little lower than the angels.”

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people. Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon, never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Judea, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statist, who are generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:—

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 57000.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of filial benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?

‘Twas eve on Jerusalem!

Glorious its glow

On the vine-cover'd plain,

On the mount's marble brow,

On the Temple's broad grandeur,
 Enthroned on its height,
 Like a golden-domed isle
 In an ocean of light;
 And the voice of her multitudes
 Rose on the air,
 From the vale deep and dim,
 Like a rich evening hymn.
 But whence comes that cry?—
 'Tis the cry of despair!

What form stands on Zion?—
 The prophet of woe!
 His frame worn with travel,
 His locks living snow.
 His hand grasps a trumpet;
 The heart's-blood runs chill
 At its death sounding blast;
 All the thousands are still—
 All fixing their gaze,
 Where, like one from the tomb,
 The shroud seems to swim
 Round the long, spectral limb,
 And the lips pour in thunder
 The terrors to come!

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem!
 Lovely, yet stain'd;
 Thou'rt a lion's whelp, Judah,
 Yet thou shalt be chain'd.
 Thou'rt magnificent, Zion!
 Yet thou shalt be lone;
 The pilgrim of sorrow
 Shalt see thy last stone.

"Hark, hark to the tempest—
 What roar fills my ear?
 'Tis the shouting of warriors,
 The crash of the spear.
 The eagle and wolf
 On that tempest are roll'd—
 Twin demons of havoc,
 To ravage thy fold.

"They rush through the land
 As through forests the fire;
 Woe, woe to the infant,
 Woe, woe to the sire!
 Rejoice for the warrior
 Who sinks to the grave;
 But weep for the living—
 A ransomless slave.

"But, veil'd be mine eyeballs!
 The red torch is flung,
 And the last dying hymn
 Of the temple is sung!
 The altar is vanish'd,
 The glory is gone;
 The curse is fulfill'd,
 The last vengeance is done!

"Again all is darkness:
 Year rolls upon year;
 I hear but the fetter,
 I see but the bier.

But the lions are coming!
 They roar from their sand;
 'Tis Amrou and his Saracens—
 Curse of the land!

"Like the swamp-gender'd hornets,
 They rush on the wing
 By thousands of thousands,
 With death in their sting.
 Like vultures, they sweep
 O'er Moriah's loved hill,
 And the corpse-cover'd valleys
 By Kedron's red rill.

"Where, where sleeps the thunderbolt?
 Heaven! hear the cries
 Of the Ishmaelite slave
 To his Prophet of lies.
 Hear the howl to his demons,
 His frenzy of prayer;
 Mix'd with Israel's lament
 Of disdain and despair!

"It has come! and the throne
 Of the robber has reel'd;
 And the turbans are floating
 In gore on the field.
 I see the proud chiefs
 Of the West in their mail;
 And my soul loves the standard
 They spread to the gale.

"Stay, vision of splendour!
 On Jordan's rich marge
 They rush to the battle,
 Earth shakes with their charge.
 Like lightning the blaze
 From their panoply springs:
 I see the gold helms
 And crown'd banners of kings.

"Yet evil still smites thee,
 Thou daughter of tears!
 No trophy is thine
 In the strife of the spears.
 The stately Crusader
 And Saracen lord,
 But give thee the choice
 Of the chain or the sword.

"Again all is silence!
 The long grass has grown
 Where the crossbearer sleeps
 In his rich-sculptured stone;
 And the land trod by prophet
 And chanted by bard,
 Is left to the foot
 Of the wolf and the pard.

"But who ride the whirlwind?
 The drinkers of blood!
 From the summit of Lebanon
 Rushes the flood.
 'Tis the Turcoman ravening
 For slaughter and spoil
 Oh, helpless gazelle!
 Thou art now in the toil.

"King of kings! on our neck
Sits the slave of a slave,
As wild as his mountains,
As cold as our grave.
All his sceptre the scourge,
All our freedom his will;
Yet thy children must linger—
Must agonize still.

"Fly swift, ye dark years!
Still the savage is there—
The tiger of nations
Is couch'd in his lair.
The field is a thicket,
The city a heap,
And Israel on earth
Can but wander and weep.

"King of kings! shall she die?
Hark! a trumpet afar—
It thrills through my soul,
Yet no trumpet of war.
I hear the deep trampling
Of millions of feet;
And the shoutings of millions,
Yet solemn and sweet.

"Now—the voices of thunders
Are rolling on high;
The pomp has begun,
The redemption is nigh.
I see thy crown'd fathers,
Thy prophets of fire,
And the martyrs, whose souls
Shot to heaven from the pyre.

"Who comes in his glory,
Pavilion'd in cloud?
Judah, cast off thy shame!
Israel, spring from thy shroud!
Thy King has avenged thee—
He comes to his own,
With earth for his empire,
But Zion his throne!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MALACHI.

The final predictions of this Prophet are well known for their powerful and lofty threatenings of national ruin. Yet the condition of his country at the moment, was unquestionably the last which could have justified any human conjecture of its dissolution by Divine vengeance. The people had but lately rebuilt their Temple, had conformed to the renewed law of their fathers, had received the recovered Scriptures, and had commenced a new and purified polity. That there were remnants of the habits and corruptions of Babylonish life among them, is obvious from his rebukes, and those of Zechariah and Ezra. But those were slight stains, and the error which was predicted as the final source of their ruin—a ruin, too, at the distance of four hundred years—was of a wholly opposite character,—the national disdain of

contact with the Gentile world, the national pride in the exclusiveness of their religion, and the national vindictiveness against that Mightiest of all Teachers, and Supreme of all Sovereigns, who came to announce the admission of mankind into the privileges of Israel. Independently of our direct knowledge of the universal inspiration of Scripture, this utter dissimilarity to human conclusions must make us feel that this awful denouncement of the matured vices of a land, then in their first period of regeneration, was the work of a knowledge above man. Malachi is said to have died young, after assisting the members of the Great Synagogue in the re-establishment of the law of the nation.

"The day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.

"And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts.

"Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."

MALACHI, ch. iv.

A sound on the rampart,
A sound at the gate;
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate.
In the thicket at midnight,
They roar for the prey
That shall glut their red jaws
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,
When all shall be flame;
When, Zion! the sackcloth
Shall cover thy name;
When thy bark o'er the billows
Of Death shall be driven;
When thy tree, by the lightnings,
From earth shall be riven;
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn;
And like chaff thou shalt glow
In that furnace of woe;
And, dust as thou wert,
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul!
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll.

No starlight shall pierce
Through that life-chilling haze;
No torch from the roof
Of the Temple shall blaze.
But, when Israel is buried
In final despair,
From a height o'er all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Her sun shall arise—
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparkles of flame,
From his chariot-wheels hurl'd,
Shall smite the crown'd brow
Of the God of this world!
Then, captive of ages!
The trumpet shall thrill
From the lips of the seraph
On Zion's sweet hill.
For, vested in glory,
Thy monarch shall come.
And from dungeon and cave
Shall ascend the pale slave;
Lost Judah shall rise,
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven?
The angel of wrath;
The whirlwind his wing,
And the lightning his path.
His hand is uplifted,
It carries a sword:
'Tis ELIJAH! he heralds
The march of his Lord!
Sun, sink in eclipse!
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,
When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of thy kings?
Woe, woe to the ocean,
Woe, woe to the land!

'Tis the day long foretold,
'Tis the judgment begun;
Gird thy sword, Thou most Mighty!
Thy triumph is won.
The idol shall burn
In his own gory shrine;
Then, daughter of anguish,
Thy dayspring shall shine!
Proud Zion, thy vale
With the olive shall bloom,
And the musk-rose distil
Its sweet dews on thy hill;
For earth is restored,
The great kingdom is come!

From Tait's Magazine.

TO A ROBIN.

Thou, sweet one, that so lonely
Pour'st thy simple song,
Thou lingerest, and thou only,
Of all the vocal throng.
The merle hath hushed her wailing,
The thrush, his mellow trill;
But thou, with love unailing,
In music greet'st us still.
Tho' chilling snows surround thee,
And all looks dread and drear,
Another year has found thee
Unchanged, still warbling near.

The gay lark carols lightly;
But 'neath a warm spring sky,
When the sun he meets shines brightly,
And all breathes harmony
From the general joy he borrows
The brilliance of his tone;
For each breast leaves its sorrows,
And is buoyant as his own.
His song is like the gladness
From the untried heart that springs,
Ere the first cloud of sadness
Its dark'ning shadow brings.

When a summer moonlight glistens,
And a south-wind fans his wings,
And when his own rose listens,
Then the sweet night-bird sings.
But, ah! when roses wither,
When south-winds die away,
Depart they not together,
That heavenly strain and they?
Like passion's witching, lending
A charm, to lure us thro'
Youth's gilded hours, but ending
With life's short summer, too.

But thou!—what different feeling
Thy liquid notes impart—
In wintry weather stealing
Thro' cold air, to the heart.
They tell—tho' Care has bound us
In his chain, of trials wrought—
One friend still hovers round us;
We bless them for the thought.
They are like the love we cherish
When youth's vain dreams are o'er,
Which sees all beauty perish,
Yet clings to us the more.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WALTER AND WILLIAM.

"TWILL be a wild rough night upon the Moor :
And hark ! though three miles off, the sullen roar
Of that deep-booming surge. God's mercy keep
The wayfarer, and wanderer on the deep,
The moon's but young—she'll give no help to-night :
Look out, my boys ! if Beacon-head burns bright ;
And, lads ! take Carter Joe with ye, and see
All snug about the place ; more 'specially
At the new Penfold—and dun Peggy, too,
Give her and her sick foal a passing view—
Old Mark away, I've lost my right-hand man ;
You must replace him."

Off the striplings ran,
Proud happy boys ! forth rushing in their haste,
Ere well the words their father's lips had pass'd !
The elder's arm, with loving roughness, thrown
Round his young brother's neck—the fair-haired one.
"God bless the lads ! and keep them ever so,
Hand in hand brother's whereso'er they go,"
Eyeing them tenderly, the father said
As the door closed upon them : Then his head,
Sighing, let fall on his supporting palm,
And, like the passing tempest, all was calm.

Facing her husband sat a Matron fair,
Plying her sempstress task. A shade of care
Darken'd her soft blue eyes, as to his face
(Drawn by that sigh) they wander'd quick to trace
The unseen by sympathy's unerring sight—
Reading, *his heart's* thoughts by her *own heart's* light.

✓ Ten years twice told had pass'd, since Helen
Græme

For Walter Hay's exchanged her virgin name.
Of life's vicissitudes they'd had their share,
Sunshine and shade ; yet in his eyes as fair,
And dearer far than the young blooming Bride
Was she, the long-tried partner ; who espied
No change in him, but such as gave a cast
More tender to the love would time outlast.
They had rejoiced together at the birth
Of six fair infants : Sorrowing, to the earth
(With mutual sorrow, but submissive heart.)
Committed three. Hard trial 'twas to part
(Young parents !) with their first born bud of bliss :
And they who follow'd !—with the last cold kiss
Their hearts seem'd breaking, that on each they
press'd.

But He so will'd it "who doth all things best,"
Out of their sight they hid their early dead,
And wept together—and were comforted,
And of their loved ones, now a lovely three
Were left, that well a parent's boast might be,
These two bold, blithesome boys, of stature near,
(Their ages differing only by a year.)
Walter and William named in reminiscence dear,
And a small sister, like a green-hill Fay,
Younger by eight—a *little Helen Hay*,
The household darling. To her father's ear,
'Twas ever music that sweet name to hear,
And now she sate, as still as still could be,
Her little stool drawn close beside his knee ;
Her paly ringlets so profusely shed,

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In the warm hearth-glow gleaming golden red,
As o'er the book upon her lap she bent,
On Jack the Giant-killer's feats intent.

Fit subject for some limner's skill had been
That quiet, tender-toned, heart-soothing scene,
All in fine keeping ! The old spacious room,
Half hall, half kitchen, dark'ning into gloom,
As it receded from that cavern vast—
The open hearth ; whence blazing oak logs cast
Rich ruddy beams on rafter, beam and wall,
'Twixt monstrous shadows that fantastic fall.
And all around, in picturesque array,
Hung rustic implements for use and play,
For manly sport and boyish holiday.
Basket, and net, and rifle, rod, and spear,
Coil'd lines, and weather-season'd fishing gear,
And bills and hedging gloves ; and, modell'd neat,
A little schooner, (Willy's proudest feat),
Matching a mimic plough, with graver thought
"On improved principles," by Walter wrought—
Proud folk the parents of those works, I wot !
And tatter'd straw hats, plaited once so white
And neat, in leisurely long winter night,
By the boy brothers ; while their father read
From one of those brown volumes overhead,
(No mindless untaught churl was Walter Hay.)
Some pleasant theme, instructive, grave, or gay :
His list'ning household, men, and maids, and all,
Assembled round him in his rustic hall ;
Together closing the laborious day.
As in the good old time, the good old way,
There stood a spinning-wheel, whose humming sound
Accompanied the reader's voice, *not* drown'd.
There hung a half-done cabbage-net ; and there,
Nursing her kitten in the old stuff'd chair,
Purr'd a grave Tabby ; while a faithful friend,
A worn-out Sheep-Dog, to his long life's end
Fast hastening, slumber'd at his master's feet.
It was a pleasant picture !—very sweet
To look upon, its beautiful repose—
One earthly scene, undim'd by human woes.

Alas ! was ever spot on earth so bless'd,
Where human hearts in perfect peace might rest ?
One bosom sorrow, and corroding thought,
(The dark thread with his woof of life enwrought,)
Help'd on the work of time with Walter Hay,
Stole half the brightness of his smile away,
And streak'd in manhood's prime his dark curl'd
locks with gray.

A hasty quarrel—an intemperate cnp,
A hard word spoken when the blood was up,
A blow as madly dealt, but not in hate,
Repented soon and sorely, but too late—
Too late !—Ah ! simple words of solemn sense,
Avenging disregarded Providence !

Remembrance of these things, and what ensued,
It was, that clouded oft his sunniest mood,
Casting a dark cold shadow o'er the life
Perhaps too prosperous else. His gentle wife
Whose wife-like tenderness could scarce descry
A fault in him she honour'd oft would try
To pluck away the thorn he sternly press'd
(Severe in self-infliction) to his breast.
"Not yours alone," she soothingly would say,
"The blame of what befell that luckless day ;

You had borne much, my husband ! well I know,
Much before anger overcame you so :
 And both of you that night had made too free
 (Alas ! that youth should so unthinking be !)
 With the good ale in careless company.
 How could you bear such taunts before them all,
 As he—unjust and violent—let fall ?
He knew your heart, to him so warm and kind,
 That passion, could but for a moment blind ;
 Passion, that love as suddenly would check,
 And cast you, all-repentant, on his neck :
 But he was gone before a word could pass—
 Gone in his furious mood, before the glass
 Ceased ringing, where he dash'd it on the floor
 With that rash oath—to see thy face no more !”

“ But I—but I—that ever it should be
 Betwixt us so !—had told him bitterly
 I never more desired his face to see.
I prosperous—He, a disappointed man—
 Quick temper'd, spirit vex'd. Say what you can,
 Dear comforter ! you cannot take away
 The stinging mem'ry of that fatal day.”
 Thus soothingly, a thousand times before
 The loving wife had utter'd o'er and o'er
 Mild consolation ; on his heart that fell
 Balmy, though there no settled peace might dwell :
 And thus again, that night whereof I tell,
 They talk'd together ; on his long-drawn sigh
 Following their low-voiced, love-toned colloquy.
 And all the while, intent upon her book,
 The little maid sat still ; an upward look,
 (As play'd her father's hand with her soft hair,)
 Now and then glancing at the parent pair,
 Her heart's contentment full, assured they both were
 there.

Loud burst the storm, that, fitfully suppress'd,
 Had for a moment sobb'd itself to rest.
 Creak'd doors and casements, clattering came the rain,
 And the old wall's stout timbers groaned again.
 “ Would they were back—that I could hear their
 tread !”
 Listening anxiously, the mother said :
 “ God help, this fearful night, the houseless poor !
 One would not turn a dog out from one's door.”

“ No—not a dog.—And yet I had the heart,
 To let *him* homeless from my home depart
 On such another night. Full well I mind,
 As the door open'd, how the rain and wind
 Flash'd in his face, and well nigh beat him back.
 Then—had I stretched a hand out !—What lone track,
 Unfriended since, hath he been doom'd to tread ?
 Where hath he found a shelter for his head—
 In this hard world, or with the happy dead ?”

“ Nay, doubt it not, my husband !” said the wife,
 “ He hath been long at rest, where care and strife,
 And pain and sorrow enter not. We know
 That when he left us, nineteen years ago,
 He went a-shipboard straight, and cross'd the seas
 To that far, fatal coast, where fell disease
 Strikes down its thousands,—that he went ashore,
 And up the country, and was seen no more.
 Had he not perish'd early, we had heard
 Tidings ere long by letter or by word ;
 For he too had a loving heart, that bore

No malice when the angry fit was o'er.
 Be comforted, dear husband ! he's at rest,
 And let us humbly hope, for Christ's sake—bless'd.”

“ Hark, mother, hark ! I'm sure they're coming
 back !”
 Cried little Helen—who with Valiant Jack
 Had parted for the night—“ That's Willy's call
 To Hector, as they turn the garden wall.
 Lizzy ! come quick and help me let them in—
 They must be wet, poor brothers, to the skin.”
 The rosy maid, already at the door,
 Lifted the latch ; and bounding on before,
 (His rough coat scattering wide a plenteous shower,)
 Hector sprang in, his master close behind,
 Half spent with buffeting the rain and wind ;
 Gasping for breath and words a moment's space,
 His eager soul all glowing in his face.

“ Where's Walter ?” cried the mother, pale as
 death—
 “ What's happen'd ?” ask'd both parents in a breath.
 “ Safe, mother dear ! and sound—I tell you true—
 But, Father ! we can't manage without you ;
 Walter and Joe are waiting there down-bye,
 At the old cart-house by the granary.
 As we came back that way, a man we found
 (Some shipwreck'd seaman) stretched upon the
 ground
 In that cold shelter. Very worn and weak
 He seemed, poor soul ! at first could hardly speak ;
 And, as we held the lantern where he lay,
 Moan'd heavily, and turned his face away.
 But we spoke kindly—bade him be of cheer,
 And rise and come with us—our home was near,
 Whence our dear father never from his door
 Sent weary traveller—weak, sick, or poor.
 He listen'd, turn'd, and lifting up his head,
 Look'd in our faces wistfully, and said—
 ‘ Ye are but lads—(kind lads—God bless you both !)
 And I, a friendless stranger, should be loath,
 Unbidden by himself, to make so free
 As cross the rich man's threshold : this for me
 Is shelter good enough ; for worse I've known—
 What fitter bed than earth to die upon ?’
 He spoke so sad, we almost wept ; and fain
 Would have persuaded him, but all in vain ;
 He will not move—I think he wants to die,
 And so he will, if there all night he lie.”

“ That shall he not,” the hearty yeoman said,
 Donning his rough great-coat ; “ a warmer bed
 Shall pillow here to-night his weary head.
 Off with us, Willy ! our joint luck we'll try,
 And bring him home, or know the reason why.”

Warm hearts make willing hands ; and Helen Hay
 Bestir'd her, while those dear ones were away,
 Among her maidens, comforts to provide
 'Gainst their return : still bustling by her side
 Her little daughter, with officious care,
 (Sweet mimicry !) and many a matron air
 Of serious purpose, helping to spread forth
 Warm hose and vestments by the glowing hearth.
 From the old walnut press, with kindly thought,
 Stout home-spun linen, white and sweet, was brought
 In a small decent chamber overhead,
 To make what still was called “ The Stranger's bed.”

For many a lone wayfarer, old and poor,
Sick or sore wearied, on the dreary moor
Belated, at the hospitable door
Of the Old Farm ask'd shelter for the night,
Attracted by the far-seen, ruddy light
Of the piled hearth within.—“A bit of bread
And a shelter,” was the prayer oft said,
Seldom in vain;—for Walter would repeat,
With lowly reverence, that assurance sweet—
“How he the stranger's heart with food and rest
Who cheers, may entertain an angel guest;”
Or, giving in Christ's name, for his dear sake be
bless'd.

Oft they look'd out into the murky night
Tempestuous, for the streaming lantern light;
And hearken'd (facing bold the driving sleet)
For sound of nearing voices—coming feet—
And there it gleams—and there they come at last—
Fitfully sinking, swelling on the blast;
Till clustering forms from out the darkness grow,
Supporting one, with dragging steps and slow,
Feebly approaching.—

“Hold the lantern low—
Courage, my friend! we've but a step to go,”
The yeoman's cheerful voice was heard to say.
“Hillo! good folks there—here, my Helen Hay,
Little and great—I've brought you home a guest
Needs your good tending,—most of all needs rest;
Which he shall find this blessed night, please God,
On softer pallet than the cold bare sod.”

As they the threshold pass'd, the cheerful light
Flash'd from within; and shading quick his sight,
(Pain'd by the sudden glare,) upon his brow
The wayworn man his ragged hat pulled low;
Bow'd down his head, and sigh'd in such a tone,
Deep drawn and heavy, 'twas almost a groan.
They helped him on, (for he could hardly stand,)
And little Helen drew him by the hand,
Whispering—“poor man!”—At that, a moment's
space
Halting, he fix'd his eyes on the young face
Of her who spoke those pitying words so mild,
And tremulously said—“God bless thee, child!”

The strong supporting arm—'twas Walter Hay's—
Tighten'd its clasp, and with a searching gaze
Quick turn'd he peer'd in those strange features;—
then
(For they were strange) drew back his head again,
Shaking it gently with a sorrowful smile.
The matron and her maids came round the while,
Toward the high-back'd settle's warmed nook
To lead the weary man; but with a look
Still downcast and aside, he slunk away,
Articulating faintly, “Not to-day—
Not *there* to-night. Rest only! only rest!”
So to the allotted room they brought their guest,
And laid him kindly down on the good bed,
With a soft pillow for his old grey head.
The long, thin, straggling locks that hung adown
His hollow cheeks, had scarce a tinge of brown
Streaking their wintry white; and sorely marr'd
Was all his face: thick seam'd, and deeply scarr'd,
As if in many battles he had fought
Among the foremost.—

“From the first, I thought,”
Said the young Walter, as he came below,
“The fine old fellow had dealt many a blow
For England's glory, on her wooden walls.”
The father smiled. “Not every one who falls
In fight, my son! may fall in a good cause—
As fiercely in resistance to the laws
Men strive, as in upholding them”

“But here
I'm sure we've a true sailor, father dear!
No lawless, wicked man. When you were gone,
Willy and I some little time stayed on—
(Mother had sent us up with some warm drink,
Made comforting)—and then you cannot think
How pleasantly, though sadly, he look'd up,
And ask'd our names as he gave back the cup;
And when we told them, took a hand of each,
While his lips moved as if in prayer—not speech,
With eyes so fixed on us, and full of tears.”
“Perhaps,” said William, “lads about our years
He might be thinking of—far, far away,
Or dead; his own dear children. Who can say?”

“Ay, who can say, boys!—who can tell
The deep, deep thoughts, in human hearts that dwell
Long buried, that some word of little weight
Will call up sudden from their slumbering state,
So quickened into life, that past things seem
Present again—the present but a dream.
Boys! in a book was leant me long ago,
I read what since I've often thought upon
With deepest awe. At the great Judgment-Day
Some learned scholars—wise and holy—say
That in a moment all our whole life past
Shall be spread out as in a picture vast—
Re-acted as it were, in open sight
Of God, and men, and angels; the strong light,
Indwelling conscience, serving to illumine
The changeful All complete—from birth to doom.
Methinks—with humble reverence I speak—
I've been led sometimes to conception weak
Of that deep meaning, when a sudden ray
Has call'd, as 'twere from darkness into day,
Long-past, forgotten things.—Oh! children dear!
Lay it to heart, and keep the record clear
That all unveil'd, *that day*, must certainly appear.”

Thus, as was oft his wont, religious truth
The pious father taught their tender youth,
As apposite occasion led the way;
No formal teacher stern. Nor only they,
The filial listeners, fix'd attention gave
To his wise talk—with earnest looks and grave
His rustic household, at the supper board
Assembled all, gave heed to every word
Utter'd instructive; and when down he took
And open'd reverently the blessed Book;
With hearts prepared, on his great message dwelt:
And when around, in after prayer they knelt,
Forgot not, e'er they rose, for him to pray
Master and Teacher,—*Father*, they might say,
Who led them like his own, the happy, heavenward
way.

“Did you take notice, wife”—the husband said,
Their busy, well-spent day thus finished—
When all except themselves were gone to rest—

"Did you take notice, when our stranger guest Spoke these few words to Helen, of his tone? It thrill'd my very heart through: so like one These nineteen years unheard."

"I scarce gave heed To any thing," she said, "but his great need Of help, poor soul! so faint he seem'd and low."
"Well, well," rejoind'd her husband, "even *now* I seem to hear it:—*Then*, into my brain, Wild thoughts came crowding; quickly gone again, When I look'd hard, but not a line could trace Familiar, in that weatherbeaten face. *That lost one*, were he living now, would be Younger a year and many months than me— Than this time stricken man, by many a year. But, oh! these thoughts will haunt me, Helen, dear! These sudden fancies, though so oft before I've proved them vain, and felt all hope was o'er."

"Only for *this* world, husband mine!" she said, "They live in Heaven, whom *here* we count as dead! And there we all shall meet, when all is finished."

"God grant it!" fervently he said; "and so To bed, good wife! I must be up, you know, And off by daybreak, on my townward way, When, business done, be sure I shall not stay A needless minute. Yet I guess 'twill be Dark night before my own snug home I see. Mind a low chair and cushion in the cart Be set for Mark. God bless his poor old heart! Though from the hospital they send him back Blind and incurable, he shall not lack Comfort or kindness here; his service done, Of sixty years well-nigh, to sire and son. I miss him every where; but most of all, Methinks, at prayer-time, the deep solemn fall, Tremblingly fervent, of his long 'Amen!' 'Twill glad my heart to hear that sound again."

The Supper-board was spread—the hearth piled high—
All at the Farm look'd bright expectancy Of him who ever seem'd too long away, If absent from his dear ones but a day: Old Mark, too, coming home! what joy to all!— Ye know not, worldlings, what glad festival Pure hearts of simplest elements can make— Ye, whose pall'd sense poor pleasure scarce can take At feasts, where lips may smile, but hearts so often ache.

There was a sudden rush from the old hall, Children, and men, and maids, and dogs, and all, Save her, who, with a deeper gladness, stay'd Quietly busied; and far back in shade (Forgotten there awhile) the stranger guest. But quiet though she seemeth, with the rest Be sure her heart went forth those wheels to meet; And now they stop: and loving voices greet, Mingling confusedly; yet every one *She* hears distinct: as harmonist each tone Of his full chord,—distinct as if alone.

And there he comes, (sight gladdening every eye,) The darling young one in his arms thrond high, Her warm cheek to his cold one closely press'd. And there those two blithe boys, and all the rest, So crowd about old Mark with loving zeal. The blind man weeps, and fondly tries to *feel* Those fair young faces he no more mus-

"Give us warm welcome, Dame!" cried cheerily Her husband, as their greeting glances met; "We're cold enough, I warrant, and sharp set— But here's a sight would warm the dead to life, Clean hearth, bright blaze, heap'd board, and smiling wife!"

Lightly he spake,—but with a loving look Went to her heart, who all its meaning took: And briskly she bestir'd herself about, And with her merry maids, heap'd smoking out The savoury messes. With unneeded care Set nearer still the Goodman's ready chair: Then help'd uncase him from his rough great-coat, Then gave a glance that all was right to note: Welcomed old Mark to his accustomed seat With that *heart-welcoming*, so silver sweet; And, all at last completed to her mind, Call'd to the board with cheerful bidding kind; Where all stood round in serious quietness, Till God's good gifts the master's voice should bless. But, with a sudden thought, as glancing round, "I thought," he said, "another to have found Among us here to-night." "And he *is* here," Exclaim'd the wife—"forgotten though so near!" Then turning where the stranger sat far back, She said—"Forgive us friend! our seeming lack Of Christian courtesy; Draw near, and share With hearty welcome, of our wholesome fare." Silent and slow, the bashful guest obey'd, Still shrinkingly, as to presume afraid; And when his host with kindly greeting press'd, Bow'd down his head—deep down upon his breast, Answering in words so low you scarce could hear— But the quick sense of blindness caught them clear; And in a tone which thrill'd through every heart, The sightless man, with a convulsive start, Call'd out—"As God's in heaven, (His will be done.)

That was the voice of my dead master's son!"

"Mark! Mark! what say'st, old man?" cried sharply out His Master, as he rose and turn'd about (Trembling exceedingly) his guest to face: Who at that outcry, staggering back a pace, (He also trembled, and look'd like to fall,) Leant back—a heavy weight—against the wall, One might have heard a pin fall on the ground, There was such a deep and sudden silence round: Except that two or three breathed audibly, (Those wondering boys, whose eager hearts beat high,) And little Helen sobb'd, she knew not why.

There fixed, foot to foot, and breast to breast, And face to face, stood Walter and his Guest— And neither stirr'd a limb, nor wink'd an eye, (The stranger's sought the ground still drooping,) Nor spoke, till many minutes had gone by; Then, as if life upon his utterance hung, In low, deep accents, loosen'd first *his* tongue, Upon the other's shoulder as he laid His right hand slowly, Walter softly said— "Dear brother William!" An electric start Answer'd that touch, deep-thrilling to the heart, And that soft whisper'd word. Their meeting eyes, Full of fond yearnings, tender memories, All in a moment told—explain'd—confess'd— Absolved,—and Walter fell on William's breast.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE PRINTERS' DEVIL.

1. *The Printer*. 12mo. pp. 87. Charles Knight, London.
2. *Printing in the Fifteenth and in the Nineteenth Centuries*. Penny Magazine, No. 369.

"AND *noo, ma freends*," some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock, "*and noo, ma freends*," the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted:—"And *noo, ma freends*," he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe, "*let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naeboidy praighs for the puir Deil!*"

To our literary congregation, we beg leave to repeat very nearly the same two exclamations, for, deeply as we all stand indebted to the British press, it may truly be said, "there's naeboidy thinks of its puir deils," nor of the many kindred spirits, "black, white and grey," who, above ground as well as below, inhabit the great printing-houses of the land we live in. We shall, therefore, at once proceed to one of these establishments, and by our sovereign power summon its motley inmates before us, that they may rapidly glide before our readers in review.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas-lights are extinguished, and just before sunrise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists perhaps no moment in the twenty-four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for at this hour luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, chiaro-oscuro, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, showing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which in daylight stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by his warm great-coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing drinking the cup of hot salop or coffee he has just purchased of an old barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney-coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing-cross.

An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder, a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, "far and wide between," in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people—all the rest being as

completely buried from view as if they were lying in their graves.

But as our vehicle proceeds, every minute imparts life to the scene, until, by the time Blackfriars bridge is crossed, the light of day illumines the figures of hundreds of workmen, who, unconnected with each other, are, in various directions, steadily proceeding to their tasks.

Among them, from their dress, gait and general appearance, it is not difficult here and there to distinguish that several are printers; and as we have now reached the gate of one of the principal buildings to which they are marching, we must alight from our "cab," that we may, by a slight sketch, delineate its interior for our readers.

The printing establishment of Messrs. Clowes, on the Surrey side of the Thames, (for they have a branch office at Charing-cross,) is situated between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. Their buildings extend in length from Princes street to Duke street, and in breadth about half the distance. The entrance is by rather a steep declivity into a little low court, on arriving at which, the small counting house is close on the left; the great steam-presses, type and stereotype foundry, and paper warehouse, on the right; and the apartments for compositors, readers, &c., in front.

In the last mentioned building there are five compositors' halls, the largest of which, (on two levels, the upper being termed by the workmen "the quarter-deck,") is two hundred feet in length. The door is nearly in the centre, and, on entering this apartment at daybreak, the stranger sees at a *coup d'œil* before him, on his right and left, sixty compositors' frames, which, though much larger, are about the height of the music-stands in an orchestra. At this early hour they are all deserted, their daily tenants not having arrived. Not a sound is to be heard save the slow ticking of a gaudy-faced wooden clock, the property of the workmen, which faithfully tells when they are entitled to refreshment, and which finally announces to them the joyful intelligence that the hour of their emancipation has arrived. On the long wall opposite to the range of windows hang the printed regulations of a subscription fund, to which every man contributes 2d., and every boy 1d. per week, explaining how much each is entitled to receive in the sad hour of sickness, with the consoling intelligence that 5l. is allowed to bury him if he be a man, and 2l. 10s. if merely a boy. Along the whole length of the building, about a foot above the floor, there is a cast-iron pipe heated by steam, extending through the establishment upwards of three-quarters of a mile, the genial effect of which modestly speaks for itself.

On the right hand, touching each frame, stands a small low table, about two feet square. A hasty traveller would probably pronounce that all these frames were alike, yet a few minutes' attentive observation not only dispels the error, but by numerous decipherable hieroglyphics explains, to a certain extent, the general occupation of the owners, as well as the particular character of each.

For instance, the height of the frames at once declares that the compositors must perform their work standing, while the pair of easy slippers which are underneath each stand suggest that the occupation must be severely felt by the feet. The working

jacket or the apron, which lies exactly as it was cast aside the evening before, shows that freedom in the arms is a requisite to the craft. The good workman is known by the regularity with which his *copy* hangs neatly folded in the little wooden recess at his side—the slovenly compositor is detected by having left his MS. on his type, liable to be blown from the case—while the apprentice, like “the carpenter, known by his chips,” is discovered by the quantity of type which lies scattered on the floor on which he stood.

The relative stature of the workmen can also be not inaccurately determined by the different heights of their frames. The roomy stools which some have purchased (and which are their private property, for be it known that the establishment neither furnishes nor approves of such luxuries) are not without their silent moral; those with a large circumference, as well as those of a much smaller size, denoting the diameter of a certain recumbent body, while the stuffed stool tells its own tale. The pictures, the songs, the tracts, the caricatures, which each man, according to his fancy, has pasted against the small compartment of whitewashed wall which bounds his tiny dominions, indicate the colour of his leading propensity. One man is evidently the possessor of a serious mind, another is the follower of the fine arts. A picture of the Duke of Wellington denotes that another is an admirer of stern moral probity and high military honour; while a rosy-faced Hebe, in a very low evening gown, laughingly confesses for its owner that which we need not trouble ourselves to expound. In the midst of these studies the attention of the solitary stranger is aroused by the appearance of two or three little boys, dressed in fustian jackets and paper caps, who, in the grey of the morning, enter the hall with a broom and water. These are young aspiring devils, who, until they have regularly received their commissions, are employed in cleaning the halls previous to the arrival of the compositors. Besides ventilating the room by opening the windows in the roof, beginning at one extremity, they sweep under each frame, watering the floor as they proceed, until they at last collect at the opposite end of the hall a heap of literary rubbish; but even this is worthy of attention, for, on being sifted through an iron sieve, it is invariably found to contain a quantity of type of all sizes, which more or less has been scattered right and left by the different compositors. To attempt to restore these to the respective families from which they have emigrated would be a work of considerable trouble; they are therefore thrown into a dark receptacle or grave, where they patiently remain until they are remelted, recast into type, and thus once again appear in the case of the compositor. By this curious transmigration Roman letters sometimes re-appear on earth, in the character of italics—the lazy *z* finds itself converted into the ubiquitous *c*, the full stop becomes perhaps a comma, while the hunchbacked mark of interrogation stands triumphantly erect—a note of admiration to the world!

By the time the halls are swept some of the compositors drop in. The staidest generally make their appearance first; and on reaching their frames their first operation is leisurely to take off and fold up their coats, tuck up their shirt sleeves, put on their brown holland aprons, exchange their heavy walking

shoes for the light brown easy slippers, and then unfolding their copy they at once proceed to work.

By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers, others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education.—They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half-pint of tea or coffee, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who, with well-combed hair and clean shining faces, bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk, with a large bundle under his arm—of morning newspapers: this intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connexion with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticised, applauded, or condemned, an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact, that they not only willingly pay for these newspapers, but often indemnify one of their own community for giving up his time in order to sit in the middle of the hall, on a high stool, and read the news aloud to them while they are labouring at their work; they will, moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information! It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, while men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to do this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock the whole body are at their work, at which it may be observed they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night.

It is impossible to contemplate a team of sixty literary labourers steadily working together in one room, without immediately acknowledging the important service they are rendering to the civilized world, and the respect which, therefore, is due to them from society. The minutiae of their art it might be deemed tedious to detail; yet with so many operators in view it is not difficult, even for an inexperienced visitor, to distinguish the different degrees of perfection at which they have individually arrived.

Among compositors, as among all other professions, the race is not always gained by him who is apparently the swiftest. Steadiness, coolness, and attention are more valuable qualifications than eagerness and haste; and, accordingly, those compositors who at first sight appear to be doing the most, are often, after all, less serviceable to themselves, and, consequently, to their employers, than those who, with less display, follow the old adage of ‘slow and sure.’

On the attitude of a compositor his work princi-

pally depends. The operation being performed by the eyes, fingers, and arms, which, with considerable velocity, are moved in almost every direction, the rest of the body should be kept as tranquil as possible. However zealous, therefore, a workman may be, if his shoulders and hips are seen to be moved by every little letter he lifts, fatigue, exhaustion, and errors are the result; whereas, if the arms alone appear in motion, the work is more easily, and, consequently, more successfully executed. The principle of Hamlet's advice to the players may be offered to compositors:—

'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you. Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action.'

Before a compositor can proceed with his copy, his first business must evidently be to fill his 'cases,' which contain about 100 pounds weight of type of nine sorts, viz.:—1. capitals; 2. small capitals; 3. Roman letters (for italics separate cases are used); 4. figures; 5. points and references; 6. spaces; 7. em and en quadrats, or the larger spaces; 8. double, treble, and quadruple quadrats; 9. accents. These are two 'cases,' the upper of which is divided into 98 equal compartments; the lower into 53 divisions, adapted in size to the number of letters they are to contain.

In the English language the letter *e* inhabits the largest box; *a, c, d, h, i, m, n, o, r, s, t, u*, live in the next sized apartments; *b, f, g, k, l, p, v, w, y* dwell in what may be termed the bed-rooms, while *j, q, x, z, æ* and *œ*, double letters, &c., are more humbly lodged in the cupboards, garrets, and cellars. And the reason of this arrangement is, that the letter *e* being visited by the compositor sixty times as often as *z* (for his hand spends an hour in the former box for every minute in the latter), it is evidently advisable that the letters oftener required should be the nearest. Latin and French books devour more of *c, i, l, m, p, q, s, u*, and *v* than English ones, and for these languages the 'cases' must therefore be arranged accordingly.

The usual way of filling cases with letters is by distributing the type pages of books which have been printed off. Although the ideas or words of one author would not, especially in his own opinion, at all suit those of his brother writer—for instance, suppose the type pages of 'The Diary of the Times of George IV.' were distributed to set up 'The Bishop of Exeter's Charge to his Clergy'—yet the letters which compose them are found in practice to bear to each other exactly the same proportion. The most profligate pages are, therefore, quite as acceptable to the compositor who is about to print a sermon, as a volume on cookery, or even on divinity; and thus, in death, books, like their authors, are all democratically equal.

The distributing of the letters from the type pages into the square dens to which they respectively belong is performed with astonishing celerity. If the type were jumbled, or, as it is technically termed, 'in pie,' the time requisite for recognising the tiny countenance of each letter would be enormous, but the compositor, being enabled to grasp and read one or two sentences at a time without again looking at the letters, drops them one by one, *here, there, everywhere*, ac-

cording to their destination. It is calculated that a good compositor can distribute 4000 letters per hour, which is about five times as many as he can compose; just as in common life all men can spend money at least twenty times as readily as they can earn it.

As soon as the workman has filled his cases, his next Sisyphus labour is by composition to exhaust them. Glancing occasionally at his copy before him, he consecutively picks up, with a zigzag movement, and with almost the velocity of lightning, the letters he requires. In arranging these types in the 'stick,' or little frame which he holds in his left hand, he must of course place them with their heads or letter-ends uppermost; besides which, they must, like soldiers, be made all to march the same way; for otherwise one letter in the page would be 'eyes right,' one 'eyes left,' another 'eyes front,' while another would be looking to the rear. This insubordination would produce not only confusion, but positive errors, for *p* would pass for *d*, *n* for *u*, *q* for *b*, &c. To avoid this the type are all purposely cast with a 'nick' on one of their sides, by which simple arrangement they are easily recognised, and made to fall in to their places in the right way; the compositors as regularly place the nicks of their type all outermost, as ladies and gentlemen scientifically seat themselves at dinner, with their nicks (we mean their mouths) all facing the dishes. In short, a guest sitting with his back to his plate is not, in the opinion of a compositor, a greater breach of decorum, than for a letter to face the wrong way. The composing-stick contains the same sort of relative proportion to a page as a paragraph. It holds a certain measure of type, and as soon as it is filled, the paragraph, or fragment of paragraph, it contains, is transplanted into the page to which it belongs. This process is repeated until the pages composing a sheet, being completed, are firmly fixed by wooden quoins or wedges into an iron frame called a 'form;' and after having been thus properly prepared for the proof-press, a single copy is 'pulled off,' and the business of correction then begins.

As the compositor receives nothing for curing his own mistakes, they form the self-correcting punishment of his offence. The operation is the most disagreeable, and, by pressure on the chest incurred in leaning over the form, it is also the most unhealthy part of his occupation. 'A sharp bodkin and patience' are said by the craft to be the only two instruments which are required for correction: by the former a single letter can be abstracted and exchanged, by the latter, if a word has been improperly omitted or repeated, the type in the neighbourhood of the error can be expanded or contracted, (technically termed 'driven out,' or 'got in,') until the adjustment be effected. But the compositor's own errors are scarcely put to rights before a much greater difficulty arrives, namely, the *author's* corrections, for which the compositors are very properly paid 6d. an hour.

It can easily be believed that it is as difficult for a compositor to produce a correct copy of his MS., as it is for a tailor to make clothes to fit the person he has measured; but the simile must stop here, for what would be the exclamations of Mr. Staltze, or Madame Maradan Carson, if they were to be informed that the gentleman or the lady whom they had but

a few days ago measured, had, while their clothes were a-making, completely altered in shape, form, and dimensions? That, for instance, the gentleman had lost his calves—had ‘an increasing belly, and a decreasing leg’—that, from being a dwarf, he had swelled into a giant—or that his arms had become shorter—and that his frame had shrivelled into half its bulk:—that, again, Miladi’s waist had suddenly expanded—that her ‘bustle’ had materially increased, while her lovely daughter, who, but a week ago, was measured as a mop-stick, had all at once what is usually termed ‘come out.’

Now, ridiculous as all these changes may sound, they are—to say nothing of the heart-ache caused by ‘bad copy,’ in which, besides being almost illegible, the author himself evidently does not know what he means to say—no more than those with which compositors are constantly afflicted. Few men can dare to print their sentiments as they write them. Not only must the frame-work of their composition be altered, but a series of minute posthumous additions and subtractions are ordered, which it is almost impossible to effect; indeed, it not unfrequently happens that it would be a shorter operation for the compositor to set up the types afresh, than to disturb his work piecemeal, by the quantity of codicils and alterations which a vain, vacillating, crotchety writer has required.

A glance at the different attitudes of the sixty compositors working before us is sufficient to explain even to a stranger whether they are composing, distributing, correcting, or *imposing*; which latter occupation is the fixing corrected pages into the iron frames or ‘forms,’ in which they eventually go to press. But our reader has probably remained long enough in the long hall, and we will therefore introduce him to the very small cells of the *readers*.

In a printing establishment ‘the reader’ is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident, from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in midnight the lamps of the mail, which illuminate a small portion of the road, seem to increase the pitchy darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by reading to the reader from the copy—furnishing him, in fact, with an additional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy; for no sooner does the stream of the child’s voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man’s mind ceases to work;—something has evidently gone wrong!—he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of ‘the reader,’ yet from the cold-hearted public he receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitting application no fault

can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson’s office for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!

In a large printing establishment, the real interest of which is to increase the healthy appetite of the public by supplying it with wholesome food of the best possible description, it is found to be absolutely necessary that ‘the readers’ should be competent to correct, not only the press, but the author. It is requisite not only that they should possess a microscopic eye, capable of detecting the minutest errors, but be also enlightened judges of the purity of their own language. The general style of the author cannot, of course, be interfered with; but tiresome repetitions, incorrect assertions, intoxicated hyperbole, faults in grammar, and above all, in punctuation, it is his especial duty to point out. It is, therefore, evidently necessary that he be complete master of his own tongue. It is also almost necessary that he should have been brought up a compositor, in order that he may be acquainted with the mechanical department of that business; and we need hardly observe that, from the intelligent body of men whose presence we have just left, it is not impossible to select individuals competent to fulfil the important office of readers.

But even to these persons, however carefully selected, it is not deemed safe solely to intrust the supervision of a work: out of them one is generally selected, upon whom the higher duty devolves of scrutinizing their labours, and of finally writing upon their *revises* the irrevocable monosyllable ‘Press.’

We have already observed that while ‘the reader’ is seated in his cell, there stands beside him a small, intelligent boy, who is, in fact, the *reader*; that is to say, he reads aloud from the *copy*, while the man pores upon and corrects the corresponding print. This child, for such he is in comparison with the age of the master he serves, cannot be expected to take any more interest in the heterogeneous mass of literature which he emits, than the little marble Cupids in Italy can be supposed to relish the water which is made everlasting to stream from their mouths. The subject these boys are spouting is generally altogether beyond their comprehension; and even if it were not so, the pauses that ensue while ‘the reader’ is involved in reflection and correction would be quite sufficient to break its thread; but it often happens that they read that which is altogether incomprehensible to them. Accordingly in one cell the boy is found reading aloud to his patron a work in the French language, which he has never learned, and which therefore he is thus most ludicrously pronouncing exactly as if it were English:—

‘Less ducks knee sonte pass,’ &c. &c. &c.
i. e. (Les ducs ne sont pas.) &c.

To ‘the reader’s’ literary ears this must be almost as painful as, to common nerves, the setting of a saw: yet he patiently listens, and laboriously proceeds with his task. On entering another cell, the boy, who, perhaps, himself has never known sickness, is found monotonously reading, with a shrill voice, from a page entitled ‘Tabular Abstract of the Causes of Death,’ the following most melancholy catalogue, chiefly in, to him, unintelligible Latin, of the dismal

roads by which our fellow-countrymen have just departed from life:—

[We omit the Table, which occupies a page in the Review.—Ed. Mus.]

As soon as the last 'reader' has affixed his *imprimatur* on the labours of the compositor, the forms containing the type are securely fixed, and they are then carried to the press-room, to which, with them, we will now proceed.

Descending from 'the readers' cells to the ground floor, the visitor, on approaching the northern wing of Mr. Clowes's establishment, hears a deep rumbling sound, the meaning of which he is at a loss to understand, until the doors before him being opened, he is suddenly introduced to nineteen enormous steam-presses, which, in three compartments, are all working at the same time. The simultaneous revolution of so much complicated machinery, crowded together in comparatively a small compass, coupled with a moment's reflection upon the important purpose for which it is in motion, is astounding to the mind; and as broad leather straps are rapidly revolving in all directions, the stranger pauses for a moment to consider whether or not he may not get entangled in the process, and against his inclination, as authors generally say in their prefaces, go 'to press.'

We will not weary our reader by attempting a minute delineation of the wonderful picture before him, or even introduce to his notice the intelligent engineer, who, in a building apart from the machinery, is in solitude regulating the clean, well-kept, noiseless steam-engine which gives it motion; we will merely describe the literary process.

The lower part of each of the nineteen steam-presses we have mentioned consists of a bed or table, near the two ends of which lie prostrate the two sets of 'forms' containing the types we have just seen adjusted, and from which impressions are to be taken.

By the power of machinery these types, at every throb of the engine, are made horizontally to advance and retire. At every such movement they are met half way by seven advancing black rollers, which diagonally pass over them, and thus, by a most beautiful process, impart to them ink sufficient only for a single impression. As quickly as the types recede, the seven rollers revolve backwards till they come in contact with another large roller of kindred complexion termed 'the doctor,' which supplies them with ink, which he, 'the doctor,' himself receives from a dense mass of ink, which by the constant revolution of Esculapius assumes also the appearance of a roller.

When iron first began to be substituted in our navy for purposes for which it had hitherto been deemed to be totally inapplicable, it is said that an honest sailor, gravely turning his quid, observed to his comrade, 'Why, Jack, our purser tells me that the Admiralty are going to provide us with cast-iron parsons!' 'The doctor' of a steam printing-press is already composed of this useful material, but the other seven rollers are of an infinitely softer substance. They are formed of a mixture of treacle and glue; and in colour, softness, and consistency they are said, by those who have studied such subjects, exactly to resemble the arm of a young negro girl.

Above the table, the forms, and the rollers we have

described, are, besides other wheels, two very large revolving cylinders, covered with flannel; the whole apparatus being surmounted by a boy, who has on a lofty table by his side a pile of quires of white paper.

Every time the lower bed has moved, this boy places on the upper cylinder a sheet of paper, which is ingeniously confined to its station by being slipped under two strings of tape. It is, however, no sooner affixed there, than by a turn of the engine, revolving with the cylinder, it is flatly deposited on the first of the 'forms,' which, by the process we have described, has been ready inked to receive it: it is there instantaneously pressed, is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, after rapidly revolving with it, it is again left with its white side imposed upon the second 'form,' where it is again subjected to pressure, from which it is no sooner released than it is hurried within the grasp of another boy at the bottom part of the machinery, who illuminated by a gas light, extricates it from the cylinder, and piles it on a heap by his side.

By virtue of this beautiful process, a sheet of paper, by two revolutions of the engine, with the assistance only of two boys, is imprinted on both sides, with not only, say sixteen pages of letter-press, but with the various wood-cuts which they contain. Excepting an hour's intermission, the engines, like the boys, are at regular work from eight A. M. till eight P. M., besides night-work, when it is required. Each steam-press is capable of printing 1000 sheets an hour.

The apartments above the machinery we have described contain no less than twenty-three common or hand-presses, of various constructions; besides which, in each of the compositors' rooms there is what is termed a proof-press. Each of these twenty-three presses is attended by two pressmen, one of whom inks the form, by means of a roller, whilst the other lays and takes off the paper very nearly as fast as he can change it, and by a strong gymnastic exertion, affording a striking feature of variety of attitude, imparts to it a pressure of from a ton to a ton and a half, the pressure depending upon the size and lightness of the form; this operation being performed by the two men, turn and turn about.

By his steam and hand-presses Mr. Clowes is enabled at this moment to be printing simultaneously 'Brown's folio Bible,' 'Vyse's Spelling Book,' 'First Report of St. Martin's Subscription Library,' 'Religious Tracts,' 'Penny Cyclopædia,' 'Penny Magazine,' 'The Harmonist' (in musical type), 'The Imperial Calendar,' 'Booksellers' Catalogues,' 'Registration Reports,' 'The Christian Spectator,' 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' 'Henry's folio Bible,' 'Butler's Lives of the Saints,' 'Registration of Births and Deaths,' 'Boothroyd's Bible,' 'Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong,' 'Palestine, or the Holy Land,' 'The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise,' (300,000 copies, of which 20,000 are delivered per day), 'The Quarterly Review,' &c.

Notwithstanding the noise and novelty of this scene, it is impossible either to contemplate for a moment the machinery in motion we have described, or to calculate its produce without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the art of printing—an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, in spite of 'the envious clouds which seemed bent to dim its glory and

check its bright course, has triumphantly risen above the misanthropical ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

In the fifteenth century (the era of the invention of the art) the brief-men or writers who lived by their manuscripts, seeing that their occupation was about to be superseded, boldly attributed the invention to the devil, and, building on this foundation, men were warned from using diabolical books 'written by victims devoted to hell.' The monks in particular were its inveterate opposers; and the Vicar of Croydon, as if he had foreseen the Reformation which it subsequently effected, truly enough exclaimed in a sermon preached by him at St. Paul's Cross, '*We must root out printing, or printing will root us out!*' Nevertheless, the men of the old school were soon compelled to adopt the novelty thus hateful: in fact, many of the present names of our type have been derived from their having been first employed in the printing of Romish prayers: for instance, 'Pica,' from the service of the Mass, termed *Pica* or *Pic*, from the glaring contrast between the black and white on its page—'Primer,' from *Primarius*, the book of Prayers to the Virgin—'Brevier,' from *Breviary*,—'Canon,' from the *Canons* of the Church—'St. Augustin,' from that Father's writings having been first printed in that sized type, &c. &c.

How reluctantly, however, the old prejudice was parted with, even by the classes most interested in the advancement of the new device, may be inferred from Shakspeare's transcript of the chronicle in which Jake Cade, the Radical spouter of his day, is made to exclaim against Lord Say, 'Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a *grammar-school*; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the sure and tally, thou hast caused *printing to be used*; and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a *paper-mill!*'

But we must pause in our quotations, for the wooden clocks in the compositors' hall have just struck 'one,' the signal throughout the whole establishment (which we may observe contains 340 workmen) that the welcome hour for rest and refreshment has arrived. The extended arm of the distributor falls as by paralysis to his side—the compositor as suddenly lays down his stick—the corrector his bodkin—the impositor abandons his quoins, reglet, gutters, scaleboard, chases, shooting-sticks, side-sticks, and his other 'furniture'—the wearied 'reader' slowly rises from his stool, his boy, like a young kid, having already bounded from his side. The wheels of the steam-presses abruptly cease to revolve—the 'doctor' even becomes motionless—the boys descend from the literary pinnacles on which they had been stationed—the hand-presses repose—and, almost before the paper-men, type-founders, and other workmen can manage to lay down their work, in both Duke street and Stamford street, printers' boys of various colours are seen either scudding away in all directions, or assembled in knots to play at leap-frog, or at whatever other game may happen to be what is technically called 'in.' A fat, ruddy-faced boy, wearing a paper cap, is seen vaulting over the back of a young tight made devil, while 'a legion of foul

fiends' appear gamboling in groups or jumping over each other's shoulders.*

While this scene is passing in the middle of the street, steady workmen who are going to their dinners are seen issuing in a stream out of the great gate, while at the same moment, by a sort of back current, there is entering the yard a troop of little girls with provisions for those who prefer to dine at their posts. Most of these children are bearers of one or more sixpenny portions of smoking hot meat, with penny portions of potatoes or cabbage, in addition to which some of the little girls, with their longing eyes especially fixed on the dish, are carrying great twopenny lumps of apple pudding, or of heavy pieces of a cylindrical composition commonly called 'rolly-polly pudding,' which very closely resembles slices of 'the doctor.' Besides these eatables, a man is seen gliding hastily down the declivity of the yard, carrying in each hand a vertical tray glistening with bright pewter pint pots.

A remarkable silence now prevades the establishment. The halls of the compositors appear to be empty; for while enjoying their humble meal, sick of standing, they invariably seat themselves underneath their frames, and thus like rats in their holes, they can scarcely be discovered. The ear-worn reader, in solitude, is also at his meal; but whatever it may consist of, it would be hard to say which he enjoys most—food for the body, or rest for the mind. The great steam-engine, which works the nineteen printing-presses, is also at its dinner, which consists of a liberal allowance of good neat's foot oil and tallow.

As this scene of rest and enjoyment is to last for a whole hour, we perhaps cannot better employ a small portion of the interim than by a few reflections on the history of printing.

The labour attendant upon propagating manuscript copies of volumes has been thus very feelingly described by William Caxton:

"Thus end I this book; and for as moche as in wrytyng the same my penne is worn, myn hande very, and myn eyne dimmed with overmoche looking on whit paper, and that age crepeth on me daily."

Accordingly fifty years were sometimes employed

* Whenever a printer's devil, in the morning, at noon, or at night, is about to be let loose upon an author, 'the proofs' he is ordered to convey are secured in a leathern bag, strapped round his waist. Some time ago, however, a young, thoughtless imp, from Messrs. Clowes's establishment, chose to carry upon his head a heavy packet, addressed by his employer to 'Lieut. Stratford, R. N., Somerset House.' 'You young rascal!' exclaimed a tall thief, who, after having read the inscription, cunningly ran up to him, 'Lieut. Stratford has been waiting for the last two hours for this parcel! Give it to me!' The devil, conscience-stricken and crest-fallen at the recollection that he had twice stopped on his road to play at marbles, delivered up his packet to the *concealer*; who, on opening it in his den, must have been grievously disappointed to find that it contained nothing but some proofs of '*The Nautical Almanac* for 1840.'

In producing a single volume. At the sale of Sir W. Burrell's books, May, 1796, there was displayed a MS. bible, on vellum, beautifully written with a pen, and illuminated, which had taken upwards of half a century to perform; the writer, Guido de Jars, began it in his fortieth year, (the period of life at which Sir Walter Scott began *Waverley*,) and yet did not finish it till he was upwards of ninety.

The *expense* attendant upon the ancient operation will be sufficiently explained by the following extract of a translated epistle from Antonio Bononia Becatello to Alphonso, King of Naples:

"You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold; therefore, I entreat your majesty that you cause to be bought for us Livy, whom we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall, in the mean time, procure the money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best: he, who, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand; or I, who, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale? Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell, and triumph."

Gaguin, in writing from France to one of his friends who had sent to him from Rome to procure a Concordance, says:

"I have not to this day found a Concordance, except one that is greatly esteemed, which Paschasius, the bookseller, has told me is to be sold, and it may be had for a hundred crowns of gold," (about 83*l*.)

On the last leaf of a folio manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose*, (the property of the late Mr. Ames,) there is written:

"C'est lyuir costa au palas de parys quarante coronnes dor, sans mentyr."

About the time of Henry II. the works of authors were, it has been said, read over for three days successively before one of the universities, or before other judges appointed for the service, and, if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers, brought up or trained to that purpose for their maintenance. But the labour of these monks, scribes, illuminators, &c., after all, were only for the benefit of a very few individuals, while the great bulk of the community lived in a state of ignorance closely resembling that which has ever characterized, and which still characterizes savage tribes.

The heaven-born eloquence of many of these people has been acknowledged by almost every traveller who has enjoyed the opportunity of listening to it with a translator.

Nothing, it is said, can be more striking than the frame-work of their speech, which, commencing with an appeal to 'the Great Spirit' that governs the universe, gradually descends to the very foundation of the subject they are discussing. Nothing more beautiful than the imagery with which they clothe their ideas, or more imposing than the intellectual coolness with which they express them. From sun-

rise till sunset they can address their patient auditors; and, such is the confidence these simple people possess in their innate powers of speech, that a celebrated orator, was, on a late occasion, heard to declare, 'That had he conceived the young men of his tribe would have so erred in their decision, he would have attended their council fire, and would have spoken to them for a fortnight!'

But what has become of all the orations which these denizens of the forest have pronounced? What moral effect have they produced, beyond a momentary excitement of admiration, participated only by a small party of listeners, and which, had even millions attended, could only, after all, have extended to the radius of the speaker's voice?

From our first discovery of their country to the present day, their eloquence has passed away like the loud moaning noise which the wind makes in passing through the vast wilderness they inhabit, and which, however it may affect the traveller who chances to hear it, dies away in the universe unrecorded.

Unable to read or write, the uncivilized orator of the present day has hardly any materials to build with but his own native talent; he has received nothing from his forefathers—he can bequeath or promulgate little or nothing to posterity—whatever, therefore, may be his eloquence, and whatever may be his intelligence, he is almost solely guided by what resembles brute instinct, rather than human reason, which, by the art of writing, transmits experience to posterity.

Before the invention of printing almost the whole herd of mankind were in a state of moral degradation, nearly equal to that which we have thus described; for, although various manuscripts existed, yet the expense and trouble of obtaining them was, as we have endeavoured to show, so great, that few could possess them in any quantities, except sovereign princes, or persons of very great wealth. The intellectual power of mankind was consequently completely undisciplined—there was no such thing as a combination of moral power—the experience of one age was not woven into the fabric of another—in short, the intelligence of a nation was a rope of sand. Now, how wonderful is the contrast between this picture of the dark age which preceded the invention of printing and the busy establishment which only for a few moments we have just left.

The distinction between the chrysalis and the butterfly but feebly illustrates the alteration which has taken place, since, by the art of printing, science has been enabled to wing its rapid and unerring course to the remotest regions of the globe. Every man's information is now received and deposited in a common hive, containing a cell or receptacle for every thing that can be deemed worth preserving. The same facility attends the distribution of information which characterises its collection. The power of a man's voice is no longer the measured range to which he can project his ideas; for even the very opinion we have just uttered, the very sentence we are now writing—faulty as they may both be—printed by steam, and transported by steam, will be no sooner published than they will be wafted to every region of the habitable globe—to India, to America, to China, to every country in Europe, to every colony we possess, to our friends and to our foes, wherever

they may be. In short, the hour has at last arrived at which the humblest individual in our community is enabled to say to those, whoever they may be, who are seen to wield authority wickedly,

'Si vous m'opprimez, si vos grandeurs dedaignent
Les pleurs des innocens que vous faites couler,
Mon vengeur est au ciel : apprenez a trembler !'

As railroads have produced traffic, so has printing produced learned men ; and "to this art," says Dr. Knox, "we owe the Reformation." The cause of religion has been most gloriously promoted by it ; for it has placed the Bible in everybody's hands. Yet, notwithstanding the enormous mass of information it has imparted, it is, however, a most remarkable fact, that printing is one of those busy bodies who can tell every man's history but his own.

Although four centuries have not elapsed since the invention of the noble art, yet the origin of this transcendent light, veiled in darkness, is still a subject of dispute ! No certain record has been handed down fixing the precise time when—the person by whom—and the place whence this art derived its birth. The latent reason of this mystery is not very creditable to mankind ; for printing having been as much the counterfeit as the substitute of writing, from sheer avarice it was kept so completely a secret, that we are told an artist, upon offering for sale a number of Bibles, which so miraculously resembled each other in every particular that they were deemed to surpass human skill, was accused of witchcraft, and tried in the year 1460.

Gutenberg, we all know, is said to have been the father of printing ; Schoeffer, the father of letter-founding ; Faust, or Fust, the generous patron of the art ; and by Hansard these three are termed 'the grand typographical triumvirate.' On the other hand, Hadrianus Junius, who wrote the history of Holland in Latin, published in 1578, claims the great art for Harlaem, assigning to Laurentius Coster the palm of being the original inventor. Neither our limits nor our inclination allow us to take any part in the threadbare discussion of the subject. On the front of the house inhabited by Gutenberg, at Mentz, there is the following inscription :—

'JOMANNI GUTTENBERGENSI,
Moguntino
Qui Primus Omnium Literas Ære
Imprimendas Invenit,
Hæc Arte De Orbe Toto Bene Merenti.'

Besides this, a fine statue by Thorwaldsen, erected in the city, was opened amidst a burst of enthusiasm. 'For three days,' says a late writer, 'the population of Mayence was kept in a state of high excitement. The echo of the excitement went through Germany, and GUTENBERG ! GUTENBERG ! ! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine, amidst this cordial and enthusiastic people.' But while Gut ! Guten ! GUTENBERG ! are thus resounding through Germany, the web-footed inhabitants of the city of Harlaem, nothing daunted, still paddle through their streets, with their burgomasters at their head, holding annual festivals, and making public speeches, in commemoration of the grand discovery of the art by their 'beloved Coster,' to whom various monuments have been erected.

But two o'clock has arrived, and we therefore most

readily abandon the history of printing, to return with Mr. Clowes's people to his interesting establishment.

On entering the door of a new department, a number of workmen, in paper caps, and with their shirt sleeves tucked up, may be seen at a long table, immediately under the windows, as well as at another table in the middle of the room, intently occupied at some sort of minute niggling operation ; but what wholly engrosses the first attention of the stranger is the extraordinary convulsive attitudes of ten men, who, at equal distances from each other, are standing with their right shoulders close to the dead wall opposite to the windows.

These men appear as if they were all possessed with St. Vitus' Dance, or as if they were performing some Druidical or Dervishical religious ceremony. Instead, however, of being the servants of idolatrous superstitions, they are in fact its most destructive enemies : for, grotesque as may be their attitudes, they are busily fabricating grains of intellectual gunpowder to explode it—we mean they are type-casting.

This important operation is performed as follows :—In the centre of a three-inch cube of hard wood, which is split into two halves like the shell of a walnut, there is inserted the copper matrix or form of the letter to be cast. The two halves of the cube when put together are so mathematically adjusted that their separation can scarcely be detected, and accordingly down the line of junction there is pierced from the outer face of this wood, to the copper matrix, a small hole, into which the liquid metal is to be cast, and from which it can easily be extricated by the opening or bisection of the cube. Besides this piece of wood, the type-caster is provided with a little furnace, and a small cauldron of liquid metal, projecting about a foot from the wall, on his right. The wall is protected by sheet-iron, which is seen shining and glittering in all directions with the metal that in a liquid state has been tossed upon it to a great height.

On the floor, close at the feet of each 'caster,' there is a small heap of coals, while a string or two of onions hanging here and there against the wall, sufficiently denote that those who, instead of leaving the building at one o'clock, dine within it, are not totally unacquainted with the culinary art.

The ladles are of various denominations, according to the size of the type to be cast. There are some that contain as much as a quarter of a pound of metal, but for common-sized type the instrument does not hold more than would one-half of the shell of a small hazel-nut.

With the mould in the left hand, the founder with his right dips his little instrument into the liquid metal—instantly pours it into the hole of the cube, and then, in order to force it down to the matrix, he jerks up the mould higher than his head ; as suddenly he lowers it, by a quick movement opens the cube, shakes out the type, closes the box, re-fills it, re-jerks it into the air, re-opens it—and, by a repetition of these rapid manœuvres, each workman can create from 400 to 500 types an hour.

By the convulsive jerks which we have described the liquid is unavoidably tossed about in various directions ; yet, strange to say, the type-founder, following the general fashion of the establishment, performs this scalding operation with naked arms, al-

though in many places they may be observed to have been more or less burned.

As soon as there is a sufficient heap of type cast, it is placed before an intelligent little boy, (whose pale wan face sufficiently explains the effect that has been produced upon it by the antimony in the metal,) to be broken off to a uniform length; for, in order to assist in forcing the metal down to the matrix, it was necessary to increase the weight of the type by doubling its length. At this operation a quick boy can break off from 3000 to 3000 types an hour, although, be it observed, by handling new type a workman has been known to lose his thumb and forefinger from the effect of the antimony.

By a third process the types are rubbed on a flat stone, which takes off all roughness or 'bur' from their sides, as well as adjusts their 'beards' and their 'shanks.' A good rubber can finish about 2000 an hour.

By a fourth process, the types are, by men or boys, fixed into a sort of composing-stick about a yard long, where they are made to lie in a row with their 'nicks' all uppermost: 3000 or 4000 per hour can thus be arranged.

In a fifth process, the bottom extremities of these types, which have been left rough by the second process, are, by the stroke of a plane, made smooth, and the letter-ends being then turned uppermost, the whole line is carefully examined by a microscope; the faulty type, technically termed 'fat-faced,' 'lean-faced,' and 'bottle-bottomed,' are extracted; and the rest are then extricated from the stick, and left in a heap.

The last operation is that of 'telling them down and papering them up,' to be ready for distribution when required.

By the system we have just described, Mr. Clowes possesses the power of supplying his compositors with a stream of new type, flowing upon them at the rate of 50,000 per day!

Type-founding has always been considered to be a trade of itself, and there is not in London, or we believe in the world, any other great printing establishment in which it is comprehended; but the advantages derived from this connexion are very great, as types form the life-blood of a printing-house, and, therefore, whatever facilitates their circulation adds to its health and promotes science.

Small, insignificant, and undecipherable as types appear to inexperienced eyes, yet, when we reflect upon the astonishing effects they produce, they forcibly remind us of that beautiful parable of the grain of mustard-seed, '*which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.*' But, casting theory aside, we will endeavour to demonstrate the advantages which not only the establishment before us, but the whole literary world, *bona fide* derives from a cheap, ready, and never-failing supply of type.

By possessing an ample store of this *primum mobile* of his art, a printer is enabled, without waiting for the distribution or breaking up of the type of the various publications he is printing, to supply his compositors with the means of 'setting up' whatever requires immediate attention—literary productions, therefore, of every description are thus relieved from unnecessary quarantine, the promulgation of know-

ledge is hastened, the distance which separates the writer from the reader is reduced to its minimum.

But besides the facility which the possession of abundance of type gives both to the publisher and to the public, the printer's range, or in other words the radius, to the extent of which he is enabled to serve the world, is materially increased: for with an ample supply he can manage to keep type in 'forms' until his proofs from a distance can be returned corrected. In a very large printing establishment like that before us, this radius is very nearly the earth's diameter; for Messrs. Clowes are not only enabled, 'by the quantity of type they possess, to send proofs to the East and West Indies, but they are at this moment engaged in printing a work regularly published in England every month, the proof-sheets of which are sent by our steamers to be corrected by the author in America!

Again, in the case of books that are likely to run into subsequent editions, a printer who has plenty of type to spare, can afford to keep the forms standing until the work has been tested; and then, if other editions are required, they can, on the whole, be printed infinitely cheaper, than if the expense of composition were in each separate edition to be repeated—the publisher, the printer, and the public, all, therefore, are gainers by this arrangement.

In bye-ways as well as high-ways, literary labourers of the humblest description are assisted by a printing establishment possessing abundance of type. For instance, in its juvenile days, the 'Quarterly Review,' (which, by the way, is now thirty years old) was no sooner published than it was necessary that the first article of the following number should go to press, in order that the printer might be enabled, article by article, to complete the whole in three months. Of the inconvenience to the *editor* attendant upon this 'never-ending-still-beginning' system, we deem it proper to say nothing: our readers, however, will at once see the scorbatic inconvenience which they themselves must have suffered by having been supplied by us with provisions, a considerable portion of which had unavoidably been salted down for nearly three months. Now, under the present system, the contents of the whole number lie open to fresh air, correction, and conviction—are ready to admit new information—to receive 'fresh facts'—to so late a moment, that our eight or ten articles may be sent to the printer on a Monday with directions to be ready for publication on the Saturday.

But notwithstanding all the examples we have given of the present increased expenditure of type, our readers will probably be surprised when they are informed of the actual quantity which is required.

The number of sheets now standing in type in Messrs. Clowes's establishment, each weighing on an average about 100 lbs., are above 1600. The weight of type not in forms amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession to about 2000 tons: the cost to the proprietors (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast) about 200,000*l.* The number of wood-cuts is about 50,000, of which stereotype-casts are taken and sent to Germany, France, &c.

Having mentioned the amount of stereotype-plates in the establishment, it is proper that we should now visit the foundry in which they are cast. The pri-

cipal piece of furniture in this small chamber is an oven, in appearance such as is commonly used by families for baking bread. In front of it there stands a sort of dresser; and close to the wall on the right, and adjoining the entrance door, a small table. The 'forms' or pages of types, after they have been used by the printer, and before the stereotype impression can be taken from them, require to be cleaned, in order to remove from them the particles of ink with which they have been clogged in the process of printing. As soon as this operation is effected, the types are carefully oiled, to prevent the cement sticking to them, and when they have been thus prepared, they are placed at the bottom of a small wooden frame, where they lie in appearance like a school-boy's slate. In about a quarter of an hour the plaster of Paris, which is first dabbed on with a cloth and then poured upon them, becomes hard, and the mixture, which somewhat resembles a common Yorkshire pudding, is then put into the oven, where it is baked for an hour and a half. It is then put into a small iron coffin with holes in each corner, and buried in a cauldron of liquid metal, heated by a small furnace close to the oven—the little vessel containing the type gradually sinks from view, until the silvery glistening wave rolling over it entirely conceals it from the eye. It remains at the bottom of this cauldron about ten minutes, when being raised by the arm of a little crane, it comes up completely encrusted with the metal, and is put for ten minutes to cool over a cistern of water close to the cauldron. The mass is then laid on the wooden dresser, where the founder unmercifully belabours it with a wooden mallet, which breaks the brittle metal from the coffin, and the plaster-of-Paris cast being also shattered into pieces, the stereotype impression which, during this rude operation, has remained unharmed, is introduced for the first moment of its existence into the light of day. The birth of this plate is to the literary world an event of no small importance, inasmuch as 100,000 copies of the best impressions can be taken from it, and with care it can propagate a million! The plates, after being rudely cut, are placed on a very ingenious description of Procrustean bed, on which they are, by a machine, not only all cut to the same length and breadth, but with equal impartiality planned to exactly the same thickness.

The plates are next examined in another chamber by men termed 'pickers,' who, with a sharp graver, and at the rate of about sixteen pages in six hours, cut out or off any improper excrescences; and if a word or sentence is found to be faulty, it is cut out of the plate and replaced by real type, which are soldered into the gaps. Lastly, by a circular saw the plates are very expeditiously cut into pages, which are packed up in paper to go to press.

We have already stated that in Messrs. Clowes's establishment the stereotype plates amount in weight to 2000 tons. They are contained in two strong rooms or cellars which appear to the stranger to be almost a mass of metal. The smallest of these receptacles is occupied entirely with the Religious Tract Society's plates, many of which are fairly entitled to the rest they are enjoying, having already given hundreds of thousands of impressions to the world. It is very pleasing to find in the heart of a busy, bustling establishment, such as we are reviewing, a chamber exclusively set apart for the propaga-

tion of religious knowledge; and it is a fact creditable to the country in general, as well as to the art of printing in particular, that, including all the publications printed by Messrs. Clowes, one-fourth are self-devoted to religion. The larger store, which is 100 feet in length, is a 'dark omnium gatherum,' containing the stereotype plates of publications of all descriptions. But even in this epitome of the literature of the age, our readers will be gratified to learn that the sacred volumes of the Established Church maintain, by their own intrinsic value, a rank and an importance, their possession of which has been the basis of the character and unexampled prosperity of the British empire. Among the plates in this store there are to be seen reposing those of thirteen varieties of bibles and testaments, of numerous books of hymns and psalms, of fifteen different dictionaries, and of a number of other books of acknowledged sterling value. We have no desire, however, to conceal that the above are strangely intermixed with publications of a different description. For instance, next to 'Dodgridge's Works' lie the plates of 'Don Juan;' close to 'Hervey's Meditations' lie 'The Lives of Highwaymen,' 'Henderson's Cookery,' 'The Trial of Queen Caroline,' and 'Macgowan's Dialogue of Devils.' In the immediate vicinity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' repose 'The Newgate Calendar' (6 vols.) and 'Religious Courtship;' and lastly, in this republic of letters, close to 'Sturm's Reflections,' 'Ready Reckoner,' 'Goldsmith's England,' and 'Hutton's Logarithms,' are to be found 'A Whole Family in Heaven,' 'Heaven Taken by Storm,' 'Baxter's Shove to ***** Christians,' &c. &c. &c.

On the whole, however, the ponderous contents of the chamber are of great literary value; and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the stranger beholds before him, in a single cellar, a capital, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounting to no less than 200,000*l*!

In suddenly coming from the inky chambers of a printing office into the paper-warehouse, the scene is, almost without metaphor, 'as different as black from white.' Its transition is like that which the traveller experiences in suddenly reaching the snowy region which caps lofty mountains of dark granite.

It must be evident to the reader that the quantity of paper used by Messrs. Clowes in a single year must be enormous.

This paper, before it is despatched from the printer to the binder, undergoes two opposite processes, namely, wetting and drying, both of which may be very shortly described. The wetting-room, which forms a sort of cellar to the paper-warehouse, is a small chamber, containing three troughs, supplied with water, like those in a common laundry, by a leaden pipe and cock. Leaning over one of these troughs, there stands, from morning till night, with naked arms, red fingers, and in wooden shoes, a man, whose sole occupation, for the whole of his life, is to wet paper for the press. The general allowance he gives to each quire is two dips, which is all that he knows of the literature of the age; and certainly, when it is considered that, with a strapping lad to assist him, he can dip 200 reams a day, it is evident that it must require a considerable number of very ready writers to keep pace with him. After being thus wetted, the paper is put in a pile under a screw-

press, where it remains subjected to a pressure of 200 tons for twelve hours. It should then wait about two days before it is used for printing, yet, if the weather be not too hot, it will, for nearly a fortnight, remain sufficiently damp to imbibe the ink from the type.

We have already stated, that, as fast as the sheets printed on both sides are abstracted by the boys who sit at the bottoms of the nineteen steam-presses, they are piled in a heap by their sides. As soon as these piles reach a certain height, they are carried off, in wet bundles of about one thousand sheets, to the two drying-rooms, which are heated by steam to a temperature of about 90° of Fahrenheit. These bundles are there subdivided into 'lifts,' or quires, containing from fourteen to sixteen sheets; seven of these lifts, one after another, are rapidly placed upon the transverse end of a long-handled 'peel,' by which they are raised nearly to the ceiling, to be deposited across small wooden bars ready fixed to receive them, in which situation it is necessary they should remain at least twelve hours, in order that not only the paper, but the ink, should be dried. In looking upwards, therefore, the whole ceiling of the room appears as if an immense shower of snow had just suddenly been arrested in its descent from heaven. In the two rooms about four hundred reams can be dried in twenty-four hours.

When the operation of drying is completed, the 'lifts' are rapidly pushed by the 'peel' one above another (like cards which have overlapped) into a pack, and in these masses they are then lowered; and again placed in piles, each of which contains the same 'signature,' or, in other words, is formed of duplicates of the same sheet. A work, therefore, containing twenty-four sheets—marked or signed A, B, C, and so on, to Z—stands in twenty-four piles, all touching each other, and of which the height of course depends upon the number of copies composing the edition. A gang of sharp little boys of about twelve years of age, with naked arms, termed *gatherers*, following each other as closely as soldiers in file, march past these heaps, from every one of which they each abstract, in regular order for publication, a single sheet, which they deliver as the complete work to a 'collator,' whose duty it is rapidly to glance over the printed signature letters of each sheet, in order to satisfy himself that they follow each other in regular succession; and as soon as the signature letters have either by one or by repeated gatherings been all collected, they are, after being pressed, placed in piles about eleven feet high, composed of complete copies of the publication, which, having thus undergone the last process of the printing establishment, is ready for the hands of the binder.

The group of gathering boys, whose 'march of intellect' we have just described, usually perform per day a thousand journeys, each of which is, on an average, about fourteen yards. The quantity of paper in the two drying-rooms amounts to about 3000 reams, each weighing about 25 lbs. The supply of white paper in store, kept in piles about 20 feet high, averages about 7000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication amounts to about 1500 reams (of 500 sheets) each of which averages in size 389½ square inches. The supply, therefore, of white paper kept on hand, would, if laid down in a path of 29½ inches broad,

extend 1230 miles, the quantity printed on both sides per week would form a path of the same breadth of 263 miles in length. In the course of a year Messrs. Clowes consume, therefore, white paper enough to make petticoats of the usual dimensions (ten demys per petticoat) for three hundred and fifty thousand ladies!

The ink used in the same space of time amounts to about 12,000 lbs.

The cost of the paper may be about 100,000*l.*: that of the ink exceeding 1500*l.*

In one of the compartments of Messrs. Clowes's establishment, a few men are employed in fixing metal type into wooden blocks of a most valuable and simple machine for impressing coloured maps, for which the inventor has lately taken out a patent.

The tedious process of drawing maps by hand has long been superseded by copper engravings; but besides the great expense attendant upon these impressions, there has also been added that of *colouring*, which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to perform but by the brush. The cost of maps, therefore, has not only operated to a considerable degree as a prohibition of their use among the poor, but in general literature it has very materially checked many geographical elucidations, which, though highly desirable, would have been too expensive to be inserted.

By his beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

On entering the small rooms of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! "*Tempora mutantur,*" they exultingly seem to say, "*nos et mutamur in illis!*" In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected: A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is embedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised than the south one, upon which is embedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*;

and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities and names.

By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in *seven* colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white,) lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, "The Patent Illuminated Map," proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is coloured *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

When the southern block, which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it recovers countries, which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which, by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour, it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly turns into *purple*, and upon a portion of the *yellow* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus, by this single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the courses of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map, distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown and purple.*

By Mr. Knight's patent machine maps may be thus furnished to our infant schools at the astonishing low rate of 4*d.* each.

* We ought to observe that an analogous invention has already been brought to great perfection by Mr. Hulmandell, in the department of lithography. By using consecutively six, ten, or a dozen stones, each charged with its separate colour, the effect of a fine water-colour drawing is reproduced in most wonderful lightness and brilliancy, while (the colour used being all oil-colour) a depth is given to the shadows which the cleverest master of the water-colour school cannot reach in his own original performance. A set of views of French scenery and architecture, done in this way may now be seen in the shops: they are, in fact, beautiful pictures; and you get, we believe, twenty-six of them for eight guineas.

Before the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls strike *eight*—at which hour the whole establishment of literary labourers quietly return to their homes, excepting those who, for extra work, extra pay, and to earn extra comforts for their families, are willing to continue their toilsome occupation throughout the whole night, resuming their regular work in the morning as cheerfully as if they had been at rest—we deem it our duty to observe that there are many other printing establishments in London which would strikingly exemplify the enormous physical power of the British press—especially that of the "Times" newspaper, which, on the 28th of November, 1814, electrified its readers by unexpectedly informing them that the paper they held in their hands had been printed by *steam*; and it is impossible for the mind to contemplate also, for a single moment, the *moral* force of the British press, without reflecting, and without acknowledging that, under Providence, it is the only engine that can now save the glorious institutions of the British empire from the impending ruin that inevitably awaits them, unless the merchants, the yeomanry, and the British people, aroused by the loud warning of the said press, shall constitutionally disarm the hand of the destroyers: we will, however, resolutely arrest ourselves in the utterance of these very natural reflections, because we have determined not to pour a single bitter drop into a literary cup which we have purposely concocted only for Christmas use.

To 'the Governor' of the building through which we have perambulated we cordially offer, in return for the courtesy with which he has displayed it, 'the compliments of the season;' and with equal gratitude let us acknowledge the important service rendered to the social family of mankind by the patient labour of each overseer, compositor, reader, pressman and type-founder in his noble establishment. Let us give them the praise which is due to their art, and, to conclude, "LET US GIVE TO THE DEVIL HIS DUE."

COME AT THE HOUR.

(A Lyric.)

BY MRS. C. BARON-WILSON.

Come at the hour when Nature, closing
O'er wearied crowds her wing of rest,
Bids man, from worldly cares reposing
In the calm lap of Peace, be blest!
When the bat sails the air in sadness,—
When the bee's hum of lightsome glee,
And the bird's song of grateful gladness
Is hush'd;—then, dearest! come to me!

Come, at the hour when spirits hover
In shadowy forms Earth's paths around;
When stealthy step of wand'ring lover
Seeks her, whose spells his heart have bound!
Then,—when her mantle Silence flingeth,
And twilight's mists veil land and sea,
And rest to man and Nature bringeth,
That hour!—oh! dearest! come to me!

From the Britannia.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

SHE passes our gate every morning at a quarter before eight. She is never a moment later. The cook knows this so well that she sets the kitchen clock by "the young lady in the cottage bonnet." All the winter we could tell her approach by the plashing of her clogs, in the wet unrepaid piece of path at the corner, a standing disgrace to our highway inspectors—I was going to write them "highwaymen," for they take our rates and do not mend our ways. And now she passes noiselessly, as our summer flowers grow; but, like them, neither unobserved nor unremembered. Her bonnet is a coarse Dunstable; within the last week, the morone-coloured ribbands have been replaced by those of *vapeur*; but they were both plainly put on. The *ruche* beneath is ornamented with a very little wreath of pale primroses; the black veil is still worn; but a parasol (not one of those fawn-coloured, baby-like fairy mushroom of the present season, but a large, full-grown parasol, two years old at the very least,) has replaced the heavy, brown cotton umbrella, whose weight her thin, white wrist seemed hardly able to sustain. The *broderie* on her collar is coarse, but the collar sits smoothly, and is very white; her shawl—what a useful shawl it has been! With the assistance of a boa she seemed to think it a sufficient protection against last winter's cold, and yet now, thrown a little open at the throat, and with the relief of a white collar, how well it looks! Her dress *then* was merino, now it is muslin-de-laine; her boots are exchanged for strong prunella slippers, fitting nicely; and she generally rests a roll of music or one or two books in the bend of the arm, the hand of which carries the parasol. I must not forget her brown silk bag—what odds and ends peep out of it at times, when 'tis over full; shreds of German wool; paper patterns; netting, knotting, and knitting needles; half-a-dozen new pens, the nibs out, to avoid the risk of injury—or a round ruler; in short, let it be filled with what it will, the bag is never empty; and yet if you could only see the thread-bare purse within, worn out, not by money, but by time—three pennies worth of halfpence at one end, and a silver fourpence and a shilling in the other—you would understand that the daily governess is anything but rich. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome, but she would be so, if the weight of anxiety that presses upon her broad, polished brow were removed. That countenance (the thoughtless would say) wants expression—it wants *variety* of expression, but the prevailing one is that of pallid, silent resignation; her eyes have an earnest, gentle look, when they raise the silken curtains that veil, not their brightness, but their sadness; and her smile, if a passer-by inquire the way, is as gentle as her eyes. She is neither short nor tall, dark nor fair; but her cheek is pale, not the pallor of ill-health, for she is fortunate in being obliged to walk twice a-day through our now green and cheerful hedge-rows; it wears the hue of oppressed spirits. She is young, and might be mirthful—if she were not a DAILY GOVERNESS.

She knows enough to know, that if she had been taught a little more of all, or of every, of the accomplishments she is obliged to teach, she might command a higher salary; "finish young ladies," instead of trudging on with little children; but her mother is an officer's widow, and could not spend a great deal upon one, when she had three children to educate and send into the world. She looks neither to the right nor to the left, except perhaps to glance, when she gets beyond the lane, at our church-clock; but she finds she has no need to hasten

her steps unless when her mother is ill—she is always in time. Perhaps, she casts a wistful eye towards the book-seller's placard, telling of her greatest luxury,—a new novel,—or at the linen-draper's, with an undefined hope, that by the time she receives her next month's salary she may seek a cheap Challis amongst his winter stock, now selling off, that would do very well for summer; dark colours are best for the street—ribbons do *not* attract her; she has trimmed her bonnet, and learnt the blessings that arise from thrift, not extravagance.

She reaches her destination, and knocks at the door, not with a tremulous hand, for it is practised in such indications of her humble arrival, but with the modest certainty that she will soon be admitted, because she is wanted. The footman hears the sound, but does not hurry to answer the *daily governess*: because he knows she is beloved by the nurse-girl, on whom she smiles, and to whom she speaks kindly: and the girl's home and parents are far in Cumberland. The *daily governess* can appreciate even the nurse-girl's attention. The children she has to instruct in this presuming mansion are wayward and rude; but they are nevertheless affectionate, and would be what are called "good," if they were properly managed "out of school hours;" as it is, they have too much of their own way, and their mamma "rates" the *daily governess before them*, for their faults.

"Miss Grey, you must be firm and determined; Gertrude complains of her eyes. So, if you could manage to stay and teach her lessons, after three, for about half an hour, to prevent her poring over her book, she could repeat them the next morning. Poor darling! we must take care of her eyes."

The *daily governess* knows, if she perform this daily duty, she will lose a music pupil, to whom she gives a lesson, commencing at half-past three, for the sum of one and sixpence; but this family live in a large house, and have promised to recommend her. The *daily governess* must pay her usual slave-tribute for patronage.

"Miss Grey, it will not do to teach dancing, without doing the figures *yourself* very often before the children."

"Miss Grey, Alicia's shoulders are growing round."

"Miss Grey, Alfred must not ink his tuckers."

"Miss Grey, poor little Louisa cannot finish the Cologne stand; pray take it home and finish it for her."

Poor Miss Grey! her patience, gentleness, and all she has really done to improve those children, remains unapproved; but the faults of her *eleves* rise trumpet-tongued against her, when in reality she is in no way to blame; the affections and tenderness which her gentle heart yearns to bestow, is thrown back upon her. She is a *daily governess*! What sympathies can they have in common?

It was nine when she knocked at the door—it is now three. She was asked to take something at one, and she had a morsel of bread and a glass of milk and water. She remains with Miss Gertrude until half-past three, and then walks half a mile farther to give her eighteenpenny music lesson. She is in excellent spirits when it is over, for they will wait the extra time, rather than change. She says, "they are very good." Why, the mother of the musical young lady knows she could not get such another lesson from any other teacher for less than half-a-crown. This is a busy day, it is half-past six and the *daily governess* has not yet returned.

She had another lesson to give in the same street—not a music lesson, though the echo of "one, two, three," in her head seemed for eternity, but to read English for an hour with a young French lady, who met her at the door, kissed her on both cheeks, made her drink a cup of coffee—real coffee—and eat a biscuit, and then sat patiently "doing her translation" into such pretty non-descript

English, that the *daily governess* chid and smiled until a peal of merry and mingled laughter rang through the room! But the laugh was succeeded, on the part of the governess, by such weariness, that the kind foreigner would have detained her longer, not to read, but to rest, were it not that, she told her, her mother would be uneasy; and then the lady, with a pretty air of mystery, opened her desk, and held up before her eyes a concert ticket—a real concert ticket—for two, it was to be her's, and would enable her and her mother to go together the next evening, which they would be sure to do, for to-morrow would not be a busy day, and they could walk there very well, and leave their bonnets at the entrance, or slide them off, and let them hang down by their sides—"so"—no one would notice them. Oh, it would be such pleasure—such dear pleasure! to hear sweet music, and her mother was so fond of music, her mother would enjoy it so much, she was very—*very* grateful. The French lady regretted that the distance was so great. The *daily governess* said, they would not mind that; they were only a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner—her mother could walk *that*—and then an eightpenny drive would bring them to the concert rooms. Those fly-cabs were so respectable and convenient—it would be charming;—she did not mind fatigue; and Miss Grey commenced her return with a quick step and a flushed cheek. She thought, poor thing, though she had been teaching since nine, and it was now nearly half-past six—she thought it had been a very happy day. As she walked rather quickly, several impertinent fellows—impudent Irish men—cunning Scotch lads, or, it might be, an English youth, intent on systematising even his flirtations—attempted to peep under her bonnet; but she poked the big parasol very low at that side, and walked on; if the attempt was repeated, her cheek flushed, her heart beat more quickly, and her eyes filled with tears. Then, indeed, she felt she had no one to protect her.

She stopped at a shop at Lowndes-terrace, where black silk and white kid gloves are only a shilling a pair. She looked through the window at them—hesitated, and walked on; perhaps she will wait till her mother is with her, the following evening, and then she can choose for her. What her mother chooses is always best. She has passed our gate. She is evidently very much fatigued, her steps lag heavily; she lodges with her mother in that little cottage, for the benefit of the soft pure air of good old Brompton. And now you see the widow's cap through the young stems and insignificant leaves of the jessamine. The *daily governess* quickens her step;—she pulls from her bosom the concert ticket; and after she has received her mother's kiss—before her mother's hands can untie her bonnet—she holds it up before her! Oh, how very much a little drop of innocent pleasure sweetens the cup of toil! Drink of it, long, and deeply, it becomes bitter on the tongue, and evil to the heart.

A *daily governess* has, at least, her evenings. Sometimes, not often, a friend drops in. To-night our patient, good, industrious girl has thrust her pretty swollen feet into her mother's easy shoes; and while the widow reads, or pours out their frugal tea, she is quilling, or snipping, or arranging something white—a little finery for "to-morrow" evening. And now the work and books are put by—the candle snuffed—they read and pray—not long, but fervently, and then to bed, despite the labour, which, fair reader, you shudder even to think upon. The *daily governess* sleeps soundly, and will awake as sweet, as patient, and as gentle—and it may be, a trifle more cheerful, to-morrow, than she was to-day.

THE ROAD SWEEPER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THERE he stands, leaning against the palisades opposite a long rambling edifice, called, time out of mind, B—hall. There stands Darby Moore, the legitimate sweeper of "the long crossing," his broom resting on his arm—for he has but one—and the corresponding sleeve of his coat pinned by a large corking-pin to the fold of his red waistcoat; his hat is so evidently, if not of Irish manufacture, twisted by Irish hands, that, even if our Sweeper's name was not Darby Moore, or we had never heard his mellifluous brogue, no doubt could be entertained as to where he came from—the brim of the hat is bent over his left eye, impressed by the mark of his finger and thumb, pinched in by perpetual bowing, so as to have a knowing, roguish twist; the crown has disagreed with the round, or they have come to an almost separation by mutual consent. I have seen "a handful of hay," symptoms of a red handkerchief, crusts of bread, and even a mutton-bone, peeping through the slit—nay, even staring out—for Darby says, "that sorra a pocket has he, but the crown of his hat; for Nelly says she can't afford pockets to his coat!"

The weather has been so fine, that one might imagine "Othello's occupation o'er."

Not so—in winter Darby sweeps the mud from "the long crossing," and in summer waters the dust. I found he had been so liberal of the pure fluid that I said,

"Darby, why you have converted the dust into mud."

"Mud! oh, ma'am dear! do you call that 'sprinkling' mud! Och hone! well but *my ladies* is hard to please! The pleasures I takes in making 'the long crossing agreeable—just a little thickening, and softening, and cooling, and to call it mud! O my, my! Well, to be sure! Why, thin how would yer honour like it! Sure, it isn't in regard of the halfpence I get—and sure enough the sight of a silver fourpence would do the sight of my eyes good—'tisn't in regard of the halfpence, but the honour of sweepin' for the best and handsomest ladies, and the finest gentlemen in England, that's what I think of; and, my lady, if ye'll please to bespeak the *natur of the damp*, it shall be as ye like, ma'am; good reason I have, too. I always says to Judy; Judy says I, the Irish lady always brings me good luck; if it's only twopence she gives me, it's the regular seed of wealth—it grows, so it does. God bless her! And now, my lady, how would you like the 'long crossing' to-morrow?"

It would be impossible to describe the shades of expression that passed over Darby Moore's face during this piece of eloquence; the merry twinkle of his keen grey eye; the movement of the muscles which contract, expand, and twist his mouth; the action of his hand, which does duty for two; the shrug of his shoulder, and the anxious leer from under his eye-lid, to see how the hint about the twopence takes.

"Darby, I do not think I ever gave you more than a penny at a time in my life."

"Well, the masher gives me a penny, and yer honour gives me a penny, and sure that's twopence;—be-dad! if yer ladyship will give me the twopence now, I'll tell the masher next time—if yer ladyship wishes it—if not, why, as the fool said, 'We'll let it stand a penny for Johnny, a penny for Jacky.'"

Darby, as he says himself, "is not altogether beholden to sweepen;" he has been a "souldier"—talks with contempt of the "French," and declared the other day "that th' Almighty never created but one real man in the world (barrin her Majesty, for whom he had great respect,) and

that man was the great Juke of Wellington, God bless him!" So Darby has a pension. What it is, he has never been heard truly to declare; it may be much, it may be little: if you inquire, he has the most ingenious way of telling and not telling.

"The pension, ma'am? Oh, bedad! it's little I get for the beautiful arm—flesh, blood, and bone, it was, my lady, that I lost

'For my country's cause,

And England's glory"

as the song says."

"But how much is it, Darby?"

"Fair! my lady, it's a mere nothing, and the wife and childre' to the fore."

"But, how much?"

"To my sorrow, my lady, I've no larning—I've no hand at the figures; and I'm thinkin' they do me out of some of it. Ye see I managed finely, until after Miss Joy, round the corner, was married."

"How was that?"

"Why, ye see, her sweetheart always came to see her twice a day, and though the *baste* (horse) was *nothing but a hack*, still I'd a regular sixpence to hould it. She's married now; and faith I don't think he's *pleased with his bargain*; for when they come to see the old lady and gentleman in the shay—which is more responsible to hould than the *baste*—I never get anything *but coppers*!"

Pray admire Darby's "tact;" it is so Irish! how well he manages to turn curiosity from his pension to Miss Joy that was—the proprietor of "the shay" that is—and the bridegroom's probable unhappiness, either present or to come.

The little match-children, who made up such a piteous story to our cook, about their father *having left his bones at Waterloo*, were Darby's offspring. I reminded cook that the battle had been fought more than twenty-three years ago, and she was so angry that, even at the risk of spoiling our dinner, she pursued the urchins, and found them in the very act of dutifully sharing the pie-crusts and meat she had bestowed, with my old friend, Darby Moore. This was not to be borne; she called them little story-tellers, but not in those words—and their father took their part.

"I ax yer pardon, ma'am, but here is some of what ye gave them, God bless ye!" and he held up the remains of a shoulder of mutton. "That's a bone, ma'am. Sorra a much mate on it; ye'll not say *that's not a bone*!"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, the childre' tould no lie; they said their father left his bones at Waterloo, and so I did, God help me!—the bones of my beautiful arm and my five fingers; they tould no lie, ma'am. It wasn't their fault, ma'am, if ye couldn't understand English."

From Tait's Magazine.

A DANISH TRADITION.

THE island of Zealand is joined, on the northwest, by a narrow sandy strip of land, to a beautiful and fertile peninsula, thickly dotted with cottages, and forming a little district in itself. It boasts of one small town, beyond which the peninsula extends in a bold headland, far out into the wild and stormy Cattegat, forming a landscape of the most bleak and desolate description. The shifting sand has destroyed all traces of vegetation; moving sand hills—the play of the tempests which, unchecked, sweep over the land from the stormy sea—are constantly changing their position, and arise and disap-

pear in ever-varying succession. While travelling through the island, I, on one occasion, spent an hour in this place; and it has left on my mind a picture of horror which I shall never forget. I was riding alone over the desert and sandy flat, when there arose from the north, on the side nearest the sea, a storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The waves ran high, the clouds chased each other through the firmament, the skies became dark and lowering, the sand began to give way in masses under the feet of my horse, and at last rose in whirlwinds and filled the air. The path could no longer be discerned, the horse sank deeper and deeper in the loose sand; heaven, earth, and sea, seemed all mingled together in one wild tumult; and every object was enveloped in a cloud of sand and dust. There was no trace of life or vegetation; the tempest whistled through the air; the waves of the ocean lashed the shore; the thunder rolled in the distance; and the dull lurid lightning seemed as though it could scarcely penetrate the air, thick with particles of the flying soil. The danger was imminent; when suddenly a heavy thunder shower began to fall, and effectually laid the shifting sand; enabling me, though thoroughly drenched, to find my way to the little town.

It was on this desolate track of country, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, that the village of Norwig was situated. The sand has long since destroyed all traces of human dwellings; and the inhabitants, principally sailors and fishermen, have long since removed to another quarter; the church alone remains, standing solitary upon a little eminence, and surrounded, on all sides, by the melancholy and constantly shifting desert. It is the scene of the following most mysterious occurrence:—

It was during the early part of the last century, that the old and venerable pastor of the village sat in his lonely apartment, sunk in deep meditation. It was midnight; the house lay at the extremity of the village; and, as the simple manners of the inhabitants rendered it unnecessary to employ bolt or bar, the doors all remained open. The lamp was burning dimly, and the solemn silence was unbroken, save by the rippling of the sea, in which the pale moon beheld her own reflection. Suddenly the old man heard the doors beneath opening, and recognised the heavy footsteps of men upon the staircase; he now looked up, expecting to receive a summons, in all probability, to attend a dying person, and administer spiritual consolation. Two strange-looking men now entered the apartment, clad in white mantles, and approached him in the most courteous manner. "Pastor of Norwig," said the first of the intruders, "we request you to follow us; there is a wedding to be solemnized, and the bridal pair are already awaiting you in the church." He then showed the old man a heavy purse of gold, which he promised should be his, as a recompense for the trouble and annoyance such an ill-timed summons might occasion him. The pastor stared in astonishment at the stranger; for there was something in his appearance which seemed to him awful and almost spectral; but the latter only repeated his words, and that in a more threatening and commanding tone. When the old man began to collect himself, he represented to the stranger that his sacred office did not permit him to perform the marriage-service without some previous knowledge of the individuals, besides going through the formalities which the law required. The second stranger now stepped forward. "You have the choice," said he, "of following us and receiving the proffered sum of money, or of remaining here and having a bullet sent through your head." So saying, he held a pistol to the pastor's forehead, and awaited his answer. The old clergyman turned pale, and having silently and hastily risen up, and put on a sort of upper garment, re-

plied; "I am ready." The strangers, meanwhile, had spoken Danish, but in such a manner that it was impossible to doubt they were foreigners. They now proceeded in silence through the village, and the pastor followed.

It was a completely dark autumn night, for the moon had already gone down; but, as they left the village, the old man perceived, to his surprise, that the church was brilliantly illuminated. Onwards, however, in silence strode his two companions, wrapped in their white mantles, and leaving the sandy plain behind them; while he, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in keeping pace with them.

On reaching the church, they bound a handkerchief over his eyes; immediately afterwards, he heard the well-known side doors open with a jarring noise, and he was forcibly thrown in among a dense crowd of men. There was a murmur of many voices pervading the church; and in his immediate neighbourhood he could distinguish words of a language totally unknown to him. It was Russian, as he suspected at that time. Whilst he was yet standing, with bandaged eyes, pressed on every side, helpless, and in the greatest terror and confusion, he felt his hand suddenly seized, and he was hurried through the midst of the throng, which appeared to give way. At last the bandage was loosened, he recognized one of his first companions near him, and found himself standing before the altar. It was decorated with a row of enormous wax candles, in massive silver candlesticks; and the church itself was so brilliantly illuminated, that the most distant object was distinctly perceptible. During the time that his eyes were bandaged, the noise of the crowd had appeared to him tremendous; but now the solemn stillness of the multitude had, if possible, on his timid soul, a still more appalling effect. Although the seats and side passages were crowded with men, yet the middle aisle was completely empty, and the pastor distinguished, in the midst of it, a newly dug grave; the pavement stone which had covered the spot, now lying against the side of a neighbouring seat. Men only were to be seen, with the exception of a solitary female, whom the old man fancied he could discern in the most distant corner of the church.

The silence lasted for some minutes; not even the least movement being heard; meantime arose in the soul of the pastor a dark and heavy misgiving that some deed of horror was about to be performed.

At last a man rose up, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from the rest, and showed him to be of higher rank. He strode hastily along the empty aisle, while the multitude gazed upon him, and his steps resounded through the church. He was of middle stature, broad shouldered, and strongly built; his mien was haughty; his countenance bronzed with exposure to the weather; his hair like the raven; his features strongly marked; and his lips compressed with angry determination;—a high aquiline nose increased the hauteur of his aspect, and long bushy eyebrows overshadowed the small and fierce black eyes which gleamed beneath them. He wore a green surcoat, richly ornamented with gold; and on his bosom glittered a star.

The bride, who now knelt beside him, was also splendidly dressed: a blue robe, embroidered with silver, enveloped her slender form, and fell in thick folds over her graceful limbs; while a diadem, resplendent with jewels, decorated her long fair hair. Notwithstanding the change which it was evident had lately passed over her features, beauty and loveliness could still plainly be discerned. Her cheeks now looked as cold and inanimate as those of a marble statue; not a muscle of her countenance moved, her pale lips seemed dead, her eyes

were fixed and glazed as those of a corpse, and her arms hung powerless by her sides. Thus she knelt—a picture of death; and the by-standers might well be in doubt whether her overpowering terror had deprived her of consciousness, or if nature were merely striving to recruit her shattered frame by a deep and almost preternatural slumber.

Now, for the first time, the pastor observed an old and ugly female, attired in a fantastic oriental-looking costume, with a blue and red turban on her head; who, with a malicious, nay, almost mocking expression, watched the kneeling bride. Behind the bridegroom, stood a dark gigantic man, who seemed to gaze immovably on vacancy.

The pastor, whose senses had almost forsaken him from terror, remained some time silent, until a stern glance from the bridegroom reminded him of the duty he had to perform. But what put him into new confusion was the uncertainty whether the bridal pair would understand his language. It was indeed improbable; nevertheless, he composed himself, and demanded their names.

"Neander! Feodora!" replied the bridegroom, in a hoarse voice.

The old man now began the marriage service; but his voice quivered; he constantly went wrong, and repeated the same words twice. The kneeling pair, however, took no notice of his confusion, which confirmed him in his previous conjecture that they were either unacquainted with his language, or understood it but imperfectly. When he asked the question, "Neander, wilt thou receive Feodora, who now kneels beside thee, for thy wedded wife?" he was doubtful if the bridegroom would understand him so as to reply; but, to his astonishment, the latter pronounced "Yes," so loudly and distinctly, as to ring through the church. Deep groans issuing on every side from the multitude, accompanied this terrible "Yes;" and a silent shudder, for the first time, set in motion the corpse-like features of the bride. The pastor now turned himself to the latter, and, speaking more loudly, as though he would fain awake her from her death-like slumber, thus addressed her—"Feodora, if thou wilt acknowledge Neander, now kneeling beside thee, for thy husband, then answer "Yes!" Upon this, the inanimate bride seemed to awake, an expression of overpowering terror passed over her countenance, her pale lips quivered, a transient brilliancy gleamed from her eyes, and her bosom heaved. The "Yes" now sounded like the shriek of anguish from the mouth of a dying person, and seemed to find an echo in the involuntary murmur of pity which escaped from the crowd.

The bride sank insensibly into the arms of the malicious old crone behind her, and some minutes passed in the most appalling silence. At last she resumed her place, more dead than alive, and the pastor concluded the service. The bridegroom now arose and led the tottering bride towards her former seat, while the old woman and the tall man followed behind. The first companions of the clergyman then reappeared, and having once more tied a bandage over his eyes, led him with some difficulty through the crowd. When they reached the door, he was pushed out with violence, and left to his solitary meditations, while they barred and bolted it from within.

For a few minutes he stood confused, and uncertain whether the late scene of terror, with all the extraordinary circumstances accompanying it, might not be a painful dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and beheld the church brilliantly illuminated before him, and heard the voices of the multitude within, he could no longer doubt the reality of what had happened. In order to learn the sequel, as far as was in his power,

he now concealed himself in a niche on the opposite side of the church; and, while listening here, heard the noise within becoming louder and louder, as though a violent contest had arisen. He could distinguish the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence in an authoritative manner—then a long pause ensued—a shot was fired—and a shriek from a woman's voice was heard! There was silence for a few moments, which was at last interrupted by the sounds of labour and the noise of spades and other implements, which lasted perhaps about a quarter of an hour. The lights were now extinguished, the murmur of many voices was heard, and the whole multitude rushed out of the church and hastened noisily towards the sea.

The old pastor, upon this, hastened back towards his village. He awakened his friends and neighbours, and related to them the strange and incredible things which had just happened. But so silent and peaceful had been the previous course of their lives, that those simple men, instead of believing their clergyman, were seized with a different kind of terror; for they fancied that his intellect had given way. It was, therefore, with the utmost difficulty, and more because they were willing to gratify him by humouring his supposed caprices, that he at last persuaded them to accompany him to the church, and to provide themselves with shovels and pickaxes.

Night had by this time disappeared, and the sun had already arisen, when the pastor and his flock ascended the hill towards the church.

They now perceived a ship-of-war, in full sail, rapidly distancing the shore, and steering for the north. A sight so unexpected rendered the inhabitants of the village a little dubious; and they were quite prepared to believe in the old man's words, when they found the side doors of their church forcibly broken open. In breathless expectation, therefore, they entered; the pastor pointed out to them the site of the grave which he had seen open the night before, and they could plainly perceive that the stone had been rolled away, and afterwards replaced. They, therefore, set to work with pickaxes, and on reopening the grave, found a new and richly-ornamented coffin.

The old man jumped down, the others followed his example, and the lid was speedily removed. Alas! the worthy pastor found his worst fears realized; the coffin contained the corpse of the murdered bride, and the splendid diadem alone was wanting! She must have died instantaneously, for the ball had passed right through her heart. The expression of terror and anguish formerly observable on her countenance had disappeared, and in its place a heavenly peace illumed her features; she lay in her coffin placid and calm as an angel. The old man knelt over her, lamenting bitterly; while silent astonishment and horror seized the beholders.

The pastor thought it his duty to announce the circumstance, without delay, to the Bishop of Zealand, as being his ecclesiastical superior; and, meanwhile, until he should receive an answer from Copenhagen, made his simple parishioners take an oath of secrecy. The grave was once more closed up, and no one ventured to allude to the circumstance. Suddenly there appeared in the little village a man of distinction from the capital; he made the inhabitants stare minutely all that had taken place, examined the grave, praised the silence hitherto observed, and strictly enjoined them to continue their secrecy, on pain of being visited with the most severe punishments.

After the death of the old pastor, a manuscript giving a detailed account of the whole transaction, was found, written by his own hand, appended to the church books.

Many believed that they could trace some connection between the facts there stated and the mysterious events which took place in Russia after the deaths of Peter the Great and his Empress Catherine. But to explain the whole mystery attending the atrocious act would be difficult, if not impossible.

From the *Britannia*.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

Nothing can be more picturesque or more melancholy than the view of this ancient field of the dead, the burying-place of the chief people of Jerusalem for ages. The Jewish Kings here found tombs, of which striking remnants are to be seen even at this day. Tradition gives the sepulchres the names of Jewish chieftains, and even of Christian saints. But the features of nature are still more interesting; through the valley flows the brook Cedron, still of a purple tinge; above it rises Mount Olivet, and within view are the towers of unhappy Jerusalem."—*MS. Journal*.

Come, gaze with me upon this vale,
See yonder cypress wave,
Hear yonder mourner's lonely wail
Above the new-made grave;
Mark yonder sanguine-tinted stream,
So slowly gliding by,
All strange and solemn as a dream,
That dream Mortality.

Yet in that vale's forgotten bed
Lies many a glorious name.
The hero's heart; the sage's head,
The prophet's eye of flame.
There kings the diadem laid down,
There royal beauties sleep,
The simple turf alone their own,
Where yonder willows weep.

Beneath that sculptured grotto-tomb,
Lies David bold and brave,
The son of beauty, Absalom;
There Zechariah's grave.
A violet-bed beside a spring,
Where Israel's pilgrims tell
From many an angel's golden string
The midnight anthems swell.

But, in the sunbeams' purple set,
What mount looks bright above?
There stands in glory OLIVET,
Thou scene of more than love!
Thou scene of more than mortal pain,
Mountain of agony!
Where freedom's Lord embraced the chain,
Death's Conqueror come to die!

From the British Critic.

1. *Domestic Scenes in Russia: in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior.* By the Rev. R. Lieter Venables, M. A. London. Murray. 1839.
2. *The City of the Czar. A Visit to St. Petersburg in the Winter of 1829—30.* By Thomas Raikes, Esq. London: Bentley. 1838.

A week is now amply sufficient to transfer the traveller from London to Petersburg. He may leave the former by the Hamburg steamer one Wednesday morning, and find himself by the same hour next Wednesday moored opposite the English quay in the Imperial city: and if he properly time his excursion, he will perceive no other differences in the climate, except that the air is somewhat drier, the sky less variable, the sun rather more burning. But his chief memento of the latitude to which he has ascended will be the absence of real night; the sun there at midsummer goes below the horizon for a couple of hours, but the sky retains a red tint, and the smallest print or the palest hand-writing may be read with ease at a window at midnight. The brightness of this twilight is its least peculiarity. For the few fleeting weeks of Summer, it seems to rival the perpetual spring and "their own peculiar sun and stars" of the Elysian fields. Natives as well as foreigners feel its pure influence, and grudging to give such precious hours to sleep, spend the whole night in fetes, promenades, and rambles. What must it be to a home-tied Englishman, seven days emerged from the smoke and fog of London, when even an American,* fresh from Arabia and Palestine, thus speaks of it!—

"At Moscow and during the journey, I had admired the exceeding beauty of the twilight in these northern latitudes, but this night in St. Petersburg it was magnificent. I cannot describe the peculiar shades of this northern twilight. It is as if the glare and brilliancy of the sun were softened by the mellowing influence of the moon, and the city, with its superb ranges of palaces, its statues, its bridges, and its clear and rapid river, seemed under the reflection of that northern light, of a brilliant and almost unearthly beauty. I felt I should like rambling all night. Even though worn with three days' travel, it was with me as with a young lady at her first ball; the night was too short. I could not bear to throw it away in sleep. My companion was tough, and by no means sentimental, and the scene was familiar to him; but he told me that, even in his eyes, it never lost its interest. Moonlight is something, but this glorious twilight is a thing to enjoy and to remember; and, as the colonel remarked when we sat down in his apartment to a comfortable supper, it always gave him such an appetite. After supper I walked through a long corridor to my apartment, threw myself upon my bed and tried to sleep; but the mellow twilight poured through my window, and reproached me with the base attempt. I was not restless, but I could not sleep."

* *Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland*, by J. L. Stephens, author of *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land*. New York. 1838.

The city itself is more a "midsummer night's dream" than a sober reality. It is a thing of yesterday, still raw and green, in all the newness of conquest and dominion, than which nothing in nature is more youthful and more ephemeral. Only in the last century, in the days of our grandfathers, its site was literally nothing but marshes and forests. "Vastæ tum in iis locis solitudines erant." As if to show how closely associated in the human mind are the beginning and the end of grandeur, it is called the Palmyra of the North,—an unintended mockery, and perhaps unwitting presentiment. But Palmyra was nothing to it. On marshy islands divided by deep and rapid waters, or joined by fields of ice, stretch miles upon miles of palaces, within whose marble halls a city is entertained, and public buildings, under whose roofs armies are reviewed. Every thing has the Imperial stamp and character. There is nothing popular, nor even aristocratic, for even the palaces of the nobility have been swallowed up in that gigantic monarchy. Nothing that wealth and absolute will can do is wanting to ensure magnificence. Though there be no pure and original conceptions, nothing to show the native home of taste, yet at least whatever we see elsewhere is *there* magnified, exaggerated, combined, multiplied, adorned, and gilded, with a sort of Roman hyperbole. The vastest works of antiquity, which our school-books told us could not be achieved, are there every day surpassed. The rough pedestal of Peter the Great's statue nearly outweighs all Stonehenge put together. The shaft of the Alexandrian column, lately erected, is the largest stone ever cut in ancient or modern times, and was swung into its place in fifty-four minutes. It is four times the weight of the great bell at Moscow, which Clarke, with ill-directed spleen, defies the Russians to suspend. Mr. Venables was fortunate enough to witness another operation of this kind, not less wonderful: and as these things are not done every day, at least in our country, as well as on account of the building itself described, we will quote Mr. Venables' account of the process.

"Some days ago, I went to see a pillar placed in the new church of St. Isaac, which is now in progress. The operation was extremely interesting, from the size of the pillar and the height at which it was placed; it being the second tier or story of columns on which they were engaged. The last pillar was erected yesterday, and the colonnade, which is circular, is now complete. Its base must be a hundred and thirty or forty feet from the ground, and each pillar is a solid block of granite, forty-two feet high, and weighing five thousand pounds, or upwards of eighty tons, (larger than the pillars of the Pantheon, and both larger and better wrought than any pillar found in the ruins of Zenobia's capital.) The columns on the ground-tier, each of which is also a single stone, are fifty-six feet high, and weigh eleven thousand pounds each.

"When I reached the platform to which the pillar was to be raised, I had below me a panorama of Petersburg, and the country round for many a mile; the most interesting part of the prospect being the Gulf of Finland, down which I could see as far as Cronstadt. The day was warm and bright, and the air free from cloud or smoke. From the platform down to the next stage, a depth of about eighty feet,

was fixed a strong timber frame, covered with planks, so as to form a very steep inclined plane. At the bottom of this slide, when I first looked down, the column to be raised was lying horizontally on rollers; it was girthed round with very thick ropes drawn very tight, and padded underneath. Other ropes, or rather cables, secured to these girths, passed lengthways along the column, crossing each other over its lower end, and it was lashed to strong planks which lay under it, that the polish of the stone might not be injured in ascending the slide. Over the base on which the column was to stand was placed a high frame work of strong timbers. The cables, twelve in number, attached to the pillar, passed through blocks fixed in the frame, and with the aid of one moveable pulley to each, were drawn by twelve capstans, each manned by fourteen or sixteen men. There were two extra capstans for the purpose of guiding the lower end of the pillar when suspended in the air. Altogether upwards of two hundred men were employed in the operation.

"When all was ready the capstans began to turn, and by degrees, the column instead of lying in a horizontal position, rested on the inclined plane, which was well greased, and began slowly to ascend, two men standing on its upper end, to be ready in case of the cables becoming entangled. The capstans were all numbered, and the superintendant at the top, by calling out sometimes to one gang, and sometimes to another, to move faster or slower, kept all the ropes drawing equally. The column at length reached the top of the inclined plane, and it was then raised until it was hanging in the high wooden frame exactly over the base on which it was to stand. A coin was dropped into a small hole in the centre of the base, which was then covered with a sheet of lead; and the tackling round the lower end of the pillar being cut and cleared away, it was lowered gently into its place. The whole operation, which was now complete, occupied about two hours from the time the capstans began to work, until the pillar rested upon its base.

"The church of St. Isaac will be an edifice not unworthy of the City of Palaces, as Petersburg is sometimes appropriately called; and in its way, it will probably be an unique monument of a century, which certainly is not an age of cathedral building. About forty thousand pounds have been annually expended upon it for some years past, and the exterior will not be completed for at least two more. The church is to be a few feet higher than St. Paul's, with a dome, the roof of which is to be gilt, of nearly the same size with the dome of that cathedral. No materials are employed in any part of the edifice but marble, stone, brick and metal, so that the building will be fireproof."—pp. 288, 291.

From another author,* whose work we have not room to notice in this number, we extract the following account of this wonderful structure:—

"The cathedral which would best merit a full description is that of St. Isaac, the protector of the empire. As yet, however, it is only in progress toward splendour. When completed, it is expected to rival St. Peter's at Rome. The sums already expended

on it are enormous. In every successive reign since 1768, something has been done to it; but the foundations having been at first insecure, the work of each emperor has been more to repair the blunders of his predecessor than to add to the splendour of the structure. Wearied of this endless waste, the present emperor has very wisely thrown down nearly all that was done before him, and is now raising it on a plan of great magnificence and solidity. If spared so long, he is determined to complete in ten years what had baffled all his predecessors; and for this purpose he has decreed that so much shall be expended on it every year. What renders this structure so expensive is, that while other buildings have but one front, this has four; its form being a perfect square. The walls are of beautiful white marble; each peristyle is formed of twelve columns of polished red granite, each of one solid stone, sixty feet in height, and seven in diameter. According to the fashion which seems so common here, every pillar rests on a socket of bronze, and terminates in a Corinthian capital of the same. High above these, where the dome springs, is a circle of similar columns, also of large proportions. The operation of transporting these huge stones from the river across the square is a very curious sight; the beams on which they are rolled are bruised to threads by the weight. Nothing but marble, or the equally expensive granite brought from Finland, are to be employed in this immense building. The whiteness of the marble on the walls throws out the dark columns beautifully. The architect is a Frenchman, the same who was intrusted with Alexander's pillar. He has five thousand labourers engaged on this great task. The scaffolding is of strength sufficient to make one believe it is intended to be as durable as the building itself.

"The same solidity is visible in the preparations connected with all the public works here. The frame-work employed in swinging Alexander's pillar into its place is said to have been *ten times too strong*—an error on the right side. This peculiarity is worth mentioning, as a proof that the Russians are not so careless of human life as has been represented."—Vol. i., pp. 96, 98.

But as we have not unlimited time and space at our command, we must take leave of Petersburg. If the traveller wishes to leave it as quickly, and to forget himself and common place "civilized" Europe in new scenes, he can do so here whichever way he turns. At Tornea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, a few days' journey from the metropolis, he may once in the year see the sun at midnight. A less time will take him by a new macadamised road to Moscow, (the Imperial expresses have done it in thirty-five hours,) a city whose streets are thronged with Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Georgians, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, French, Italians, Poles and Germans, in the costumes of their countries; and whose buildings, including forty times forty churches, are in the styles of even more nations. If the tourist is really running away from his own shadow, two or three days will take him to those children of freedom, the Cossacks of the Don and of the Ukraine, or to Pultava's famous battle-field. In the same time he may visit the greatest fair in the world, at Nishnei-Novgorod, a remote city at the

* Bremner's Excursions in the Interior of Russia. London: Colburn: 1839.

confluence of the Volga and the Okka, once designed by Peter to be the capital of his two-fold empire, where, in the confusion of men and things from all nations of the earth, milliners from the *Rue St. Honore*, and Tartars, pier glasses and raw hides, Manchester cotton goods and bark sandals, Tyrolese guitars and Cashmere shawls, Chinese tea merchants, Astrakan sturgeons and rosewood tables, chairs, sofas, *pendules*, ottomans, *bergeres*, mirrors, seemingly fresh from the French *salons*—he may easily forget where he is, who he is, and what he has come there for, and what is next to be done. But perhaps the tourist is already sick of elegancies and Frenchisms: well, a week from St. Petersburg, *i. e.* a fortnight from London, will place him on the other side of the Ural Mountains, the first natural elevation higher than a Celtic barrow which he need see after losing sight of Shooter's Hill, unless he goes out of his way to look for such things. There he will find himself in the vast plain of Siberia at Tobolsk, where, however, Europe still haunts him: as, in strange contradiction to the ideas of our childhood, that city is said to be only another Paris, the most refined, luxurious and profligate place in the Russian dominions. If dissipation has any sweetness, it is a bed of roses on which the Russian noble falls from his sovereign's favour. But we warn the traveller who thirsts for nature, genuine savage nature, to make haste. There will soon not be a corner of the world where ladies and gentlemen are not to be found. Some one met a lady's maid with a green silk parasol on turning the corner of the great pyramid. But only think of Prince Yousouppoff, "a great Tartar chief," who arrived at Mr. Raikes' hotel from the interior, where he resides "in Asiatic splendour and dignity." More than fifty years ago "this venerable satrap" was in England, where he knew Garrick, Sheridan, and other wits of that day. Certainly Russia is the place of all others to confound one's ideas of place or time. What can be a greater anomaly than the metropolis itself, which has not yet assimilated its own immediate neighbourhood? Within sight of its golden spires exist primeval forests, in which "besides bears and wolves," says Mr. Venables, "lynxes are also tolerably numerous," and "elks, twenty hands high, may be met with in the winter within fifty miles of Petersburg."

We have hurried our reader backwards and forwards at a dizzy rate; but we assure him there cannot be a more suitable introduction to Russia. It is all locomotion. People who have a thousand miles to go to their country houses have no time to lose. Their customary pace is tremendous; a sort of mean between the Devonport mail and a rail-road; and to effect it they drive four a-breast, like the heroes of antiquity, or sit without the smallest apprehension behind a crowd of run-away horses, tied pell-mell with ropes to a sledge or a *droschky*, much in the same way as the Esquimaux harness their dogs. This, of course, is not without peril to all parties concerned. The postilion is certainly killed if his horse falls: but there are no *ifs* in the case of the poor animals, who perish in a known ratio to the pace, and whose lives are held very cheap. The track of the ubiquitous emperor is marked by dead horses, and the roads to the great fair at Nishnei are lined with skeletons. All this is ruinous to the post-

master, who is an imperial agent, and is obliged, on the production of an imperial document called a *pa-daroshna*, to furnish whatever number of horses it may specify, at a fixed and rather pinching rate of payment. All people who have a sufficient sense of the importance of their engagements to wish not to be behindhand in the world, in which class our countrymen may be included, avail themselves of this privilege; though with admirable consistency they first rail at the tyranny of the system, then at the expense and trouble they must go through in order to profit by it, and lastly, at the artifices by which the unhappy postmaster attempts to get a trifling addition to his absolute due.

But it is high time to say a word or two of our authors. Mr. Venables is a clergyman; but most happily devoid of clerical or any other prejudices. His profession appears nowhere but in his title page. He describes a religious ceremony with rather less prejudice and perhaps also less interest than he does a good dinner. The turn and style of his remarks shows nothing but that he is an Englishman. Like, they say, finds like: and odd people undoubtedly are always falling into odd adventures; by the same rule Mr. Venables has peopled Russia with a multiplication of himself; and made it as easy, comfortable, good-natured and hospitable a place as we could wish to retire to for the evening of one's days. Perhaps it is too much treated as if it were within reach of the short stages from Gracechurch street. It must, however, be remembered that Mr. Venables, who certainly is not the man either to provoke or frighten an emperor, saw the country in a domestic way, and found it peopled with "M—'s" brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, brothers-in-law, &c. This is an opportunity many have wished for in vain.—Everybody says that St. Petersburg is not Russia, but, as it were, the window through which she looks out upon Europe. Without singular introductions, however, it is not possible to see the indigenous men and manners of a country, whether high or low, rich or poor. Clarke, who had bearded the peevish half-witted despot in his den, was a proscribed man, and his passage was a flight. Of the Russians, properly so called, *i. e.* those whom he so unsparringly vituperates, he saw nothing. Now a clever man and lively writer may make an interesting book of travels out of antiquities, public buildings, spectacles, bazars, road adventures, inn-acquaintances, and such miscellanea, but the book will be no account of the people. Mr. Venable's book is interesting, because he *did* see the inside of everything from the governor's palace to the serf's boarded hut. He saw the inside of every thing, except of the Russian himself, which, we confess, it is very difficult to see. His book is completely what it calls itself; and is, perhaps, all the better for it: yet some of his domesticisms provoke a smile. He visits, in the heart of Russia, "an uncle of M——, General Constantine Potoratzky," whose wife is descended from the unfortunate King of Georgia; curiosity is awakened in vain, for he of the long name is soon disposed of "as one of the most agreeable and amusing men" Mr. Venables ever met with; "his house is large and handsome, though it might be better arranged in the interior." "Here," he continues, "we spent two days, much as they might have been spent in a large English country house, except that

we dined at four, instead of half-past six, and supped at eleven, &c." He warmly deprecates dining under a tree "in the month of August, since, however agreeable it may be in other respects, the constant dropping of the flowers into one's plate and glass, is no improvement to their contents." He most gratuitously intimates a suspicion that the opera glass, with which the emperor broke a magnificent mirror, when the soldiers at the destruction of the winter palace persisted against his commands in risking their lives to carry it from under the burning roof, was in fact aimed at their heads, to excite their attention. One piece of delicacy in Mr. Venables deserves record, as it stands in favourable relief to the usual practice of English travellers. His carriage being accidentally brought to a stand-still in a village where there was no inn, "We put our horses," he writes, "into the priest's stable, and bought from him hay and corn: our luncheon, which we had brought with us, we ate in the carriage, since we could not well take meat into a priest's house during a fast." It was, perhaps, too much to expect that Mr. Venables, as being himself a priest, and a Catholic, should conform with the custom of his host. Clarke, in the true spirit of the experimentalist, offered his cold chickens to the starving inhabitants of miserable huts in Lent, and immediately found himself and his tempting baits the object of horror and disgust.

Mr. Raikes' book is the journal of a visit to St. Petersburg, made ten years since, and now elicited by the increasing importance of Russia, and consequently increasing demand for information on that head. The style and range of his remarks are such as might be anticipated from his opening sentence. "At twelve o'clock last night I quitted a well-known resort of convivial gaiety, where all the luxuries of a London life are combined with an unsparing hand, to suit the tastes of the most fastidious, and at one in the morning I found myself in a dirty cabin." He "views the country with the eye of a free-born Englishman, and quits it with the full conviction that a permanent existence there must be intolerable, though it must be admitted that the shackles under which all uniformly labour seem to be the only means by which the complicated machinery of this extensive government could be efficiently directed." Mr. Raikes runs through the usual range of gentlemanly gossip, from politics to court scandal, *ab ovo usque ad mala* of club-house discourse, with occasionally something a little worse, especially towards the end.

We can only afford to take two or three out of the countless crowd of topics which press upon us concerning this half barbarous, half civilized, half ancient, half modern, half European, half Asiatic race. One thing forces itself upon our notice so prominently that the pen will not proceed to anything else till it has first absolved itself of the obtrusive reflection. There seems no getting at the *inside* of these people, call it what you will, mind, soul, or spirit. They have nothing in them. Travellers describe their houses, dresses, equipages, their customs, social as well as political, their persons, any thing in fact that may be *materially* developed; but of their conversation, their feelings, their mode of viewing things, and even of their wit and humour we hear next to nothing. Have they no souls at all? They do not seem to have

any misgiving on the point themselves. They discharge all the offices of life, and fulfil all the parts of a rational and complicated system with general success; but they do their duty like horses, without speculating upon it, and without appearing to be conscious that they are doing it. Is this what some of our continental neighbours call not being *spiritual*? Mr. Venables gives pretty much the same account of polite society in Russia that a city cook would, but it really is not *his* fault, for there is nothing more to be said, at least no traveller within our knowledge has more to say of them. They seem all parts of one great machine. Mr. Venables tells us that animated conversation *could not* be maintained. The gentlemen sit by themselves in the parties discussing matters of business, of trade, agriculture, and amusements: the children early know the number of serfs that will fall to their portion; the ladies are always gossiping about their neighbours; a perpetual *ennui* broods over society, reigns in the most gorgeous entertainments, and no where more than in the crowded halls of the palace. "It is a general remark among foreigners," says Mr. Raikes, "that though on first introduction their manners are cordial and prepossessing, they never lead to any further intimacy." Mr. Raikes was told by men who had been in Russia for several years, "that they have not only never formed a friendship with a Russian, but never found that they advanced a step in familiarity or intercourse with them, beyond the gracious reception which they received on the first day of their acquaintance." This reserve the writer ascribes to the chilling influence of despotism; but it seems to us rather a mark of a certain inherent deficiency—a want of those common moulds of thought and feeling adapted for communications out of the immediate range of the friendships made by nature and necessity.

In matter of fact, the Russians have no learning, no philosophy, no literature, no poetry. In these regions of spirit the eternal frosts have not yet been dissolved. One poet they had a few years back, whose productions, however prized by his countrymen, are to foreign ears most wonderfully dull and commonplace: Pouschkin was killed in a duel, and poetry again there was not in Russia. In mechanical arts and physical sciences they are almost keeping pace with their western neighbours; they are vast collectors of pictures and museums; they are close imitators and ambitious rivals; they are the most docile, ductile, malleable of mankind; the cane or the whip, says Mr. Raikes, never fails to make a youth a good musician, tailor, soldier, household servant, or whatever his master wishes. Peaceableness and obedience, qualities that we value above gold in our country, where every man may do what is right in his own eyes, and where almost every one avails himself of the privilege, are in Russia abundant even to cheapness and waste; they exist in a simple virgin state like the silver in their mines, and sometimes on the very surface. Their tameness is shocking. If Cicero, or rather Plato, be right, when he makes it an attribute of soul to originate motion or action, then are the poor Russians a soul-less race, for they seem only to receive impressions and impulses. There is no originality, no real mastery in Russia, for on the testimony both of admirers and depreciators, all are there the slaves of one system. We have heard of

a man so provoked by the uninterrupted agreement of his companion, that he suddenly broke out into entreaties that he would for once contradict him. This is our quarrel, whether right or wrong, with the Russian. He perpetually chimes in with visible institutions, and is the continually repeated function of the same principle.

The Russian youth is educated for subordination and for the business of life. All superfluous ideas; all that we have been accustomed to prize, because it makes the mind soar and rise above vulgar uses and necessities, is there for that very reason excluded.

"From their cradle," says Mr. Raikes, "all who are not slaves are doomed to the military profession; if you were to ask a lady here, with what views in life she intended to bring up her children, she would laugh in your face. The rudiments of this art are taught in various public establishments. These are kept in admirable order; the dormitories are clean, the regulations are rigidly enforced, the discipline is military *a la lettre*, and the evolutions so frequent and so long, that time is only allotted for common physical recreation. When can the tired student find an opportunity to relax his mind with agreeable literature, or the intercourse of pleasing society? Never! His leisure must, *par force*, be occupied in repairing the waste of his constitution by sleep and proper nourishment."—p. 151.

In education, as in many other respects, the Russians are rigid utilitarians. Some modern languages are taught because they may be useful in the public, or rather the imperial service, by no means as an introduction to the literature of the nations that speak them. A little history, geography, and arithmetic, make the sum total. A classical education is nearly unheard of.

Clark drew an ingenious parallel between the political and religious favoritism of the Russians, and says that the dependence they place in saints as intermediate between The One Mediator and fallen man, is of a piece with the succession of imperial favorites whom the nation idolized in the course of the last century. We will venture to draw a similar parallel. The civil or the social obedience amongst the Russians, is what some people amongst us would call one of those forms not of spirit, by which latter term these same people commonly understand a consistent theory, warmth of sentiment, and power of reflection, with perhaps a certain amount of self-will, license, and presumption. It seems scarcely denied by any one that all classes of the empire, high and low, perform their respective parts with cheerful and hearty submission,—say, some writers think this the worst thing that can be said against them; but they do their duties "by the book;" they live and move in certain moulds and grooves of thought and action: or rather, they have no thought, no reflective processes, no workings and hesitations of reason, but their actions are their thoughts, and their words as well. They do their duties after their fashion, without either thinking or talking about it, and there is an end. Hence their seeming impenetrableness to their more reflective and ideal neighbours, who having a world of fine sentiments, speculations and opinions in their heads, cannot believe that the Russian has no stock but what he shows. Again, the Russians do not carry their commonwealth in their heads; they are not fed, as we are, with abstractions of law, and

equity, and order: they do not reverence a constitution. They are governed, and they obey, through their senses. The serf obeys the noble, and the noble the emperor; and that not with a self-taught, a various, a capricious, obedience, but in certain fixed ways. They have no intellectual ideals; the particular person whom they must obey, or be flogged or exiled, is to them the essential form of civil authority. Their sole theory is the visible order, persons, and things. Their sentiments of fear, and awe, and love, or the opposites, rest tenaciously on certain tangible objects. This state of thing does not, of course, develop the mind, variegate the fancy, or produce copiousness of expression; but no one can deny that the most perfect voluntariness may co-exist with a very high degree of dictation and compulsion, both as to the whole act, and also as to the forms and ways of obedience. Thus in our country a man may pay taxes, or tithes, or church-rates, with zeal and alacrity, though he *must* do so, or see his tables and chairs knocked down to the highest bidder in the market-place, and though he has never been the least consulted in the making of that law or custom, and very possibly if he had been so consulted, would have pronounced against it. No one can be aware till he reflects upon it, how large a part of the condition of all of us, more or less, is made up of absolute or moral necessities. All this, however, though it may, as far as it goes, mould or even crush the mind, leaves the heart free; for it may still obey from love or fear as it pleases. Now the Russian only differs from us in that his mind is more rigorously and exactly accommodated to his state of existence. His conceptions and his plans of life are still more passive than ours. He is still more the creature of custom, still more tied, fettered, and nailed to his outward circumstances. Perhaps all this only amounts to saying that he is in the same state of mental cultivation as our village labourers. Well, be it so. A village labourer is mentally as well as physically better adapted for his condition of life than a philosopher would be, if put into his place. He may also be a good man: and a few short years will make all differences of mind of little importance. But we will proceed to the religion of the Russian, which we say is in keeping with his social formation.

The religion of the Russian, even more than that of the Romanist, and of the other branches of the Greek Church, is one of pious acts and observances, which of course may or may not be faithfully, devoutly, and consistently performed. As they may be so performed, the best and the most enlightened persons seem freely and heartily to perform them; as they may not be, the most ignorant do also perform them. That numerous, or rather that innumerable, class of people, who in many countries, and not the least in ours, have no religion at all, in Russia retain the form. The Greek Church, it is well known, was first introduced by imperial edict, and it has continued ever since one of authority and usage.

True, nowhere is there more thorough toleration than in Russia. All empires are tolerant of every thing but intolerance. Thus we are told "churches of every denomination stand but a short distance apart on the Newski Perspective. The Russian cathedral is nearly opposite the great Catholic chapel; near this is the Armenian, then the Lutheran, two churches for Dissenters, and a mosque for the Mahomedans;" and "nearly two millions of the emperor's subjects

are pagans, or idolaters, Brahmins, Lamists, and worshippers of the sun." Dearly indeed do men pay for conquest, whereby it is hard to say whether the conquerors or the conquered most do suffer. Never yet was the sword a friend of religion;—never were governor generals, residents at tributary courts, and revenue collectors, either successful propagators of their faith abroad, or true and zealous maintainers of it at home. The sword and money, capitulations and commercial treaties, make sad havock with creeds: and the indulgence contemptuously granted to the consciences of the vanquished, soon recoils as a taunt, a scandal, and an oppression, on the religion of the victorious party. We bind others' bodies, but our own souls:—we bind others with ropes of tow, and find ourselves galled with chains of iron. Dominion was not made for man.

But to return to the religious forms and ceremonies of the Russian. They are multiplied to an extent which in England is inconceivable, and enter into every nook and corner of daily domestic use; being, as we have said, the confession of faith, the catechism, the sacred meditation, the worship, in a word, the religion of the Russian; as much as words, notions, sentiments, systems, religious knowledge, and religious chitchat, make up no small part of ours. Let any one scrutinize the assignable ingredients of his own religion, and he will find a good deal of it mere knowledge, literature, history, biography, ecclesiastical affairs, missionary proceedings, living names and pending controversies, and many such sublunary matters, which a man may have to any extent, and be all the while conscious of no sincerity or devoutness. In place of all this stand the endless forms of the Russian Church, which in this way teaches her children, and also gives them a *mode* of devotion, and of expressing their feelings. Perhaps her fault is that she aims at making *all* religious, by adapting her religion to all. If this be her fault, she is not singular therein: it is too much the tendency of all ambitious schools of religion to compromise, in order to obtain or to secure their converts. The Church of England, as established at the Reformation, falls perhaps into the other extreme: she proposes her mode of religion, and if people do not like it, she lets them alone; they may either take another, or, if they please, none at all; and some millions of our countrymen avail themselves of the permission.

The particular forms of Russian religion which most strike foreigners, from their prominent and universal use, are fasting, the sign of the cross, and the use of images, the last to a very questionable extent, to say the least of it. Their divines indeed have more to say, and do actually say more, for this use, than most English travellers are prepared for—as that images are “the books of the unlearned,” that all naturally form pictures in their minds, and so forth; yet as practised and encouraged in Russia we can only look on the use as a pernicious expedient, lowering religion to make it universal. These images are small paintings, always done well, and often exquisitely, in exact imitation of the pictures brought into Russia on the first introduction of Christianity. Most of those sadly interesting relics still remain, protected by silver plates from the destructive effect of centuries of kissing (*salutantum tactu*) the faces and the hands being exposed: and their modern copies, though ever so valuable, have the same

singular protection. These small pictures, says Mr. Pinkerton, are hung up in the corner of the hut, facing the door; so that they catch the eye of every one who enters, and remind him of his duty. The stranger having passed the threshold, and shut the door behind him, stands mute, bows before them, crosses himself several times, repeats a few words of ejaculation, and then, and not till then, turns to the inhabitants of the hut, with the salutation of “Peace be with you!”—“Jesus Christ be with you!”—and after this he states the errand on which he comes. No Russian merchant or peasant ever enters a room without looking for the object or guide of his devotion.

“In every house,” says Mr. Stephens, “was the image of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself, and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.”

To this the peasant turns before every chief act of the day, before and after every meal, even before drinking a cup of water; at every downsitting and uprising, every going out and coming in. Nor is this shrine confined to the chief room only.

“In the bedroom is usually a little open cupboard, which is filled with images, little black and brown faces set in gold and silver frames; before which a lamp or two is kept burning. In the corner of every room in the house is hung an image. For this reason it is considered extremely disrespectful to keep on a hat for a moment on entering a house, or even a shop.”—*Venables*, p. 134, note.

Over a gate of the Kremlin at Moscow is suspended such an image of a saint, who delivered the citadel, as tradition affirms, by striking a sudden panic into an army of Poles, who had almost succeeded in forcing the gate. In reverence to it all hats must be taken off. Clarke, with his usual effrontery, tried to do violence to the public feeling on this point, and was suffered to pass by the sentinel, till a bareheaded peasant summoned the sentinels and people with very loud expressions of anger; who seizing him by the arms, very soon taught him in what manner to pass the Holy Gate for the future. Our American friend made the same experiment.

“Thence I loved to stroll,” he says, “to the Holy Gate of the Kremlin. It is a vaulted portal, and over the entrance is a picture, with a lamp constantly burning: and a sentinel is always posted at the gate. I loved to stand by it and see the haughty seigneurs and the degraded serf alike humble themselves in crossing the sacred threshold, and then, with my hat in my hand, follow the footsteps of the venerated Russian. Once I attempted to brave the interdict, and go in with my head covered; but the soldier at the gate stopped me, and forbade my violating the sacred prohibition.”

The following narrative of a visit paid by Mr. Venables to the ex-Archbishop of Yaroslav, a prelate who has resigned his episcopal functions, and lives in retirement in the convent of Tolga, is interesting for various reasons. At the end is subjoined an

account of image worship, as trite as it is unnecessary.

"The monastery being on the further side of the Volga, we crossed the river in a boat, and landed at the gate of the convent: the reaches of the river in both directions are here extremely fine, and the banks handsome and well wooded. We were received by the archbishop, with whom we sat some time; however, as he only spoke Russian, the conversation lay entirely between him and my companion; he was dressed in a caftan or wrapper of dark-coloured silk, with a shawl sash round his waist, and a monk's cap of black velvet on his head: the monk's cap is in the shape of a hat without a rim, and is covered by a black hood hanging down behind. A Russian, on saluting or taking leave of a priest, always kisses his hand, while the priest in return makes the sign of the cross, and blesses him. After our visit to the ex-Archbishop, we proceeded to the church, which is old and curious, the walls and roof being entirely covered with paintings of saints, &c. In the corner of the church stood a man with wax candles for sale, two or three of which my companion, who is a very devout person, bought, and having lighted them before an image, he ordered a *Te Deum*—a short service, which was performed by three monks, and for which he paid a fee of ten roubles. During the reading of a passage from the Gospel, he bent himself in an attitude of the utmost humility under the book, so that it rested on his shoulders like the globe on an Atlas, and he continued in that position till the monk had done reading: he also paid great adoration to an image of the Virgin, which was over the altar, and to which he afterwards called my attention, it being remarkable, not only from its extreme richness, being set in a broad frame of pearls, the value of which must have been very great, but still more in the eyes of the faithful, from a miraculous account of its origin.

"After the service, some of the monks took us to see the treasures of the convent, consisting of robes for the archbishop, of velvet, embroidered with gold, and others of cloth of gold, with mitres to match; many of them were very handsome, and some curious from their antiquity. There were also Bibles bound with gold and decorated with jewels; and golden chalices and crosses, with other ornaments for the church. After this display, we were shown the refectory, and we immediately afterwards left the convent. The monks were an ill-favoured race, with vulgar features, and not a fine or dignified countenance among them. Monks and nuns never eat meat, but they are allowed the use of eggs, butter, and milk, except during the fasts of the church.

"As soon as we were seated in the boat to return, my companion begged me not to suppose, that when I saw him kneeling before an image, he was paying adoration to the image itself, but to that which it represented. He then told me that the Greek Church grounded the use of images on the story which they receive as true, of Abgarus, King of Edessa, receiving from our Saviour a letter accompanied by his portrait, which was endowed with miraculous powers. What in the Greek Church are called *images*, are sacred pictures, usually in the style of the Byzantine school; statues they never use for worship."—pp. 98—100.

There appears to us some advantage as well as piety in the following mode of showing reverence to saints.

"A week ago we were invited to a village fete, about fourteen miles hence, which was given by a relation of M——'s, in honour of his lady's *jour de nom*, that is the day of the saint after whom she is called. A Russian has never more than one Christian name, which must always be that of a saint; but according to the Greek calendar, there are three hundred and sixty-five saints' days in the year, and few saints have an exclusive day to themselves, so that there is no lack of choice."—p. 44.

A limited stock of names, all equally adopted by rich and poor alike, obviates what strikes us to be an inopportune piece of worldliness, the intrusion of differences of secular rank in Christian names. Having also only one Christian name prevents that, which should be a memento of our sacred profession, from being mixed with the more obtrusive associations of kindred and connections according to the flesh.

The Russians use the sign of the cross on every occasion of life. It accompanies not only every act of worship, but every ordinary meeting and parting, every assent and denial,—every serious business however secular. It is elicited by every emotion of sorrow or joy, of hope or fear, of thankfulness or resignation, of love or hatred. The last is also invariably expressed in the classic way, by spitting. If the Russian is summoning resolution to any deed of courage or self-denial, the sign of the cross expresses his devout aspirations for spiritual aid. The coachman, crossing naked plains and forests, is always looking for a church spire, or listening attentively for the sound of a bell, and the very moment he sees or hears (which he does long before an Englishman,) the cross denotes his communion with the saints. Passing through a town, he salutes with crosses the churches and shrines quicker than a stranger can count or even see them, and if the carriage is going at the usual speed, his movements are of course very grotesque to uninitiated eyes. Where the practice is universal, there must be many whose characters and conduct make this sacred sign a ridiculous and shocking mockery, but even Mr. Raikes was compelled to regard it with some respect:

"He has a religion of his own, much of which consists in outward signs; he crosses himself every morning before he begins his work, and never passes a church without the same salutation of respect: he seems the creature of his position, and to have no wish beyond it. This respect for religion is very general in Russia, and is not limited to their own, but extends to all other creeds and sects."—p. 177.

On the subject of Russian fasting, our clerical traveller gives us the following information, not in a style very suitable to his profession. In point of cheerfulness, the peasantry do not appear to lose in the end by their long and rigorous fasts. We have no space to discuss here the exact character of their servitude, if such it may be called, for in fact their masters are more bound to them than they to their masters. They are described by all travellers as, to outward appearance, the happiest peasantry on the earth; for ever engaged in dancing, singing, or some game of limbs or words. We will only observe that

as servitude is not an unchristian state, and as it is always prudent to let well alone, we should think it presumptuous and inexpedient to apply any violent remedies to the system of serfdom, though not without its evils. The serfs are now content under their burden, and happy, and,

"He that can dance with a bag on his back
Need take no physic, for none he doth lack."

"The respect for religion," says Mr. Venables, "which prevails strongly with this people, degenerates, as might be expected from their unenlightened state, into the grossest superstition. They pin their faith on images, and on the strict observance of the severe fasts of the Greek Church, which occupy more than half the year, including every Wednesday and Friday, and the eve of every feast. During these fasts neither meat nor milk, butter, eggs, nor cheese, may be tasted, and on some occasions even the use of fish is forbidden.

"Among the upper classes these fasts are almost entirely neglected by the *gentlemen*, as not agreeing with their health. The *ladies* for the most part observe some of the fasts which they consider more sacred than the others, and some few of them scrupulously obey the rule of the church throughout. Among the peasants, however, the domestic servants, and the trading classes, the rule is, I believe, universally obeyed in its utmost rigour; and it is the poor peasant who chiefly feels the suffering and privation which it entails, since he has none of the luxurious substitutes for his ordinary diet which his richer neighbour enjoys.

"Yet though ignorant, superstitious, and a slave, he seems in general happy and contented, and bears about him no signs of oppression; his desires are few and easily satisfied; though his fare is coarse and poor, he seldom suffers from cold or hunger, and he is naturally gay, good-humoured, and light-hearted."—pp. 136, 139.

It is commonly said that the clergy, from their poverty, the predominance of the imperial system, and other reasons, do not enjoy much of what we call respect, or worldly consideration. The church, and not the priest, is the object of reverence here, say the Russian gentry—the sacred place, not the sacred person. And certainly the clergy have much more connection and sympathy with the lower orders, from whom indeed they are chiefly taken, than with the nobles. Yet they do seem to be regarded generally with very reverential and affectionate feelings, which are all the stronger for being disinterested. Thus we are told,

"On the last day of my stay in Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fête was in course of celebration, in honour of the birth, marriage, or some other incident in the life of the emperor or empress. The archbishop, a venerable looking old man, was officiating, and when he came out, a double line of men, women, and children, was drawn up from the door of the church to his carriage, all pressing forward and struggling to kiss his hands."

We will proceed to give examples of the manner

in which religion is made to enter domestic life and to sanctify temporal occasions. We have often thought it would be well if our own clergy would fall into some *formal* mode of being present at the social intercourse of their parishioners. *Forms*, if well established and recognized, would remind men even in seasons of relaxation, of the sacredness of the ministerial office, and would obviate the painful and difficult necessity of asserting it by one's personal efforts, a task which all men are not equal to. Doubtless forms would often be ineffectual, perhaps made ridiculous. Yet is there no evil in our existing state of things? How many clergymen, because they cannot get their ministerial character properly acknowledged and felt, and because they cannot do direct good in mixed company, come at last to drop all communication whatever with a very important part of their parishioners! Surely the scene we are going to present our readers out of Mr. Venables' book, though sufficiently anomalous and grotesque, is better than giving up all intercourse whatever with the souls committed to our charge.

"A few days ago Madame B. gave him (the Archbishop of Tamboff) a grand dinner to celebrate the consecration of a new altar in a church; she was kind enough to invite us to the party; and you will perhaps be amused by a short description of the entertainment.

"As we were then in the middle of the six weeks' fast preceding Christmas, the dinner could not be otherwise than *maigre* in the presence of the archbishop, and the invitation to us was accompanied by an explanation of this circumstance, which it is supposed would not be agreeable to foreigners. Independently, however, of the novelty of the whole thing, we deserved no commiseration for the fast; since, had I not known the contrary, I should have supposed we were celebrating a feast.

"We went to Madame B's. house about half-past two, and found the archbishop and a good many of the guests already assembled. Every body on entering the room walked up to his eminence, and kissed his hand, receiving his blessing; we of course avoided this ceremony. (Why of course, Mr. Venables?) He is a strong harsh-featured man of about forty, with no great expression of dignity in his countenance, which is, however, grave and calm. He was dressed in a long robe, or caftan, of dark brown flowered satin, with large sleeves, displaying an underdress of pale green silk. He was decorated with the red ribbon, cross, and star of St. Anne, and on his breast hung a miniature image, set in diamonds; in his hand he held a rosary of white beads; and on his head he wore the usual monk's cap of black velvet, made like a hat without a rim, and with a hood hanging down behind. The whole party amounted to twenty-nine, among them were several priests, and one monk, who of course were in attendance on their superior. When dinner was announced, the archbishop led the procession into the dining-room, walking along at the head of the guests: the choristers of his convent were placed in a gallery, and they sung a prayer before we sat down, and several hymns at intervals during dinner: they were, however, rather nearer to us than they should have been, and their voices, adapted to a church, were too loud for the room.

"The dinner, which consisted entirely of fish and vegetables under various forms, was most recherche, and served in excellent style; but the number of dishes, between the sterlet soup which began the repast, and the ice which ushered in the desert, was so great, that although each was handed round in duplicate, we were nearly three hours at table, and I could not help asking my next neighbour, as the variety of good things appeared interminable—how many were necessary in Russia to constitute a fast dinner? he replied as many as possible. Wine of every kind appeared in turn, and in short the object seemed to be that of showing how luxuriously people might fare without the use of meat, and the whole thing amounted to a practical satire on the Russian system of fasting.

"Towards the conclusion of dinner, while the servants were handing round champagne, a burly deacon, who was seated near the bottom of the table, rose from his seat and placed himself before the image in the corner of the room. I could not at all understand what he was about, but I thought he was appointed to say grace after dinner, and that he had rather mistaken his time. However, he kept looking over his shoulder, his back being turned to the table, and was evidently waiting for a signal, which at last he apparently received; for all of a sudden he opened his mouth, and thundered forth a chant, while in an instant the whole party, excepting the archbishop, rose to their feet, and I was utterly at a loss to comprehend the scene.

"On the one side I saw the deacon singing with the voice of a Stentor, and bowing and crossing himself before the image, and I might have supposed myself in a church. If I looked the other way, there were the guests standing up on both sides of the table, each with a bumper of champagne in his right hand. It appeared a convivial party, when a popular toast was to be welcomed with three times three. This incongruous spectacle lasted for two or three minutes, when the chant ceased and we all resumed our seats. I then asked my neighbour, who was somewhat amazed at my surprise, what all this meant; and he told me we had only been drinking with the usual forms the health of the prelate at the top of the table."—pp. 211—214.

The following are examples of the presence of religion in the affairs of the world, which will be read with less unmingled admiration. All the waters throughout Russia are blessed on the 13th, or, according to their style, the 1st of August, and the 18th, or, as they consider it, the 6th of January. The ceremony on the 1st of August is in commemoration of the death of the Virgin Mary, and a fast of fourteen days commences with the month. Our readers are probably familiar with the splendid ceremonial of blessing the Neva, when the emperor and all his court go bareheaded to a chapel of ice in the middle of the river, and drink of the new blessed water. Mr. Raikes, by the by, has the bad taste and absurdity to laugh at this very pious and reasonable usage, on the singular ground that the water of the Neva is the most unwholesome water in Europe. All Oriental nations ascribe a sanctity to rivers, and Russia gives that sanctity a Christian foundation. The following scene, which Mr. Venables witnessed, at Krasnoe, a village in the Province of Iver, is a pleasing parallel to the more gorgeous ceremony at St. Petersburg:—

"About ten o'clock in the morning, at the conclusion of mass in the church, the priest, followed by the congregation, came down to the piece of water below the garden. He himself bore the cross, and two banners belonging to the church, with sacred devices, were also carried at the head of the procession. A service was then performed: that part of the fifth chapter of St. John which relates to the pool of Bethesda was read as a lesson; and the priest, standing upon a small platform, reverentially dipped the cross three times in the lake, after which he sprinkled the people around with the water thus consecrated, and the procession then returned to the church. The greater part of the people, however, remained at the edge of the water, which from their proceedings, it might have been supposed was now endowed with the miraculous virtues of the pool of Bethesda. Horses were brought down from every side, and compelled to swim in the lake; women dipped their babies in the water; young men, girls, and boys dashed in and swam about in every direction, all, except a few little children, retaining their clothes. The girls appeared to swim quite as well as the boys. The day was, luckily, bright and fine for the exhibition of this singular scene."—pp. 52, 53.

Nor does the sower go out to sow without a blessing.

"They always here begin sowing rye on the 18th of August, as it is the anniversary of the consecration of the church. They have a mass; after which they proceed to a field near at hand, when the priest pronounces a blessing, and offers a public prayer for the success of their labours. Though the sowing on this day is a mere form, the seed-time commences immediately afterwards in good earnest; and the young corn is already in some places beginning to make its appearance."—p. 66.

Their military oath, or sacramentum, appears to be rather a more solemn affair than with us.

"At the conclusion of each day's sitting, the recruits who have been enlisted are marched in a body to a church, where they take the oaths of allegiance and fidelity before a priest."—pp. 189, 190.

"Colonel Goulaivitch invited us the other day to his house, to witness the taking the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to the emperor by a young officer on entering the service. The colours of the regiment were displayed in the dining-room, and under them were placed on a table a large bible and a cross. The priest was in attendance in his robes, and there were also about a dozen cantonists, as the young soldiers are called, who were to officiate as choristers at this occasion. The officer repeated after the priest a long oath, holding in his right hand a corner of the colours; he then knelt down and kissed the bible and the cross, and the ceremony was concluded by a hymn sung by the cantonists."—pp. 82, 83.

The religious observances at all the public institutions are, to say the least, made as much a part of, as regular, and interesting, as with us. Every school or hospital has its priest and house of prayer. The children ask a blessing on their simple games with hymns, which are the Russian chief manner of prayer and praise. Those, who are acquainted with Clark's account of the pompous funeral of Peter

Galitzin at Moscow, will find a simple parallel here:—

"In each hospital there is a church for the inmates, I passed through that at the Galitzin, while a funeral service was going on; the coffin was placed on a bier in the centre of the church, the lid being off, so that the face of the dead body was exposed; and around the head were placed three lighted candles."—pp. 270, 271.

We will conclude our copious quotations from Mr. Venables' really interesting work with his account of some of the ceremonies of Passion-week and Easter.

"On the day before Good Friday we went to the Kazan Church, to see the ceremony of the metropolitan washing the feet of twelve priests. In the centre of the church which was much crowded, a platform was raised about five feet from the ground, and on this were placed thirteen chairs, six on each side for the priests, and one at the top for the metropolitan. Mass was first celebrated at the grand altar, and at the conclusion the metropolitan ascended the platform, and took his seat facing the altar, while six or seven deacons placed themselves behind his chair. A service was now chanted, and soon after it had begun two bishops made their appearance on the platform, and after turning round and bowing to the altar, and then saluting in like manner the metropolitan, they seated themselves on either side of him; two priests followed, and took their places in the two next chairs in like manner: others succeeded them, and at last the twelve chairs were filled. The metropolitan then rose up, laid aside his ribbons and other decorations, took off several robes one after another, and girded himself with a long towel, the chanted service still continuing. He then proceeded round to each of the twelve priests, with a large silver basin, and went through the form of washing their feet, a deacon accompanying and assisting him."—pp. 278, 279.

"I should have told you that on Good Friday all the court go (the gentlemen, as usual, in uniform, but the ladies in deep mourning) to kiss the representation of our Saviour's tomb in the palace chapel. On Easter Sunday nothing goes on but felicitations, presenting of eggs (the emblem of the resurrection,) and kissing. Servants may kiss their masters or mistresses, and a peasant may kiss the emperor; though I should doubt whether in the latter case, the privilege is often exercised. '*Christos vosrees*' ('Christ is risen') is the universal salutation; and it is a curious thing to see two peasants or tradesmen meet in the street:—'*Christos vosrees*,' they cry out; then off go their hats and caps; and then with one accord they rush together, and inflict on each other three kisses on the cheek—right, left, right; after this each replaces his hat, first making a most profound bow to the other, and they separate.

"There is a story told of the present emperor, who, it is said, on Easter-day, passing a sentry, saluted him as usual with the words 'Christ is risen,' 'No he's not your majesty,' said the soldier, presenting arms. 'He's not!' said the emperor, 'what do you mean? this is Easter Sunday.' 'I know not please your majesty,' replied the man; 'but I am a Mahometan.'

"The Russians, high and low, are great observers

of times and seasons; and custom requires that at Easter, as well as at Christmas, all persons should visit their acquaintances to congratulate them on the occasion of the festival."—pp. 281, 282.

The Russian is a good-humoured animal; he is meekness almost to excess; he absolutely wants the instinct of revenge; and is altogether below the notice of those who think a consciousness of personal dignity a strong sense of one's rights, and a quick resentment of injuries are necessary ingredients of Christian excellence. For our parts, we think there may be other exhibitions of the Christian temper besides the torch, the dirk, the rifle, and the claymore, besides an ardent love of liberty, and determination to assert one's civil and religious privileges. Let the Alpine valley continue to bear its peculiar fruit of holiness, and let it have due honour,—why, however, should it preclude other forms of virtue? Why are meekness, patience, preference of servitude, self-humbling, and submission to authority, to be utterly discarded, because the Swiss mountaineer, or the plaided covenanter looks prettier in a lady's album? True—the Russian is a slave, and hugs his chains: he is sometimes oppressed and insulted, and scarcely feels a passing cloud on his temper. What more base, and what more unworthy the name of Christian, if we are to measure all the world by certain English schools of Christian ethics? A hundred fashionable writers on the duties of men, women, children, superiors, inferiors, &c., &c., will no more admit the servile wretch into the list of moral or rational agents than they will a dog or an apple-tree. Yet, granting that we are justified in the particular model of Christian heroism we have set up in our country and language, is it not possible that other models, not quite the same, may be equally justifiable? And if there are dangers on both sides, viz., in too much independence as well as in too much submission, in too much mastery as well as in too much service, is it not just possible that to be "as one that serveth" is the safer alternative?

But if it be said the patience of the Russian is only a brute fear of the rod, it is, we reply, far too much in keeping with the rest of his character to be so easily disposed of.—Whence his good nature where there is no fear? Whence his child-like simplicity and playfulness so grotesque in our "civilized" eyes? These things, though they be not proofs of a very dignified sort of humility, yet show the Russian peasant's to be no constrained and exacted quality.

"But in the midst of all these excesses," says Clarke, describing the outrageous rejoicings at Easter, "quarrels hardly ever took place. The wild rude riot of a Russian populace is full of humanity. Few disputes are heard; no blows are given; no lives endangered but by drinking." Jokes, rudenesses, and violence, both from equals and superiors, are bandied about, which in England would be immediately followed with fists, in Italy with the knife, but in Russia provoke only silent resignation, or a smile. The stranger sees bearded sages, and is surprised to find them children—"nothing intelligent or picturesque in their appearance," says Mr. Raikes, "unconth in their manners and clumsily shaped,"—"simple and inoffensive, but barbarous and ignorant." The Russian labourer at the sea-ports passing near our vessels voluntarily

provokes the merriment of the crew by mimicking the helpless bleating of the goat whose beard he imitates, or the sheep whose skin he wears. There is of course nothing heroic in all this, but we confess to knowing not a few forms of character, high both in their own and in public estimation, in which we should hail such disregard of self as at least an approach to humanity. But the volumes before us abound in graver, and perhaps to some people more intelligible, exhibitions of the quality we are discussing.

One frosty night, about two o'clock, as Mr. Venables was about to cross a river, in consequence of there not being a proper gangway from the water's edge to the floating bridge, his horses refused to draw his carriage over the step made by the bridge, and there the carriage stood in the water.

"We therefore remained stationary for about half an hour, when the ferryman, who had gone for assistance to a village close by, returned, bringing with him about twenty peasants, who took off the horses, and with the aid of levers soon placed us on the floating bridge.

"Nothing can exceed the ready good will with which a Russian peasant gives his assistance in case of need, especially where, as in this case, he is remote from great towns and great roads. These people were called up in the middle of the night, and they were employed up to their knees in water for some time in raising the wheels over the obstacle; but they continued the whole time in the most perfect good humour, and there was none of the swearing and abuse of one another which would in many countries have been heard on a similar occasion. They apparently considered that they were rendering an ordinary service to their neighbour, the ferryman; and after we had crossed the river, they merely demanded through him a trifle, in addition to his ordinary charge, for their assistance. They commonly address each other as *brat*, or brother, and their superiors use the same term in speaking to them; indeed, a master, in giving an order to his servant, often calls him brother."—p. 73.

On this last remark we will observe by the way, that nothing can be more patriarchal than the Russian modes of address, which prove that the theory, and probably the moral character, of the Russian social system, is something very different from those grosser forms of slavery with which the western nations of Europe are unhappily more acquainted. The common address to superiors, whether of their own nation or foreigners, is *batushka*—a term of endearment and at the same time of respect, signifying literally *little father*. What we call surnames are never used in conversation. All, from the emperor to the serf, are designated by their Christian names and a patronymic derived from the Christian name of the father. Mr. Venables' companion was styled *Maria Alexandrovna*, as well by the coachman on the road as by her own relations. The child is taught, as one of the first elements of religion, to call the emperor *father*; and in that most unique code of military instructions, or "Discourse under the Trigger," called Savorof's Catechism, the soldier is exhorted to die for his *mother*, i. e. the Empress Catherine.

It is not to be denied that a system of absolutism,

of impassable grades and rigorous demonstrations, must needs stifle some noble instincts and fetter many useful energies; still we find that in such conditions of existence the most necessary and universal sympathies are often the most developed. A greater degree of liberty furnishes more outlets for impatience, more temptations to undisciplined desires, more ways of running away from ourselves and from Providence, more means of gratifying present selfishness and incurring future disappointment. In proportion to the facility with which men can change their place and sphere, or shift for themselves and rise in the world, the social affections are found to lose their hold and their peculiar power of consolation. Hence the dreadful want of natural affection engendered in the midst of our boasted improvement. To some indeed it may appear no very great evil that where Providence has set us, the notion of a paternal government, of a sacred sovereign and a domestic rule, has not only ceased to be aimed at by statesmen, but has well nigh passed from the memories of men, or is only remembered in the language of scorn. But if it shall appear that the cold and selfish maxims and manners of our own age are owing to a blight in the social affections in their very bud—that families are estranged before states are torn asunder—brothers hated before factions are organized—and parents dishonoured before thrones are despised,—then all men must agree in deploring the moral cause, however favourably some may regard the political result.

Mr. Venables gives a very pleasing picture of the strength of domestic affections in Russia, in a graphic account of a sitting of the board of enlistment which he attended, his brother-in-law, as Marshal of the nobility, being president. We wish we had space for the whole, but must content ourselves with the following extract, which is all our present occasion requires.

"A scene now ensues which is at the same time both pathetic and ludicrous. The elder brother and his wife, the father and mother, and the little children, all throw themselves on the ground and prostrate themselves repeatedly at the feet of the young man, beseeching him to have pity on the family of his elder brother, and to consent to be enlisted in his place. The poor lad looks with a bewildered air from one to another, not exactly knowing what to do, having no fancy to be a soldier, and unable to make up his mind to refuse. However he is urged every side, for the members of the board add their exhortations to the entreaties of his family, some bidding him to be a good Christian and to sacrifice himself for his relations, and others encouraging him with the promise of good treatment in the army. At last, completely overpowered, he musters up courage, crosses himself, and consents to be a soldier.

"The conscription frequently gives rise to most pitiable scenes, where married men, or sons of widows, or aged parents are torn away from their families, which they were the chief prop or stay. The recruits often cry and lament bitterly their hard fate when they come before the board to be examined, but the moment they are enlisted, and their fate decided, they generally cheer up and recover their spirits, as if they thought it useless to grieve over what could no longer be remedied or avoided.

"The Russian peasants are extremely attached to one another in their families, and it rarely happens that there is any difficulty in persuading a young man to devote himself for a relation; on the contrary, they often persist in doing so, to save an elder brother, or an uncle, against the advice of all around them. The other day a lad under twenty, whose married brother was nominated as a conscript, insisted upon coming here with him, in order, as he said, to see his fate. The man was accepted as a recruit, and the father coming out, said to his younger son, who was waiting in the street, 'They have taken your brother, Gabriel.' Gabriel, without answering, rushed into the house, pressed through the crowd in attendance, and hurried, breathless, into the board-room, fearful of being too late to offer himself as a substitute for his married brother; he was, however, in good time, and being a fine young man, was of course readily received in the place of the other."—pp. 192—194.

Drunkenness is a besetting sin of most northern nations; and it will not surprise those who have inquired into the usual success of human institutions, to be informed that the many rigorous rules of mortification prescribed by the Russian church have failed to make its members remarkable for sobriety. Something, of course, may be ascribed to the exaggerations of travellers, who living in inns and on the road, and purposely hunting out all fairs, feasts, and festivities, whether public or private, will perhaps not see in them the average character of the Russian, and the even tenor of his ways: just as ladies and gentlemen coming to see their Oxford friends at commemoration time will be apt to acquire rather a holiday notion of the academic life. Some allowance must also be made for misconception. The foreigner who is asked by every workman or common labourer, in our country, whom he ventures to question concerning his craft, for "something to drink his honour's health," would surely be wrong in concluding that strong drink was the first wish of an Englishman's heart, and his only motive for civility to strangers. Nor again would a visit to Smithfield at St. Bartholomew's, or to the suburbs of London on Easter Monday, afford to the enquiring stranger a fair exhibition of our national character; nor, as we think, would his first journey into the city through Whitechapel, in which for miles he sees every sixth house on each side of the road a gin shop; and still less would perusal of the police reports, "accidents and offences," in the first newspaper put into his hands. But after all proper deductions it must be admitted that Russia is disgraced with intemperance even to an extent somewhat approaching our own country, though, to do it justice, it falls far short of the northern part of this island. Nearly a fourth part of the revenue of Russia, Mr. Pinkerton informs us, is derived from the sale of spirits. The imperial government, it should be explained, keeps in its own hands the sale of all spirits, in place of our cumbrous machinery of customs and excise licences and permits, with the laudable intention, or as some say, the specious pretence, of regulating and restricting the use of these dangerous articles. The outspread wings of the Russian eagle are over the door of every ginshop in every village throughout that vast empire. About the same proportion of the British revenue is derived from the duties on spirits, besides several millions for malt and hops, and we believe our states-

men are too well aware of the value of that part of our boasted national resources, to think the money smells a bit the worse for it. Brandy is the chief spirit used in Russia, or rather the only one of which travellers make mention; and Mr. Pinkerton calculates that "the enormous quantity of eighty-two millions of gallons of brandy alone are drank every year by the peasantry of this empire!" This is very dreadful, as, the population being a little over sixty millions, it amounts to one gallon and a third for each person. In Scotland, however, it must be remembered, that Parliamentary returns give *three* gallons of spirits as the average quota of every man, woman and child throughout that part of the realm. M. de Sahouloff, a Russian country gentleman of Tamboff, in a letter to Mr. Venables on various topics of rural economy, says, "In fact, though drunkards are to be met with, this is by no means the general character of the people, a fact which I can prove statistically." This the writer proceeds to do, with what accuracy we cannot pretend to say, by comparing the consumption of all kinds of spirits in his own extensive district with the population, and he proves that if, as Mr. Pinkerton says, the *vedro* corresponds to three gallons, the average yearly consumption of each person is *two* gallons.

"The peasant, however," he continues, "has gained this character, by drinking quass all the year round, except on two or three days, when he varies his monotonous existence by a fit of excessive intoxication. Besides, here, as every where else, one man, when drunk, makes more disturbance than a hundred when sober."

Travellers, indeed, do not appear to bring against the Russians the charge of regular or frequent intemperance. The labouring classes in every country always living in forced abstinence, find voluntary moderation a difficult virtue when the opportunity of indulgence does at length come; and perhaps also the rigorous fasts of the Eastern Church have a tendency to drive men to extremes. Hence the carnival and principal feasts of the year are in Russia described as scenes of more unbounded and more universal excess, than even in Italy itself. Mr. Venables comments on the former of these occasions in the truest English style, satirizing the religious pretence, and feelingly realizing the personal inconveniences of the public rejoicings:—

"The lower orders consider it most unlucky not to appear in a sledge at the promenade at least once during the carnival; thinking, as I am told, that it helps them on their way to heaven; the forfeiture of which it is also said they fear to risk if they omit to get drunk in the course of the week. Be this as it may, there are few among them who do not scrupulously avoid all difficulty on this score; and during the two last days happy is the master who has a cook sober enough to dress his dinner, or a servant steady enough to place it on the table."—p. 245.

It is hard to say which is the worse, the state of things here disclosed, or the standard by which it is measured; surely there is more of the belly than of the heart in these reflections, which we feel to be as unseasonable in such a subject as Ulysses, in the Isle of the Sun, felt the savoury odours of roast meat, when, after anxiously supplicating the gods, he was

on his way back to his secure and disobedient companions.

That drunkenness is far from being the *habit* of the Russian is clear from several considerations. His chief drink is *quass*. Clarke, who omits no circumstance of disparagement in his account of the Russian nobleman, can say nothing worse of his diet than that you will always find him drinking *quass*, like the lowest peasant—who, he says elsewhere, cannot afford any other beverage. This is not an intoxicating beverage, being, in fact, a sort of vinegar; it is made by mixing rye-meal and water with the addition of some malt, and leaving it till the *acetous* fermentation has taken place; the flavour is like that of vinegar and water. It looks turbid and is very unpleasant to strangers, but by use even Englishmen become fond of it, and in the houses of the nobles, where attention is paid to its brewing, this acidulous beverage is esteemed a delicacy, especially during summer. It is found to be wholesome and antiscorbutic in its qualities; it is the substitute for beer, and also enters into the composition of a kind of cold soup, which Mr. Venables could not swallow, and of whose ingredients he gives a most dreadful enumeration, though no Russian dinner is complete without it. Climate, however, works wonders with the human stomach, and soon accommodates it to the endless varieties of soups, salts and pickles, in which the Russian luxuriates: even Clarke, while travelling over the dry and thirsty *steppes*, found his barrel of raw vinegar a dangerous temptation.

The Russians are also great tea-drinkers. Their tea is very good but very expensive, as every pound is brought overland a journey of several months, chiefly by Chinese merchants, and is sold at prices unknown to us: the finer sorts, which are said to be a real curiosity, costing from forty, fifty, to even a hundred shillings a pound. The peasantry are generally obliged to content themselves with a substitute called *izbiten*, consisting of potherbs, ginger, pepper and honey, boiled up together, which is taken hot, and is said to be very refreshing. We believe we have seen a somewhat similar potation brought to fishermen on our northern coasts, returning from their night of toil, and drank the moment of their landing:—

"The *semavar*, or Russian urn, heated with charcoal, which is found in every house from the highest to the lowest in the country, is," says Mr. Venables, "an excellent invention, insuring good tea; since the water is always boiling, and the tea-pot being placed at the top, is kept quite hot."—p. 72.

The more refined *istvostchiks*, or coachmen, generally ask for a *nachai* or tea-money, instead of a dram, says Mr. Venables, who, describing a horse-fair, says—

"We walked through a refreshment-booth filled with peasants and horse-dealers, and found them all as quiet as possible, and, with hardly an exception, drinking tea."—p. 83.

A little way further, speaking of the Russian bazaars, he tells us—

"The tradesman spends the day in his shop, and only goes home at night; when it is cold he wraps

himself up in fur, and keeps himself warm by drinking enormous quantities of hot tea, which is retailed to them and to the *drachka* drivers who stand for hire, by people who are constantly going about with a portable *semavar* or urn, kept hot by charcoal, and with cups fixed in a belt and strapped round their waists."

Mr. Pinkerton has given us a picturesque drawing of one of these *izbitenchiki*. The last mentioned writer, observing that instances of extraordinary longevity are frequent among the common people, ascribes it partly to "the simplicity of their mode of living and abstemiousness of food."—p. 79. We will add another proof of the usual sobriety of this people: it is said that suicides in the southern nations of Europe may be generally traced to love, and in the northern to drink; but Mr. Raikes informs us (p. 330) there are no suicides in Russia.

Mr. Raikes, whose experience was confined to the "City of the Czar," asserts (p. 179) "that thieving, dissimulation, and a few other little defects of the same nature, form an integral part of the national character;" and he proceeds to adduce the well-known saying of Peter the Great to this effect. His first impressions of Russian honesty were not likely to be favourable. An incident which happened on his arrival, just as he had entered the suburbs of Petersburg, showed, as he intimates, that the metropolis he was visiting was not in this respect far behind the one he had left:—

"Some thieves," he says, "cut off a trunk which was fastened behind the carriage, and, under cover of the night, made away with it as adroitly as any English depredators. Thus was I initiated at once into the experience of Russian dexterity."

"When Peter the Great was advised by one of his ministers to expel the Jews from his dominions, on account of their cunning and roguery, he replied, 'Let them alone, my Russians are a match for them.' I believe his imperial majesty had a profound knowledge of his subjects."

It must, however, be remembered that the speaker in this instance himself preferred boldness and cunning to honesty, and was willing to compliment his subjects according to his own views of merit. Amongst other misfortunes of sovereigns, they have generally the opportunity of seeing the worst side of the popular character. Why, however, is Mr. Raikes surprised to find in Petersburg as much roguery as in London? He repeats this unreasonable complaint on another occasion. "The Russian tradesmen," he says, "openly confess that they are rogues and will ask even double the price which they are prepared to take; the foreigners are equally exorbitant, but more stubborn in reduction; indeed, the demand for articles of luxury is now so limited by that a German tailor who works for the court told frankly he must have large profits on the small consumption in order to live." These are poor grounds whereon to condemn the tradesmen of a whole nation. Has it occurred to Mr. Raikes that a man complains others are hagglers, admits himself one also? Common justice tells us not to take the opinion of a buyer as to the duties of a seller. Mr. Raikes comes from the greatest mart, and the regular system of traffic in the world, to a regular uncertain demand, scanty supply, and unfixed

and wonders to find a set of men, struggling for existence, so selfish as to hope for profits sufficient to support life, and then so weak as to content themselves with a lower. The only difference between the native tradesmen and the foreigner in Mr. Raikes' complaint appears to be this, that the latter, having the alternative of trying his fortune elsewhere, will not be content with less than bread and cheese; the former having no such refuge, if his customers will not allow him cheese to his bread, resigns himself to bread alone.

But in truth honesty, like religion and politics, is liable to national peculiarities. The virtues of every country are to a certain extent arbitrary and traditional. Each nation has its own code, its strong and its weak points, its inviolables and its exceptions. How would a simple Russian gentleman be bewildered who should be initiated suddenly into our innumerable tricks of trade, our imitations and adulterations, our flash manufactures and quackeries, our collusions and evasions, and the connivance of all classes in frauds on the revenue, and other graver breaches of the law. If our authors tell us true, nowhere does honesty exhibit itself in such arbitrary and conventional forms as in Russia. Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, says, in his account of the great bazaar of Moscow, containing 6,000 "bargaining shops:" "The merchants live at a distance, and on leaving their shops at sun-down, each of them winds a piece of cord round the padlock of his door, and seals it with soft wax—a seal being with the Russians more sacred than a lock." Is it that honesty is not a national virtue but a superstition in Russia? If so we can only say it had better be that, than not be at all. The emperor appears to enjoy the benefit of this superstitious honesty to an extent almost incredible in our enlightened state of society, as we are informed by Mr. Raikes, in whose mind, however, the loss of his trunk never ceased to rankle:

"Yesterday," he says, "was the Russian's New Year's Day; it was celebrated by a fete which can be seen in no other country; it is a fete original, extraordinary, and characteristic of the nation. The sovereign and his family commence the new year by an assembly given to the people; not less than twenty-five thousand invitations are issued to this gigantic rout. At seven o'clock in the evening the doors of the winter palace and of the Hermitage are thrown open to the multitude; the innumerable rooms are lighted up with myriads of wax candles; at convenient distances are placed sideboards with refreshments, adorned with pyramids of gold and silver plate; bands of military music resound in every corner to amuse the ear; picked men, of the highest stature, from the guards, are stationed in the ante-rooms, to give effect to the scene; and liveried servants swarm in every direction more numerous than the troops. And for whom was this colossal entertainment prepared? For every rank and degree; from the highest noble to the lowest peasant, all were equally welcome without distinction to pay their respects at the foot of the throne: there are no exclusions; rich and poor, the field-marshal and the invalid, the princess and the washerwoman, the master of the horse and the dancing-master, the maid of honour and the maid of all work, the prince and the *mongik*, the Queen of Geor-

gia and the French milliner, may all hope for a smile or a courteous word from the fountain of honour.

"In this immense crowd, slowly moving through the apartments, no instance of disorder or incivility ever occurs; not even in an attempt to steal the most trifling ornament, which to some must be a great temptation: the emperor is in the midst of his family, and the children are on their good behaviour. The wives of the rich Russian merchants press through the dense multitude, decorated with necklaces and ear-rings of pearls and diamonds, without any apprehension.

"It would be no great injustice to suppose that, out of these twenty-five thousand guests, some of them might have been light-fingered yesterday, and will be equally adroit on the morrow: but on this evening a feeling of respect, of curiosity, and of pleasure, seems to engross every other sentiment, and these dubious characters leave their dexterity with their pelisses at the door of the palace."—pp. 137—139.

Respect for the emperor and for the church are in Russia spells generally sufficient to check the hand of mischief, greediness, or need. So also, it appears, is respect for the person. "Like all uncivilized men," says Mr. Venables, who traversed the country in various directions, "the Russian peasant is inclined to pilfer; but open robbery or acts of violence are very rare, and one may travel unarmed in perfect security through the empire." Now we are aware that there is on the whole so little violence in our country, that the apprehension of it does not sensibly affect our comfort; yet as a mere fact, a mere contribution by the way to the statistics of crime in England, contrasting rather unfavourably with Mr. Venables' account of Russia, we will mention that for the last three months there has scarcely passed a week without two or three highway robberies within twenty miles of where we are writing.

In what is called *public* honesty, it does not really seem likely that Russia will gain much by comparison with nations that have arrived at more liberal institutions. Perhaps, in fact, the greatest reproach of the empire is bribery, which prevails to nearly as great an extent, though not indeed with so great a disregard of appearances as far as the lower orders are concerned, as in England. It is true that the construction, or rather the simplicity, of the Russian social state, precludes most of those particular motives and channels and outward guises of corruption with which we happen to be more familiar. There are no popular elections, no parliamentary election committees, no multitudes to be duped, bought, or besotted, no conflict of parties to be supported at all events, no government by patronage, no political jobbing, no strongholds of private, no floods of public, corruption; but still though the form be different, the thing widely exists. Strange as it may seem to our notions, in Russia the higher grades, and the holders of office are, as regards the *manner* of the thing, the bribed, not the bribers. This, however, is not so unintelligible as at first sight appears. Bribery is the purchase of authority, privilege, and power, by means of money and such inferior considerations. The stream of bribery, therefore, naturally proceeds from the weak to the strong. They who are politically weak, if they have money, will generally attempt

to buy political strength and weight in some shape or other. In England power is vested in the people, and proceeds from them. They are in fact the market, to whom their wealthy betters come for the purchase of this precious commodity. In Russia the case is otherwise. *There all power proceeds downwards from the emperor; the current of bribery therefore comes upwards from the serf.* In ancient Rome, it may be observed, the same man had generally to sustain both parts in this traffic. The proconsul took bribes in the province, where he was all in all, the fountain of power; and distributed them at Rome, where he was the humble servant of an all-powerful military populace. Russia, in this, as in other respects, betrays its Asiatic affinity. Those numerous passages in Scripture which refer to the universal prevalence of corruption, extortion, and respect of persons, in rulers, judges, and officers of all kinds, are scarcely comprehensible to people in our position. The former periods of our constitution, and those governments of Europe which still retain a vestige of absolutism, do of course supply something parallel, and so far are not intelligible to a democratic generation. It is said by the encomiast of an eminent cardinal of the last age, that, though he had the entire administration of the criminal law at Rome for many years, he died poor. Who in England can appreciate such a compliment? How few, again, can enter into the merits of the charge on which Lord Bacon suffered so severely? We fear it is too true that in this world venality more or less specious, more or less allowed, must always accompany the possession of power. The people are in our case the venal party, i. e., the recipients of the bribe, only because they happen to be more powerful than their nominal rulers and superiors. We leave to the casuist the delicate office of determining the respective proportions of guilt attaching to the giver and receiver of a bribe,—the tempter and the tempted,—the corrupter and the corrupted. Perhaps there is not much to choose between them: but with our English prejudices we confess that we feel a greater fitness and decency in the *one* briber and the *many* bribed, than in the inverse order of things. The *one* bribes for the sake of political power; and in our country we are taught to think with Eteocles, that if it be allowable to sin for any thing, it is for *that*. The imagination also is more impressed by unities than numbers; there is greater individuality and distinctness of crime in the insulated spectacle of one man, and that a man dignified by station, coolly receiving the wages of unrighteousness, than where a vague and unknown multitude is the base receiver: the undeniable fact of a mercenary and perjured population, however much it may appeal to the reason, is not at least so shocking an *idea* as the bare probability of *one* gentleman having been corrupted; nor are we sure there is not some just and real foundation for a prejudice, which at first sight may seem an illusion of the fancy.

We have referred for parallels to oriental nations, to ancient Rome, and in general to the usages of past generations. This reference will suggest a further key to the startling statements of the author before us, besides the theory of social corruption which we have attempted to bring out. An autocratic government having more power than money, *mancipia locupletis, reges aris*, given unreserved grants of

authority, but little solid pay, to its agents. It draws on the obedience of its subjects, to make up an inadequate draft on its exchequer; in like manner as the affections of the people are the treasury of the church. In the natural course of change, governments are fatherly and despotic before they come to be mercantile. Thus, except in that particular mode of conducting public affairs, which our peculiar circumstances have created for us, rulers, judges, fiscal agents, and soldiers, are, and always have been, obliged to exact more than that which is appointed them, to take gifts, to do violence, and accuse falsely; or to be content with their wages and starve. An impoverished clergy often affords a similar but still graver example of this necessity,—for so, in a worldly point of view, it may be called,—being always apt to barter the offices of religion, to traffic with the Christian's hope, to dispense with obligations, to make covenant with sin, and even to sell portions of the creed, for the sake of a livelihood.

It may however be alleged, and that with some degree of plausibility, that even in England the candidate for power frequently sustains both parts in the exchange of power for money. A gentleman, whose honourable principles and abstract disinterestedness no one can doubt, pays a constituency for a seat, and receives in due time an ample return for his outlay, in the shape of rank, office, or the disposal of patronage. He becomes a greater and perhaps a richer man. Nor can it be denied, that, as power in our state flows upwards, and wealth downwards, so the political aspirant, however foreign it may be to his real intentions, becomes virtually the channel through which both these things are transmitted in their several directions. And as there are always to be found persons rather over solicitous to take an unprejudiced view of the institutions and morals of their country, it is not surprising that gentlemen, of most irreproachable character, in the position we refer to, should sometimes be represented as political hucksters, who, having purchased power in the market of the people, afterwards dispose of it at a reasonable profit to the minister of the day. But it must be remembered that even if this remuneration for political support deserves to be called corruption, it is not so gross and palpable as what we read of Russian bribery: it is managed between gentlemen and done in a handsome way, no bargain is expressly made nor can it be more than surmised that any was ever understood, there is sufficient indirectness about it, to prevent it from impairing self-respect, or blunting the sense of honour, and even if it be accompanied with actual and immediate pecuniary advantages, it is not in the power of man to say that they have not come as a pleasant contingency, an agreeable surprise. Moreover, even granting the unfriendly supposition, that the man of politics has sought, as well as met with, pecuniary advantage, still all must allow that it may be sought with the noblest views and the purest intentions. Selfishness is not in the deed, but in the heart. Wealth contributes to usefulness, and gives strength and body to the powerless speculation of virtue. Who can do good without money? Will it a man can neither be a Caesar nor a Brutus:—without it the most ardent lover of his country must remain a village Hampden all his days, and his sweetness in the desert air." Men of enlarged minds and important projects find in proportion

their success that their virtual rank is raised and their acquaintance increased. They want money not for the thing itself, which they still feel to be sordid enough, but for its uses. In a wealthy country they find they cannot procure either support or hearing for the most enlightened views, unless they can gain access to the world of fashion, as well as to the needy multitude,—unless they are presentable to all classes,—unless they possess the means of informing and being informed, and numerous other appliances which nothing but money can procure.

Who then will stigmatize as a bribe those means which our free country, with no less wisdom than generosity, puts at the disposal of her most stirring, most patriotic, and most influential sons? But whilst we linger in defence of England, we are forgetting our extracts, which will disclose a system of bribery in Russia most incomprehensibly naked and inartificial.

"The national disgrace of Russia," says Mr. Venables, "appears to be the system of corruption which it is said pervades every class in the empire, high and low. This accusation is, I am afraid, undeniable; for every Russian will tell you, 'there is nothing to be done in our country without a bribe.' The only difference appears to be in the amount, which of course varies with the rank of the receiver. At the bottom of the ladder, three or four roubles may suffice, while as many thousands may be requisite for the important personage at the top.

"No one will be unjust enough to suppose that honest men are not to be found here as well as in other countries, and I should be sorry so far to calumniate Russia as to suggest that they were rare; but still from all that I have heard in various quarters I cannot doubt of the lamentable prevalence of corruption. The fact of a person in a high and honourable employment receiving money for his good offices does not seem to be regarded here with all the horror and detestation which it deserves.

"The salary of a governor of a province is twelve thousand roubles a-year, or about five hundred pounds, a sum which is quite insufficient to cover the expenses of his establishment; yet I was told the other day that a governor of Saratoff, on the Volga, one of the richest provinces in Russia, (somewhat larger than England,) retired some years ago, after holding the office for six years, with a capital, realized during that time, of three millions of roubles, about a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. I inquired how this was possible, and the following is in substance the explanation which I received.

"This upright governor never committed acts of private injustice or wrong; but for value received, he consented to shut his eyes, and not interfere with the doings of others. He in fact sold his protection wholesale to those who made their own profit by retailing their good offices as required.

"In each of the twelve districts of every government is an *ispravnik*, an officer I have already mentioned as a rural master of police. Each *ispravnik* paid his excellency five thousand roubles a-year, a donceur which of course obliterated any little peccadilloes of his own, or any mistakes into which he might fall in administering justice.

"The Bashkirs, and other wild tribes who dwell in the steppes beyond the Volga, wished to remain

in undisturbed possession of lands to which they had no very strict title: the governor left them in repose, and his annual revenue was increased by thirty or forty thousand roubles. The province abounded in heretics, of a sect regarded with much jealousy by government, and much persecuted for their political rather than their religious opinions: these sectarians longed for peace and quiet, and the price of the governor's toleration was from one to two hundred thousand roubles a-year.

"Certain salt-works at Saratoff, which supply all Russia with that article, contributed their mite to the pocket of his excellency, which was swelled from numerous other sources not included in this catalogue. It is not every one who is so successful in enriching himself as was this governor, but he was no extraordinary instance of rapacity: he merely turned to good account the opportunities which he enjoyed. I was assured that he left a good character behind him, and was much regretted in the province.

"In these cases of venality it is not the question here, what will the world think of such a man, and where will he again venture to show his face? But it is demanded instead, will he be able to justify himself in higher quarters? Will he maintain his credit with the minister, or with his majesty? If he can succeed in so doing, he will laugh at the rest of the world, and there will be no blot on his escutcheon: there are no public prints to expose him to opprobrium, and indeed so low is the standard of public virtue, that his conduct is hardly regarded as disgraceful, and it would almost be considered a piece of Quixotism to set up as the censor of one who had only acted as many would have done in his place.

"The emperor, I believe, does all in his power to check and discourage this disgraceful system of corruption, by visiting offenders with the utmost severity: it is not, however, probable that it can be effectually destroyed, so long as the sources exist out of which it naturally arises. These appear chiefly to be the inadequacy of the existing emoluments attached to every office and employment, and the total absence of public opinion in Russia."—pp. 205—208.

The following passage will afford a comment on the scene of Falstaff at Justice Shallow's.

"Bribery often prevails to a great extent in the business of the recruitment; masters paying to have bad characters, who are unfit for soldiers, received; and conscripts who are fit, paying to be rejected. Clerks are sometimes detected in receiving from fifty to a hundred roubles from poor fellows for promised protection, which they have no power to give; and these gentleman, if delivered over to justice, are punished by being made soldiers themselves. The doctor too, in examining the conscripts, not unfrequently, when he looks at their teeth, finds, not a silver spoon, but a gold piece in their mouths.

"But the system of bribery is not always confined to these petty offences; the roubles are sometimes paid in thousands, and the receivers are neither the clerks nor the surgeons to the board. It is said that the president, if he manages matters well, may clear, during the two months of the sitting, upwards of two thousand pounds; and when this is the case, of course clerks receive their mites with impunity, and gold pieces are quietly transferred from the mouths

of the censcripts to the pockets of the doctors, instead of being publicly laid on the table of the board; as happens almost daily here, under the vigilant eye of a president known to be incorruptible himself, and not inclined to overlook the delinquencies and peculations of others."—p. 188.

Mr. Raikes's testimony is to the same effect, and even stronger.

"The judges are as ill paid as they are little respected, and are driven by necessity to make the most of their situation; bribery is openly practised, and the longest purse will have the best chance. I have, unfortunately, had occasion myself to visit the courts of law, and the tribunal which answers to our Chancery: great was my astonishment to see the public functionaries, from the judge down to the clerk, arrayed in military uniforms.

"Prince K—, a Polish nobleman who has large estates in Livonia, where, as in Courland and in Esthonia, the emancipation of the slaves has been effected, came here the other day to attend to a lawsuit going on between him and his peasants, which appeared very likely to be given against him. He told a friend of mine that he had been round to all the judges privately to *explain the case*; and as it is well understood what the meaning of this visit intimates, the peasant will probably go to the wall.

"A merchant here in the English factory, Mr. —, who has occasionally had large contracts with the government, went lately to make a tender of a cargo of red lead to the glass-blowing manufactory. He was received by the chairman of the board, who was in full uniform, with stars and decorations; his secretary was an aide-de-camp; and the young men employed in writing at a table were also in regimentals. Mr. — was not very well pleased with the result of his negotiation; but he told me that he should send a hogshhead of wine merely with his compliments to the chairman, and his business would be arranged. Some time ago this same gentleman had a large contract for lead with the Board of Ordnance, when *douceurs* to every individual in the office, from the general to the door-keeper, amounting in all to six thousand roubles, were absolutely detailed on paper, and of course included by him in his calculation of the price which he charged to the government. This system of peculation is not mentioned as being illegal, or derogatory to the individuals; it is publicly practised; and was not only encouraged but exacted by Catherine during her reign; and is one of the many evils which the present emperor would wish but is unable to abolish.

"It exists in every department; but when it shows itself in the courts of justice it then becomes a hideous evil. I can speak from experience, that in suits of all descriptions your solicitor is entrusted with the distribution of bribes; without which, success, even on the most just grounds, is unattainable."—p. 148—151.

We will wind up these extracts with one from the amusing pages of our American author.

"Bribery is said to be almost universal among the inferior officers of government, and there is a story of a Frenchman in Russia which illustrates the system. He had an office, of which the salary was so small that he could not live upon it. At first he would not take bribes, but stern necessity drove him to it; and while he was about it, he did the thing

handsomely. Having over-reached the mark, and been guilty of being detected, he was brought before the proper tribunal; and when asked 'Why did you take a bribe?' his answer was original and conclusive, 'I take, thou takest, he takes, we take, you take, they take.'"

It is of course possible that some of the chief enormities here described may have been swollen by scandal, to which the Russians, from the entire absence of literary and political conversation, are much addicted, and which travellers are generally, from their inquiring temper and amiable credulity, the first to hear. Yet there is too general an agreement among our authors to the universality of Russian bribery, for us to doubt its existence as a regular system. The whole empire is compromised. The subjects bring their bribes, the imperial agents receive, and the emperor must connive at the process. It is true we are told of Constantine punishing individual cases (as the Spartans punished their boys for letting their thefts be discovered,) and there is a story of his attending and applauding a comedy satirizing official corruption; yet while the salaries from the treasury are so inadequate, he must be aware that his officers are remunerated by auxiliary resources flowing more directly from the people. But what a clumsy way of transacting public affairs! A moment's comparison will show how much better we do things in England. Even granting, what indeed cannot be ascertained, that there is as much real corruption here as in Russia, and granting also, what we fear we must grant, that there is nothing in that country so flagrantly wicked and indecent as the circumstances of our popular elections; still it is obvious that, as *we* manage matters, the dignity of the gentleman, and the credit of the political aspirant, is never lowered by the actual receipt of pecuniary bribes from his inferiors, and nobody is disgraced, nobody is brutalized, but the mass of the people. In Russia the gentleman seems to monopolize the baseness, as much as *here* he does the decorum, of the transaction. We first so effectually draw off the superfluous money of the people by the great public drains of taxation, that there is neither demand nor supply for the irregular private channels by which the Russian functionaries are maintained. We give the people in exchange for their money, and in exchange also for many minor rights and privileges, a certain voice in the whole government of the country. They are thus powerful but poor. The state is wealthy, but dependent and weak, except by the use of its wealth. The character of the exchange is therefore exactly the reverse of what we are told it is in Russia. If there exists among us a tribe of "Bashkirs," who "wish to remain in undisturbed possession of lands to which they had no very strict title," *e. g.* the *de facto* owners of church property, they give their *political* support to the anti-church party in the legislature, and are protected. If there exists amongst us a sect or sects "regarded with jealousy" by the constitution, and dangerous "for their political opinions," they have no occasion to bribe any public functionaries; they have their representatives in parliament, and obtain not only "peace and quiet," but ascendancy, and an ample share in the patronage of the crown. In like manner with us, any profitable branch of trade similar to the "salt-works at Saratoff," lays out a part of its

money in the purchase of power from the *people*, and so procures a voice in the government of the country, in the distribution of honours, the adjustment of the tariff, and such questions. With us, such of the people as have property and rights to protect, and are bold enough to protect them, have nobody to bribe, and their suit is conducted in a way which is indeed rather expensive to themselves, but which as fully saves the dignity as it fills the purses of all the legal functionaries concerned. Our rich and generous country has its ways and means by which the poorest and the purist jurisconsult who never touched, saw, heard, or dreamt of, a bribe, may, by an honourable contribution of his political support to the party in power, rise to the highest office, wealth, and rank, and make his remotest kinsmen and friends partakers in his prosperity. The officer of the state is secured from the temptations of the half-starved Russian functionary; like Van Amberg's lions he is amply gorged with legal emoluments before he enters on his stage; nor is he obliged like the governor of Saratoff to reap a harvest of iniquity against the winter of political failure. The public service with us is an inheritance; and a few years or even months of place entail a life of pensioned affluence. So much for the grace and decency of our regular system. And if extraordinary cases occur, if the leviathans of political influence and the leaders of party are to be rewarded or secured, there is no need in England for the sovereign to connive at the plunder of a province; but ministers and parliamentary committees, as careful of appearances as of the national welfare, know how to originate or direct public improvements, so as to make the interests of the whole coincide with the fair requests of meritorious individuals. The progress of civilization may and will do much for Russia, but it must be admitted that at present we beat them in the necessary art of reducing corruption to law, of rewarding virtue and retaining its services without soiling its fingers, and of placing the dirty part of the great work of politics, where a refined taste and an enlightened policy would suggest that it ought to be placed, in the hands of the multitude.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALGIERS.

THE invasion of the Algerine territory by the French, is one of the most remarkable evidences that nations are not to be taught either common justice or common sense by suffering. We there see France, after five-and-twenty years of national misery, taking the first opportunity to rob and shed the blood of her neighbours. She had no more cause of war against the Algerines than against the Antediluvians; but it occurred to her imbecile Government that she wanted "glory," and to her insane people that glory was to be found in cutting the throats of Turks and Moors, unfortunate enough to live in a territory where she expected to find land cheap, dollars at the sword's point, and triumph for nothing.

Providence, it is true, often lets fools and villains take their way; but perhaps there never was an instance, not excepting Napoleon's own, where the

punishment of the original culprits followed, with such distinct, complete, and immediate vengeance on the crime.

Within a twelvemonth, the Government which had formed this atrocious project was utterly extinguished; Charles the Tenth and his dynasty driven from their throne, and exiled from the land for life;—his Ministry, the Polignacs and their associates, thrown into a long and severe imprisonment, a fate singular among all the changes of European cabinets, and after narrowly escaping the scaffold, also exiled for life; Marmont, the chief military councillor of the King, forced to fly from France, and never daring to return; Bourmont, the commander of the invasion, never venturing to set his foot on the French soil since, and still a fugitive through the world; the invading army, of 30,000 strong, some of the finest troops of France, long since destroyed in Africa by the climate and the warfare of the Arabs, scarcely a man of them having returned.—And after the sacrifice of probably twice the number of lives in a disputed possession of nine years, they are now fighting within cannon-shot of Algiers!

The war has begun in earnest. While Abd-el-Kader lives, France will probably have to carry on a continued war, more or less open. If he shall fall, the spirit of other chieftains will be formed while the animosity survives; and it will survive, grounded as it is in the nature of things, in the native repulsion between French and Mahometan manners, in the habitual hatred of the native for the invader, and in the strong religious antipathies which have already enabled the African leader to proclaim his assault on the French as the "Holy War."

Even the fullest possession of the Algerine territory could never be of real value to France: it has no harbours, and can therefore never be a station for any thing beyond a privateer or a pirate. In the event of an European war, it must be abandoned, or France must consent to lock up 50,000 troops there, with the certainty that famine, the Arabs, and perhaps an English expedition, will perform in Algiers the second part of the Egyptian campaign. But the great points of criminality subsist, even if the policy were however successful; and those are, that the invasion was made absolutely without any cause but a determination to plunder, and that the conquest has been retained, in direct and unquestionable defiance of the most solemn, public, and repeated declarations, that no conquest whatever was intended, and that, as in the instance of Lord Exmouth's expedition, the moment that satisfaction was obtained, the whole armament was to be withdrawn.

It argues a deplorable state of moral feeling, to find that no man in France has the honesty of heart to protest against this iniquity; that the legislature can find no warning voice; that the journals are fierce in their wrath against any idea of abandoning Algiers, and that all France madly seems to regard the national crime as a national glory.

ALGIERS! wild Algiers!

There are sounds of affright

Coming thick on thy gales,

Sounds of battle and flight;—

The spurrings of horsemen,

With tidings of woe;

The signal-guns pealing
The march of the foe;
And the desert horn's howl,
Like the wolf in his prowl;
For, roused from their lair,
The Berbers are there.

'Tis the blue depth of midnight;
The moon is above,
Shedding silver in showers
On mosque and on grove;
And the sense is oppress'd
With the sweetness of night.
'Tis an hour to be blest,
All fragrance and light.
But the sparkling of steel,
And the cannon's deep peal,
And the quick-volleying gun,
Tell that blood is begun.

The Frenchmen are rushing
To gate and to wall;
And the Moor is awake
In his gold-tissued hall.
He sharpens the dagger
And loads the carbine,
And looks to the hills
For the morning to shine.
And on rampart and roof
Crowds are standing aloof;
And their gestures, though dumb,
Tell—"the Emir" is come!

On dash the dark riders,
The sons of the south,
From plain and from mountain,
Age, manhood, and youth!
Their steeds are like wind,
And their bodies like fire,
That wounds cannot tame,
That toil cannot tire.
On they burst like a flood,
Till the desert drinks blood,
Thick as night-falling dew—
Allah hu! Allah hu!

Woe, woe to the Gaul!
Ambition's worst slave;
Must he grasp, till the world
Is a dungeon or grave?
Must he envy the Arab
His swamp and his sand?
Must his crown be a curse,
And his sceptre a brand?
But Wrath will not sleep;
As he sows, he shall reap;
The robber shall pay
Gore for gore, clay for clay.

Ay, follow the Arab
Through mountain and vale,
He's the eagle, and safe
As its wing on the gale.
Ay, scorch through the day,
And freeze through the night,
He's the leopard—one bound,
And he's gone from your sight.

But death's in his tramp
As he sweeps round your camp;
One charge and one roar,
And you sleep in your gore!

But the plague-spot has fallen
On each and on all;
Where art thou, Old Bourbon?
Europe scoff'd at thy fall.
Where thy fierce "Thirty thousand,"
Napoleon's old *braves*?
Like thee, they are corpses—
Algers gave them graves.
Where the victor Bourmont?
He has follow'd thy throne;
On his brow the blood-stain,
To wander, like Cain.

Yet the plague shall not smite
And then die with the dead;
The madness shall cling,
The grave shall be fed.
Too cursed to abandon,
Too weak to retain,
The legions of France
Still shall slay and be slain.
ABD-EL-KADER, the star
That shall blast them with war—
Thou, the land of their biers,
Algiers! wild Algiers!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCENE—THE CHURCH OF ST. JEROME, GRANADA.

A Traveller—A Spaniard.

T. Whose grave is this?—a stranger-eye, like mine,
Can hardly trace the legend's time-worn line:
The slab is simple—yet, I know not why,
It seems as if no common dust should lie
Beneath. This reverend building's central nave
Might suit a king's, a saint's, a hero's grave:—
Which of the three lies here?

S. The last:—who died
As he had lived, his country's boast and pride—
Statesman and warrior—who, with patient toil,
Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil
Skill, valour, numbers; one who never sought
A selfish glory on the fields he fought;
Who spoke, felt, breathed but for his country's weal,
Her power to stablish, and her wounds to heal—
The dread of France, when France was most the
dread
Of all.

T. How's this?—Can Wellington be dead
And buried here?—and yet my note-book calls
The church we see St. Jerome's, not St. Paul's.
S. Sir, with your leave—this may well be so,
For Cordova—
Here—in the
GONZALVO!

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

APRIL, 1840.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of Robert Lord Clive; collected from the Family Papers, communicated by the Earl of Powis. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, K. C. B. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

WE have always thought it strange, that while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atabalipa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Surajah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortes were gained over savages who had no letters, who were ignorant of the use of metals, who had not broken in a single animal-to labour, who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bones, who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster half man and half beast, who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the vanquished Americans, and were at the same time quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected, that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world.

MUSEUM.—APRIL, 1840.

Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only insipid, but positively distasteful.

Perhaps the fault lies partly with the historians. Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement. Orme, inferior to no English historian in style and power of painting, is minute even to tediousness. In one volume he allots, on an average, a closely-printed quarto page to the events of every forty-eight hours. The consequence is, that his narrative, though one of the most authentic, and one of the most finely written in our language, has never been very popular, and is now scarcely ever read.

We fear that Sir John Malcolm's volumes will not much attract those readers whom Orme and Mill have repelled. The materials placed at his disposal by the late Lord Powis, were indeed of great value. But we cannot say that they have been very skilfully worked up. It would, however, be unjust to criticise with severity a work which, if the author had lived to complete and revise it, would probably have been improved by condensation, and by a better arrangement. We are more disposed to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our gratitude to the noble family to which the public owes so much useful and curious information.

The effect of the book, even when we make the largest allowance for the partiality of those who have furnished, and of those who have digested the materials, is, on the whole, greatly to raise the character of Lord Clive. We are far indeed from sympathising with Sir John Malcolm, whose love passes the love of biographers, and who can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the actions of his idol. But we are at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill, who seems to us to show less discrimination in his account of Clive, than in any other part of his valuable work. Clive, like most men who are born with strong passions, and tried by strong temptations, committed great faults. But every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit, that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever

produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council.

The Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the 29th of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will, and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to the family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and impetuosity, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market-Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the good-for-nothing lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself every where the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been, that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually sends to the presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill-constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were armed some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes,

and to keep a sharp look out for private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid, that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt; the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account; and those who lived to rise to the top of the service, often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Madras, to which Clive had been appointed, was, at this time, perhaps the first in importance of the company's settlements. In the preceding century, Fort St. George had arisen on a barren spot, beaten by a raging surf; and in the neighbourhood a town, inhabited by many thousands of natives, had sprung up, as towns spring up in the East, with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. There were already in the suburbs many white villas, each surrounded by its garden, whither the wealthy agents of the company retired, after the labours of the desk and the warehouse, to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at sunset from the Bay of Bengal. The habits of these mercantile grandees appear to have been more profuse, luxurious, and ostentatious, than those of the high judicial and political functionaries who have succeeded them. But comfort was far less understood. Many devices which now mitigate the heat of the climate, preserve health, and prolong life, were unknown. There was less intercourse with Europe than at present. The voyage by the Cape, which in our time has often been performed within three months, was then very seldom accomplished in six, and was sometimes protracted to more than a year. Consequently the Anglo-Indian was then much more estranged from his country, much more an oriental in his tastes and habits, and much less fitted to mix in society after his return to Europe, than the Anglo-Indian of the present day.

Within the fort and its precincts, the English governors exercised, by permission of the native rulers, an extensive authority. But they had never dreamed of claiming independent power. The surrounding country was governed by the nabob of the Carnatic, a deputy of the viceroy of the Deccan, commonly called the Nizam, who was himself only a deputy of the mighty prince designated by our ancestors as the Great Mogul. Those names, once so august and formidable, still remain. There is still a nabob of the Carnatic, who lives on a pension allowed to him by the company, out of the revenues of the province which his ancestors ruled. There is still a Nizam, whose capital is overawed by a British cantonment, and to whom a British resident gives, under the name of advice, commands which are not to be disputed. There is still a Mogul, who is permitted to play at holding courts and receiving petitions, but who has less power to help or hurt than the youngest civil servant of the company.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese, and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged—no small calamity in a climate which can be rendered tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation

to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George, he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. His shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected, from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day since I left my native country." And again, "I must confess, at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner. . . . If I should be so far blest as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate, nor poverty, nor study, nor the sorrows of a homesick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself; and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation, that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event, which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life, suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been, during some years, distracted by the war of the Austrian succession. George II. was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side. Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she has since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together; and she found it difficult to maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the continent of India, in spite of the opposition of the British fleet—landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up; the French colours were displayed on Fort St. George; and the contents of the company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his

honour that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers; that conquests made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the governor of Pondicherry alone; and that Madras should be rased to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English, was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the company. The governor and several of the first gentlemen of Fort St. George, were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession under the eyes of fifty thousand spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of Madras from the engagements into which they had entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St. David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed, naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit, than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the company, and at twenty-one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with a military bully who was the terror of Fort St. David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in him—judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest British officer in India.

He had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English company; and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was thus wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French crowns; but there arose between the English and French companies trading to the east, a war most eventful and important—a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century, was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no Euro-

pean kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan, amazed even travellers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi, dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys, who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul, ruled as many subjects and enjoyed as large an income as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of oriental despotism, and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house, produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the government from their mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole, retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But, throughout the long reign of Aurungzebe, the state, notwithstanding all that the vigor and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co-operated with an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

The history of the successors of Theodosius bears no small analogy to that of the successors of Aurungzebe. But perhaps the fall of the Carolingians furnishes the nearest parallel to the fall of the Moguls. Charlemagne was scarcely interred when the imbecility and the disputes of his descendants began to bring contempt on themselves and destruction on their subjects. The wide dominion of the Franks was severed into a thousand pieces. Nothing more than a nominal dignity was left to the abject heirs of an illustrious name, Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple. Fierce invaders, differing from each other in race, language, and religion, flocked as if by concert from the furthest corners of the earth, to plunder provinces which the government could no longer defend. The pirates of the Baltic extended their ravages from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, and at length fixed their seat in the rich valley of the Seine. The Hungarian, in whom the trembling monks fancied that they recognised the Gog and Magog of prophecy, carried back the plunder of the cities of Lombardy to the depth of the Pannonian forests. The Saracen ruled in Sicily, desolated the fertile plains of Campania, and spread

terror even to the walls of Rome. In the midst of these sufferings, a great internal change passed upon the empire. The corruption of death began to ferment into new forms of life. While the great body, as a whole, was torpid and passive, every separate member began to feel with a sense, and to move with an energy all its own. Just here, in the most barren and dreary tract of European history, all feudal privileges, all modern nobility, take their source. To this point we trace the power of those princes who, nominally vassals, but really independent, long governed, with the titles of dukes, marquesses, and counts, almost every part of the dominions which had obeyed Charlemagne.

Such or nearly such was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A series of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A series of ferocious invaders had descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier;—the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpoots threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread terror along the Jumna. The high lands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race;—a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which yielded only, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from the mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile vicerealties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Their captains reigned at Poonah, at Cualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles—to the milder neighborhood of the hyæna and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title, stooped to pay this ignominious "black mail." The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended

year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar; and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words, the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy would have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveller among the later Carolingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honor. But they were in truth no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains, and lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasán against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible, that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas—would compel Mahratta and Mahomedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection—would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls;—and, having established a government far stronger than any ever known in those countries, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes—dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy, was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the west. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederick would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth, of some glittering puppet dignified with the title of Nabob or Nizam.

The arts both of war and policy, which a few years later were successfully employed by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

The state of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a decent pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the west, and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was convenient to treat a nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands, represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used, did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was *de facto* dissolved; and that, though it might be proper to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relique of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

In the year 1748, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India—the great Nizam al Mulk, viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law, it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganized, they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a nabob of the Carnatic—to make a viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India;—this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to

were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore; and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers, whom Duplex despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans, and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed any thing that is related of the tenth legion of Cæsar, or of the old guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive—not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instances of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him, in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise.

It was the great Mahommedan festival, which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than that mournful legend:—how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water and uttered his latest prayer—how the assassins carried his head in triumph—how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff—and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the prophet of God. After the lapse of nearly twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation, that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musketballs than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude that had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well-directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers, and seven hundred sepoys, were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a

complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoy, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was, that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken—a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be rased to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterised Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humour in a subordinate capacity. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say, that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. "Some people," he wrote, "are

pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct every thing as it fell out;—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier; for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was not qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms. He was thus under the necessity of entrusting to others the execution of his great warlike designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill-served. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of talent; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed every where. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They allowed him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised;—lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and even among the allies of the English company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his residence in India, and his constitution was now so much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigor and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description, that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly levied sepoy and two hundred recruits who had just landed from

England, and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the company's crimps could pick up in the flash houses of London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong. A shot from the fort killed one of these extraordinary soldiers; on which all the rest faced about and ran away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Clive rallied them. On another occasion, the noise of a gun terrified the sentinels so much, that one of them was found, some hours later, at the bottom of a well. Clive gradually accustomed them to danger, and by exposing himself constantly in the most perilous situations, shamed them into courage. He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials. Covelong fell. Clive learned that a strong detachment was marching to relieve it from Chingleput. He took measures to prevent the enemy from learning that they were too late, laid an ambuscade for them on the road, killed a hundred of them with one fire, took three hundred prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the gates of Chingleput, laid siege instantly to that fastness, reputed one of the strongest in India, made a breach, and was on the point of storming when the French commandant capitulated and retired with his men.

Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married at this time a young lady of the name of Maskelyne, sister of the eminent mathematician, who long held the post of Astronomer-royal. She is described as handsome and accomplished, and her husband's letters, it is said, contain proofs that he was devotedly attached to her.

Almost immediately after the marriage, Clive embarked with his bride for England. He returned a very different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven; yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. There was then general peace in Europe. The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were in arms against each other. The vast schemes of Dupleix had excited no small uneasiness in the city of London; and the rapid turn of fortune, which was chiefly owing to the courage and talents of Clive, had been hailed with great delight. The young captain was known at the India House by the honorable nickname of General Clive, and was toasted by that appellation at the feasts of the directors. On his arrival in England, he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and presented him with a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he declined to receive this token of gratitude, unless a similar compliment was paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence.

It may easily be supposed that Clive was most cordially welcomed home by his family, who were delighted by his success, though they seem to have been hardly able to comprehend how their naughty idle Bobby had become so great a man. His father had been singularly hard of belief. Not until the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England was the old gentleman heard to growl out, that after all

the booby had something in him. His expressions of approbation became stronger and stronger as news arrived of one brilliant exploit after another; and he was at length immoderately fond and proud of his son.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing at his return. Considerable sums of prize money had fallen to his share, and he had brought home several thousands, some of which he expended in extricating his father from pecuniary difficulties, and in redeeming the family estate. The remainder he appears to have dissipated in the course of about two years. He lived splendidly, dressed gaily even for those times, kept a carriage and saddle horses, and, not content with these ways of getting rid of his money, resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition.

At the time of the general election of 1754, the government was in a very singular state. There was scarcely any formal opposition. The Jacobites had been cowed by the issue of the last rebellion. The Tory party had fallen into utter contempt. It had been deserted by all the men of talents who had belonged to it, and had scarcely given a symptom of life during some years. The small faction which had been held together by the influence and promises of Prince Frederick, had been dispersed by his death. Almost every public man of distinguished talents in the kingdom, whatever his early connections had been, was in office, and called himself a Whig. But this extraordinary appearance of concord was quite delusive. The administration itself was distracted by bitter enmities and conflicting pretensions. The chief object of its members was to depress and supplant each other. The prime minister, Newcastle, weak, timid, jealous, and perfidious, was at once detested and despised by the most important members of his government, and by none more than by Henry Fox, the secretary of war. This able, daring and ambitious man seized every opportunity of crossing the first lord of the treasury, from whom he well knew that he had little to dread and little to hope; for Newcastle was through life equally afraid of breaking with men of parts and of promoting them.

Newcastle had set his heart on returning two members for St. Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832. He was opposed by Lord Sandwich, whose influence had long been paramount there; and Fox exerted himself strenuously in Sandwich's behalf. Clive, who had been introduced to Fox, and very kindly received by him, was brought forward on the Sandwich interest, and was returned. But a petition was presented against the return, and was backed by the whole interest of the Duke of Newcastle.

The case was heard, according to the usage of that time, before a committee of the whole house. Questions respecting elections were then considered merely as party questions. Judicial impartiality was not even affected. Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of saying openly, that in election battles there ought to be no quarter. On the present occasion the excitement was great. The matter really at issue was, not whether Clive had been properly or improperly returned; but whether Newcastle or Fox was to be master of the new house of commons, and

consequently first minister. The contest was long and obstinate, and success seemed to lean sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. Fox put forth all his rare powers of debate, beat half the lawyers in the house at their own weapons, and carried division after division against the whole influence of the treasury. The committee decided in Clive's favor. But when the resolution was reported to the house, things took a different course. The remnant of the tory opposition, contemptible as it was, had yet sufficient weight to turn the scale between the nicely balanced parties of Newcastle and Fox. Newcastle the tories could only despise. Fox they hated as the boldest and most subtle politician, and the ablest debater among the whigs;—as the steady friend of Walpole, as the devoted adherent of the Duke of Cumberland. After wavering till the last moment, they determined to vote in a body with the prime minister's friends. The consequence was, that the house, by a small minority, rescinded the decision of the committee, and Clive was unseated.

Ejected from parliament, and straitened in his means, he naturally began to look again towards India. The company and the government were eager to avail themselves of his services. A treaty favourable to England had indeed been concluded in the Carnatic. Dupleix had been superseded, and had returned with the wreck of his immense fortune to Europe, where calumny and chicanery soon hunted him to his grave. But many signs indicated that a war between France and Great Britain was at hand, and it was therefore thought desirable to send an able commander to the company's settlements in India. The directors appointed Clive governor of Fort St. David. The king gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for Asia.

The first service in which he was employed after his return to the east, was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose barks had long been the terror of the Arabian gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit, Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St. David. Before he had been there two months, he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind.

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages, both for agriculture and commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould, which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with similar exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts

with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilizes the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot, and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the east as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Other provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful avocations, bore the same relation to other Asiatics, which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does, he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion; and, though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicane, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Lower down the stream, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighbourhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo merchants of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee, contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, covered the site of the present citadel, and the course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was

unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to reason with him; and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good-will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers, sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake—when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offence punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and, when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without a special permission from the nabob. A rich native whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. He abused the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards; and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice—the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to

natives of England by lofty halls, and the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction—not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the nabob's orders; that the nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if any body awoke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed—implored the guard to fire among them. The gaolers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gasps and moanings. The day broke. The nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses, on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that any thing could be extorted, were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the prince, at Moorsheadabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the mean time, sent letters to

his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighbourhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry—fine troops and full of spirit—and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects and larger revenues than the King of Prussia, or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The nabob was reveling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries, that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible, that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains, than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts, and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat—though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier, carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valour, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman; and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great talents, and obtained great success, is undeniable. But it is also undeniable, that the transactions in which he now began to take a part, have left a stain on his moral character.

We can by no means agree with Sir John Malcolm, who is obstinately resolved to see nothing but honour and integrity in the conduct of his hero. But we can as little agree with Mr. Mill, who has gone so far as to say that Clive was a man "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang." Clive seems to us to have been constitutionally the very opposite of a knave—bold even to temerity—sincere even to indiscretion—hearty in friendship—open in enmity. Neither in his private life, nor in those parts of his public life in which he had to do with his countrymen, do we find any signs of a propensity to cunning. On the contrary, in all the disputes in which he was engaged as an Englishman against Englishmen—from his boxing-matches at school, to the stormy altercations at the India House and in parliament, amidst which his later years were passed—his very faults were those of a high and magnanimous spirit. The truth seems to have been, that he considered oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honour—with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame—with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined—most erroneously in our opinion—that he could effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free—if he went on telling truth, and hearing none—if he fulfilled, to his own hurt, all his engagements with confederates who never kept an engagement that was not to their advantage. Accordingly, this man, in all the other parts of his life an honourable English gentleman and soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself an Indian intriguer; and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands.

The negotiations between the English and the nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents—Mr. Watts, a servant of the company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions, he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure

the Hindoo talents—quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance—and the Hindoo vices—servility, greediness, and treachery.

The nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded, than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear, and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for him, and begged pardon for his intemperance. In the mean time, his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects—soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahomedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him; in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malecontents at Moorshedabad, and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favour of the conspirators, and his vigour and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the

committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which the English had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practise. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince to perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing letter," as Clive calls it, to the nabob, carried to Mr. Watts a letter in the following terms:—"Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his situation, and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery, and appalled by the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own art. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy, and then they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken; but how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red—the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favour.

But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples about signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such, that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken his suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do any thing by halves. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set

forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier; and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honour of waiting on his highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed, that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put every thing to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep: he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distressed by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his own strength, dreading every one who approached him, he was left alone, he sate gloomily in his tent, as a Greek poet would have said, by the furies who had cursed him with their last breath.

The day which was to decide the fate of the British, at sunrise the army of the nabob, by many openings from the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. The infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, and bows, covered the plain. They were supported by fifty pieces of ordnance of the

largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered the army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed, and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But, as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next day he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honours due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion

to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers, and, three hundred sepoys. For his residence had been assigned a palace, which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new nabob to the seat of honour, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language; and is said to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfil the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favour of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the company, and said in English, "it is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Scrafton in Hindostanee, "the red treaty is a take-in. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived; but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though unscrupulous in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ his talents in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding, and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments, and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers with respect to this transaction, had not

Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery; but he will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them; and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treason would have produced a crowd of imitators. Now we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so; for, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy, is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interest of individuals; but, with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith. But we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of this great truth, that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy—that the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years, the English rulers of India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay nay," of a British envoy. No fastness; however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British government offers little more than four per cent., and avarice hastens to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoys, on condition that they will desert the standard of the company. The company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the company will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years, his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the governor-general; and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of

the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess, is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. This advantage we enjoy in Asia. Had we acted during the last two generations on the principles which Sir John Malcolm appears to have considered as sound—had we, as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying, and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion—it is our firm belief that no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.

Sir John Malcolm admits that Clive's breach of faith could be justified only by the strongest necessity. As we think that breach of faith not only unnecessary, but most inexpedient, we need hardly say that we condemn it most severely.

Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Surajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who, in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature, greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which in a short time the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings, that he thought it necessary to apologise to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy.

The shower of wealth now fell copiously on the company and its servants. A sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, in coined silver, was sent down the river from Moorsheadabad to Fort William. The fleet which conveyed this treasure consisted of more than a hundred boats, and performed its triumphal voyage with flags flying and music playing. Calcutta, which, but a few months ago, had been desolate, was now more prosperous than ever. Trade revived; and the signs of affluence appeared in every English house. As to Clive, there was no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. The treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him. There were piled up, after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the florins and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

The pecuniary transactions between Meer Jaffier and Clive were sixteen years later condemned by the public voice, and severely criticised in parliament. They are vehemently defended by Sir John Malcolm. The accusers of the victorious general represented his gains as the wages of corruption, or as plunder extorted at the point of the sword from a helpless biographer, on the other hand, considers acquisitions as free gifts, honourable to the receiver, and compares the honours bestowed by foreign powers on Nelson, and on Wellington. It

had always, he says, been customary in the East to give and receive presents; and there was, as yet, no act of parliament positively prohibiting English functionaries in India from profiting by this Asiatic usage. This reasoning, we own, does not quite satisfy us. We fully acquit Clive of selling the interests of his employers or his country; but we cannot acquit him of having done what, if not in itself evil, was yet of evil example. Nothing is more clear than that a general ought to be the servant of his own government, and of no other. It follows, that whatever rewards he receives for his services ought to be given either by his own government, or with the full knowledge and approbation of his own government. This rule ought to be strictly maintained even with respect to the merest bauble—with respect to a cross, a medal, or a yard of coloured riband. But how can any government be well served if those who command its forces are at liberty, without its permission, without its privity, to accept princely fortunes from its allies? It is idle to say that there was then no act of parliament prohibiting the practice of taking presents from Asiatic sovereigns. It is not on the act which was passed at a later period for the purpose of preventing any such taking of presents, but on grounds which were valid before that act was passed—on grounds of common law and common sense—that we arraign the conduct of Clive. There is no act that we know of, prohibiting the secretary of state for foreign affairs from being in the pay of continental powers. But it is not the less true that a secretary who should receive a secret pension from France, would grossly violate his duty, and would deserve severe punishment. Sir John Malcolm compares the conduct of Clive with that of the Duke of Wellington. Suppose—and we beg pardon for putting such a supposition even for the sake of argument—that the Duke of Wellington had, after the campaign of 1815, and while he commanded the army of occupation in France, privately accepted two hundred thousand pounds from Louis the Eighteenth, as a mark of gratitude for the great services which his grace had rendered to the house of Bourbon—what would be thought of such a transaction? Yet the statute-book no more forbids the taking of presents in Europe now, than it forbade the taking of presents in Asia then.

At the same time, it must be admitted, that in Clive's case there were many extenuating circumstances. He considered himself as the general, not of the crown, but of the company. The company had, by implication at least, authorised its agents to enrich themselves by means of the liberality of the native princes, and by other means still more objectionable. It was hardly to be expected that the servant should entertain stricter notions of his duty than were entertained by his masters. Though Clive did not distinctly acquaint his employers with what had taken place, and request their sanction, he did not, on the other hand, by studied concealment, show that he was conscious of having done wrong. On the contrary, he avowed with the greatest openness that the nabob's bounty had raised him to affluence. Lastly, though we think that he ought not in such a way to have taken any thing, we must admit that he deserves praise for having taken so little. He accepted twenty lacs of rupees. It would have cost him only a word to make the twenty forty. It was a

very easy exercise of virtue to declaim in England against Clive's rapacity; but not one in a hundred of his accusers would have showed so much self-command in the treasury of Moorsshedabad.

Meer Jaffier could be upheld on the throne only by the hand which had placed him on it. He was not, indeed, a mere boy; nor had he been so unfortunate as to be born in the purple. He was not therefore quite so imbecile or quite as depraved as his predecessor had been. But he had none of the talents or virtues which his post required; and his son and heir, Meeran, was another Surajah Dowlah. The recent revolution had unsettled the minds of men. Many chiefs were in open insurrection against the new nabob. The viceroy of the rich and powerful province of Oude, who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, was now in truth an independent sovereign, menaced Bengal with invasion. Nothing but the talents and authority of Clive could support the tottering government. While things were in this state, a ship arrived with despatches, which had been written at the India House, before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London. The directors had determined to place the English settlements in Bengal under a government constituted in the most cumbrous and absurd manner; and, to make the matter worse, no place in the arrangement was assigned to Clive. The persons who were selected to form this new government, greatly to their honour, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying these preposterous orders, and invited Clive to exercise the supreme authority. He consented; and it soon appeared that the servants of the company had only anticipated the wishes of their employers. The directors, on receiving news of Clive's brilliant success, instantly appointed him governor of their possessions in Bengal, with the highest marks of gratitude and esteem. His power was now boundless, and far surpassed even that which Dupleix had attained in the south of India. Meer Jaffier regarded him with slavish awe. On one occasion, the nabob spoke with severity to a native chief of high rank, whose followers had been engaged in a brawl with some of the company's sepoys. "Are you yet to learn," he said, "who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The chief, who, as a famous jester and an old friend of Meer Jaffier, could venture to take liberties, answered, "I affront the colonel—I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" This was hardly an exaggeration. Europeans and natives were alike at Clive's feet. The English regarded him as the only man who could force Meer Jaffier to keep his engagements with them. Meer Jaffier regarded him as the only man who could protect the new dynasty against turbulent subjects and encroaching neighbours.

It is but justice to say, that Clive used his power ably and vigorously for the advantage of his country. He sent forth an expedition against the tract lying to the north of the Carnatic. In this tract the French still had the ascendancy; and it was important to dislodge them. The conduct of the enterprise was entrusted to an officer of the name of Forde, who was then little known, but in whom the keen eye of the governor had detected military talents of a high order. The success of the expedition was rapid and splendid.

MUSEUM.—April, 1840.

While a considerable part of the army of Bengal was thus engaged at a distance, a new and formidable danger menaced the western frontier. The great Mogul was a prisoner at Delhi, in the hands of a subject. His eldest son, named Shah Alum, destined to be the sport, during many years, of adverse fortune, and to be a tool in the hands, first of the Mahrattas, and then of the English, had fled from the palace of his father. His birth was still revered in India. Some powerful princes, the nabob of Oude in particular, were inclined to favour him. He found it easy to draw to his standard great numbers of the military adventurers with whom every part of the country swarmed. An army of forty thousand men, of various races and religions, Mahrattas, Rohillas, Jants, and Afghans, was speedily assembled round him; and he formed the design of overthrowing the upstart whom the English had elevated to a throne, and of establishing his own authority throughout Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

Jaffier's terror was extreme; and the only expedient which occurred to him was to purchase, by the payment of a large sum of money, an accommodation with Shah Alum. This expedient had been repeatedly employed by those who, before him, had ruled the rich and unwearied provinces near the mouth of the Ganges. But Clive treated the suggestion with a scorn worthy of his strong sense and dauntless courage. "If you do this," he wrote, "you will have the nabob of Oude, the Mahrattas, and many more, come from all parts of the confines of your country, who will bully you out of money till you have none left in your treasury. I beg your excellency will rely on the fidelity of the English, and of those troops which are attached to you." He wrote in a similar strain to the governor of Patna, a brave native soldier, whom he highly esteemed. "Come to no terms: defend your city to the last. Rest assured that the English are staunch and firm friends, and that they never desert a cause in which they have once taken a part."

He kept his word. Shah Alum had invested Patna, and was on the point of proceeding to storm, when he learned that the colonel was advancing, by forced marches. The whole army which was approaching consisted of only four hundred and fifty Europeans and two thousand five hundred sepoys. But Clive and his Englishmen were now objects of dread over all the east. As soon as his advanced guard appeared, the besiegers fled before him. A few French adventurers who were about the person of the prince, advised him to try the chance of battle; but in vain. In a few days this great army, which had been regarded with so much uneasiness by the court of Moorsshedabad, melted away before the mere terror of the British name.

The conqueror returned in triumph to Fort William. The joy of Meer Jaffier was as unbounded as his fears had been, and led him to bestow on his preserver a princely token of gratitude. The quitrent which the East India Company was bound to pay to the nabob for the extensive lands held by them to the south of Calcutta, amounted to near thirty thousand pounds sterling a year. The whole of this splendid estate, sufficient to support with dignity the highest rank of the British peerage, was now conferred on Clive for life.

This present we think Clive justified in accepting.

It was a present which, from its very nature, could be no secret. In fact, the company itself was his tenant, and, by its acquiescence, signified its approbation of Meer Jaffier's grant.

But the gratitude of Meer Jaffier did not last long. He had for some time felt that the powerful ally who had set him up, might pull him down, and had been looking round for support against the formidable strength by which he had himself been hitherto supported. He knew that it would be impossible to find among the natives of India any force which would look the colonel's little army in the face. The French power in Bengal was extinct. But the fame of the Dutch had anciently been great in the eastern seas; and it was not yet distinctly known in Asia how much the power of Holland had declined in Europe. Secret communications passed between the court of Moorsshedabad, and the Dutch factory at Chinsura; and urgent letters were sent from Chinsura, exhorting the government of Batavia to fit out an expedition which might balance the power of the English in Bengal. The authorities of Batavia, eager to extend the influence of their country—still more eager to obtain for themselves a share of the wealth which had recently raised so many English adventurers to opulence—equipped a powerful armament. Seven large ships from Java arrived unexpectedly in the Hoogley. The military force on board amounted to fifteen hundred men, of whom about one-half were Europeans. The enterprise was well timed. Clive had sent such large detachments to oppose the French in the Carnatic, that his army was now inferior in number to that of the Dutch. He knew that Meer Jaffier secretly favoured the invaders. He knew that he took on himself a serious responsibility, if he attacked the forces of a friendly power; that the English ministers could not wish to see a war with Holland added to that in which they were already engaged with France; that they might disavow his acts; that they might punish him. He had recently remitted a great part of his fortune to Europe, through the Dutch East India Company; and he had therefore a strong interest in avoiding any quarrel. But he was satisfied, that if he suffered the Batavian armament to pass up the river and to join the garrison at Chinsura, Meer Jaffier would throw himself into the arms of these new allies, and that the English ascendancy in Bengal would be exposed to most serious danger. He took his resolution with characteristic boldness, and was most ably seconded by his officers, particularly by Colonel Forde, to whom the most important part of the operations was entrusted. The Dutch attempted to force a passage. The English encountered them both by land and water. On both elements the enemy had a great superiority of force. On both they were signally defeated. Their ships were taken. Their troops were put to a total rout. Almost all the European soldiers, who constituted the main strength of the invading army, were killed or taken. The conquerors sat down before Chinsura; and the chiefs of that settlement, now thoroughly humbled, consented to the terms which Clive dictated. They engaged to build no fortifications, and to raise no troops beyond a small force necessary for the police of their factories; and it was distinctly provided that any violation of these covenants should be punished with instant expulsion from Bengal.

Three months after this great victory, Clive sailed for England. At home, honours and rewards awaited him—not indeed equal to his claims or to his ambition; but still such as, when his age, his rank in the army, and his original place in society are considered, must be pronounced rare and splendid. He was raised to the Irish peerage, and encouraged to expect an English title. George the Third, who had just ascended the throne, received him with great distinction. The ministers paid him marked attention; and Pitt, whose influence in the house of commons and in the country was unbounded, was eager to mark his regard for one whose exploits had contributed so much to the lustre of that memorable period. The great orator had already in parliament described Clive as a heaven-born general,—a man, who, bred to the labour of the desk, had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the king of Prussia. There were then no reporters in the gallery; but these words, emphatically spoken by the first statesman of the age, had passed from mouth to mouth, had been transmitted to Clive in Bengal, and had greatly delighted and flattered him. Indeed, since the death of Wolfe, Clive was the only English general of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud. The Duke of Cumberland had been generally unfortunate; and his single victory having been gained over his countrymen, and used with merciless severity, had been more fatal to his popularity than his many defeats. Conway, versed in the learning of his profession, and personally courageous, wanted vigour and capacity. Granby, honest, generous, and as brave as a lion, had neither science nor genius. Sackville, inferior in knowledge and abilities to none of his contemporaries, had incurred, unjustly as we believe, the imputation most fatal to the character of a soldier. It was under the command of a foreign general that the British had triumphed at Minden and Warburg. The people therefore, as was natural, greeted with pride and delight a captain of their own, whose native courage and self-taught skill had placed him on a level with the great tacticians of Germany.

The wealth of Clive was such as enabled him to vie with the first grandees of England. There remains proof that he had remitted more than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds through the Dutch East India Company, and more than forty thousand pounds through the English company. The amount which he sent home, through private houses, was also considerable. He invested great sums in jewels, then a very common mode of remittance from India. His purchases of diamonds, at Madras alone, amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds. Besides a great mass of ready money, he had his Indian estate, valued by himself at twenty-seven thousand a year. His whole annual income, in the opinion of Sir John Malcolm, who is desirous to state it as low as possible, exceeded forty thousand pounds; and incomes of forty thousand pounds at the time of the accession of George the Third, were at least as rare as incomes of a hundred thousand pounds now. We may safely affirm, that no Englishman who started with nothing, has ever, in any line of life, created such a fortune at the early age of thirty-four. It would be unjust not to add that he made a creditable use of his riches. As soon as the

battle of Plassey had laid the foundation of his fortune, he sent ten thousand pounds to his sisters, bestowed as much more on other poor friends and relations, ordered his agent to pay eight hundred a year to his parents, and to insist that they should keep a carriage, and settled five hundred a year on his old commander Lawrence, whose means were very slender. The whole sum which he expended in this manner, may be calculated at fifty thousand pounds.

He now set himself to cultivate parliamentary interest. His purchases of land seem to have been made in a great measure with that view; and after the general election of 1761, he found himself in the house of commons, at the head of a body of dependents whose support must have been important to any administration. In English politics, however, he did not take a prominent part. His first attachments, as we have seen, were to Mr. Fox; at a later period he was attracted by the genius and success of Mr. Pitt; but finally, he connected himself in the closest manner with George Grenville. Early in the session of 1764, when the illegal and impolitic persecution of that worthless demagogue Wilkes had strongly excited the public mind, the town was amused by an anecdote, which we have seen in some unpublished memoirs of Horace Walpole. Old Mr. Richard Clive, who, since his son's elevation, had been introduced into society for which his former habits had not well fitted him, presented himself at the levee. The king asked him where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the old gentleman, loud enough to be heard by the whole circle, "and then your majesty will have another vote."

But in truth all Clive's views were directed towards the country in which he had so eminently distinguished himself as a soldier and a statesman; and it was by considerations relating to India that his conduct as a public man in England was regulated. The power of the company, though an anomaly, is in our time, we are firmly persuaded, a beneficial anomaly. In the time of Clive, it was not merely an anomaly but a nuisance. There was no board of control. The directors were for the most part mere traders, ignorant of general politics, ignorant of the peculiarities of the empire which had strangely become subject to them. The court of proprietors, wherever it chose to interfere, was able to have its way. That court was more numerous, as well as more powerful than at present; for, then, every share of five hundred pounds conferred a vote. The meetings were large, stormy, even riotous—the debates indecently virulent. All the turbulence of a Westminster election, all the trickery and corruption of a Grampound election, disgraced the proceedings of this assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a gigantic scale. Clive himself laid out a hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of stock, which he then divided among nominal proprietors on whom he could depend, and whom he brought down in his train to every discussion and every ballot. Others did the same, though not to quite so enormous an extent.

The interest taken by the public of England in Indian questions was then far greater than at present, and the reason is obvious. At present a writer enters the service young; he climbs slowly; he is

rather fortunate if, at forty-five, he can return to his country with an annuity of a thousand a year, and with savings amounting to thirty thousand pounds. A great quantity of wealth is made by English functionaries in India; but no single functionary makes a very large fortune, and what is made is slowly, hardly, and honestly earned. Only four or five high political offices are reserved for public men from England. The residencies, the secretaryships, the seats in the boards of revenue and in the Sudder courts, are all filled by men who have given the best years of life to the service of the company; nor can any talents however splendid, nor any connections however powerful, obtain those lucrative posts for any person who has not entered by the regular door, and mounted by the regular gradations. Seventy years ago, much less money was brought home from the east than in our time. But it was divided among a very much smaller number of persons, and immense sums were often accumulated in a few months. Any Englishman, whatever his age might be, might hope to be one of the lucky emigrants. If he made a good speech in Leadenhall street, or published a clever pamphlet in defence of the chairman, he might be sent out in the company's service, and might return home in three or four years as rich as Pigot or as Clive. Thus the India House was a lottery office, which invited every body to take a chance, and held out ducal fortunes as the prizes destined for the lucky few. As soon as it was known that there was a part of the world where a lieutenant-colonel had one morning received, as a present, an estate as large as that of the Earl of Bath or the Marquis of Rockingham, and where it seemed that such a trifle as ten or twenty thousand pounds was to be had by any British functionary for the asking, society began to exhibit all the symptoms of the South Sea year—a feverish excitement, an ungovernable impatience to be rich, a contempt for slow, sure, and moderate gains.

At the head of the preponderating party in the India House, had long stood a powerful, able, and ambitious director of the name of Sullivan. He had conceived a strong jealousy of Clive, and remembered with bitterness the audacity with which the late governor of Bengal had repeatedly set at nought the authority of the distant directors of the company. An apparent reconciliation took place after Clive's arrival; but enmity remained deeply rooted in the hearts of both. The whole body of directors was then chosen annually. At the election of 1763, Clive attempted to break down the power of the dominant faction. The contest was carried on with a violence which he describes as tremendous. Sullivan was victorious, and hastened to take his revenge. The grant of rent which Clive had received from Meer Jaffier was, in the opinion of the best English lawyers, valid. It had been made by exactly the same authority from which the company had received their chief possessions in Bengal, and the company had long acquiesced in it. The directors, however, most unjustly determined to confiscate it, and Clive was forced to file a bill in chancery against them.

But a great and sudden turn in affairs was at hand. Every ship from Bengal had for some time brought alarming tidings. The internal misgovernment of the province had reached such a point that

it could go no further. What, indeed, was to be expected from a body of public servants exposed to temptation such that, as Clive once said, flesh and blood could not bear it;—armed with irresistible power, and responsible only to the corrupt, turbulent, distracted, ill-informed company, situated at such a distance, that the average interval between the sending of a despatch and the receipt of an answer was above a year and a half! Accordingly, during the five years which followed the departure of Clive from Bengal, the misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society. The Roman proconsul, who, in a year or two, squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of caméléopards—the Spanish viceroy, who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter-horses trapped and shod with silver—were now outdone. Cruelty, indeed, properly so called, was not among the vices of the servants of the company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils than were the effect of their unprincipled eagerness to be rich. They pulled down their creature, Meer Jaffier. They set up in his place another nabob, named Meer Cossim. But Meer Cossim had talents and a will; and, though sufficiently inclined to oppress his subjects himself, he could not bear to see them ground to the dust by oppressions which yielded him no profit—nay, which destroyed his revenue in its very source. The English accordingly pulled down Meer Cossim, and set up Meer Jaffier again; and Meer Cossim, after revenging himself by a massacre surpassing in atrocity that of the Black Hole, fled to the dominions of the nabob of Oude. At every one of these revolutions, the new prince divided among his foreign masters whatever could be scraped together from the treasury of his fallen predecessor. The immense population of his dominions was given up as a prey to those who had made him a sovereign, and who could unmake him. The servants of the company obtained—not for their employers, but for themselves—a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and sell cheap. They insulted with perfect impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependents, who ranged through the provinces, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of his master, and his master was armed with all the power of the company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never under tyranny like this. They found the little finger of the company thicker than the fimsy of Surajah Dowlah. Under their old masters they had at least one resource:—when the evil became insupportable, they rose and pulled down the government. But the English government was not to be so shaken off. That government, oppressive as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the

tion. It resembled the government of evil genii, rather than the government of human tyrants. Even despair could not inspire the soft Bengalee with courage to confront men of English breed—the hereditary nobility of mankind, whose skill and valour had so often triumphed in spite of tenfold odds. The unhappy race never attempted resistance. Sometimes they submitted in patient misery. Sometimes they fled from the white man, as their fathers had been used to fly from the Mahratta; and the palanquin of the English traveller was often carried through silent villages and towns, which the report of his approach had made desolate.

The foreign lords of Bengal were naturally objects of hatred to all the neighbouring powers; and, to all, the haughty race presented a dauntless front. Their armies, every where outnumbered, were every where victorious. A succession of commanders, formed in the school of Clive, still maintained the fame of their country. "It must be acknowledged," says the Mussulman historian of those times, "that this nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery, are past all question. They join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence; nor have they their equals in the art of ranging themselves in battle array and fighting in order. If to so many military qualifications they knew how to join the arts of government—if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God, as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them, or worthier of command; but the people under their dominion groan every where, and are reduced to poverty and distress. Oh God! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions they suffer."

It was impossible, however, that even the military establishment should long continue exempt from the vices which pervaded every other part of the government. Rapacity, luxury, and the spirit of insubordination, spread from the civil service to the officers of the army, and from the officers to the soldiers. The evil continued to grow till every mess-room became the seat of conspiracy and cabal, and till the sepoys could be kept in order only by wholesale executions.

At length the state of things in Bengal began to excite uneasiness at home. A succession of revolutions; a disorganised administration; the natives pillaged, yet the company not enriched; every fleet bringing back individuals able to purchase manors and to build stately dwellings, yet bringing back also alarming accounts of the financial prospects of the government; war on the frontiers, disaffection in the army, the national character disgraced by excesses resembling those of Verres and Pizarro; such was the spectacle which dismayed those who were conversant with Indian affairs. The general cry was, that Clive, and Clive alone, could save the empire which he had founded.

This feeling manifested itself in the strongest manner at a very full general court of proprietors. Men of all parties, forgetting their feuds, and trembling for their dividends, exclaimed that Clive was the man whom the crisis required;—that the oppressive proceedings which had been adopted respecting his estate ought to be dropped, and that he ought to be entreated to return to India.

Clive rose. As to his estate, he said, he would make such propositions to the directors as would, he trusted, lead to an amicable settlement. But there was a still greater difficulty. It was proper to tell them, that he never would undertake the government of Bengal, while his enemy, Sullivan, was chairman of the company. The tumult was violent. Sullivan could scarcely obtain a hearing. An overwhelming majority of the assembly was on Clive's side. Sullivan wished to try the result of a ballot. But, by the by-laws of the company, there can be no ballot except on a requisition signed by nine proprietors; and, though hundreds were present, nine persons could not be found to set their hands to such a requisition.

Clive was in consequence nominated governor and commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal. But he adhered to his declaration, and refused to enter on his office till the event of the next election of directors should be known. The contest was obstinate, but Clive triumphed. Sullivan, lately absolute master of the India House, was within a vote of losing his own seat; and both the chairman and the deputy-chairman were friends of the new governor.

Such were the circumstances under which Lord Clive sailed for the third and last time to India. In May, 1765, he reached Calcutta, and he found the whole machine of government more fearfully disorganised than he had anticipated. Meer Jaffier, who had some time before lost his eldest son Meeran, had died while Clive was on his voyage out. The English functionaries at Calcutta had already received from home strict orders not to accept presents from the native princes. But, eager for gain, and unaccustomed to respect the commands of their distant, ignorant, and negligent masters, they again set up the throne of Bengal to sale. About one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling were distributed among nine of the most powerful servants of the company; and, in consideration of this bribe, an infant son of the deceased nabob was placed on the seat of his father. The news of the ignominious bargain met Clive on his arrival. In a private letter, written immediately after to an intimate friend, he poured out his feelings in language which, proceeding from a man so daring, so resolute, and so little given to theatrical display of sentiment, seems to us singularly touching. "Alas!" he says, "how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation—Irrrecoverably so, I fear. However, I do declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there be an hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy those great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt."

The council met, and Clive stated to them his full determination to effect a thorough reform, and to use for that purpose the whole of the ample authority, civil and military, which had been confided to him. Johnstone, one of the boldest and worst men in the assembly, made some show of opposition. Clive interrupted him, and haughtily demanded whether he meant to question the power of the new government. Johnstone was cowed, and disclaimed any such intention. All the faces round the board grew

long and pale; and not another syllable of dissent was uttered.

Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half; and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult, and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune; to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them, to conciliate the goodwill of all the English in Bengal, by giving up to their rapacity a helpless and timid race, who knew not where lay the island which sent forth their oppressors; and whose complaints had little chance of being heard across fifteen thousand miles of ocean. He knew that, if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation, he should raise every bad passion in arms against him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers, who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated. But he had chosen the good part; and he called up all the force of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey. At first success seemed hopeless; but very soon all obstacles began to bend before that iron courage and that vehement will. The receiving of presents from the natives was rigidly prohibited. The private trade of the servants of the company was put down. The whole settlement seemed to be set, as one man, against these measures. But the inexorable governor declared that, if he could not find support at Fort William, he would procure it elsewhere; and sent for some civil servants from Madras to assist him in carrying on the administration. The most factious of his opponents he turned out of their offices. The rest submitted to what was inevitable; and in a very short time all resistance was quelled.

But Clive was far too wise a man not to see that the recent abuses were partly to be ascribed to a cause which could not fail to produce similar abuses as soon as the pressure of his strong hand was withdrawn. The company had followed a mistaken policy with respect to the remuneration of its servants. The salaries were too low to afford even those indulgences which are necessary to the health and comfort of Europeans in a tropical climate. To lay by a rupee from such scanty pay was impossible. It could not be supposed that men of even average abilities would consent to pass the best years of life in exile, under a burning sun, for no other consideration than these stinted wages. It had accordingly been understood, from a very early period, that the company's agents were at liberty to enrich themselves by their private trade. This practice had been seriously injurious to the commercial interests of the corporation. That very intelligent observer, Sir Thomas Roe, in the reign of James the First, strongly urged the directors to apply a remedy to the abuse. "Absolutely prohibit the private trade," said he, "for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they come not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from."

In spite of this excellent advice, the company adhered to the old system, paid low salaries, and cor-

nived at the by-gains of its servants. The pay of a member of council was only three hundred pounds a year. Yet it was notorious that such a functionary could hardly live in India for less than ten times that sum; and it could not be expected that he would be content to live even handsomely in India without laying up something against the time of his return to England. This system, before the conquest of Bengal, might affect the amount of the dividends payable to the proprietors, but could do little harm in any other way. But the company was now a ruling body. Its servants might still be called factors, junior merchants, senior merchants. But they were in truth proconsuls, propretors, procurators of extensive regions. They had immense power. Their regular pay was universally admitted to be insufficient. They were, by the ancient usage of the service, and by the implied permission of their employers, warranted in enriching themselves by indirect means; and this had been the origin of the frightful oppression and corruption which had desolated Bengal. Clive saw clearly that it was absurd to give men power, and to expect that they would be content to live in penury. He justly concluded, that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for liberally remunerating the civil servants of the company. The directors, he knew, were not disposed to sanction any increase of the salaries out of their own treasury. The only course which remained open to the governor was one which exposed him to much misrepresentation, but which we think him fully justified in adopting. He appropriated to the support of the service the monopoly of salt, which has formed, down to our own time, a principal head of Indian revenue; and he divided the proceeds according to a scale which seems to have been not unreasonably fixed. He was in consequence accused by his enemies, and has been accused by historians, of disobeying his instructions—of violating his promises—of authorising that very abuse which it was his especial mission to destroy, namely, the trade of the company's servants. But every discerning and impartial judge will admit, that there was really nothing in common between the system which he set up and that which he was sent to destroy. The monopoly of salt had been a source of revenue to the governments of India before Clive was born. It continued to be so long after his death. The civil servants were clearly entitled to a maintenance out of the revenue, and all that Clive did was to charge a particular portion of the revenue with their maintenance. He thus, while he put an end to the practices by which gigantic fortunes had been rapidly accumulated, gave to every British functionary employed in the East the means of slowly, but surely, acquiring a competence. Yet, such is the injustice of mankind, that none of those acts which are the real taints of his life, has drawn on him so much obloquy as this measure, which was in truth a reform necessary to the success of all his other reforms.

He had quelled the opposition of the civil service: that of the army was more formidable. Some of the retrenchments which had been ordered by the directors affected the interests of the military service; and a storm arose, such as even Cæsar would not willingly have faced. It was no light thing to encounter the resistance of those who held the power

of the sword, in a country governed only by the sword. Two hundred English officers engaged in a conspiracy against the government, and determined to resign their commissions on the same day, not doubting that Clive would grant any terms rather than see the army, on which alone the British empire in the East rested, left without commanders. They little knew the unconquerable spirit with which they had to deal. Clive had still a few officers round his person on whom he could rely. He sent to Fort St. George for a fresh supply. He gave commissions even to mercantile agents who were disposed to support him at this crisis; and he sent orders that every officer who resigned should be instantly brought up to Calcutta. The conspirators found that they had miscalculated. The governor was inexorable. The troops were steady. The sepoys, over whom Clive had always possessed extraordinary influence, stood by him with unshaken fidelity. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried, and cashiered. The rest, humbled and dispirited, begged to be permitted to withdraw their resignations. Many of them declared their repentance even with tears. The younger offenders Clive treated with lenity. To the ringleaders he was inflexibly severe; but his severity was pure from all taint of private malevolence. While he sternly upheld the just authority of his office, he passed by personal insults and injuries with magnanimous disdain. One of the conspirators was accused of having planned the assassination of the governor; but Clive would not listen to the charge. "The officers," he said, "are Englishmen, not assassins."

While he reformed the civil service and established his authority over the army, he was equally successful in his foreign policy. His landing on Indian ground was the signal for immediate peace. The nabob of Oude, with a large army, lay at that time on the frontier of Bahar. He had been joined by many Afghans and Mahrattas, and there was no small reason to expect a general coalition of all the native powers against the English. But the name of Clive quelled in an instant all opposition. The enemy implored peace in the humblest language, and submitted to such terms as the new governor chose to dictate.

At the same time, the government of Bengal was placed on a new footing. The power of the English in that province had hitherto been altogether undefined. It was unknown to the ancient constitution of the empire, and it had been ascertained by no compact. It resembled the power which, in the last decrepitude of the western empire, was exercised over Italy by the great chiefs of foreign mercenaries, the Ricimers and the Odoacers, who put up and pulled down at their pleasure a succession of insignificant princes, dignified with the names of Cæsar and Augustus. But as in the one case, so in the other, the warlike strangers at length found it expedient to give to a domination which had been established by arms alone, the sanction of law and ancient prescription. Theodoric thought it politic to obtain from the distant court of Byzantium a commission appointing him ruler of Italy; and Clive, in the same manner, applied to the court of Delhi for a formal grant of the powers of which he already possessed the reality. The Mogul was absolutely helpless; and, though he murmured, had reason to

be well pleased that the English were disposed to give solid rupees, which he never could have extorted from them, in exchange for a few Persian characters which cost him nothing. A bargain was speedily struck; and the titular sovereign of Hindostan issued a warrant, empowering the company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa and Bahar.

There was still a nabob, who stood to the British authorities in the same relation in which the last drivelling Chilperics and Childerics of the Merovingian line stood to their able and vigorous mayors of the palace—to Charles Martel and to Pepin. At one time Clive had almost made up his mind to discard this phantom altogether; but he afterwards thought that it might be convenient still to use the name of the nabob, particularly in dealings with other European nations. The French, the Dutch, and the Danes, would, he conceived, submit far more readily to the authority of the native prince, whom they had always been accustomed to respect, than to that of a rival trading corporation. This policy may, at that time, have been judicious. But the pretence was soon found to be too flimsy to impose on any body; and it was altogether laid aside. The heir of Meer Jaffer still resides at Moorsshedabad, the ancient capital of his house, still bears the title of nabob, is still accosted by the English as "Your Highness," and is still suffered to retain a portion of the regal state which surrounded his ancestors. A pension of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year is annually paid to him by the government. His carriage is surrounded by guards, and preceded by attendants with silver maces. His person and his dwelling are exempted from the ordinary authority of the ministers of justice. But he has not the smallest share of political power, and is, in fact, only a noble and wealthy subject of the company.

It would have been easy for Clive, during his second administration in Bengal, to accumulate riches such as no subject in Europe possessed. He might indeed, without subjecting the rich inhabitants of the province to any pressure beyond that to which their mildest rulers had accustomed them, have received presents to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds a year. The neighbouring princes would gladly have paid any price for his favour. But he appears to have strictly adhered to the rules which he had laid down for the guidance of others. The prince of Benares offered him diamonds of great value. The nabob of Oude pressed him to accept a large sum of money, and a casket of costly jewels. Clive courteously, but peremptorily refused: and it deserves notice that he made no merit of his refusal, and that the facts did not come to light till after his death. He kept an exact account of his salary, of his share of the profits accruing from the trade in salt, and of those presents which, according to the fashion of the East, it would be churlish to refuse. Out of the sum arising from these resources, he defrayed the expenses of his situation. The surplus he divided among a few attached friends who had accompanied him to India. He always boasted, and as far as we can judge he boasted with truth, that his last administration diminished instead of increasing his fortune.

One large sum indeed he accepted. Meer Jaffer had left him by will above sixty thousand pounds

sterling, in specie and jewels: and the rules which had been recently laid down extended only to presents from the living, and did not affect legacies from the dead. Clive took the money, but not for himself. He made the whole over to the company, in trust for officers and soldiers invalided in their service. The fund, which still bears his name, owes its origin to this princely donation.

After a stay of eighteen months, the state of his health rendered it necessary for him to return to Europe. At the close of January, 1767, he quitted for the last time the country on whose destinies he had exercised so mighty an influence.

His second return from Bengal was not, like his first, greeted by the acclamations of his countrymen. Numerous causes were already at work which embittered the remaining years of his life, and hurried him to an untimely grave. His old enemies at the India House were still powerful and active; and they had been reinforced by a large band of allies, whose violence far exceeded their own. The whole crew of pilferers and oppressors from whom he had rescued Bengal, persecuted him with the implacable rancour which belongs to such abject natures. Many of them even invested their property in India stock, merely that they might be better able to annoy the man whose firmness had set bounds to their rapacity. Lying newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him; and the temper of the public mind was then such, that these arts, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ineffectual against truth and merit, produced an extraordinary impression.

The great events which had taken place in India had called into existence a new class of Englishmen, to whom their countrymen gave the name of nabobs. These persons had generally sprung from families neither ancient nor opulent; they had generally been sent at an early age to the East; and they had there acquired large fortunes, which they had brought back to their native land. It was natural that, not having had much opportunity of mixing with the best society, they should exhibit some of the awkwardness and some of the pomposity of upstarts. It was natural that, during their sojourn in Asia, they should have acquired some tastes and habits surprising, if not disgusting, to persons who never had quitted Europe. It was natural that, having enjoyed great consideration in the East, they should not be disposed to sink into obscurity at home; and as they had money, and had not birth or high connection, it was natural that they should display a little obtrusively the advantage which they possessed. Wherever they settled there was a kind of feud between them and the old nobility and gentry, similar to that which raged in France between the farmer-general and the marquis. This enmity to the aristocracy long continued to distinguish the servants of the company. More than twenty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Burke pronounced, that among the Jacobins might be reckoned "the East Indians almost to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not bear a proportion to their wealth."

The nabobs soon became a most unpopular class of men. Some of them had in the East displayed eminent talents, and rendered great services to the state; but at home their talents were not shown to

advantage, and their services were little known. That they had sprung from obscurity, that they had acquired great wealth, that they exhibited it insatiably, that they spent it extravagantly, that they raised the price of every thing in their neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs; that their liveries outshone those of dukes, that their coaches were finer than that of the lord mayor, that the examples of their large and ill-governed households corrupted half the servants in the country; that some of them, with all their magnificence, could not catch the tone of good society, but, in spite of the stud and the crowd of menials, of the plate and the Dresden china, of the venison and the Burgundy, were still low men;—these were things which excited, both in the class from which they had sprung, and in that into which they attempted to force themselves, the bitter aversion which is the effect of mingled envy and contempt. But when it was also rumoured that the fortune which had enabled its possessor to eclipse the lord-lieutenant on the race-ground, or to carry the county against the head of a house as old as “Domesday Book,” had been accumulated by violating public faith—by deposing legitimate princes, by reducing whole provinces to beggary—all the higher and better, as well as all the low and evil parts of human nature, were stirred against the wretch who had obtained, by guilt and dishonour, the riches which he now lavished with arrogant and inelegant profusion. The unfortunate nabob seemed to be made up of those foibles against which comedy has pointed the most merciless ridicule, and of those crimes which have thrown the deepest gloom over tragedy—of Tiberius and Nero, of Monsieur Jourdain and Richard the Third. A tempest of execration and derision, such as can be compared only to that outbreak of public feeling against the puritans which took place at the time of the restoration, burst on the servants of the company. The humane man was horror-struck at the way in which they had got their money, the thrifty man at the way in which they spent it. The dilettante sneered at their want of taste. The macaroni black-balled them as vulgar fellows. Writers the most unlike in sentiment and style—methodists and libertines, philosophers and buffoons—were for once on the same side. It is hardly too much to say, that, during a space of about thirty years, the whole lighter literature of England was coloured by the feelings which we have described. Foote brought on the stage an Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous, and tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on panders and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaghires. Mackenzie, with more delicate humour, depicted a plain country family raised by the Indian acquisitions of one of its members to sudden opulence, and exciting derision by an awkward mimicry of the manners of the great. Cowper, in that lofty expostulation which glows with the very spirit of the Hebrew poets, placed the oppression of India foremost in the list of those national crimes for which God had punished England with years of disastrous war, with discomfiture in her own seas, and with the loss of her trans-

atlantic empire. If any of our readers will take the trouble to search in the dusty recesses of circulating libraries for some novel published sixty years ago, the chance is that the villain or sub-villain of the story will prove to be a savage old nabob, with an immense fortune, a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart.

Such, as far as we can now judge, was the feeling of the country respecting nabobs in general. And Clive was eminently the nabob—the ablest, the most celebrated, the highest in rank, the highest in fortune, of all the fraternity. His wealth was exhibited in a manner which could not fail to excite odium. He lived with great magnificence in Berkeley Square. He reared one palace in Shropshire, and another at Claremont. His parliamentary influence might vie with that of the greatest families. But in all his splendour and power, envy found something to sneer at. On some of his relations, wealth and dignity seem to have sate as awkwardly as on Mackenzie’s “Margery Mushroom.” Nor was he himself, with all his great qualities, free from those weaknesses which the satirists of that age represented as characteristic of his whole class. In the field, indeed, his habits were remarkably simple. He was constantly on horseback, was never seen but in his uniform, never wore silk, never entered a palanquin, and was content with the plainest fare. But when he was no longer at the head of the army, he laid aside this Spartan temperance for the ostentatious luxury of a Sybarite. Though his person was ungraceful, and though his harsh features were redeemed from vulgar ugliness only by their stern, dauntless, and commanding expression, he was fond of rich and gay clothing, and replenished his wardrobe with absurd profusion. Sir John Malcolm gives us a letter worthy of Sir Matthew Mite, in which Clive orders “two hundred shirts, the best and finest that can be got for love or money.” A few follies of this description, grossly exaggerated by report, produced an unfavourable impression on the public mind. But this was not the worst. Black stories, of which the greater part were pure inventions, were circulated respecting his conduct in the East. He had to bear the whole odium, not only of those bad acts to which he had once or twice stooped, but of all the bad acts of all the English in India—of bad acts committed when he was absent—nay, of bad acts which he had manfully opposed and severely punished. The very abuses against which he had waged an honest, resolute, and successful war, were laid to his account. He was, in fact, regarded as the personification of all the vices and weaknesses which the public, with or without reason, ascribed to the English adventurers in Asia. We have ourselves heard old men, who knew nothing of his history, but who still retained the prejudices conceived in their youth, talk of him as an incarnate fiend. Johnson always held this language. Brown, whom Clive employed to lay out his pleasure grounds, was amazed to see in the house of his employer a chest which had once been filled with gold from the treasury of Moorshebadad; and could not understand how the conscience of the criminal could suffer him to sleep with such an object so near to his bedchamber. The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered

the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story, was a worthless ugly lad of the name of Hunter, since widely known as William Huntingdon, S.S.; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor, seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive.*

In the mean time, the impulse which Clive had given to the administration of Bengal, was constantly becoming fainter and fainter. His policy was to a great extent abandoned; the abuses which he had suppressed began to revive; and at length the evils which a bad government had engendered, were aggravated by one of those fearful visitations which the best government cannot avert. In the summer of 1770, the rains failed; the earth was parched up; the tanks were empty; the rivers shrank within their beds; a famine, such as is known only in countries where every household depends for support on its own little patch of cultivation, filled the whole valley of the Ganges with misery and death. Tender and delicate women, whose veils had never been lifted before the public gaze, came forth from the inner chambers in which Eastern jealousy had kept watch over their beauty, threw themselves on the earth before the passers by, and, with loud wailings, implored a handful of rice for their children. The Hoogley every day, rolled down thousands of corpses close by the porticoes and gardens of the English conquerors. The very streets of Calcutta were blocked up by the dying and the dead. The lean and feeble survivors had not energy enough to bear the bodies of their kindred to the funeral pile or to the holy river, or even to scare away the jackals and vultures, who fed on human remains in the face of day. The extent of the mortality was never ascertained, but it was popularly reckoned by millions. This melancholy intelligence added to the excitement which already prevailed in England on Indian subjects. The proprietors of East India stock were uneasy about their dividends. All men of common humanity were touched by the calamities of our unhappy subjects, and indignation soon began to mingle itself with pity. It was rumoured that the company's servants had created the famine by engrossing all the rice of the country; that they had sold grain for eight, ten, twelve times the price at which they had bought it; that one English functionary, who, the year before, was not worth a hundred guineas, had, during that season of misery, remitted sixty thousand pounds to London. These charges we believe to have been utterly unfounded. That servants of the company had ventured, since Clive's departure, to deal in rice, is probable. That, if they dealt in rice, they must have gained by the scarcity, is certain. But there is no reason for thinking that they either produced or aggravated an evil which physical causes sufficiently explain. The outcry which was raised against them on this occasion was, we suspect, as absurd as the imputation which, in times of dearth at home, were once thrown by statesmen and judges, and are still thrown by two or three old women, on the corn-factors. It was, however, so loud and so general, that it appears to have imposed even on an intellect raised so high above vulgar prejudices as that of Adam Smith.† What was still more extraordinary, these unhappy events greatly increased the unpopularity of Lord Clive. He had been some years in England when the famine took place. None of his measures had the smallest tendency to produce such a

calamity. If the servants of the company had traded in rice, they had done so in direct contravention of the rules which he had laid down, and, while in power, had resolutely enforced. But, in the eyes of his countrymen, he was, as we have said, the nabob—the Anglo-Indian character personified; and, while he was building and planting in Surrey, he was held responsible for all the effects of a dry season in Bengal.

Parliament had hitherto bestowed very little attention on our eastern possessions. Since the death of George the Second, a rapid succession of weak administrations, each of which was in turn flattered and betrayed by the court, had held the semblance of power. Intrigues in the palace, riots in the city, and insurrectionary movements in the American colonies, had left them little leisure to study Indian politics. Where they did interfere, their interference was feeble and irresolute. Lord Chatham, indeed, during the short period of his ascendancy in the councils of George the Third, had meditated a bold and sweeping measure, respecting the acquisitions of the company. But his plans were rendered abortive by the strange malady which about that time began to overcloud his splendid genius.

At length, in 1772, it was generally felt that parliament could no longer neglect the affairs of India. The government was stronger than any which had held power since the breach between Mr. Pitt and the great whig connection in 1761. No pressing question of domestic or European policy required the attention of public men. There was a short and delusive lull between two tempests. The excitement produced by the Middlesex election was over; the discontents of America did not yet threaten civil war; the financial difficulties of the company brought on a crisis; the ministers were forced to take up the subject; and the whole storm, which had long been gathering, now broke at once on the head of Clive.

His situation was indeed singularly unfortunate. He was hated throughout the country, hated at the India House, hated, above all, by those wealthy and powerful servants of the company, whose rapacity and tyranny he had withstood. He had to bear the double odium of his bad and of his good actions—of every Indian abuse, and of every Indian reform. The state of the political world was such, that he could count on the support of no powerful connection. The party to which he had belonged, that of George Grenville, had been hostile to the government, and yet had never cordially united with the other sections of the opposition—with the little band who still followed the fortunes of Lord Chatham, or with the large and respectable body of which Lord Rockingham was the acknowledged leader. George Grenville was now dead: his followers were scattered; and Clive, unconnected with any of the powerful factions which divided the parliament, could reckon only on the votes of those members who were returned by himself. His enemies, particularly those who were the enemies of his virtues, were unscrupulous, ferocious, implacable. Their malevolence aimed at nothing less than the utter ruin of his fame and fortune. They wished to see him expelled from parliament, to see his spurs chopped off, to see his estate confiscated; and it may be doubted whether even such a result as this would have quenched their thirst for revenge.

Clive's parliamentary tactics resembled his military tactics. Deserted, surrounded, outnumbered, and with every thing at stake, he did not even deign to stand on the defensive, but pushed boldly forward to the attack. At an early stage of the discussions on Indian affairs, he rose, and in a long and elaborate speech, vindicated himself from a large part of the accusations which had been brought against him. He is said to have produced a great impression on his audience. Lord Chatham, who, now the ghost of his former self, loved to haunt the scene

* See Huntingdon's *Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer*, and his *Letters*.

† *Wealth of Nations*, Book IV. Chap. v.—Digression. *Museum*.—APRIL, 1840.

of his glory, was that night under the gallery of the house of commons, and declared that he had never heard a finer speech. It was subsequently printed under Clive's direction, and must be allowed to exhibit, not merely strong sense and a manly spirit, but talents both for disquisition and declamation, which assiduous culture might have improved into the highest excellence. He confined his defence on this occasion to the measures of his last administration; and succeeded so far, that his enemies thenceforth thought it expedient to direct their attacks chiefly against the earlier part of his life.

The earlier part of his life unfortunately presented some available points to their hostility. A committee was chosen by ballot, to inquire into the affairs of India; and by this committee the whole history of that great revolution which threw down Surajah Dowlah, and raised Meer Jaffier, was sifted with malignant care. Clive was subjected to the most unsparring examination and cross-examination, and afterwards bitterly complained that he, the Baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer. The boldness and ingenuousness of his replies, would alone suffice to show how alien from his nature were the frauds to which, in the course of his eastern negotiations, he had sometimes descended. He avowed the arts which he had employed to deceive Omichund; and resolutely said that he was not ashamed of them, and that, in the same circumstances, he would again act in the same manner. He admitted that he had received immense sums from Meer Jaffier; but he denied that, in doing so, he had violated any obligation of morality or honour. He laid claim, on the contrary, and not without some reason, to the praise of eminent disinterestedness. He described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him;—a great prince dependent on his pleasure; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone. "By God, Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation."

The inquiry was so extensive that the houses rose before it had been completed. It was continued in the following session. When at length the committee had concluded its labours, enlightened and impartial men had little difficulty in making up their minds as to the result. It was clear that Clive had been guilty of some acts which it is impossible to vindicate without attacking the authority of all the most sacred laws which regulate the intercourse of individuals and of states. But it was equally clear, that he had displayed great talents, and even great virtues; that he had rendered eminent services both to his country and to the people of India; and that it was in truth not for his dealings with Meer Jaffier, nor for the fraud which he had practised on Omichund, but for his determined resistance to avarice and tyranny, that he was now called in question.

Ordinary criminal justice knows nothing of set-off. The greatest desert cannot be pleaded in answer to a charge of the slightest transgression. If a man has sold beer on Sunday morning, it is no defence that he has saved the life of a fellow-creature at the risk of his own. If he has harnessed a Newfoundland dog to his little child's carriage, it is no defence that he was wounded at Waterloo. But it is not in this way that we ought to deal with men who, raised far above ordinary restraints, and tried by far more than ordinary temptations, are entitled to a more than ordinary measure of indulgence. Such men should be judged by their contemporaries as they will be judged by posterity. Their bad actions ought not, indeed, to be called good; but their good and bad actions ought to be fairly weighed;—and if on the whole the good preponderate, the sentence ought to be one, not merely of acquittal but of approbation. Not a single

great ruler in history can be absolved by a judge who fixes his eye inexorably on one or two unjustifiable acts. Bruce the deliverer of Scotland, Maurice the deliverer of Germany, William the deliverer of Holland, his great descendant the deliverer of England, Murray the good regent, Cosmo the father of his country, Henry IV. of France, Peter the Great of Russia—how would the best of them pass such a scrutiny? History takes wider views; and the best tribunal for great political cases is that tribunal which anticipates the verdict of history.

Reasonable and moderate men of all parties felt this in Clive's case. They could not pronounce him blameless; but they were not disposed to abandon him to that low-minded and rancorous pack who had run him down, and were eager to worry him to death. Lord North, though not very friendly to him, was not disposed to go to extremities against him. While the inquiry was still in progress, Clive, who had some years before been created a knight of the bath, was installed with great pomp in Henry the Seventh's chapel. He was soon after appointed lord-lieutenant of Shropshire. When he kissed hands, George III., who had always been partial to him, admitted him to a private audience, talked to him half an hour on Indian politics, and was visibly affected when the persecuted general spoke of his services, and of the way in which they had been requited.

At length the charges came in a definite form before the house of commons. Burgoyne, chairman of the committee, a man of wit, fashion, and honour, an agreeable dramatic writer, an officer whose courage was never questioned, and whose skill was at that time highly esteemed, appeared as the accuser. The members of the administration took different sides; for in that age all questions were open questions except such as were brought forward by the government, or such as implied some censure on the government. Thurlow, the attorney general, was among the assailants. Wedderburne, the solicitor general, strongly attached to Clive, defended his friend with extraordinary force of argument and language. It is a curious circumstance, that some years later, Thurlow was the most conspicuous champion of Warren Hastings, while Wedderburne was among the most unrelenting persecutors of that great, though not faultless statesman. Clive spoke in his own defence at less length and with less art than in the preceding year, but with great energy and pathos. He recounted his great actions and his wrongs; and, after bidding his hearers remember that they were about to decide, not only on his honour but on their own, he retired from the house.

The commons resolved that acquisitions made by the arms of the state belong to the state alone, and that it is illegal in the servants of the state to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves. They resolved that this wholesome rule appeared to have been systematically violated by the English functionaries in Bengal. On a subsequent day they went a step further, and resolved that Clive had, by means of the power which he possessed as commander of the British forces in India, obtained large sums from Meer Jaffier. Here the house stopped. They had voted the major and minor of Burgoyne's syllogism; but they shrunk from drawing the logical conclusion. When it was moved that Lord Clive had abused his powers, and set an evil example to the servants of the public, the previous question was put and carried. At length, long after the sun had risen on an animated debate, Wedderburne moved that Lord Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to his country; and this motion passed without a division.

The result of this memorable inquiry appears to us, on the whole, honourable to the justice, moderation, and discernment of the commons. They had indeed no great

temptation to do wrong. They would have been very bad judges of an accusation brought against Jenkinson or against Wilkes. But the question respecting Clive was not a party question; and the house accordingly acted with the good sense and good feeling which may always be expected from an assembly of English gentlemen, not blinded by faction.

The equitable and temperate proceedings of the British parliament were set off to the greatest advantage by a foil. The wretched government of Louis XV. had murdered, directly or indirectly, almost every Frenchman who had served his country with distinction in the East. Labourdonnais was flung into the Bastille, and, after years of suffering, left it only to die. Dupleix, stripped of his immense fortune, and broken-hearted by humiliating attendance in antechambers, sank into an obscure grave. Lally was dragged to the common place of execution with a gag between his lips. The commons of England, on the other hand, treated their living captain with that discriminating justice which is seldom shown except to the dead. They laid down sound general principles; they delicately pointed out where he had deviated from those principles; and they tempered the gentle censure with liberal eulogy. The contrast struck Voltaire, always partial to England, and always eager to expose the abuses of the parliaments of France. Indeed he seems, at this time, to have meditated a history of the conquest of Bengal. He mentioned his design to Dr. Moore when that amusing writer visited him at Ferney. Wedderburne took great interest in the matter, and pressed Clive to furnish materials. Had the plan been carried into execution, we have no doubt that Voltaire would have produced a book containing much lively and picturesque narrative, many just and humane sentiments poignantly expressed, many grotesque blunders, many sneers at the Mosaic chronology, much scandal about the Catholic missionaries, and much sublime *theophilanthropy* stolen from the New Testament, and put into the mouths of virtuous and philosophical Brahmins.

Clive was now secure in the enjoyment of his fortune and his honours. He was surrounded by attached friends and relations; and he had not yet passed the season of vigorous bodily and mental exertion. But clouds had long been gathering over his mind, and now settled on it in thick darkness. From early youth he had been subject to fits of that strange melancholy "which rejoiceth exceedingly and is glad when it can find the grave." While still a writer at Madras, he had twice attempted to destroy himself. Business and prosperity had produced a salutary effect on his spirits. In India, while he was occupied by great affairs, in England, while wealth and rank had still the charm of novelty, he had borne up against his constitutional misery. But he had now nothing to do, and nothing to wish for. His active spirit in an inactive situation drooped and withered like a plant in an uncongenial air. The malignity with which his enemies had pursued him, the indignity with which he had been treated by the committee, the censure, lenient as it was, which the house of commons had pronounced, the knowledge that he was regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as a cruel and perfidious tyrant, all concurred to irritate and depress him. In the mean time, his temper was tried by acute physical suffering. During his long residence in tropical climates, he had contracted several painful distempers. In order to obtain ease he called in the help of opium; and he was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally. To the last, however, his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. It was said that he would sometimes, after sitting silent and torpid for hours, rouse himself to the discussion of some great question, would display in full vigour all the talents of the soldier and the statesman, and would then sink back into his melancholy repose.

The disputes with America had now become so serious, that an appeal to the sword seemed inevitable; and the ministers were desirous to avail themselves of the services of Clive. Had he still been what he was when he raised the siege of Patna, and annihilated the Dutch army and navy at the mouth of the Ganges, it is not improbable that the resistance of the colonists would have been put down, and that the inevitable separation would have been deferred for a few years. But it was too late. His strong mind was fast sinking under many kinds of suffering. On the 22d of November, 1774, he died by his own hand. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

In the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices; and some men of real piety and talents so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy, as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies.

Clive committed great faults; and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghazni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth, won great battles at a still earlier age; but those princes were surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of the Granicus, of Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early age ever gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realised, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the sacred way, and through the crowded forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-half of a Roman legion.

From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our eastern empire. When he landed at Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich, by any means, in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparring war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that

war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days, compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the company and of its servants has been taken away—if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty—if to that gang of public robbers which once spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit—if we now see men like Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalf, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honourable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth—the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list—in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer, a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Reise des kaiserlich Russischen Flotten Lieutenants Ferdinand v. Wrangel, längs der Nordküste von Siberien und auf dem Eismeere, in dem Jahren 1820 bis 1824. (Survey of the North-eastern Coast of Siberia, by order of the Russian Government.) Berlin, 1839.

The publication of the work now before us has been unaccountably delayed for more than ten years, and appears at length in the form of a translation, while the original Russian manuscript is still allowed idly to repose in the archives of the admiralty at St. Petersburg. The distinguished author has in the mean time been advancing from the rank of lieutenant to that of admiral; his services, therefore, have been fully estimated by his government, a circumstance that makes the suppression of his attractive narrative the more surprising. The consequence has been, that though to the scientific world the name of Von Wrangel has long been advantageously known, through some fragmentary communications made by Professor Parrot, yet the public generally have hitherto remained in perfect ignorance of the meritorious and persevering exertions of the Russian seaman, to complete the geographical survey of the north of Asia. Our maps have long borne the corrections which the labours of our gallant author enabled him to effect; it is right that we should at length learn something of the personal sufferings and privations by which those labours were accompanied. Before proceeding, however, to an examination of Admiral von Wrangel's own expedition, we will place before our readers a brief abstract of the earlier discoveries made in Siberian geography.

The earliest discoveries of the Siberian coast were the Russian fur traders, whom, towards the middle of the 16th century, we find engaged in an active commerce with the population dwelling at the mouths of the Ob and Yenissei rivers. They seldom attempted to sail round the peninsula which divides the Gulf of Ob from the Carian sea, preferring to ascend the rivers of the one great maritime inlet, and, after drawing their light vessels over a small intervening tract, to descend again by the streams that pour their waters into the opposite bay.

From such navigators none but the most vague accounts could be expected of the regions they visited.

Early in the 17th century the Russian provincial governors appear to have taken a pride in sending small parties of Cossacks into the unexplored recesses of Siberia, for the purpose of imposing a tribute upon the wandering inhabitants, and annexing additional territories to the already vast empire of their sovereign. In most instances little or no resistance was offered to these conquering discoverers. Sometimes, however, the roving tribes that tended their herds on the frozen heaths of Northern Asia offered the most determined opposition to those who invited them to surrender their wild independence; sanguinary wars then ensued, attended by the same melancholy result which has ever followed the collision of ill-armed and uncivilised nations with the disciplined troops of European powers. Many warlike tribes, whom their discoverers found in the possession of numerous herds of reindeer, have all dwindled away to a few wretched fishermen scattered along the banks of the majestic rivers that flow in stately solitude through the icy soil of Northern Asia; while nations, of whom Siberian tradition still relates that "their fire hearths were once as numerous as the stars of heaven," have now been either absorbed by some of the neighbouring tribes, or have wholly vanished from the soil over which their ancestors once held unquestioned sway. Yet there is an evident solicitude on the part of the Russian government to let its yoke weigh as lightly as possible on these northern tribes, whom nature has so scantily endowed with her gifts. The tribute imposed on them is light; they are wholly exempt from the law of recruitment, and every encouragement appears to be given to their commerce; but the benevolent designs of the imperial government are often very ineffectually seconded by its local agents, who by their arbitrary measures, and yet more frequently by well-meant but injudicious interference, oppose almost insurmountable obstacles to the social improvement of the much-enduring natives. One nation only, the Tchuktshi (*Tchukoes**) is the name by which they are known among themselves, have maintained their independence to the present day, an advantage for which they are no doubt mainly indebted to the mountainous and inaccessible character of the country they inhabit. The Russians have long since renounced the design of subjecting a people who possess so little to tempt the appetite of conquest, and a friendly intercourse has now existed for more than a century, the *Tchukoes* repairing yearly in numerous parties to the fair of Ostrovnoye, to barter their furs and reindeer skins for the tobacco and iron tools which form the chief articles of exchange.

In proportion as the value of the Siberian fur-trade became better known to the Russians, their northern expeditions assumed more of a mercantile and less of a military character. In 1610, a company of merchants and *promyshlenniki* or fur-hunters was formed, for the express purpose of making discoveries with a view to the extension of their trade. This company established itself at Turukhanst, on the Yenissei; but though it is known that they made several attempts to navigate the Arctic Ocean, we have no authentic record of the result of any of their expeditions.

In 1644, a Cossack of the name of Michael Stadukhin extended his excursions to the mouth of the Kolyma

* The Russian nomenclature, like that of the East, is variable and uncertain. No set of globes or maps agree even in terms of as close affinity as these now before our consideration. This uncertainty in the names of places, more particularly, however, in their orthography, arises partly from the custom of travellers of endeavouring to describe the articulation of the natives. The natural consequence is, that an English, a French, and a German traveller will almost always vary in their orthography, when writing of half-civilised nations.

river, where he first became acquainted with the warlike Tsheskoes, and where he succeeded in forming a settlement which has since assumed the denomination of Nishny Kolymak. Stadukhin was the first who spread the tale of an extensive arctic continent, supposed to exist northward from Siberia, of which fabulous land a fragment continued long to figure upon our maps, till the more careful inquiries of Wrangel demonstrated, that if any such extensive land really exist, its distance from the northern coast of Asia must be too great to allow of its existence ever having really been ascertained.

In 1648, a Cossack of the name of Deshneff sailed from the mouth of the Kolyma, and, as the ocean happened in the summer of that year to be unusually free from ice, he succeeded in reaching the northern Pacific Ocean. A very brief report of this remarkable voyage, written by Deshneff himself, is preserved in manuscript in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. Of Deshneff's little squadron not a single vessel survived the voyage; the last was wrecked in the Bay of Okhotsk, whence the hardy Cossack and his twenty-five surviving companions set off on foot, in search of some region where they might obtain provisions, and whence they might send an account of their misfortunes to their friends on the Kolyma. One entire winter they spent in this Siberian wilderness, subsisting chiefly on the bark of trees. Several of them died of hunger, but the survivors, in the course of the ensuing summer, built some boats, with which they went up the river Anadyr, which empties itself into the sea of the same name, almost the extreme point of east longitude on this coast, for *East Cape* is in west longitude. Here they discovered a tribe whom they induced to pay a *Yasak* or tribute. "Deshneff," says the Siberian Chronicle, "remained some time with these people, but as they afterwards refused to continue the payment of their *Yasak*, and showed themselves in many other respects exceedingly refractory, they were all put to death!" Deshneff made several subsequent attempts to acquire a more satisfactory knowledge of these northern seas. In 1652, he sailed from the Kolyma, in a large boat built expressly for his use, but from this his last voyage neither he nor any of his companions appear ever to have returned.

From this time forward frequent attempts were made, sometimes in summer with boats, and sometimes in winter with sledges, to explore the ocean to the north of the Yana and Kolyma rivers, with a view to the discovery of the mysterious land, and of the existence of which the Russians appear to have been fully convinced, and which the Tsheskoes and other Siberian tribes described as a populous and fertile country. Wrangel's opinion seems to be, that this supposed northern land was in reality no other than the northwestern coast of America, which it is not impossible the Tsheskoes may at some time have succeeded in reaching in their reindeer sledges across Behring's Strait.

It was in the year 1734, during the reign of the Empress Anna, that these expeditions were first confided to the care of men capable in some measure of availing themselves of the resources of science. In that year arrangements were made for the survey of the whole line of coast from the White Sea to Behring's Strait, and the plan adopted was well calculated to attain the object in view, namely, to determine whether it would be practicable for ships, sailing eastward from Archangel, to reach the waters of Kamtschatka. The expedition was formed of four separate divisions. Two ships were to sail from Archangel, and survey the coast as far as the mouth of the Ob; the second division, consisting of one vessel, was to sail from the last named river to the mouth of the Yenissei; the third was to sail from the Lena westward to the Yenissei; the fourth was also to sail

from the Lena, but eastward, and was directed, if possible, to make its way through Behring's Strait.

The first division, after many fruitless attempts, renewed year after year, succeeded in 1738 in reaching the Ob river, but this success may mainly be ascribed to the judicious plan of the commander Malygin, who during the winter sent out parties in sledges over the standing ice, to survey the northern promontory, which the drift ice prevented him from reaching during the summer.

The second division likewise succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in completing the task assigned to it, Lieutenant Owzyn having reached the Yenissei on the 1st of September, 1738.

The third and fourth divisions were less successful. The arduous task of sailing round the northern extremity of Asia was not fulfilled, and even at the present day our knowledge of its position is extremely vague and unsatisfactory, though we are accustomed to see it delineated on our maps with admirable precision. Lieutenant Laptew assigns to Cape St. Faddei a latitude of $76^{\circ} 47'$, but appears to have remained under the impression that this was not the northernmost point, and the longitude continues to this day undetermined. In his attempt to reach it, Laptew's ship was destroyed by the ice, and the following account of what he and his companions suffered will enable our readers to form some conception of the hardships to which the early discoverers of Siberia were constantly exposed:—

"On the 13th of August, (1740,) the vessel was surrounded and violently pressed upon by large masses of ice. They lost their bowsprit, and what was worse, they sprung a large leak. For three days they pumped incessantly, without being able to reduce the water in the hold; so, to lighten the ship, they were obliged to throw their guns overboard, and land their stores, &c. on the ice. By this means, the vessel was, for the moment, prevented from sinking, but the situation of the mariners was not the less dreadful. They were at a distance from the coast, surrounded by immense masses of ice, among which they were driven about by the current and the wind, with the momentary anticipation of seeing their already damaged vessel completely destroyed. In this fearful condition they remained six entire days, their destruction appearing all the time certain.

"On the 19th the weather became calm, and a severe frost set in, which covered the open places with a thin crust of ice. A few of the most daring offered to start on foot in search of the coast, which, it was calculated, must lie about twenty versts to the south. They set off on their dangerous journey, met a number of open places, which they found means to pass, ferrying themselves over on loose pieces of ice, and after much suffering and peril they reached the coast in safety. In the mean time the frost had become more and more intense, and, after an interval of three days, the sea was completely covered with ice. Laptew and his companions hastened to avail themselves of this circumstance. They loaded themselves with as large a stock of provisions as they could carry, and set off for the coast, which they happily reached; but after their first congratulations at this their escape, they discovered that their present situation also was none of the most gratifying, since many large streams, down which the ice was still floating in great quantities, made it impossible for them to reach their winter station on the Khotanga. They saw themselves constrained, for the present, to remain in this desolate wilderness, where they were unable to find any description of wood for firing; this they felt the greater want of, as the frost was becoming more and more intense, and they were wholly without shelter of any kind. To protect themselves in some measure against the cold, they dug holes in the frozen ground, into which they crouched,

taking turns with each other for the undermost place. A party was daily sent to the ship, to bring on shore as much as possible of the remaining provisions; this, however, lasted only till the 30th of August, on which day a violent storm arose, that broke up the ice, and carried the ship with all its contents out to sea. The unfortunate crew was thus deprived of the greater portion of the supplies on which their last hopes rested, and remained on the inhospitable shore, wholly destitute of what under such circumstances is usually deemed indispensable, exposed to hunger and cold, to which many of them soon fell victims. The survivors did not, however, yield to despair; they bore their sufferings with admirable firmness and patience, and continued obedient to their commander.

"Thus passed away a terrible month. At length, on the 21st of September, the streams were sufficiently frozen over to allow Laptew and his companions to depart in search of their last year's winter residence. The difficulties and hardships which they had to encounter on the way were innumerable. A part of their scanty stores were laden on small sledges drawn by half-famished dogs; the remainder was carried by the exhausted mariners themselves. Thus for five-and-twenty days they wandered through unknown wilds, in which it was only by unremitting labour that they were able to force their way through ice and snow. During this part of the journey, twelve more of the crew died of cold and exhaustion. At length, completely worn out, they reached their winter residence on the Khotanga, where, for the first time, since nearly three months, they were able to repose themselves in a warm hut, where, for the first time also, they were again enabled to enjoy warm food, or indeed any food prepared by the aid of fire. Here Laptew resolved to remain till the return of spring, and then, as soon as the weather permitted, to return with the rest of his crew to the mouth of the Yenissei, where, in the magazines there established, he hoped to find a fresh supply of provisions, of which he stood greatly in need."

What Laptew was unable to accomplish by sea, he found means to do with the aid of sledges, and partly by himself, partly by the officers under his command, it was distinctly ascertained that between the mouth of the Lena and that of the Yenissei there was no point at which the northern coast of Asia was connected with any arctic continent.

It remains for us to speak of the fourth division of this gigantic Polar expedition. It sailed in August, 1735, but during the first year the vessel was not able to get more than 120 wersts to the west, where the commander Lieutenant Lassinius determined to winter, but where his men were attacked with scurvy, which raged with such violence that the lieutenant himself and forty-three of his crew fell victims to the malady, and of the nine survivors several died before they could reach Yakoutsck. In the following year a fresh crew was provided and placed under the command of Demetrius Laptew, who continued year after year his fruitless endeavours to reach Behring's Strait by sea, till in 1741 he finally renounced the attempt as impracticable.

It is to this vast expedition that we are indebted for our imperfect knowledge of the geography of northern Asia. Science, in those days, had not yet placed within the navigator's reach the many invaluable aids which are now at the seaman's command. The charts drawn up by the officers of the *Empress Anna*, therefore, are not to be relied on. The latitude even which they have assigned to the several points of that part of the coast visited and surveyed by the author of the work now before us, has seldom been found correct by later visitors; but the longitude almost always, and in most instances

the latitude also, were determined only by the ship's reckoning, upon which it is evident very little dependence is to be placed.

The ill success that attended the endeavours of Demetrius Laptew to sail round the north-eastern coast of Asia, seems to have stimulated rather than to have discouraged new adventurers. To this, a circumstance contributed which operated a complete revolution in the commerce of northern Siberia. Immense quantities of mammoth's bones had been discovered in the naked heaths situated between the rivers Khotanga and Anadyr, and had become to their fortunate discoverers a most valuable article of trade. The desire of gain induced many of the Siberian merchants to seek with unremitting eagerness for fresh deposits of antediluvian bones, and to these interested researches we are indebted for no inconsiderable portion of our present geographical knowledge of northern Asia. The most fortunate of these enterprising travellers appears to have been a merchant of the name of Laechow, to whom we owe the discovery of the large islands to the north of the Yana and Indigirka rivers. In these islands there appears to have been found an almost inexhaustible stock of mammoth's bones, of which their discoverer was careful to secure to himself the exclusive *exploitation* by an imperial patent.

In August, 1778, our own countryman Cook appeared in Behring's Strait. He surveyed as large a portion of the Tshuktschen or Tshesko coast as the opposing masses of ice allowed him to approach. He was the first navigator in the Siberian waters that ever attempted, on scientific principles, to determine the longitude of the most important points along the coast, and M. Von Wrangel does his illustrious predecessor the justice to confirm the correctness of his observations. Cook contributed not a little to strengthen the popular belief in the existence of an arctic continent of large extent. He assigned various grounds for the belief: the very trifling increase in the depth of the sea, as he receded from the coast; the swarms of wild geese and ducks that came every year from the north, towards the month of August; the peculiar conformation of the icebergs, &c. The appearance of birds of passage, however, arriving from the north, towards the end of winter, a circumstance on which Cook placed his principal reliance, as demonstrating the existence of a large northern land, is one that has since been satisfactorily explained. The wild geese subsist chiefly on fish, to which they are debarred access by the freezing of the rivers, and in search of which they are obliged to fly towards the open water, which is found farther towards the north, where it has now been ascertained that, even in the severest winter, when the thermometer of Reaumur stands at 45 degrees under the freezing point, the Arctic Ocean continues free from ice. In proportion as the ice breaks up the birds are obliged to fly towards the shore, where they usually arrive just before their moulting season, and whence they return towards the north as soon as the winter sets in again.

The achievements of Cook excited the emulation of the Russian government, and in 1787 Captain Billings sailed, with two vessels, from the Kolyma, with the view, among others, of ascertaining the practicability of going by sea eastward to Behring's Strait. Like all his predecessors, Billings was prevented by the ice from proceeding more than about a hundred miles along the coast. He felt the hopelessness of attempting to navigate this part of the ocean, and consulted with his officers, whether it might not be more advisable to choose the winter for the period of their researches, when they might proceed over the ice a considerable distance to the north, in sledges drawn by dogs. This plan, however, was soon abandoned, under an idea that it would be impossible to carry with them a sufficient stock of food for the large number of dogs that would be required. Billings then

left his ships in the Kolyma, and went over land to Okhotsk, where a vessel was fitted out for his use, in which he renewed his attempt in the ensuing summer, but in which he was unable to proceed farther than Cook had done before him.

No scientific expedition of any kind was undertaken in this part of the Arctic Ocean after that of Billings till the year 1809, but several discoveries were in the mean time made by the enterprising fur-hunters, and by the seekers after mammoth's bones. In the year just named, the Russian chancellor of state, Romanzow, commissioned a public officer of the name of Hedenström to complete the survey of the newly discovered Laechow or Liaghoff Islands, and while engaged in this task the enterprising Russian made the important discovery, that the crust of ice by which the Arctic Ocean was supposed to be covered, extended only to a short distance northward. Hedenström, while engaged in the survey, sent one of his assistants, the Cossack Tatarimow, from Cape Kammenoy, the eastern extremity of New Siberia, to try how far he would be able to proceed to the north. Before he had gone more than twenty-five wersts he came to open waters, nor could he discover any signs of loose ice on the ocean that lay stretched before his eyes. We shall see, hereafter, that a similar phenomenon baffled all the attempts of Wrangel to proceed due north to any considerable distance over the ice.

Hedenström was recalled from the Laechow Islands in 1811, when the farther survey was committed to one of his assistants, M. Pchenezyn, who made the dangerous experiment of spending the summer on these arctic islands, a period of the year when the breaking up of the ice renders it impossible to send any supplies from Siberia. He suffered the severest privations during the mild season; nevertheless, he and his companions made some interesting discoveries in the interior of the islands. They discovered large herds of wild reindeer, and evident signs that at no distant period these islands must have been either the fixed residence or the frequent resort of numerous tribes of men.

On the mammoth's bones, which may not inaptly be called the peculiar produce of Siberia and the northern islands, some interesting particulars are found in Hedenström's journal. He observed that the farther he proceeded towards the north, the smaller in size, but the more abundant in quantity, became these relics of a former world. In the Laechow Islands it is a rare circumstance to discover a mammoth's tusk weighing more than three pood,* whereas in the interior of Siberia it is not an uncommon thing to meet with one of four times that weight. On the other hand, the immense quantities of these bones found in the Siberian islands form one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with these singular remains. In the words of Sannikow, one of Hedenström's companions, "the first of the Laechow Islands is little more than one mass of mammoth's bones," and though for upwards of eighty years the Siberian traders have been bringing over annually large cargoes of them, there appears as yet to be no sensible diminution in the apparently inexhaustible store. The teeth found in these islands are also much whiter and more fresh than those of the continent. The most valuable were met with on a low sandbank on the western coast; and there, when after a long prevalence of easterly winds the sea recedes, a fresh supply of mammoth's bones is always found. Hedenström infers from this that large quantities of these bones must exist at the bottom of the ocean.

Such is a brief abstract of the various attempts made at different times to extend the geographical knowledge

of Siberia previously to the expedition which forms the more immediate object of our present attention. "With the exception of those of Cook and Billings," says Von Wrangel, "none of these several expeditions can be said to have afforded satisfactory results in a scientific point of view. Their authors differ frequently more than 1½ degree from one another in the latitude assigned to the most important points on the coast. Thus the latitude of Cape Swätöi Nos is 70° 53' according to Sarytschew; 71° 50' according to Hedenström; and 72° 50' according to Laptew. Moreover, the whole coast from Cape Schelagskoi to the North Cape remained completely unknown, and the account of Deshneff's navigation from the Kolyma to Behring's Strait was so vague and obscure, that the English hydrographer Burney considered it to strengthen his well-known hypothesis of the existence of a northern peninsula connecting the continents of Asia and America. Lastly, an assertion of Sennikow, that he had seen land to the north of the islands of Kotelnoi and New Siberia, had found many adherents; so that the geography of this part of the Russian empire continued in a state of complete uncertainty, while the remarkable researches of Ross, Parry, and Franklin, had led to the most exact survey and description of the northern coast of the new continent. To remove so important a blank in the geography of our country, the Emperor Alexander I., ordered two expeditions to be fitted out, under the command of naval officers, with a view to an exact survey of the North Eastern Coast of Siberia, from the mouth of the Yana to the Schelagskoi Nos, and also with a view to a more close examination of the islands situated in the Arctic Ocean."

One of these expeditions was placed under the command of Lieutenant Anjou, to whom we are indebted for a survey of the coast from the Lena to the Indigirka, and for a complete map of the Laechow Islands, but whose personal narrative has not yet, we believe, ever been made public; the second expedition was that directed by Lieutenant Von Wrangel, whose task it was to complete the survey of the North Eastern Coast of Siberia, and to determine, if possible, the long pending enigma, of the existence of a large polar continent. Of this second expedition the reading world is now for the first time favoured with a detailed account.

Experience had sufficiently shown that, owing to the immense quantities of drift ice, no important results are to be hoped for from any attempt to navigate the polar seas during the summer, unless conducted upon an entirely new principle. The only practicable plan appeared to be, to select the winter for the period of their operations, when a thick and solid crust of ice was supposed to cover the ocean, over which it might be possible to proceed, in sledges drawn by dogs, to an almost indefinite distance. On the 23d of March, 1820, therefore, Messrs. Anjou and Von Wrangel left St. Petersburg; and on the 2d of November our author arrived at Nishney Kolymak, which for three years was destined to form the centre of his operations.

In a brief chapter, of twenty pages, M. Von Wrangel describes his hasty journey from the one extreme to the other of his sovereign's vast dominions. To an observant eye, however, many interesting facts will present themselves, even where time has been measured out in the most niggardly fashion. Some of his suggestions for the social improvement of these northern regions are admirable, and will meet, we trust, with that attention from the Russian government, to which they are so justly entitled. Nature has endowed Siberia with an invaluable advantage, in the many splendid rivers which flow from Central Asia to the Frozen Ocean, nearly all which are navigable throughout the greater part of their extent. By means of these rivers it is that the northern districts are supplied with many of those articles which

* The Russian pood is equal to 40 pounds Russian, or about 36 pounds English.

there are deemed luxuries, but which in Europe are counted among the most indispensable necessities of life. It is seldom, however, more than eight or nine weeks that the navigation continues completely open, and when the ice remains unusually late, or returns unusually early, the inhabitants of the bleak heaths washed by the Frozen Ocean must subsist, for nearly two years, almost exclusively on the fish caught during their brief interval from frost, or on the meat of such animals (chiefly reindeer and wild geese) as they have been able to kill in their summer months. The establishment of a single steamer on each river, in M. Von Wrangel's opinion, would ensure a regular and constant supply to these unhappy tenants of an ever-frozen land. The establishment of one steamer on the Lena "would give new life to the whole line of navigation, 4000 wersts in extent, from Irkutsk to the waters of the ocean; industry would be developed in these regions; the inhabitants would receive the necessities of life with more regularity and at an infinitely lower price; and the brief Siberian summer would be lengthened by being judiciously taken advantage of. The inexhaustible forest on the shores of the upper Lena would afford an ample supply of cheap fuel, and to the inhabitants a new species of occupation."

At Yakoutsk we are already made acquainted in some degree with the rude character of northern Siberia:—

"The town is situated on a naked plain on the left shore of the Lena. In the spacious streets are seen only mean houses or huts, surrounded by high wooden palings, but in vain the eye wanders amid the gloomy assemblage of boards and beams in search of a tree or even of a stunted bush. Nothing announces the presence of the short summer, unless it be the absence of snow, which, with its dazzling whiteness would do something to interrupt the sombre grey uniformity of the scene."

Yakoutsk, however, is an improving place, and luxury, we are assured, is making rapid strides among its inhabitants. The general adoption of glazed windows is given as an instance, though even here these must in severe weather be removed, and large plates of ice substituted for them, no glass being able to resist the intense frost of a Siberian winter. Snow moistened with water supplies, in such cases, the place of putty, and closes the windows more completely against the admission of air, than all our southern appliances of luting or double sashes. The moral improvement of the population appears, however, scarcely to keep pace with the progress of luxury:—

"Very little attention is paid to education. Children are usually, immediately after their birth, consigned to the care of a Yakoot nurse, who feeds them up as well as she can, and, after two or three years generally returns them, tolerably *Yakootised*, to the parents. As they grow up they learn a little reading and writing from the priest or his assistant, and are then initiated into the mysteries of the Siberian fur-trade, or obtain small appointments about the government offices, in the hope of one day attaining a *rank*, a thing here likewise eagerly sought after. This system of education accounts for a phenomenon that at first surprised me, namely, that even in the better circles the Yakoot language prevails almost to as great an extent as French does in our two principal cities. This struck me particularly at a splendid entertainment given by one of the wealthiest fur-traders in honour of the patron saint of his wife. Although the company consisted of the governor, the principal clergy, and public officers, and of a few merchants, the greater part of the conversation was so interlarded with Yakoot-

ish fragments that I was scarcely able to take any share in it."

At Yakoutsk Messrs. Anjou and Von Wrangel parted, the former descending the Lena by water, while the latter proceeded over land to Nishney Kolymsk. Traveling in sledges or carriages ceases at Yakoutsk. Beyond it no beaten road is to be found in Siberia. Our author, therefore, had to proceed on horseback, over the mountainous part of his journey, till he reached the northern plains, where sledges drawn by dogs form the usual winter conveyance. His first camping out, on the night after his departure from Yakoutsk, appears to have given him a lively foreboding of the kind of service for which he was preparing. The thermometer, when he arose to make his morning's toilet, stood at two degrees below the freezing point (43° according to Fahrenheit).

"It was literally with a shudder that I thought of the Siberian winter before me, when only a few degrees of frost are currently denominated *warm weather*, and it seemed to me inconceivable how I should be able to endure such a long continuance of intense cold. But man is a creature of all climates and all zones; necessity, resolution, and habit, soon enable him to overcome the severest corporal sufferings and inconveniences. A few weeks later, it seemed to me, as to the inhabitants of Kolymsk, that 10° of cold (22° below the freezing point of Fahrenheit) was quite a mild temperature."

In the valley of Miôrô we are introduced to a Yakoot who passes for a *Cæsar* in that part of the world. His lands and herds are valued at upwards of half a million of rubles, yet he retains almost all the habits of his race. One of the distinguishing characteristics of this pastoral nation, as of the Hindoos, appears to be an extravagant fondness for litigation, to gratify which they will often undertake fatiguing and costly journeys, when the matter in dispute does not perhaps exceed half a ruble. M. Von Wrangel hints that the Russian functionaries are not slow in encouraging a propensity from which they derive a material part of their income.

An English groom would find some difficulty in picturing to himself the habits of the Yakoot horses:—

"They will often," says M. Von Wrangel, "make the most fatiguing journeys, of more than three months' duration, and though during the whole of this time they receive no nourishment but the shrunk and half decayed grass, which they are obliged to scrape with their hoofs from under the snow and ice, nevertheless they continue strong and in good condition, and manifest the most astonishing powers of endurance. It is remarkable, also, that the Yakoot horses preserve their teeth uninjured to a very advanced age, whereas those of European horses are worn away as they grow old. This may possibly be occasioned by the hard corn on which ours are fed, while those of Siberia never receive oats, nor indeed any thing but the soft grass. The Siberian horses also continue young much longer than ours do; one of them will do good service to his master for thirty years."

Anxious as we are to bring our author to Nishney Kolymsk, the point at which his scientific labours properly commenced, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of pausing for a moment, to make our readers acquainted with Father Michael, the Russian priest of Saachiversk,* a small town on the banks of the Indigirka; so small indeed, that it consists only of a church

* Siberian geographers may, however faulty in nomenclature, claim the praise of great accuracy in detail. This village of five huts figures away on our globes under *Zaterevsk* and numerous other designations.

and four or five huts, the whole population being composed of the priest, his brother, a Yakoot postmaster, and two Russian families. Consigned as Father Michael was to what must have appeared so insignificant a station, he has found means, by the zealous discharge of his pastoral duties, to make his name known and respected throughout a large portion of his sovereign's dominions. Father Michael, when M. Von Wrangel visited him, in 1820, was eighty-seven years of age, sixty of which had been passed in his humble living. During this period he had not merely baptised, but had really initiated into the first principles of the Christian religion, more than 15,000 Yakoots, Tungusians, and Yukaheers; and by his preaching and friendly counsel, and more perhaps by his example, he had found means to operate an evident improvement in their moral and social condition. Age had in no way cooled the zeal of this Siberian apostle, who, regardless alike of peril and of the rigours of the climate, was still in the habit of travelling 2000 versts* every year to baptise the new-born children of his widely scattered flock, to whom he not only afforded spiritual consolation and temporal advice, but was ready, on an emergency, to assume the office of physician, a character to which he may have been indebted for no small part of his influence over his rude parishioners. Father Michael, however, was not wholly absorbed by his clerical duties. Old as he was, he still went a fur-hunting to the neighbouring mountains, and relied upon his rifle for no small addition to his little income; and he had succeeded in planting a little kitchen garden, in which he reared potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and other European vegetables, exotics usually known only by name in these remote northern regions. Among other dainties, the old man placed before his guest a cake made of fish flour, an article of his own invention. The fish, having been completely dried, is rubbed into a fine powder, and, if kept from damp, may be preserved for a long time. M. Von Wrangel assures us, that, with the addition of a little wheat flour, very savoury pastry may be made of it.

The cold became more severe as our author advanced further towards the north, and before reaching Sredne-Kolymsk, though yet in the middle of October, the thermometer had already marked 25° below zero. He thought it high time, therefore, to make his winter toilette, the particulars of which may be interesting to those of our readers who are desirous of studying foreign fashions.

"Over my customary travelling uniform I had first to pull a *camisole* with sleeves and breast-piece, both lined with the fur of the silver fox. Over my feet I drew double socks of soft young reindeer skin; and, over these, high boots or *torbassy* of similar material. When riding, I put on, in addition, my *nakoléniki* or knee-pieces. Lastly came the *Kukhlánka*, or over-all, a sort of wide sack with sleeves, made of double reindeer skin, with fur inside and out, and a hood of fur hanging down the back. There were also a number of small pieces to protect the face; the *nanossnik* for the nose, the *nabro-rodnik* for the chin, the *naúshniki* for the ears, the *nalobnik* for the forehead, &c.; and to complete my costume came an immense fox-skin cap with long ears. I was so embarrassed by this cumbersome, and to me unaccustomed dress, that it was only with the assistance of my attendant I was able to mount my horse. Fortunately, the skin of the reindeer is exceedingly light, considering its warmth and closeness; otherwise it would be impossible to bear the weight of so many pieces of fur."

* The Russian verst is equal to about two-thirds of an English mile.

Nishney-Kolymsk is a wretched fishing village, consisting of a church and forty-two houses or huts, into which the inmates creep for shelter during their nine months' winter, but which are left to take care of themselves during what are called the summer months, when the whole population wander away to catch fish and reindeer, of which the meat when frozen is laid by as a stock for the winter. Completely exposed to the piercing winds that come sweeping from the north pole, the climate of the place is even more severe than its latitude would imply. On the 2d of November, when M. Von Wrangel arrived, the thermometer stood at 32° (36° below zero of Fahrenheit); and though in summer the temperature sometimes rises to 18° (70° of Fahrenheit), yet the average for the year is not above 5° below the freezing point of Réaumur. During the first week in September the Kolyma is usually frozen over, and in January the cold reaches 43° (59° below Fahrenheit's zero), when the very act of breathing becomes painful, and the snow itself throws off a vapour! This intense cold is usually accompanied by a thick mist, a clear day being of rare occurrence during the whole winter. For eight and thirty days the sun never rises, and for fifty-two it never sets. The summer itself brings little enjoyment with it, for in the early part of July the gnats or mosquitoes appear in such countless swarms, that they fairly darken the atmosphere, when large fires are lighted of dried moss or leaves, under the smoke of which not only the inhabitants but even the cattle seek shelter from the persecution of their diminutive tormentors. These insects, however, perform one most important office for the good people of Nishney-Kolymsk, by driving the wild reindeer from the forest to the open heath or *tundra*. The herds wander by thousands during the gnat season towards the sea-coast, when, more particularly while crossing the rivers, large numbers of them are easily killed by the hunters.

Vegetation is almost extinct in this northern region. A few berries are in favourable seasons collected by the women; but with this exception no plant grows that can be used for food. The soil never thaws; and of the few stunted trees that still linger about the Lower Kolyma, the roots seldom strike into the ground, but lie for the most part stretched along the surface, as though they shrunk from the thick strata of ice below. A few wild flowers adorn the heaths in summer; the rose and the forget-me-not then invite the sentimental lover to expatiate on their beauty, if love and sentiment can indeed exist where all Nature is covered with an almost perpetual shroud—a north wind, even in summer, scarcely ever failing to bring with it a snow-storm.

The district of Kolymsk is calculated to contain 2498 male inhabitants, including 325 Russians and Cossacks. Of this population, 2173 are subjected to the *yassak* or direct tax, which produces 803 fox-skins, 28 sables, and 10847 rubles in money. The Russians are mostly the descendants of real or supposed criminals; the Cossacks claim the original conquerors of Siberia as their ancestors, form a distinct corporation, and are exempt from the *yassak*. Our author speaks much of the social virtues of these simple-minded denizens of the North, who, during their long and dreary winter, find means to relieve the tedium and monotony of their existence by song, dance, and various other unpretending in-door amusements.

The dwellings of the Russians along the Lower Kolyma vary but little from those of the Yakoots and other Siberian aborigines. The trees in this part of the country being too stunted to afford any materials for building, the inhabitants depend for their supply of timber wholly upon the drift wood brought down the river by the annual inundations which seldom fail to accompany the breaking up of the ice. As soon as a sufficient number of trees has been collected, a kind of log hut is constructed,

the interstices of which are filled up with moss and clay, and for the sake of warmth a mound of earth is raised all round to a level with the window. These huts measure usually from two to three fathoms square, and one and a half fathom in height. In one corner stands the *tsakval*, or fire-hearth, the smoke of which escapes by a small hole in the roof: but, in a few houses, luxury has extended already to the adoption of regular Russian stoves with chimneys. Low and incomplete partitions divide the sleeping-places of the several members of the family, and the rest of the dwelling is made to serve all the multifarious offices of kitchen, workshop, sitting and reception room, broad benches being placed around, on which reindeer skins are spread as a ready couch for an occasional guest. Such a hut is usually provided with two small windows of ten or twelve inches square, through which, if glazed, a scanty light would find its way, but, as a substitute for glass, fish-bladders are used in summer, and in winter plates of ice, seldom less than six inches in thickness, through which only a very feeble portion of daylight is able to pierce. A small store-house usually stands by the side of the dwelling, and the roofs of both are fitted up with a scaffolding for the drying of fish.

Little value appears to be set on cleanliness of any kind. Public baths are maintained by the order of government, though rarely visited by the inhabitants. Linen or calico is worn only by the more wealthy, and among them the use of it is mostly confined to the women. A shirt of soft reindeer skin with the fur inside, is generally worn next the skin. The outer side of this garment is dyed with a red colour obtained from a decoction of alder bark, and round the edges and the sleeves it is ornamented with narrow stripes of beaver and other skin, which are obtained at high prices from the *Tahuktshi*. The trousers, likewise of reindeer skin, descend half way down the leg, and over the whole comes the *kamleyá* of thick tanned reindeer skin, without the fur. The *kamleyá* soon receives a dark yellow tint, from the smoky atmosphere by which the wearer is almost surrounded. The above constitutes the home costume; but when the *Kolymkite* dandy ventures abroad he takes care to array himself in various other descriptions of fur, of which some conception may be formed from the account, given a few pages back, of *M. Von Wrangel's* travelling accoutrements.

Except on state occasions, the dress of the women differs but little from that of the men, unless in the arrangement of the head gear.

"To form a just conception of life on the banks of the *Kolyma*," says *M. Von Wrangel*, "one must have spent some time with the inhabitants. One must have seen them in their winter dwellings and in their summer *balagans*; one must have shot down their rapid streams in the light canoe, must have climbed mountains and rocks with them, or dashed in their light dog-drawn sledges through the most piercing cold over the boundless tundra; one must in short have become one of themselves. Such was our life during the three years we spent here. We lived with them, dressed like them, fed on their dried fish, and shared with them the hardships and privations inseparable from the climate, and the frequent want even of food which it brings along with it.

"Let us begin with the spring. The fishery forms their most important pursuit; indeed the very existence of the whole population depends upon it. The locality of *Nishney-Kolymsk*, however, is unfavourable, and the inhabitants are obliged to migrate at this season to more suitable parts of the river. As soon as the winter ceases, they accordingly abandon their dwellings in search of some convenient spot, where they forthwith construct a *balagan*, or light summer hut, and immediately com-

mence their hostilities upon the piscatory tribe. Most of the *Nishney-Kolymskites* have regular country-boats of this description at the mouths of the several creeks and rivulets, which they begin to visit in April, in order to prepare for the campaign. In the middle of May, when the merchants arrive from the fair of *Ostrownoye*, on their return to *Yakoutak*, the whole population abandons the little place, leaving the whole town to the guardianship of one *Cossack* sentinel, and perhaps one or two old women, whom age prevents from joining in the general pursuit.

"Spring is the most trying season of the whole year. The store collected during the summer and autumn has usually been consumed for some time; the fish do not always make their appearance immediately, and the dogs, exhausted by their winter work, and yet more by the severe fast to which they have for some time been subjected, are too feeble to allow their masters to avail themselves of the *naat*,* to catch a few elks and wild reindeer. Famine then appears in its most horrible form. Crowds of *Tungusians* and *Yukacheers* come flocking into the Russian villages in search of some subsistence. Pale and ghost-like they stagger about, and greedily devour every species of garbage that falls in their way. Bones, skins, thongs of leather, every thing in short that the stomach will receive, is eagerly converted into food. But small is the relief they find; for the unthrifty townspeople are by this time almost as ill off themselves, and living upon the scanty remnant of fodder stored up for the use of the dogs, so that many of these faithful and valuable animals perish nearly every year of hunger. There is a storehouse established by the government, where rye flour is sold to every comer; but the expense of conveying it from so enormous a distance enhances the price to such a degree that few are able to avail themselves of the facility thus afforded them. Although the additional accommodation is granted them of not paying before autumn, still there are not many who can afford to give twenty rubles for a pood of flour, which moreover has often been damaged during the protracted journey it has had to perform. Three of these periods of horror did I witness during three succeeding springs, and even now I shudder when I reflect on the scenes of suffering which I beheld, and of which it would be utterly impossible for me to attempt a description.

"It is just when famine is at its worst that relief arrives. Suddenly countless swarms of birds make their appearance. Swans, geese, ducks, and several descriptions of snipes. These are the first heralds of spring, and at their coming hunger and want are at an end. Old and young, men and women, all that can walk or run, now rush out with guns, bows, and sticks, to kill as many as they may. In June the ice breaks up, a profusion of fish comes crowding into the river, and all hands are in movement to avail themselves of the short season of grace to provide a store for the coming year. But here a new misfortune often assails them. The stream is not strong enough to float away with sufficient rapidity the mighty masses of ice. These accumulate in the narrows and shoals, and the water, arrested in its course, quickly overflows the whole of the low country, and, if the inhabitants are not quick enough in driving their horses to the hills, the poor animals are infallibly lost. In the summer of 1822, we had such an inundation at

* When the warmth of the spring sun thaws the surface of the snow it freezes again during the night, whereby a thin crust of ice is formed, strong enough to bear a sledge with its team of dogs. In this condition the snow is called *naat*, over which the elks and reindeer are pursued during the night, and as, owing to their greater weight, they are constantly breaking through the ice, they are caught by the hunters with little trouble.

Nishney-Kolymsk, which came upon us so suddenly that we had only just time to take refuge with a few of our most indispensable articles upon the flat roofs of our huts, where we were forced to remain for upwards of a week. The water rushed with fearful rapidity between the houses, and the whole place looked like a little archipelago of house tops, among which the inhabitants were merrily rowing about in their canoes, paying one another friendly visits and catching fish.

"More or less these inundations occur every year, and when the waters subside the main fishery with nets begins. Fish form the chief food of man and dog, and for the yearly consumption of the hundred families that compose the little community of Nishney-Kolymsk, at least three millions of herrings are required. Many other kinds of fish are caught at this time, among which is the *Nelma*, a large description of salmon trout, but the first fish are generally thin, and are mostly converted into *yukhala* for the dogs; that is to say, cut open, cleaned, and dried in the air. From the entrails an abundance of train oil is obtained, which is used for food as well as for fuel. The *yukhala* is distinguished from the *yukhala* merely by the selection of a better kind of fish, and by greater care in the preparation.

"The proper season for bird hunting is when the animals are moulting, when having lost their feathers they are unable to fly. Large detachments are then sent off from the fishing stations, and numbers of swans and geese are killed with guns, bows, and sticks. The produce of this chase is said to have diminished greatly of late years. Formerly it was no unusual thing for the hunters to bring home several thousands of geese in one day, whereas now they are content if they can catch as many during the whole season.

"While the men are fishing and hunting, the women make the best use of the interval of fine weather, to collect the scanty harvest which the vegetable kingdom yields them, in the shape of a few berries and aromatic herbs. The gathering in of the berries is a season of gaiety, like the vintage in southern climes. The young women wander about in large parties, spending the nights in the open air, and amusing themselves with song and dance, and other innocent diversions. The berries themselves are preserved by pouring cold water over them, and freezing them, in which condition they form one of the favourite dainties during the winter. Besides the berries they collect at this time the *makarska*, a meaty root found in large quantities in the subterranean storehouses of the field-mice. The young girls appear to have a peculiar tact in discovering the magazines of these little notable animals, whom, without the least remorse, they plunder of the fruits of their provident industry."

Such is life on the Kolyma during the short summer, a season of activity for all, for in addition to the chief occupations of which we have just laid a brief epitome before our readers, there are many other, though less momentous, calls upon the industry of the inhabitants. Their huts perhaps want repairing, their boats have to be mended, and in the forests the traps must be looked after. The Russians at Nishney-Kolymsk are supposed to set about 7500 traps in the neighbouring country, which are visited about eight or ten times during the winter, and at each time they expect to find something in every tenth trap. The animals mostly caught are sables and foxes. The elks, the wild reindeer, and the wild sheep, also offer an attraction for the adventurous hunter, while others more ambitious wander forth in search of the mightier bear. The bear-hunters are the heroes of the Kolyma, and tales of their marvellous achievements form the standing topic during the long winter evenings, when old and young crowd about the warm *tsakroet*, to while away their idle hours by the

songs and traditions of their Russian ancestors as well as of their adopted land.

The best friend of man in almost every clime is the dog, but in northern Siberia existence would scarcely be possible without the aid of this invaluable animal. All along the Arctic Ocean the dog is almost the only beast of burden. He is harnessed to the light sledge, or *narte*, which will carry no inconsiderable load, and in which, during winter, the natives perform journeys of incredible length. The Siberian dog bears a strong resemblance to the wolf. He has a long pointed snout, sharp upright ears, and a long bushy tail. Some of them have short hair, others a tolerably thick fur, and they are met with of all imaginable colours. Their size also differs very much, but a dog is not thought fit for the sledge if less than one arabin and two wershok high, and one arabin and five wershok long.* Their barking resembles the howling of a wolf. They always remain in the open air. In summer they dig holes in the frozen earth to cool themselves, and sometimes they will spend the whole day in the water to escape from the persecution of the gnats. Against the intense cold of winter they seek shelter by burying themselves under the snow, where they lie rolled up with the snout covered by the bushy tail. Of the cubs, the males only are usually kept, the females are mostly drowned, only one or two being entertained by each father of a family to preserve the breed. The rearing of these dogs forms an important occupation, and requires no little skill and judgment. A dog may be put to the sledge when a year old, but cannot be subjected to hard work before his third winter. The team of a sledge seldom consists of less than twelve of these dogs, of whom one is used as leader, upon whose breeding and docility the safety of the whole party depends. No dog must be used as a leader unless he be perfectly obedient to the voice of his master, nor unless the latter be certain that the animal will not be diverted one moment from his course by the scent of any kind of game. This last point is one of the highest importance, and if the dog has not been well broken in, but turns to the right or left, the rest of the dogs will immediately join in the pursuit, when the sledge is of course overturned, and the whole pack continue the chase until some natural obstacle intervenes to arrest their course. A well-taught leader, on the other hand, not only will not allow himself to be seduced from his duty, but will often display the most astonishing tact in preventing the rest of the team from yielding to their natural instinct. On the boundless tundra, during a dark night, while the surrounding atmosphere is obscured by the falling snow, it is to the intelligence of his leading dog that the traveller is constantly indebted for his preservation. If the animal has once been the same road before, he never fails to discover the customary halting-place, though the hut may have been completely buried under the drifting snow. Suddenly the dog will remain motionless upon the trackless and unbroken surface, and by the friendly wagging of his tail announce to his master that he need only fall to work with his snow-shovel to find the door of the hut that offers him a warm lodging for the night. The snow-shovel on these winter excursions appears to be an appendage without which no traveller ventures upon a journey.

In summer the dog is no less serviceable than in winter. As in the one season he is yoked to the sledge, so in the other he is employed to draw the canoe up against the stream, and here they display their sagacity in an equally surprising manner. At a word, they halt, or where an opposing rock bars their progress on the one side, they will plunge into the water, swim across the

* Three Russian arabins make seven English feet, and each arabin is divided into sixteen wershok.

river, and resume their course along the opposite bank. In short, the dog is as indispensable to the Siberian settler, as the tame reindeer to the Laplander. The mutual attachment between the Siberian and his dog is in proportion to their mutual dependence on each other. M. Von Wrangel relates remarkable instances of the extent to which he has seen some of the people carry their fondness for their dogs. In 1821 an epidemic disease broke out among the dogs in Siberia, and carried off many thousands of them.

"A Yukaher family had lost the whole of the twenty dogs of which they had recently been possessed, and two newly-born cubs were all that remained. As these animals were still blind, and without a mother's care, it scarcely appeared possible to preserve them. The Yukaher's wife, to save the last remnant of the wealth of her house, resolved that the two dogs should share the milk of her breast with her own child. She was rewarded. The two adopted sucklings thrived wonderfully, and became the ancestors of a new and vigorous race of dogs."

The sufferings of the poor inhabitants, in consequence of the loss of the dogs, through the epidemic malady that raged in 1821 and 1822, were dreadful in the extreme. Yet will it be believed, that an order was once actually issued by the government at St. Petersburg, to destroy all the dogs throughout the north of Siberia, "on account of their consuming such quantities of provisions, and thereby occasioning such frequent famines." The order was not executed, because it would have required the whole Russian army to enforce the command, and after a while means were found to enlighten the rulers upon the absurd tyranny of their proposed "reform." We see thus that England is not the only country where a colonial minister will at times indulge in the most extravagant vagaries.

Let us now accompany the Siberian into the interior of his hut, to which he returns as soon as the frost has put a stop to his fishing and hunting. The walls are carefully caulked with clay and moss; a fresh mound of earth is collected outside; the *tshuvot* is repaired, and fresh ice-panes fastened into the windows. All this is seldom finished before the beginning of December. Then the several members of the family begin to creep more and more closely around their warm hearth, where a crackling fire yields the native of the arctic zone his only substitute for the absent sun. The flame of the *tshuvot* and of one or more lamps is then seen glimmering through the ice-panes, while from the low chimney arises a glowing column of smoke, carrying up with it, every now and then, a complete shower of sparks. The dogs crouch about the house, and three or four times a day, at tolerably regular intervals, more frequently perhaps when the moon shines, they raise a most tremendous howling, which is audible to a great distance over the plain. A low door, lined with the skin of a reindeer, or, if possible, with that of a white bear, admits the stranger into the interior of this dwelling. There the father and his sons are seen mending their nets, or making bows, arrows, and hunting-spears. The women are seen sorting and dressing the furs which the men have perhaps brought home from their last visit to the traps, or they may be engaged in the feminine task of repairing their own or their husbands' garments, on which occasions the sinews of the reindeer are made to supply the place of thread.

The dainties prepared by the culinary skill of the Kolymian matrons are not exactly calculated to excite the appetite of a Parisian gourmand. Fish and reindeer flesh form the invariable *pièces de résistance*, and train oil is the constantly recurring sauce. Yet, even with these scanty materials to go to work upon, female ingenuity is seldom at a loss to vary the bill of fare. An

accomplished French cook will boast of his ability to dress eggs in three hundred and sixty-five different ways, and the housewife on the banks of the Kolyma shows herself almost equally inventive. Thus we have cakes made of the roe of the fish, or of the dry fish flour pounded in a mortar. Then the belly of the fish is chopped small, and, with the addition of a little reindeer flesh and makaraha root, thickened with train oil, the delicate compound appears before us in the shape of a savoury forced ball. Smoked reindeer tongues are seldom produced, unless in honour of a guest, and small slices of frozen fish eaten raw are esteemed in these distant regions as highly as the *glace à la vanille* at the Café de Paris. Salt never enters their food, but is always produced if a stranger partakes their meal. Tea and sugar are seen only at the tables of the wealthy, on which occasions the *yukola* or dried fish supplies the place of toast or biscuit, bread being a delicacy which few can afford to indulge in. Flour, always an expensive article, is seldom seen except among the aristocracy of the place, and is generally used for the composition of a beverage called *saturán*. This is prepared by roasting the flour in a pan, and stirring it into a paste, with a little melted butter or fish oil. Upon this is poured boiling water, and the infusion is drunk warm out of cups. Our author assures us the beverage is both nutritive and agreeable; but he had gone through a three years' seasoning, and custom may go far to reconcile the palate even to the *bonne bouche* of a Siberian cuisine.

Flirtation, courtship, love, and jealousy, still maintain their empire over the youthful heart, even in the remote north. It is the daily office of the young ladies of Kolyma to fetch water from the river, where a well is cut in the ice. Here the love-sick youth never fails to watch for the arrival of his mistress, and manifests his attachment by filling her pails, and perchance even carrying them home for her. Such an act of gallantry is looked on as a formal declaration of love, and always excites the envy and *médiance* of less favoured rivals. The hole in the ice is the daily gossiping place for the young of both sexes, and we can easily believe what we are told, that the fair damsels are exceedingly careful that the water pails shall be freshly filled every day.

Shortly after M. von Wrangel's arrival at Nishney-Kolymak, the little place was put quite into commotion by the arrival of Captain Cochrane, whose delightful account of his *pedestrian* excursions through these regions are already well known to the British public. Our countryman remained some time there, and manifested a wish to accompany the expedition over the ice of the Arctic Ocean, for which the Russian seaman was preparing; "but such an increase to our party," says our author, "on a journey where every additional pound weight of luggage had to be seriously considered, would have occasioned so many difficulties with respect to sledges, provisions, and the like, that I deemed it expedient not to avail myself of his offer." Disappointed in his wish to join the main expedition, Captain Cochrane contented himself with accompanying a small party to the fair of Ostrownoye, whither von Wrangel despatched one of his officers to cultivate the good graces of the *Tsheskoes*, whose country he was about to visit. Previously to the departure of the Englishman, however, our author determined to astonish the good people of the town by a splendid entertainment in honour of the stranger.

"It was on Twelfth Night that I invited all the élite of the place to a *wetsherinka* or ball. I chose one of the largest houses for the occasion. It belonged to a Cossack, who happened to be something of a violin player. The ball-room, about eighteen feet square, was sumptuously illuminated by several lamps of train oil. The walls and

benches having been subjected to a washing (an operation which it would be impossible to say when they had last undergone,) were ornamented with some attempt at drapery, and on the floor some yellow sand was scattered. By way of refreshments for the ladies, I had procured tea and lump sugar, together with a few plates of cedar-nuts. The supper consisted of some fish-cakes, yukala, and frozen reindeer marrow. At five o'clock our guests appeared, in their best furs, and their gaudiest holiday attire. After the first few exclamations of wonder and admiration at the luxury and splendour of the entertainment, the ladies took their seats on the benches along the wall, and commenced singing some of our national melodies. The younger part of the company amused themselves with a variety of *jeux innocens*, and danced slowly and heavily, as though it had been a task, to the unaccountable tones which the not very pliant fingers of our musical host, an old reindeer hunter, contrived to draw from his cracked fiddle, two of the strings of which were of reindeer sinews, the other two of twisted silk. The men were grouped around the *tshuvai*, and seemed exceedingly to enjoy the little addition of brandy which I offered them as a qualification to their tea. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and my guests departed with endless assurances of gratitude for the costly manner in which I had entertained them. Nor were these mere套 speeches; on the contrary, they were honestly meant, for even in the subsequent years of our stay, the magnificent and delightful *Prasdnik* was often referred to, as a bright point in the gloomy uniformity of their customary manner of living."

M. von Wrangel found on his arrival at Nishney-Kolymsk, that the necessary preparations for his expedition had been neglected, and all his endeavours to collect the requisite number of sledges, and the requisite quantity of food for the dogs having failed, he was obliged, for that year, to renounce his journey to the north over the icy surface of the Arctic Ocean. Not, however, wholly to lose his time, he determined to attempt a month's excursion along the coast, of which only a very small portion was at that time known. The inhabitants had long stood greatly in awe of the *Tshuktshi* or *Tsheskoes*, and had therefore seldom ventured farther than the Baranow Rocks, which were deemed the frontier mark of the Russian territory. It was known, however, that the *Tsheskoes* themselves were little in the habit of venturing so far towards the Russian line, the coast from the Baranow Rocks to Cape Shelagokoi being generally left unoccupied by both parties, as a sort of neutral ground. Our author resolved accordingly to devote the time that remained to him to a survey of the coast as far as the above cape.

The place of rendezvous was Sukharnoye at the mouth of the Kolyma, a "town" consisting of two uninhabited houses, to which a few families are in the habit of repairing during the fishing season.

"Fifty versts before reaching Sukharnoye we lost sight of the stunted shrubs, and found ourselves on one unbounded plain of snow, unbroken, unless here and there by an occasional fox-trap. A man accustoms himself, no doubt, to every thing in time, but the first impression produced by this gigantic shroud admits of no comparison with any other object in nature, and night, by obscuring the spectacle, comes as a positive relief."

M. von Wrangel had sent one of his officers, as we have already seen, to the fair of Ostrownoye, a scene of which a lively description has been given by Cochrane, and with which we will, therefore, not detain our readers, though the spirited report of M. Matuschkin is one that will well repay perusal. It was while the one party was absent at the fair, that the gallant lieutenant with another

of his officers started for Cape Shelagokoi. Nine sledges were prepared; three for the travellers, and six to carry fish for men and dogs; and as this species of traveling is one which none of our modern tourists have as yet had an opportunity of describing, we will endeavour to give our readers some idea of the appearance of the little caravan at starting.

We have already seen something of the winter traveling costume in these regions; and when it is borne in mind that the party contemplated a month's excursion in February over the ice of the Polar Sea, it will be taken for granted that none of the multitudinous appliances of furs on furs would be left behind. During the whole period of the journey, they could not once hope to obtain the shelter of a hut; the protection of an iceberg, to keep off the north wind, was the utmost they could look for when encamping for the night. A fire even was a comfort by no means to be relied on, for unless they found a sufficient supply of drift wood along the coast, it would be impossible for them to cheer their night's lodging by indulging in the luxury of a blazing log. These points must be borne in mind when estimating the delights of an arctic sledging party.

"The articles we carried with us were the following: a conic tent formed of reindeer skins, two hatchets, a pocket lantern, a few wax lights, a plate of iron to light a fire on, an iron tripod, a tea-kettle, a boiler, some changes of linen for each of us, and a bear skin as mattress, with a double reindeer skin counterpane for every two of the party. Our instruments were: two chronometers, a second watch, a sextant with a quicksilver horizon, a spirit thermometer, three amplitude compasses, one of these with a prism, two telescopes, a ribbon measure, and a few other trifles. Provisions for five men for a month: $2\frac{1}{2}$ pood of rye biscuit, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pood of meat, 10 pounds of soup tablets, 2 pounds of tea, 4 pounds of candied sugar, 8 pounds of groats, 3 pounds of salt, 39 portions of strong spirit, 12 pounds of tobacco, and 200 pieces of smoked yukhala. The cargo of each sledge was about 25 pood, tightly packed, and so closely fastened by means of thongs, that the sledge might be overturned many times without the least danger to any part of the contents. Perched upon the centre of the narrow vehicle sits the driver, his feet resting on the runner of the sledge, ready at a moment's notice to jump off. Immediately behind our drivers, Mr. Kosmin and myself sat perched, much in the same manner, likewise ready every moment to jump off, in case of our carriages losing their balance. Although each sledge bore 25 pood, yet it glided so easily over the frozen snow, that a man could have pushed it along with one hand; accordingly, the dogs, when the way was good, would run their ten or twelve versts in the hour."

The great inconvenience which attends this kind of traveling, consists in the difficulty of carrying a stock of food for the dogs. Thus, on the present occasion, three of the sledges were occupied by the travellers and their luggage, while the remaining six were almost exclusively occupied by fish for their cattle. This difficulty M. von Wrangel found means to obviate in some measure by burying a portion of the provisions in the snow, for a supply when returning, after which he sent the empty sledges back, and thereby husbanded his means. On this his first journey, his magazines were found and pilfered by the bears, which placed the travellers and their dogs on exceedingly short commons on their return; but experience gradually taught them to make their snow cellars bear-proof, and in their subsequent excursions they almost invariably found their buried stores untouched.

The intense cold made it impossible for them to lay aside any part of their costume when preparing to make

themselves "comfortable" at night, and even when they were fortunate enough to find an abundant supply of wood, they still suffered so much from the cold that they were frequently obliged to rise two or three times before morning, and warm themselves by running and jumping a little in front of the tent. M. von Wrangel made it a point, however, every evening to change his stockings, and his companion, M. Kosmin, had nearly lost the use of his limbs by neglecting this prudent precaution. The second or third morning after their departure, this gentleman complained that his feet were frozen. He was advised to change his stockings, which he had not done for two nights. "But when he pulled off his boots," says M. von Wrangel, "what was our horror at seeing his stockings frozen fast to his feet. With the utmost caution we proceeded to relieve him from this painful situation, in doing which we found complete strata of ice of perhaps the tenth of an inch in thickness, within his stockings. Fortunately the feet themselves were not frozen, and after we had gently rubbed them with brandy for some time, he was completely restored." M. Kosmin was a Russian sailor, be it remembered, and surely it must have required all the iron constitution of his race, to enable him to overcome this little inconvenience with such perfect facility. The quantity of furs in which it was necessary for the travellers to encase themselves, made it of course impossible for the vapour thrown off by the skin to escape. This always occasioned moisture to collect about the feet during the day, and made it highly imprudent to pass a night without first taking care to secure the comfort of dry stockings.

The chronometers were perfectly useless, as it was impossible to protect them against the influence of the cold. M. von Wrangel carried them next his person during the day, and carefully took them to bed with him at night, cherishing them with all the fondness of a bridegroom. But all would not do. The delicate creature could not live in a temperature of 40 degrees below the freezing point of Réaumur; the drop of oil within the works was converted into ice.

The two following winters were employed by our author in vain attempts to proceed northward, in search of the polar continent, the existence of which had long been an enigma, and which even the labours of this expedition can scarcely be said to have solved. At an inconsiderable distance from the coast, even during the most intense frost, the ice was always found so thin that the sledge was continually in danger of breaking through, a catastrophe that befel them on one or two occasions, though without any serious consequence. Beyond this thin crust of ice, as far as the eye could reach, the sea was always open; but the horizon was seldom extensive, constant vapours issuing from the *Polinya*, as the open region of the ocean is called by the Siberians. Even in the severest winter the ice never extends more than 25 versts (16 English miles) to the north of the island of New Siberia,* and it is evident, from the experience of the past, that neither in sledges, nor in ships sailing from the Siberian rivers, can any important results be obtained from future attempts to explore the Polar Seas. M. von Wrangel appears to abandon the hope that other navigators may be more fortunate than himself. It may seem presumptuous for landmen like ourselves to hazard a contrary opinion; but while we were accompanying our Russian in his dreary excursions over the polar ice, we confess, the idea frequently suggested itself to our minds that his own remarks pointed

out the only practicable means of reaching a more northern latitude. The impediment to his own progress (and the same remark applies to Lieutenant Anjou, who was employed on a similar service, on a more westerly part of the coast) was always the open *Polinya*, in which very little drift ice was seen. The point therefore to be attained, is to get a vessel afloat on the *Polinya*. Every attempt to do this by sailing from the ports of continental Asia has hitherto failed; but it remains to be shown whether a vessel built on the northern coast of one of the Laechnoff Islands (on Kotelnoi or New Siberia, for instance) might not be more successful. Even in the most severe winter, we have seen, the ice extends only sixteen miles to the north of these islands. Might it not then be possible for an officer to avail himself of the brief summer months, when the ice breaks up, to work his way through these sixteen miles? Once in the open water, he would have a fair field before him, and a few months' sailing might finally dispose of the long pending question relative to the existence of a large Polar land.

Russia has greater means at her command for the solution of this question than any other country; but there are no political impediments to exclude Englishmen from a participation in the enterprise. The expedition undertaken by Messrs. Simpson and Deane, along the north-western coast of America, points out the only quarter within the British dominions from which farther attempts can advantageously be made, and the experience of Messrs. Anjou and Von Wrangel indicates the means that must be employed to obtain satisfactory results from those attempts. Some convenient locality might be selected near the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Abundant supplies of every kind could be forwarded thither during the summer, and in the winter means might be taken to ascertain, in sledges drawn by dogs, how far the solid ice extends to the north of the American continent. The dog alone appears adapted for this kind of service, for the heavier horse or reindeer would fall through the thin ice, over which the dog passes with complete impunity; and experience has taught the natives of Siberia, that the dog is quite as applicable to the purposes of draught as any other animal, provided care be taken not to impose upon him labour beyond his strength. In a high northern latitude, indeed, even the reindeer is at a disadvantage when compared with the dog, for not only does the reindeer sink farther into the snow, besides breaking through the ice when thin, but the food for the reindeer is not so easily conveyed from place to place. We throw out these suggestions with perfect diffidence, and leave it to those better qualified for the task to inquire farther into the practicability of the plan. In the mean time, let us, for a brief space, return to our adventurous author.

The journey northward, over the ice, was an undertaking of a far more serious nature than the little trip along the coast, with which M. von Wrangel had whiled away a portion of his first winter. He was now about to venture "out to sea," and had to prepare for even greater hardships than he had yet experienced. In the first place, drift wood he could scarcely hope to fall in with, and as only a small supply of so bulky an article could be admitted on the sledges, a warm fire was not to be thought of before his return to land. The only fuel taken with him was for the purpose of boiling water and making soup; and as soon as the cooking was at an end every spark of fire was extinguished, and the fragments of wood carefully replaced on the sledges. A Cossack belonging to the expedition was especially appointed to this part of the service. "He had to collect every splinter that fell on one side when the men were chopping up a log, and it was his business to see that no more was used than was absolutely necessary." The same extreme care and frugality was put into practice in the

* This leaves still 15° to the North Pole, and about 12° southing from the pole, giving 27° for the *Polinya*, or open watery expanse, which certainly appears large, and is probably studded with islands, or contains a large polar land.

distribution of the provisions; all the bones and remnants of fish and meat were gathered together after each meal, and for the due discharge of this part of the service, another special appointment was deemed requisite. A scanty supply of food and firewood was not, however, the only inconvenience with which the party had to contend. The sun's rays reflected from the dazzling surface of the snow were soon found to act most painfully, and before many days were over, every man was suffering from violent inflammation of the eyes. M. von Wrangel and his friends obtained relief by rubbing the suffering parts with spirit, and then covering their faces with veils of black crape. The sledge drivers had recourse to a more violent remedy, and one that few will feel disposed to venture upon: they threw snuff into their eyes, "from which they suffered the most acute pain during the night, but were evidently much relieved on the following morning." Eventually, M. von Wrangel, to lessen this the most serious inconvenience to which this kind of service exposed him, adopted the plan of traveling chiefly by night, and resting during the middle of the day.

An occasional bear-hunt, by the excitement and exercise to which it led, varied the monotony of their occupation, but for the most part the bears were frightened by the presence of so large a number of dogs, and seldom came within speaking distance. A successful chase, by furnishing a fresh stock of food for the dogs, was always a cause of rejoicing; if, on the other hand, the quarry got off, the party were doubly disappointed, first by the loss of the bear, and secondly by the exhaustion of dogs and men, which made it impossible to proceed much farther for that day.

Easter day is a solemn festival throughout the whole Christian world, but nowhere is it more solemnly celebrated than in Russia. Our author shows that even on the broad ice of the Frozen Ocean it is quite possible to mark the return of a particular day, by rendering it the honour due.

"Unprovided with every requisite for such a solemnity, we wished at least to unite in prayer at the same hour with our countrymen at home. A block of ice was carved and hewn with much care into the shape of an altar. Upon this was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, the worker of miracles, and before it we erected a staff, on which burnt the only wax light we possessed. M. Bereshnoi officiated as priest, and read the prescribed service of the day, while our Cossacks and sledge-drivers raised the choral hymn. Simple and unadorned as was our temple, the piety of the little congregation was sincere, and, I may say, edifying. The festive banquet that followed was equally unpretending, consisting chiefly of some reindeer tongues,* reserved for the occasion, and a double allowance of brandy. What contributed more than any thing else, however, to the cheerfulness of the day, was the extravagance in which we indulged, of not letting our fire go out. It was a moderate one, to be sure, but we all crept closely around it, and spent the remainder of the day, chatting sociably over the hardships and dangers we had passed, and the hope we all entertained of a safe return. No assembly was perhaps ever so cheerful and merry under similar circumstances, destitute as we were of every thing that could in the most remote degree be construed into convenience or enjoyment. Our chief comfort was, no doubt, our little blazing fire—a comfort of which we had so long been forced to deprive ourselves."

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the sum-

* Mr. Latham informs us that the tongues we are in the habit of eating with the most unsuspecting innocence in this country under this appellation, are prepared from donkeys.

mer excursions which M. von Wrangel and his officers undertook, chiefly on horseback, through the surrounding country, or we would here introduce some of his animated descriptions of the reindeer hunting and wild goose catching, which we have read with interest, and which nothing but the length to which our remarks have already extended prevents us from quoting. His fourth winter was devoted to his great and last tour on the ice, which he extended as far as the island of Koliatkin, the same as that discovered by Captain Cook, and entered on his chart as Burney's Isle. On this tour it was that our travellers entered into friendly relations with the Tshuktshi, of whom one accompanied them a considerable portion of the journey, in his reindeer sledge. The Tshuktshi still persist, in what they have always maintained, that there exists a large extent of land to the north of their own country; and an old chief even declared that on a fine summer day, from some rocks situated a little westward from Captain Cook's North Cape, he had frequently discerned mountains covered with snow, at a great distance from land.

"But in winter, he said, the eye could not reach so far, and nothing was then to be seen. In former times, he added, large herds of reindeer had sometimes arrived across the sea, probably from that northern land, but, having been hunted and scared by the Tsheskoos and the wolves, had always returned again. He himself had once, in April, seen a herd thus returning, and had followed it a whole day in his sledge, but the ice became so uneven, that he was obliged to give up the pursuit. In his opinion, those mountains did not form part of an island, but of an extensive region, like the Tshesko land. His father had told him, that once upon a time, one of their elders had gone thither, with some of his men, in leathern *beydars*, or boats, but what they had found there, or whether they had ever returned, he was unable to say. He asserted most positively, however, that the country was inhabited; and, as a proof, he added, that a whale, wounded by spears pointed with stones, had a few years since been thrown on their coast. Now as none of the Tsheskoos used such spears, the whale could have been wounded only by one of the inhabitants of the unknown land."

The argument about the spear is one of very little value, as it is known that on the north western coast of America, and more particularly on the islands about Behring's Strait, such spears are still used. The old chief, however, appears to have been an intelligent observer, for in the course of his conversation with M. von Wrangel, to make his explanations more clear, he took up a piece of charred wood, and drew a tolerably correct map of the whole line of coast, from the Barsnikha to the North Cape, marking all the most important islands, capes, bays, &c. In fact so proverbial are the Tshuktshi for their cheerfulness and readiness of apprehension, that the Siberian Russians have long designated them as the "Frenchmen of the Tundra."

During this his last journey, M. von Wrangel again attempted to get to the north, but the same natural impediments again opposed his progress, and before he could return to the coast, a violent tempest came on, which broke the ice, and left the whole party afloat on a fragment of about fifty fathoms in diameter, on which they spent a night of painful anxiety, thrown to and fro by the billows of the ocean, and in momentary expectation of seeing their little island crushed by the enormous *torossy*, or icebergs, which were dashing about in all directions around them. As soon, however, as the storm subsided, the several fields of ice became quickly connected, and the adventurous travellers were enabled to proceed on their journey, which, notwithstanding the

danger they had just escaped, they continued in a northerly direction. They experienced a second storm, and were again set adrift on the ocean, but this time the fragment was of a much larger size, being composed of a number of connected icebergs. To return to the "continental ice" they had to construct a kind of bridge with loose blocks of ice, and again they renewed their endeavours to proceed to the north. "We did so," says our author—

"Rather for the satisfaction of knowing that we had left nothing undone that it was in our power to do, than with any hope of a favourable result. Till noon (23d March) we had clear weather, with a light wind, which towards the afternoon became sharp, when clouds began to gather over us, while from N. W. to N. E., as far as our eyes could reach, the horizon was covered by the dense blue vapour which in these regions constantly rises from the open ocean. Notwithstanding this sure token of the impossibility of proceeding much farther, we continued to go due north for about nine versts, when we arrived at the edge of an immense break in the ice, which reached in both directions beyond our visible horizon, and which at the narrowest part was more than 150 fathoms broad. The sharp westerly wind we could see was widening the gap, and the current that set towards the east was running at the rate of a knot and a half. We climbed to the summit of one of the loftiest icebergs, whence we obtained an extensive view towards the north, and whence we beheld the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze. It was a dreadful, melancholy, magnificent spectacle! On the foaming waves were tossed about, as though they had been mere feathers, icebergs of enormous size; the grotesque and colossal masses lay one moment inclined on the agitated waters, and the next were hurled with awful violence against the edge of the standing ice. The collisions were so tremendous that large fragments were every instant broken away, and it was evident that the rampart of ice which still divided the channel before us from the open ocean would soon be completely destroyed. It would have been idle temerity to have attempted to ferry ourselves across, upon one of the floating pieces of ice, for we should not have found firm footing on our arrival. Even on our own side fresh breaks were continually forming, which assumed the forms of rivers rushing in different directions through a continent of ice. We could not go further!

"With a painful feeling of the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles which Nature opposed to us, our last hope vanished of discovering the enigmatical land, of the existence of which it was still not allowed us to doubt. We saw ourselves compelled to renounce the object for which during three years we had constantly exposed ourselves to every kind of hardship, privation, and danger. We had done all that duty or honour could demand from us; it would have been absurd to have attempted to contend against the might of the elements, and I resolved to return!

"According to my reckoning, the point from which I returned was situated in 70° 51' N. latitude, and 175° 27' E. longitude, from Greenwich. Our distance from the main land, in a straight line, was 105 versts. On sounding we found 22½ fathoms of water, with a clay bottom."

On their return they had to ferry themselves across many fresh breaks in the ice, the dogs swimming, and towing after them the pieces of ice on which the sledges rested. In many places the old track of their sledges was interrupted by large *torosses*, a proof that the storms they had experienced must have broken the ice to a great extent behind them. They were again overtaken by a

storm, were again set adrift upon an iceberg, to which they were a whole day indebted for their preservation. At length, however, their frost-built vessel became a prey to the hurricane. The mighty *toross* was hurled against the field of standing ice, and the violence of the collision shattered at once the mass that bore our travellers, and the mass against which it had been flung.

"The moment of our destruction was at hand. But at this dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the native instinct of every living being acted within us. All of us at the same instant sprung upon the sledges, and urged our dogs to their full speed without knowing whither we went. The animals flew across the sinking fragments, and reached a field of standing ice, where they immediately ceased running, conscious apparently that the danger was over. We were saved. Joyfully we embraced one another, and joined in thanks to God for our miraculous preservation."

And here we must close our notice of one of the most attractive works of the kind that has for some years passed through our hands. The expedition we have described embraces from longitude 67° east to 175° east, the immense sweep of 108° of east longitude in the highest attainable Asiatic latitude, bringing us to Behring's Strait from the distant Ob. Here our distinguished countrymen, Captain Beechey, meets us, and carries us on the American continent until stopped by the same impediments with Von Wrangel, but with his points of survey of a far more accurate description. Inferior only to the late deeply lamented Captain Kater, receivedly the best manipulator of instruments of his time, far exceeding even the late astronomer royal, whose excellence on that point is well known, all Capt. Beechey's observations are of the highest possible accuracy. The American coast will soon, we trust, be perfectly ascertained from Point Parry to Point Beechey. Whether a large Polar land extends beyond these discoveries, will soon form the only remaining northern desideratum. In conclusion we have simply to remark, that we are at a loss to comprehend the motive of the Russian government in keeping M. Von Wrangel's narrative buried for so many years in the archives of the admiralty. The public, we are sure, will feel indebted to Mr. Ritter, of Berlin, for the German version, and we presume some of our own publishers will, before long, present the work to us in an English dress.

With respect to the extraordinary details in this article on the mammoth bones, one of our most eminent geologists has stated to us his conviction that the diminution of the mammoth in size, as we approach the North Pole, is untrue. He considers that different species are confounded. The quantity of these remains does not surprise him, as bones in similar proportion are found along the north shores of Asia and America. The temperature of the earth, he conceives, must have essentially changed. The mammoth was a hot-blooded herbivorous animal, and not adapted to a marine life. We subjoin these remarks, which are of high moment, we conceive, and lead to speculations on change of climate, soil, &c. almost endless. The fidelity of Hedenström is of course not impeached, even supposing him to be in error.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Continued.)

While the lofty door of a house in Grosvenor Street was yet quivering under the shock of previously-announced dinner-arrival, one of the servants who were standing behind a carriage which approached from the direction of Piccadilly, slipped off, and in a twinkling, with a thun-thun-thunder-under-under, thunder-runder-runder, thun-thun-thun! and a shrill thrilling whirr-r-r of the bell, announced the arrival of the Duke of —, the last guest. It was a large and plain carriage, but perfectly well known; and before the door of the house at which it had drawn up, had been opened, displaying some four or five servants standing in the hall, in simple but elegant liveries, half-a-dozen passengers had stopped to see get out of the carriage an elderly, middle-sized man, with a somewhat spare figure, dressed in plain black clothes, with iron-gray hair, and a countenance which, once seen, was not to be forgotten. That was a great man; one, the like of whom many previous centuries had not seen; whose name shot terror into the hearts of all the enemies of old England all over the world, and fond pride and admiration into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

"A quarter to eleven!" he said, in a quiet tone, to the servant who was holding open the carriage door—while the bystanders took off their hats; a courtesy which he acknowledged, as he slowly stepped across the pavement, by touching his hat in a mechanical sort of way with his forefinger. The house-door then closed upon him; the handful of on-lookers passed away; off rolled the empty carriage; and all without was quiet as before. The house was that of Mr. Aubrey, one of the members for the burgh of Yatton, in Yorkshire,—a man of rapidly-rising importance in parliament. Surely his was a pleasant position—that of an independent country gentleman, with a clear, unincumbered rent-roll of ten thousand a-year, and already become the spokesman of his class! Parliament having been assembled, in consequence of a particular emergency, at a much earlier period than usual, the house of commons, in which Mr. Aubrey had the evening before delivered a well-timed and powerful speech, had adjourned for the Christmas recess, the house of lords, being about to follow its example that evening: an important division, however, being first expected to take place at a late hour. Mr. Aubrey was warmly complimented on his success by several of the select and brilliant circle then assembled, and who were in high spirits—ladies and all—on account of a considerable triumph just obtained by their party, and to which Mr. Aubrey was assured, by even the Duke of —, his exertions had certainly not a little contributed. While his grace was energetically intimating to Mr. Aubrey his opinion to this effect, there were two lovely women listening to him with intense eagerness—they were the wife and sister of Mr. Aubrey. The former was an elegant and interesting woman, of nearly eight-and-twenty; the latter was a really beautiful girl, somewhere between twenty and twenty-one. She was dressed with the utmost degree of simplicity that was consistent with elegance. Mrs. Aubrey, a blooming young mother of two as charming children as were to be met with in a day's walk all over both the parks, was, in character and manners, all pliancy and gentleness; about Miss Aubrey there was a dash of spirit that gave an infinite zest to

MUSEUM.—APRIL, 1840.

her beauty. Her blue eyes beamed with the richest expression of feeling—in short, Catharine Aubrey was, both in face and figure, a downright English beauty; and she knew—truth must be told—that such she appeared to the great duke, whose cold equine eye she often felt to be settled upon her with satisfaction. The fact was, that he had penetrated at a first glance beneath the mere surface of an arch, sweet, and winning manner, and detected a certain strength of character in Miss Aubrey which gave him more than usual interest in her, and spread over his iron-cast features a pleasant expression, relaxing their sternness. It might indeed be said, that before her, in his person,

"Grim-visaged war had smooth'd his wrinkled front."

'Twas a subject for a painter, that delicate and blooming girl, her auburn hair hanging in careless grace on each side of her white forehead, while her eyes were fixed with absorbed interest on the stern and rigid countenance which she reflected had been, as it were, a thousand times darkened with the smoke of the grisly battlefield. But I must not forget that there are others in the room; and amongst them, standing at a little distance, is Lord De la Zouch, one of Mr. Aubrey's neighbours in Yorkshire. Apparently he is listening to a brother peer talking to him very earnestly about the expected division; but Lord De la Zouch's eye is fixed on you, lovely Kate—and how little can you imagine what is passing through his mind! It has just occurred to him that his sudden arrangement for young Delamere—his only son and heir, come up the day before from Oxford—to call for him about half-past ten, and take his place in Mrs. Aubrey's drawing-room, while he, Lord De la Zouch, goes down to the house—may be attended with certain consequences. He is speculating on the effect of your beauty bursting suddenly on his son—who has not seen you for nearly two years; all this gives him anxiety—but not painful anxiety—for, dear Kate, he knows that your forehead would wear the ancient coronet of the De la Zouches with grace and dignity. But Delamere is as yet too young—and if he gets the image of Catharine Aubrey into his head, it will, fears his father, instantly cast into the shade and displace all the stern visages of those old poets, orators, historians, philosophers and statesmen, who ought, in Lord De la Zouch and his son's tutor's judgment, to occupy exclusively the head of the aforesaid Delamere for some five years to come. That youngster—happy fellow!—frank, high-spirited, and enthusiastic—and handsome to boot—was heir to an ancient title and great estates; all he had considered in looking out for an alliance was—youth, health, beauty, blood—here they all were;—*fortune*—bah! what did it signify to his son—but it's not to be thought of for some years.

"Suppose," said he aloud, though in a musing manner, "one were to say—twenty-four,"—

"*Twenty-four*," echoed the Earl of St. Clair with amazement, "my dear Lord De la Zouch, what do you mean? Eighty-four at the very lowest."

"Eh! what! oh—yes, of course—I should say ninety—I mean—hem!—they will muster about twenty-four only."

"Yes, there you're right, I dare say." Here the announcement of dinner put an end to the colloquy of the two statesmen. Lord De la Zouch led down Miss Aubrey with an air of the most delicate and cordial courtesy; and felt almost disposed, in the heat of the moment, to tell her that he had arranged all in his own mind—that

she was to be the future Lady De la Zouch. He was himself the eleventh who had come to the title in direct descent from father to son; 'twas a point he was not a little nervous and anxious about—he detested collateral succession—and he made himself infinitely agreeable to Miss Aubrey as he sat beside her at dinner. The Duke of — sat on the right hand side of Mrs. Aubrey, seemingly in high spirits, and she appeared proud enough of her supporter. It was a delightful dinner-party, elegant without ostentation, and select without pretence of exclusiveness. All were cheerful and animated, not merely on account of the over-night's parliamentary victory, which I have already alluded to, but also in contemplation of the coming Christmas; how, and where, and with whom each was to spend that "right merrie season," being the chief topic of conversation. As there was nothing peculiar in the dinner, and as I have no time for describing such matters in detail—the clatter of plate, the jingling of silver, the sparkling of wines, and so forth—I shall request the reader to imagine himself led by me quietly out of the dining-room into the library—thus escaping from all the bustle and hubbub attendant upon such an entertainment as is going on in the front of the house. We shall be alone in the library—here it is; we enter it, and shut the door. 'Tis a spacious room, all the sides covered with books, of which Mr. Aubrey is a great collector—and the clear red fire (which we must presently replenish or it will go out) is shedding a subdued ruddy light on all the objects in the room, very favourable for our purpose. The ample table is covered with books and papers; and there is an antique-looking arm-chair drawn opposite to the fire, in which Mr. Aubrey has been indulging in a long reverie till the moment of quitting it to go and dress for dinner. This chair I shall sit in myself; you may draw out from the recess for yourself, one of two little sloping easy-chairs, which have been placed there by Mrs. and Miss Aubrey for their own sole use, considering that they are excellent judges of the period at which Mr. Aubrey has been long enough alone, and at which they should come in and gossip with him. We may as well draw the dusky green curtains across the window, through which the moon shines at present rather too brightly.—So, now, after coaxing up the fire—I will proceed to tell you a little bit of pleasant family history.

The Aubreys are a Yorkshire family. Their residence, Yatton, is in the northeastern part of the county, not above fifteen or twenty miles from the sea. The hall is one of those old structures, the sight of which throws you back nearly a couple of centuries in our English history. It stands in a park, crowded with trees, many of them of great age and size, and under which some two hundred head of deer perform their capricious and graceful gambles. You strike off the great North road into a broad by-way; after going down which for about a mile, you come to a straggling little village called Yatton, at the further extremity of which stands an aged gray church, with a very tall thin spire; an immense yew-tree, with a kind of friendly gloom, overshadowing, in the little churchyard, nearly half the graves. A little behind the church is the vicarage-house, snug and sheltered by a line of fir-trees. After walking on about eighty yards, you come to the high park-gates, and see a lodge just within, on the left hand side, sheltered by an elm-tree. You then wind your way for about a third of a mile along a gravel walk, amongst the thickening trees, till you come to a ponderous old crumbling-looking red brick gateway of the time of Henry VII., with one or

two deeply-set stone windows in the turrets, and mouldering stone-capped battlements peeping through high-climbing ivy. There is an old escutcheon immediately over the point of the arch; and as you pass underneath, if you look up you can see the groove of the old portcullis still remaining. Having passed under this castellated remnant, you enter a kind of court, formed by a high wall completely covered with ivy, running along in a line from the right hand turret of the gateway till it joins the house. Along its course are a number of yew-trees. In the centre of the open space is a quaintly disposed grass-plot, dotted about with stunted box, and in the centre stands a weatherbeaten stone sundial. The house itself is a large irregular pile of dull red brick-work, with great stacks of chimneys in the rear; the body of the building had evidently been erected at different times. Some part is evidently in the style of Queen Elizabeth's reign, another in that of Queen Anne: and it is plain that on the site of the present structure has formerly stood a castle. There are traces of the old moat still visible round the rear of the house. One of the ancient towers, with small deep stone windows, still remains, giving its venerable support to the right-hand extremity of the building. The long frontage of the house consists of two huge masses of dusky-red brick-work, (you can hardly call them *wings*), connected together by a lower building in the centre, which contains the hall. There are three or four rows of long thin deep windows, with heavy-looking wooden sashes. The high-pitched roof is of slate, and has deep projecting eaves, forming, in fact, a bold wooden cornice running along the whole length of the building, which is some two or three stories high. At the left extremity stands a clump of ancient cedars of Lebanon, feathering in ever-green beauty down to the ground. The hall is large and lofty; the floor is of polished oak, almost the whole of which is covered with thick matting; it is wainscoted all round with black oak, some seven or eight full-length pictures, evidently of considerable antiquity, being let into the panels. Quaint figures these are to be sure; and if they resembled the ancestors of the Aubrey family, those ancestors must have been singular and startling persons! The faces are quite white and staring—all as if in wonder; and they have such long legs, ending in sharp-pointed shoes—just such as were worn in the reign of Edward III., or even Richard II. On each side of the ample fireplace stand a figure in full armour; and there are also ranged along the wall old swords and lances, the very idea of wielding and handling which makes your arms ache, while you exclaim, "they *must* have been giants in those days!" On one side of this hall, a door opens into the dining-room, beyond which is the library; on the other side a door leads you into a noble room, now called the drawing-room, where stands a very fine organ. Out of both the dining-room and drawing-room, you pass up a staircase contained in an old square tower, two sides of each of them opening on the old quadrangle, lead into a gallery running all round the quadrangle, and into which all the bed-rooms open.—But I need not go into further detail. Altogether it is truly a fine old mansion. Its only constant occupant is Mrs. Aubrey, the mother of Mr. Aubrey, in whose library we are now seated. She is a widow, having survived her husband, who twice was one of the county members about fifteen years. Mr. Aubrey is her firstborn child, Miss Aubrey her last: four intervening children she has followed to the grave,—the grief and suffering consequent upon which have sadly shaken her constitution, and made

her, both in actual health and in appearance, at least ten years older than she really is—for she has, in point of fact, not long since entered her sixtieth year. What a blessed life she leads at Yatton! Her serene and cheerful temper makes every one happy about her; and her charity is unbounded, but dispensed with a most just discrimination. One way or another, almost a fourth of the village are direct pensioners upon her bounty. You have only to mention the name of Madam Aubrey, the lady of Yatton, to witness involuntary homage paid to her virtues. Her word is law; and well indeed it may be. While Mr. Aubrey, her husband, was to the last stern in his temper, and reserved in his habits, bearing withal a spotless and lofty character, she was always what she still is, meek, gentle, accessible, charitable, and pious. On his death she withdrew from the world, and has ever since resided at Yatton—never having quitted it for a single day. There are in the vicinity one or two stately families, with ancient name, sounding title, and great possessions; but for ten miles round Yatton, old Madam Aubrey, the squire's mother, is the name that is enshrined in people's kindest and most grateful feelings, and receives their readiest homage. 'Tis perhaps a very small matter to mention, but there is at the hall a great white old mare, Peggy, that for these twenty years, in all weathers, hath been the bearer of Madam's bounty. A thousand times hath she carried Jacob Jones (now a pensioned servant, whose hair is as white as Peggy's) all over the estate, and also oft beyond it, with comfortable matters for the sick and poor. Most commonly there are a couple of stone bottles, filled with cowslip, currant, ginger, or elderberry wine, slung before old Jones over the well-worn saddle—to the carrying of which Peggy has got so accustomed that she does not go comfortably without them. She has so fallen into the habits of old Jones, who is an inveterate gossip, (Madam having helped to make him such by the numerous inquiries she makes of him every morning as to every one in the village, and on the estate, and which inquiries he must have the means of answering,) that slow as she jogs along, if ever she meets or is overtaken by any one, she stops of her own accord, as if to hear what they and her rider have to say to one another. She is a great favourite with all, and gets a mouthful of hay or grass at every place she stops at, either from the children or the old people. When old Peggy comes to die, she will be missed by all the folk round Yatton. Madam Aubrey, growing, I am sorry to say, very feeble, cannot go about as much as she used, and betakes herself oftener and oftener to the old family coach; and when she is going to drive about the neighbourhood, you may always see it stop at the vicarage for old Dr. Tatham, who generally accompanies her. On these occasions she always has a bag containing Testaments and prayer-books, which are distributed as rewards to those whom the parson can recommend as deserving of them. For these five-and-twenty years she has never missed giving a copy of each to every child in the village and on the estate, on its being confirmed; and the old lady looks round very keenly every Sunday, from her pew, to see that these Bibles and prayer-books are reverently used. I could go on for an hour and longer, telling you these and other such matters of this exemplary lady; but we shall by and by have some opportunities of seeing and knowing more of her personally. In manner she is very calm, and quiet, and dignified. She looks all that you could expect from what I have told you. The briskness of youth, the sedate firmness of middle-age, have years

since given place, as you will see with some pain, to the feebleness produced by ill health and mental suffering—for she mourned after her children with all a fond and bereaved mother's love. Oh! how she doats upon her surviving son and daughter! And are they not worthy of such a mother! Mr. Aubrey is in his thirty-sixth year; and inherits the mental qualities of both his parents—the demeanour and person of his father. He has a reserve that is not cynical, but only diffident, yet it gives him, at least at first sight, an air of hauteur, if not austerity, which is very far from his real nature, for within is, indeed, the rich "milk of human kindness." He has the soft heart and benignant temper of his mother, joined with the masculine firmness of character which belonged to his father. Sensitive he is, perhaps to a fault. There is a tone of melancholy or pensiveness in his composition, which has probably increased upon him from his severe studies, ever since his youth. He is a man of superior intellect, though not, perhaps, of the highest or most brilliant order; and is a most capital scholar. At Oxford he plucked the prize from a host of strong competitors, and has since justified the expectations which were entertained of him. He has made several really valuable contributions to historic literature—indeed, I think he is even now engaged upon some researches calculated to throw much light upon the obscure origin of several of our political institutions. He has entered upon politics with uncommon ardour—perhaps with an excessive ardour. I think he is likely to make a considerable figure in parliament; for he is a man of very clear head, very patient, of business-like habits, and, moreover, has a very impressive delivery as a public speaker. He is generous and charitable as his admirable mother, and careless, even to a fault, of his pecuniary interests. He is a man of perfect simplicity and purity of character. Above all, his virtues are the virtues which have been sublimed by Christianity—the cold embers of morality warmed into religion. He stands happily equidistant from infidelity and fanaticism. He has looked for light from above, and has heard a voice saying—"This is the way, walk thou in it." His piety is the real source of that happy consistent dignity, and content, and firmness which have earned him the respect of all who know him, and will bear him through whatever may befall him. He who standeth upon this rock cannot be moved, perhaps not even touched, by the surges of worldly circumstances of difficulty and distress. In manner Mr. Aubrey is calm and gentlemanlike; in person he is rather above the middle height, and of slight make—too slight, perhaps, to be elegant. From the way in which his clothes hang about him, a certain sharpness at his shoulders catching the eye of an observer—you would feel an anxiety about his health, which would be increased by hearing of the mortality in his family; and your thoughts are perhaps pointed in the same direction, by a glance at his long, thin, delicate, white hands. His countenance, though not to be called *handsome*, has a serene manliness about it when in repose, and an acuteness and vivacity when animated, which are delightful to behold: it often beams with energy and intellect. His hair is black as jet, and his forehead ample and marked.

Mr. Aubrey has been married about six years; 'twas a case of love at first sight. Chance threw him in the way of Agnes St. Clair, within a few weeks after she had been bereaved of her only parent, Colonel St. Clair, who fell in the Peninsular war. Had he lived only a month or two longer, he would have succeeded to a considerable estate; as it was, he left his only child com-

paratively penniless—but heaven had endowed her with personal beauty, with a lovely disposition, and superior understanding. It was not till after a long and anxious wooing, backed by the cordial entreaties of Mrs. Aubrey, that Miss St. Clair consented to become the wife of a man, who, to this hour, loves her with all the passionate ardour with which she had first inspired him. And richly she deserves his love, for she dotes upon him, she studies, or rather perhaps anticipates, his every wish; in short, had the whole sex been searched for one calculated to make happy the morbidly-fastidious Aubrey, the choice must surely have fallen on Miss St. Clair; a woman whose temper, whose tastes, and whose manners were at once in delicate and harmonising unison and contrast with his own. She has hitherto brought him but two children, a boy between four and five years old, and a girl about two years old. If I were to hint my own impressions, I should say there was a probability—but be that as it may, 'tis an affair we have nothing to do with at present.

Of Catharine Aubrey you had a momentary moon-light glimpse, at a former period of this history; and you have seen her this evening under other, and perhaps not less interesting circumstances. Now, where have you beheld a more exquisite specimen of budding womanhood?—but I feel that I shall get extravagant if I begin to dwell upon her charms. You have seen her—judge for yourself; but you do not *know* her as I do; and I shall tell you that her personal beauty is but a faint emblem of the beauties of her mind and character. She is Aubrey's youngest—his only sister; and he cherishes her with the tenderest and fondest regard. Neither he, nor his mother—with both of whom she spends her time alternately—can bear to part with her for ever so short an interval. She is the gay, romping playmate of the little Aubreys; the demure secretary and treasurer of her mother. I say *demure*—for there is a sly humour and archness in Kate's composition, which flickers about even her gravest moods. She is calculated equally for the seclusion of Yatton, and the splendid atmosphere of Almack's; but for the latter she seems at present to have little inclination. Kate is a girl of decided character, of strong sense, of high principle; all of which are irradiated, not overborne, by her sparkling vivacity of temperament. She has real talent; and her mind has been trained, and her tastes directed, with affectionate skill and vigilance by her gifted mother. She has many accomplishments; but the only one I shall choose here to name is—music. *She* was a girl to sing and play before a man of the most fastidious taste and genius. I defy any man to hear the rich tones of Miss Aubrey's voice without being exquisitely moved. Music is with her a matter not of *art*, but of *feeling*—of passionate feeling; but hark!—hush!—surely—yes, that is Miss Aubrey's voice, I will be sworn—that is her clear and brilliant touch; the ladies have ascended to the drawing-room, and we must presently follow them. How time has passed! I had a great deal more to tell you about the family, but we must take some other opportunity.

Yes, it is Miss Aubrey, playing on the new and superb piano given by her brother last week to Mrs. Aubrey. Do you see with what a careless grace and ease she is giving a very sweet but difficult composition of Haydn? The lady who is standing by her to turn over her music, is the celebrated Countess of Lydsdale. She is still young and beautiful; but beside Miss Aubrey what a painful contrast! 'Tis all the difference between an arti-

cial and a natural flower. Poor Lady Lydsdale! you are not happy with all your splendour; the glitter of your diamonds cannot compensate for the loss of the sparkling spirits of a younger day; they pale their ineffectual fires beside the fresh and joyous spirit of Catharine Aubrey. You sigh:

"Now I'll sing you quite a new thing," said Kate, starting up, and turning over her portfolio till she came to a sheet of paper, on which were some verses in her own handwriting: "The words were written by my brother, were not they, Agnes? and I have found an old ballad that exactly fits them!" Here her fingers, wandering lightly and softly over the keys, gave forth a beautiful symphony in the minor; after which, with exquisite simplicity, she sang the following:—

PEACE.

1.

Where, O where
Hath gentle PEACE found rest?
Builds she in bower of lady fair?
But Love—he hath possession there;
Not long is *she* the guest.

2.

Sits she crown'd
Beneath a pictured dome?
But there Ambition keeps his ground,
And Fear and Envy skulk around;
This cannot be her home!

3.

Will she hide
In scholar's pensive cell?
But *he* already hath his bride:
Him, Melancholy sits beside—
With her she may not dwell!

4.

Now and then,
Peace, wandering, lays her head
On regal couch, in captive's den—
But nowhere finds she rest with men,
Or only with the dead!

To these words, trembling on the beautiful lips of Miss Aubrey, was listening an unperceived auditor, with eyes devouring her every feature, and ears absorbing every tone of her thrilling voice. It was young Delamere, who had, only a moment or two before Miss Aubrey commenced singing the above lines, alighted from his father's carriage, which was then waiting at the door to carry off Lord De la Zouch to the house of lords. Arrested by the rich voice of the singer, he stopped short before he had entered the front drawing-room, and, stepping to a corner where he was hid from view, though he could distinctly see Miss Aubrey, there he remained as if rooted to the spot. He, too, had a soul for music; and the exquisite manner in which Miss Aubrey gave the last verse, called up before his excited fancy the vivid image of a dove fluttering with agitated uncertainty over the sea of human life, even like the dove over the waters enveloping the earth in olden time. The mournful minor into which she threw the last line, excited a heart susceptible of the liveliest emotions to a degree which it required some effort to control, and almost a tear to relieve. When Miss Aubrey had quitted

the piano, Mrs. Aubrey followed, and gave a very delicate sonata from Haydn. Then sat down Lady Lyddale, and dashed off, in an exceedingly brilliant style, a *scena* from the new opera, which quickly reduced the excited feelings of Delamere to a pitch admitting of his presenting himself. While this lowering process was going on, Delamere took down a little volume from a cabinet of books immediately behind him, and which proved to be a volume of the *Faery Queen*. He found many pencil-marks, evidently made by a light female hand; and turning to the fly-leaf, he beheld, in a small elegant hand, the name of "*Catharine Aubrey*." His heart fluttered; he turned towards the piano, and beheld the graceful figure of Miss Aubrey standing beside Lady Lyddale, in an attitude of delighted earnestness—for her ladyship was undoubtedly a very splendid performer—totally unconscious of the burning eye that was fixed upon her. After gazing at her for some moments, he gently pressed the autograph to his lips; and solemnly vowed within himself, in the most deliberate manner possible, that if he could not marry Catharine Aubrey, he would never marry any body; he would, moreover, quit England for ever; and deposit a broken heart in a foreign grave—and so forth. Thus calmly resolved—or rather to such a resolution did his thoughts tend—that sedate person, the Honourable Geoffrey Lovel Delamere. He was a high-spirited, frank-hearted fellow; and, like a good-natured fool, whom bitter knowledge of the world has not cooled down into contempt for a very considerable portion of it, trusted and loved almost every one whom he saw. At that moment there was only one person in the whole world that he hated, viz., the miserable individual—if any such there were—who might have happened to forestall him in the affections of Miss Aubrey. The bare idea made his breath come and go quickly, and his cheek flush. Why, he felt that he had a sort of *rights* to Miss Aubrey's heart; for had they not been born, and had they not lived almost all their lives, within a few miles of each other? Had they not often played together!—were not their family estates almost contiguous!—Delamere advanced into the room, assuming as unconcerned an air as he could; but he felt not a little tried when Miss Aubrey, on seeing him, gaily and frankly extended her hand to him, supposing him to have only the moment before entered the house. Poor Delamere's hand slightly quivered as he felt it clasping the soft lillied fingers of her whom he had thus resolved to make his wife: what would he not have given to have carried them to his lips! Now, if I were to say that in the course of that evening, Miss Aubrey did not form a kind of a sort of a faint notion of the possible state of matters with young Delamere, I should not be treating the reader with that eminent degree of candour for which I think he, or she, is at present disposed to give me credit. But Kate was deeply skilled in human nature, and settled the matter by one very just reflection, viz. that she was one year and seven months older than Delamere; and, therefore, that it was not likely that, &c. &c. &c. Besides, the son and heir of Lord De la Zouch—pooh!—pooh!—'tis a mere boy, at college—how ridiculous!—So she gave herself no trouble about the affair; exhibited no symptoms of caution or coyness, but laughed and sung, and talked, and played, just as if he had not been present.

He was a handsome young fellow, too.—

During the evening, Mr. Delamere took an opportunity of asking Miss Aubrey who wrote the verses which he pointed to, as they lay on the piano. The

handwriting, she said, was hers, but the verses were composed by her brother. He asked for the copy, with a slight trepidation. She readily gave it to him—he receiving it with (as he supposed) a mighty unconcerned air. He read it over that night, before getting into bed, at least six times; and it was the very first thing he looked at on getting out of bed in the morning. Now Miss Aubrey certainly wrote an elegant hand—but as for *character*, of course it had none. He could scarce have distinguished it from the handwriting of any of his sisters, or cousins, or friends:—How should he! All women are taught the same hard, angular uniform hand—but good, bad, or indifferent, this was *Kate Aubrey's* handwriting—and her pretty hand had rested on the paper while writing—that was enough. He resolved to turn the verses into every kind of Greek and Latin metre he knew of—

In short, that here was a "course of true love" opened, seems pretty evident; but whether it will "run smooth" is another matter.

Their guests having at length departed, Mr. Aubrey, his wife, and sister, sat before the fire gossiping over the events of the day for some twenty minutes, and then they rose to retire. He went, very sleepy, straight to his dressing-room; they to the nursery, to see how the children were going on, as far as they could learn from their drowsy attendants. Little Aubrey would have reminded you of one of the exquisite children's heads sketched by Reynolds or Lawrence, as he lay breathing imperceptibly, with his rich flowing hair spread upon the pillow, in which his face was partly hid and his arms stretched out. Mrs. Aubrey put her finger into one of his hands, which was half open, and which closed as it were instinctively upon it with a gentle pressure. "Look, Kate," softly whispered Mrs. Aubrey. Miss Aubrey leaned forward and kissed his little cheek with an ardour that almost awoke him. After a glance at a tiny head, partly visible above the clothes, in an adjoining bed, and looking like a rose-bud half hid amongst the leaves, they withdrew.

"The little loves!—how one's heart thrills with looking at them!" said Miss Aubrey, as they descended. "Kate!" whispered Mrs. Aubrey, with an arch smile, as they stood at their respective chamber doors which adjoined. "Mr. Delamere is improved—is not he!—Ah, I understand."

"Agnes, how can you?"—hastily answered Miss Aubrey, with cheeks suddenly crimsoned. "I never heard such nonsense."

"Right, right, love, think over it!" said Mrs. Aubrey, and the next moment the blooming wife had entered her bedroom. Miss Aubrey slipped into her dressing-room, where Harriet, her maid, was sitting asleep before the fire. Her beautiful mistress did not for a few minutes awake her; but placing her candlestick on the toilet-table, stood in a musing attitude.

"It's so perfectly *ridiculous*," at length she said aloud, and up started her maid. Within a quarter of an hour Miss Aubrey was in bed, but by no means asleep.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Aubrey was seated in the library, in momentary expectation of his letters; and a few moments before the postman's rattle was heard, Mrs. and Miss Aubrey made their appearance, as was their wont, in expectation of any thing that might have upon the cover, in addition to the address—

"CHARLES AUBREY, Esq., M. P.," &c. &c. &c., the words, letters, or figures, "Mrs. Aubrey," or "Miss Aubrey," in the corner. In addition to this, it was not

an unpleasant thing to skim over the contents of *his* letters, as one by one he opened them, and laid them aside; for both these women were daughters of Eve, and inherited a *little* of her curiosity. Mr. Aubrey was always somewhat nervous and fidgety on such occasions, and wished them gone; but they only laughed at him, so he was fain to put up with them. On this morning there were more than Mr. Aubrey's usual number of letters; and in casting her eye over them, Mrs. Aubrey suddenly took up one that challenged attention; it bore a black seal, had a deep black bordering, and had the frank of Lord Alkmond, at whose house in Shropshire they had for months been engaged to spend the ensuing Christmas, and were intending to set off on their visit the very next day. The ominous missive was soon torn open; it was from Lord Alkmond himself, who in a few hurried lines announced the sudden death of his brother; so that there was an end of their visit to the Priory.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, calmly, rising after a pause, and standing with his back to the fire, in a musing posture.

"Has he left any family, Charles?" inquired Mrs. Aubrey with a sigh, her eye still fixed on the letter.

"I—I really don't know—poor fellow! We lose a vote for Shellington—we shall, to a certainty," he added, with an air of chagrin visibly stealing over his features.

"How politics harden the heart, Charles! Just at this moment to be!"

"It is too bad, Agnes; I am—but you see—stay, I don't know either, for there's the Grassingham interest come into the field since the last!"

"Charles, I do really almost think," exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, with sudden emotion, stepping to his side, and throwing her arms round him affectionately—"that if I were to die, I should be forgotten in a fortnight, if the house were sitting!"

"My love, how can you say such things?" inquired Aubrey, kissing her forehead.

"When Agnes was born, you know"—she murmured inarticulately. Her husband folded her tenderly in his arms in silence. On the occasion she alluded to, he had nearly lost her; and they both had reason to expect that another similar season of peril was not very distant.

"Now, Charles," said Miss Aubrey, presently assuming a cheerful tone; "now for dear old Yatton!"

"Yes, Yatton!—Positively you must!" added Mrs. Aubrey, smiling through her tears.

"What!—Go to Yatton? Why, we must set off to-morrow—they've had no warning."

"What warning does mamma require, Charles? Isn't the dear old place always in apple-pie order?"

"How you love the 'dear old place,' Kate!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, in such an affectionate tone as brought his sister in an instant to his side, to urge on her suit; and there stood the Lord of Yatton embraced by these two beautiful women, his own heart seconding every word they uttered.

"How my mother would stare!" said he at length, irresolutely.

"What a bustle every thing will be in!" exclaimed Kate. "I fancy I'm there already! The great blazing fires—the holly and mistletoe. We must all go, Charles—children and all."

"Why, really, I hardly know!"

"Oh! I've settled it all—and what's more, we've no time to lose; this is Tuesday—Christmas-day is Saturday—we must of course stop a night on the way. Hadn't

we better have Griffiths in, to arrange all?"—Aubrey rang the bell.

"Request Mr. Griffiths to come to me," said he.

Within a very few minutes that respectable functionary had made his appearance and received his instructions. The march to Shropshire was countermanded—and hey! for Yatton, for which they were to start the next day about noon. Mr. Griffiths' first step was to pack off Sam, Mr. Aubrey's groom, by the Tally-ho, the first coach to York, starting at two o'clock that very day, with letters announcing the immediate arrival of the family. These orders were received by Sam, (who had been born and bred at Yatton,) while he was bestowing, with vehement sibilation, his customary civilities on a favourite mare of his master's. Down dropped his carrycomb; he jumped into the air; snapped his fingers; then he threw his arms round Jenny and tickled her under the chin. "Dang it," said he, as he threw her another feed of oats, "I wish thee was going wi' me—dang'd if I don't!" Then he hastily made himself a *bit* tidy; presented himself very respectfully before Mr. Griffiths, to receive the wherewithal to pay his fare; and having obtained it, off he scampered to the Bull and Mouth, as if it had been a neck-and-neck race between him and all London, which should get down to Yorkshire first. A little after one o'clock, his packet of letters was delivered to him; and within another hour Sam was to be seen (quite comfortable with a draught of spiced ale given him by the cook, to make his dinner sit well) on the top of the Tally-ho, rattling along the great North road.

"Come, Kate," said Mrs. Aubrey, entering Miss Aubrey's room, where she was giving directions to her maid, "I've ordered the carriage to be at the door as soon as it can be got ready; we must go off to Coutts'—see!" She held two thin slips of paper, one of which she gave Miss Aubrey—"twas a check for one hundred pounds—her brother's usual Christmas-box—" and then we've a quantity of little matters to buy this afternoon. Come, love, quick!"

Now, Kate had spent nearly all her money, which circumstance, connected with another which I shall shortly mention, had given the poor girl not a little concern. At her earnest request, her brother had, about a year before, built her a nice little school, capable of containing some eighteen or twenty girls, on a slip of land near the vicarage, and old Mrs. Aubrey and her daughter found a resident school-mistress, and, in fact, supported the little establishment, which, at the time I am speaking of, contained some seventeen or eighteen of the villagers' younger children. Miss Aubrey took a prodigious interest in this little school, scarce a day passing without her visiting it when she was at Yatton; and what Kate wanted, was the luxury of giving a Christmas present to both mistress and scholars. That, however, she would have had some difficulty in effecting but for her brother's timely present, which had quite set her heart at ease. On their return, the carriage was crowded with the things they had been purchasing—articles of clothing for the feebler old villagers; work-boxes, samplers, books, Testaments, prayer-books, &c. &c. &c., for the school: the sight of which, I can assure the reader, made Kate far happier than if they had been the costliest articles of dress and jewellery.

The next day was a very pleasant one for traveling—"frosty, but kindly." About one o'clock there might have been seen standing before the door the roomy yellow family carriage, with four post-horses, all in travel-

ing trim. In the rumble sat Mr. Aubrey's valet and Mrs. Aubrey's maid—Miss Aubrey's, and one of the nursery-maids, going down by the coach which had carried Sam—the Tally-ho. The coach-box was piled up with that sort of luggage which, by its lightness and bulk, denotes lady-traveling: inside were Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, muffled in furs, shawls, and pelisses; a nursery-maid, with little Master and Miss Aubrey, equally well protected from the cold; and the vacant seat awaited Mr. Aubrey, who at length made his appearance, having been engaged in giving specific instructions concerning the forwarding of his letters and papers. As soon as he had taken his place, and all had been snugly disposed within, the steps were doubled up, the door closed, the windows drawn up—crack! crack! went the whips of the two postillions, and away rolled the carriage over the dry hard pavement.

"Now that's what I call doing it *uncommon* comfortable," said a pot-boy to one of the footmen at an adjoining house, where he was delivering the porter for the servants' dinner; "how *werry* nice and snug them two looks in the rumble behind."

"We goes to-morrow," carelessly replied the gentleman he was addressing.

"It's a fine thing to be gentlefolk," said the boy, taking up his pot-board.

"Ya-as," drawled the footman, twitching up his shirt collar.

On drawing up to the posting-house, which was within about forty miles of Yatton, the Aubreys found a carriage and four just ready to start, after changing horses; and whose should this prove to be, but Lord De la Zouch's, containing himself, his lady, and his son, Mr. Delamere. His lordship and his son both alighted on accidentally discovering who had overtaken them; and coming up to Mr. Aubrey's carriage windows, exchanged surprised and cordial greetings with its occupants,—whom Lord De la Zouch imagined to have been by this time on their way to Shropshire. Mr. Delamere manifested a surprising eagerness about the welfare of little Agnes Aubrey, who happened to be lying fast asleep in Miss Aubrey's lap: but the evening was fast advancing, and both the traveling parties had yet before them a considerable portion of their journey. After a hasty promise on the part of each to dine with the other, before returning to town for the season—a promise, which Mr. Delamere at all events resolved should not be lost sight of—they parted. 'Twas eight o'clock before Mr. Aubrey's eye, which had been for some time on the look-out, caught sight of Yatton woods; and when it did, his heart yearned towards them. The moon shone brightly and cheerily, and it was pleasant to listen to the quickening clattering tramp of the horses upon the dry hard highway, as the travellers rapidly neared a spot endeared to them by every tender association. When within half a mile of the village, they overtook the worthy vicar, who had mounted his nag, and been out on the road to meet the expected comers, for an hour before. Aubrey roused Mrs. Aubrey from her nap, to point out Dr. Tatham, who by that time was cantering along beside the open window. 'Twas refreshing to see the cheerful old man—who looked as ruddy and hearty as ever.

"All well?" he exclaimed, riding close to the window.

"Yes,—but how is my mother?" inquired Aubrey.

"High spirits—high spirits: was with her this afternoon. Have not seen her better for years. So surprised. Ah! here's an old friend—Hector!"

"Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow!—Bow-wow!"

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed the voice of little Aubrey, struggling to get on his father's lap to look out of the window, "That is Hector! I know it is! He is come to see me! I want to look at him!"

Mr. Aubrey lifted him up as he desired, and a huge black-and-white Newfoundland dog almost leaped up to the window at sight of him clapping his little hands, as if in eager recognition, and then scampered and bounded about in all directions, barking most boisterously, to the infinite delight of little Aubrey. This messenger had been sent on by Sam, the groom, who had been on the look-out for the travellers for some time; and the moment he caught sight of the carriage, pelted down the village, through the park at top speed, up to the hall, there to communicate the good news. The travellers thought that the village had never looked so pretty and picturesque before. The sound of the carriage dashing through it, called all the cottagers to their doors, where they stood bowing and curtsying. It soon reached the park-gates, which were thrown wide open in readiness for its entrance. As they passed the church, they heard its little bells ringing a merry peal to welcome their arrival; its faint chimes went to their very hearts.

"My darling Agnes, here we are again in the old place," said Mr. Aubrey, in a joyous tone, affectionately kissing Mrs. Aubrey and his sister, as, after having wound their way up the park at almost a gallop, they heard themselves rattling over the stone pavement immediately under the old turreted gateway. In approaching it, they saw lights glancing about in the hall windows; and before they had drawn up, the great door was thrown open, and several servants (one or two of them gray-headed) made their appearance, eager to release the travellers from their long confinement. A great wood-fire was crackling and blazing in the fireplace opposite the door, casting a right pleasant and cheerful light over the various antique objects ranged around the walls; but the object on which Mr. Aubrey's eye instantly settled was the venerable figure of his mother, standing beside the fireplace with one or two female attendants. The moment that the carriage door was opened, he stepped quietly out, (nearly tumbling, by the way, over Hector, who appeared to think that the carriage-door was opened only to enable him to jump into it, which he prepared to do.)

"God bless you, madam!" faltered Aubrey, his eyes filling with tears, as he received his mother's fervent, but silent greeting, and imagined that the arms folded round him were somewhat feebler than when he had last felt them embracing him. With similar affection was the good old lady received by her daughter and daughter-in-law.

"Where is my pony, grandmamma?" quoth little Aubrey, running up to her, (he had been kept quiet for the last eighty miles or so, by the mention of the aforesaid pony.) "Where is it? I want to see my little pony directly! Mamma says you have got a little pony for me with a long tail: I must see it before I go to bed; I must, indeed—is it in the stable?"

"You shall see it in the morning, my darling—the very first thing," said Mrs. Aubrey, fervently kissing her beautiful little grandson, while tears of joy and pride ran down her cheek. She then pressed her lips on the delicate but flushed cheek of little Agnes, who was fast asleep; and as soon as they had been conducted towards their nursery, Mrs. Aubrey, followed by her children, led the way to the dining-room—the dear delightful old

dining-room, in which all of them had passed so many happy hours of their lives. It was large and lofty; and two antique branch silver candlesticks, standing on sconces upon each side of a strange old straggling carved mantelpiece of inlaid oak, aided by the blaze given out by two immense logs of wood burning beneath, thoroughly illuminated it. The walls were oak-paneled, containing many pictures, several of them of great value; and the floor also was of polished oak, over the centre of which, however, was spread a thick richly-coloured turkey carpet. Opposite the door was a large mullioned bay-window, then, however, concealed behind an ample flowing crimson curtain. On the further side of the fireplace stood a high-backed and roomy arm-chair, almost covered with Kate's embroidery, and in which Mrs. Aubrey had evidently, as usual, been sitting till the moment of their arrival—for on a small ebony table beside it lay her spectacles, and an open volume. Nearly fronting the fireplace was a recess, in which stood an exquisitely carved black ebony cabinet, inlaid with white and red ivory. This, Miss Aubrey claimed as her own, and had appropriated it to her own purposes ever since she was seven years old. "You, dear old thing!" said she, throwing open the folding-doors—"Every thing just as I left it! Really, dear mamma, I could skip about the room for joy! I wish Charles would never leave Yatton again!"

"It's rather lonely, my love, when *none* of you are with me," said Mrs. Aubrey. "I feel getting older!"

"Dearest mamma," interrupted Miss Aubrey, quickly, "I won't leave you again! I'm quite tired of town—I am indeed!"

Though fires were lit in their several dressing-rooms, of which they were more than once reminded by their respective attendants, they all remained seated before the fire in carriage costume, (except that Kate had thrown aside her bonnet, her half-uncurled tresses hanging in negligent profusion over her thickly-furred pelisse,) eagerly conversing about the incidents of their journey, and the events which had transpired at Yatton since they had quitted it. At length, however, they retired to perform the refreshing duties of the dressing-room, before sitting down to supper. Of that comfortable meal, within twenty minutes' time or so, they partook with hearty relish. What mortal, however delicate, could resist the fare set before them—the plump capon, the delicious grilled ham, the poached eggs, the floury potatoes, home-baked bread, white and brown—custards, mince-pies—home-brewed ale, as soft as milk, as clear as amber—mulled claret—and so forth! The travellers had evidently never relished any thing more, to the infinite delight of old Mrs. Aubrey; who observing, soon afterwards, irrepressible symptoms of fatigue and drowsiness, ordered them all off to bed—Kate sleeping in the same chamber in which she sat when the reader was permitted to catch a moonlight glimpse of her, as already more than once referred to.

They did not make their appearance the next morning till after nine o'clock. Mrs. Aubrey having read prayers before the assembled servants, as usual, nearly an hour before—a duty her son always performed when at the hall—but on this occasion he had overslept himself. He found his mother in the breakfast-room, where she was soon joined by her daughter and daughter-in-law, all of them being in high health and spirits. Just as they were finishing breakfast, little Aubrey burst into the room in a perfect ecstasy—for old Jones had taken him round to the stables, and shown him the little

pony which had been bought for him only a few months before. He had heard it neigh—had seen its long tail—had patted its neck—had seen it eat—and now his vehement prayer was, that his papa, and mamma, and Kate, would immediately go and see it, and take his little sister also. Breakfast over, they separated. Old Mrs. Aubrey went to her own room to be attended by her housekeeper; the other two ladies retired to their rooms—Kate principally engaged in arranging her presents for her little scholars: and Mr. Aubrey repaired to his library—as delightful an old snugery as the most studious recluse could desire—where he was presently attended by his bailiff. He found that every thing was going on as he could have wished. With one or two exceptions, his rents were paid most punctually; the farms and lands kept in capital condition. To be sure an incorrigible old poacher had been giving his people a little trouble, as usual, and was committed for trial at the Spring Assizes; a few trivial trespasses had been committed in search of firewood, and other small matters; which, after having been detailed with great minuteness by his zealous and vigilant bailiff, were dispatched by Mr. Aubrey with a "pooh, pooh!"—then there was Gregory, who held the smallest farm on the estate, at its southern extremity—he was three quarters' rent in arrear—but he had a sick wife and seven children—so he was at once forgiven all that was due, and also what would become due on the ensuing quarter-day.—"In fact," said Mr. Aubrey, "don't ask him for any more rent. I'm sure the poor fellow will pay when he's able."

Some rents were to be raised; others lowered; and some half dozen of the poorer cottages were to be forthwith put into good repair, at Mr. Aubrey's expense. The two oxen had been sent, on the preceding afternoon, from the home farm to the butcher's, to be distributed among the poorer villagers, according to orders brought down from town, by Sam, the day before. Thus was Mr. Aubrey engaged for an hour or two, till luncheon time, when good Dr. Tatham made his welcome appearance, having been engaged most of the morning in touching up an old Christmas sermon.

He had been vicar of Yatton for nearly thirty years, having been presented to it by the late Mr. Aubrey, with whom he had been intimate at college. He was a delightful specimen of a country parson. Cheerful, unaffected, and good-natured, there was a dash of quaintness, or roughness about his manners, that reminded you of the crust in very fine old port. He had been a widower, and childless, for fifteen years. His parish had been ever since his family, whom he still watched over with an affectionate vigilance. He was respected and beloved by all. Almost every man, woman, and child that had died in Yatton, during nearly thirty years, had departed with the sound of his kind and solemn voice in their ears. He claimed a sort of personal acquaintance with almost all the gravestones in his little churchyard; and when he looked at them, he felt that he had done his duty by the dust that slept underneath. He was at the bedside of a sick person almost as soon, and as often, as the doctor—no matter what sort of weather, or at what hour of the day or night. Methinks I see him now, bustling about the village, with healthy ruddy cheeks, a clear, cheerful eye, hair white as snow; with a small, stout figure, clothed in a suit of rusty black, (knee-breeches and gaiters all round the year,) and with a small shovel-hat. No one lives in the vicarage with him but an elderly woman, his housekeeper, and her husband, whose chief business is to look after the little

garden; in which I have often seen him and his master, with his coat off, digging for hours together. He rises at five in the winter, and four in the summer, being occupied till breakfast with his studies; for he was an excellent scholar, and has not forgotten, in the zealous discharge of his sacred duties, the pursuits of literature and philosophy, in which he gained no inconsiderable distinction in his youth. He derives a very moderate income from his living; but it is even more than sufficient for his necessities. Ever since Mr. Aubrey's devotion to politics has carried him away from Yatton for a considerable portion of each year, Dr. Tatham has been the right-hand counsellor of old Mrs. Aubrey, in all her pious and charitable plans and purposes. Every new-year's-day, there comes from the hall to the vicarage six dozen of fine old port wine—a present from Mrs. Aubrey; but the little doctor, (though he never tells her so) scarce drinks six bottles of them in a year. Two dozen of them go, within a few days' time, to a poor brother parson in an adjoining parish, who, with his wife and three children—all in feeble health—can hardly keep soul and body together, and who, but for this generous brother, would not probably taste a glass of wine throughout the year, except on certain occasions when the very humblest may moisten their poor lips with wine—I mean the SACRAMENT—the sublime and solemn festival given by One who doth not forget the poor and destitute, however in their misery they may sometimes think to the contrary. The remainder of his little present Dr. Tatham distributes in small quantities amongst such of his parishioners as may require it, and may not happen to have come under the immediate notice of Mrs. Aubrey. Dr. Tatham has known Mr. Aubrey ever since he was about five years old. 'Twas the doctor that first taught him Greek and Latin; and, up to his going to college, gave him the frequent advantage of his learned experience. But surely I have gone into a very long digression.

While Miss Aubrey, accompanied by her sister-in-law, and followed by a servant carrying a great bag, filled with articles brought from London the day before, went to the school which I have before mentioned, in order to distribute her prizes and presents, Mr. Aubrey and Dr. Tatham set off on a walk through the village.

"I must do something for that old steeple of yours, doctor," said Aubrey, as arm in arm they approached the church; "it looks crumbling away in many parts."

"If you'd only send a couple of masons to repair the porch, and make it weather-tight, it would satisfy me for some years to come," said the doctor.

"Well—we'll look at it," replied Aubrey; and turning aside, they entered the little church-yard.

"How I love this old yew-tree!" he exclaimed, as they passed under it; "it casts a kind of tender gloom around that always makes me pensive, not to say melancholy." A sigh escaped him, as his eye glanced at the family vault, which was almost in the centre of the shade, where lay his father, three brothers, and a sister, and where, in the course of nature, a few short years would see the precious remains of his mother deposited. But the doctor, who had hastened forward alone for a moment, finding the church-door open, called out to Mr. Aubrey, who soon stood within the porch. It certainly required a little repairing, which Mr. Aubrey said should be looked to immediately. "See—we're all preparing for to-morrow," said Dr. Tatham, leading the way into the little church, where the grizzle-headed clerk was busy decorating the pulpit, reading-desk, and altar-piece, with the cheerful emblems of the season.

MUSEUM.—APRIL, 1840.

"I never see these," said the doctor, taking up one of the sprigs of mistletoe lying on a form beside them, "but I think of your own Christmas verses, Mr. Aubrey, when you were younger and fresher than you now are—don't you recollect them?"

"Oh—pooh!"

"But I remember them;" and he began,—

"Hail! silvery, modest mistletoe,
Wreath'd round winter's brow of snow,
Clinging so chastely, tenderly:
Hail, holly, darkly, richly green,
Whose crimson berries blush between
Thy prickly foliage, modestly.
Ye winter-flowers, bloom sweet and fair,
Though Nature's garden else be bare—
Ye vernal glistening emblems, meet
To twine a Christmas coronet."

"That will do, doctor—what a memory you have for trifles!"

"Peggy! Peggy!—you're sadly overdoing it," said the doctor, calling out to the sexton's wife, who was busy at work in the squire's pew—a large square pew in the nave, near the pulpit. "Why, you don't want to hide the squire's family from the congregation! You're quite putting a holly hedge all round."

"Please you, sir, I've got so much I don't know where to put it—so, in course, I put it here."

"Then," said the doctor, with a smile, looking round the church, "let John get up and put some of it in those old hatchments; and," looking up at the clerk, busy at work in the pulpit, "don't put quite so much up there in my candlesticks."

With this the parson and the squire took their departure. As they passed slowly up the village, which already wore a sort of holiday aspect, they met on all hands with a cordial and respectful greeting. The quiet little public-house turned out some four or five stout fellows—all tenants of his—with their pipes in their hands, and who took off their hats, and bowed very low. Mr. Aubrey went up and entered into conversation with them for some minutes—their families and farms, he found, were well and thriving. There was quite a little crowd of women about the shop of Nick Steele, the butcher, who, with an extra hand to help him, was giving out the second ox which had been sent from the hall, to the persons whose names had been given in to him from Mrs. Aubrey. Further on, some were cleaning their little windows, others sweeping their floors, and sprinkling sand over them; most were sticking holly and mistletoe in their windows, and over their mantel-pieces. Every where, in short, was to be seen that air of quiet preparation for the cheerful morrow, which fills a thoughtful observer with feelings of pensive but exquisite satisfaction.

Mr. Aubrey returned home towards dusk, cheered and enlivened by his walk. His sudden plunge into the simplicity and comparative solitude of country life—and that country Yatton—had quite refreshed his feelings, and given a tone to his spirits. Of course, Dr. Tatham was to dine at the hall on the morrow; if he did not, indeed, it would have been for the first time during the last five-and-twenty years.

Christmas eve passed pleasantly and quietly enough at the hall. After dinner the merry little ones were introduced, and their prattle and romps occupied an hour right joyously. As soon as, smothered with kisses, they had been dismissed to bed, old Mrs. Aubrey composed

herself in her great chair to her usual after-dinner's nap; while her son, his wife, and sister, sitting fronting the fire—a decanter or two, and a few wine-glasses, and dessert remaining on the table behind them—sat conversing in a subdued tone, now listening to the wind roaring in the chimney—a sound which not a little enhanced their sense of comfort—then criticising the disposition of the evergreens with which the room was plentifully decorated, and laying out their movements during the ensuing fortnight. Mrs. Aubrey and Kate were, with affectionate earnestness, contrasting to Aubrey the peaceful pleasures of a country life with the restless excitement and endless anxieties of a London political life, to which they saw him more and more addicting himself; he all the while playfully parrying their attacks, but secretly acknowledging the truth and force of what they said, when—hark!—a novel sound from without, which roused the old lady from her nap. What do you think, dear reader, it was? The voices of little girls singing what seemed to be a Christmas hymn: yes, they caught the words—

"Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild."—

"It must be your little school girls," said old Mrs. Aubrey, looking at her daughter and listening.

"I do believe it is," quoth Kate, her eyes suddenly filling with tears, as she sat eagerly inclining her ears towards the window.

"They must be standing on the grass-plot just before the window," said Mr. Aubrey: the tiny voices were thrilling his very heart within him. His sensitive nature might be compared to a delicate Æolian harp, which gave forth, with the slightest breath of accident or circumstance,—

"The still, sad music of humanity."

In a few moments he was almost in tears—the sounds were so unlike the fierce and turbulent cries of political warfare to which his ears had been latterly accustomed! The more the poor children sung, the more was he affected. Kate's tears fell fast, for she had been in an excited mood before this little incident occurred. "Do you hear, mamma," said she, "the voice of the poor little thing that was last taken into the school! The little darling!" Kate tried to smile away her emotion; but 'twas in vain. Mr. Aubrey gently drew aside the curtain, and pulled up the central blind—and there, headed by their matron, stood the little singers exposed to view, some eighteen in number, ranged in a row on the grass, their white dresses glistening in the moonlight. The eldest seemed not more than ten or twelve years old, while the younger ones could not be more than five or six. They seemed all singing from their very hearts. Aubrey stood looking at them with very deep interest.

As soon as they had finished their hymn, they were conducted into the housekeeper's room, according to order sent for that purpose from Mrs. Aubrey, and each received a little present of money, besides a full glass of Mrs. Jackson's choicest raisin wine, and a current of Kate slipping half-a-guinea into the hand of the youngest, to whose wish to afford gratification to the inmates of the hall, was entirely owing the little incident which had so pleased and surprised them.

"A happy Christmas to you, dear papa and mamma!" said little Aubrey, about eight o'clock the next morning, pushing aside the curtains, and clambering up on the

high bed where Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey were still asleep—soon, however, they were awake by the welcome sound. The morning promised a beautiful day. The air, though cold, was clear; and the branches of the trees visible from their windows, were all covered with hoar-frost, which seemed to line them as if with silver fringe. The little bells of Yatton church were ringing a merry peal; but, how different in tone and strength from the clangour of the London church-bells! Christmas was indeed at last arrived—and cheerful were the greetings of those who soon after met at the bountiful breakfast table. Old Mrs. Aubrey was going to church with them—in fact, not even a domestic was to be left at home that could possibly be spared. By the time that the carriage, with the fat and lazy-looking gray horses, was at the hall door, the sun had burst out in beauty from an almost cloudless sky. The three ladies rode alone; Aubrey preferring to walk, accompanied by his little son, as the ground was dry and hard, and the distance very short. A troop of some twelve or fourteen servants, male and female, presently followed; and then came Mr. Aubrey, leading along the heir of Yatton—a boy of whom he might well be proud, as the future possessor of his name, his fortune, and his honours. When he had reached the church, the carriage was returning home. Almost the whole congregation stood collected before the church door, to see the Squire's family enter; and reverent were the curtsies and bows with which old Mrs. Aubrey and her lovely companions were received. Very soon after they had taken their places, Mr. Aubrey and his son made their appearance; objects they were of the deepest interest, as they passed along to their pew. A few minutes after, little Dr. Tatham entered the church in his surplice, (which he almost always put on at home,) with a face, serious to be sure, but yet overspread with an expression even more bland and benignant than usual. He knew there was not a soul among the little crowd around him that did not really love him, and that did not know how heartily he returned their love. All eyes were of course on the squire's pew. Mrs. Aubrey was looking well—her daughter and daughter-in-law were thought by all to be by far the most beautiful women in the world—what must people think of them in London? Mr. Aubrey looked, they thought, pleased and happy, but rather paler, and even a little thinner; and as for the little Squire, with his bright eyes, his rosy cheeks, his arch smile, his curling auburn hair—he was the pride of Yatton.

Dr. Tatham read prayers, as he always did, with great distinctness and deliberation, so that every body in the church, young and old, could catch every syllable; and he preached, considerably enough, a very short sermon—pithy, homely, and affectionate. He reminded them that he was then preaching his thirty-first Christmas-day sermon from that pulpit. The service over, none of the congregation moved from their places till the occupants of the squire's pew had quitted it; but as soon as they had got outside of the door, the good people poured out after them, and almost lined the way from the church door to the gate at which the carriage stood, receiving and answering a hundred kind inquiries concerning themselves, their families, and their circumstances.

Mr. Aubrey stayed behind, desirous of taking another little ramble with Dr. Tatham through the village, for the day was indeed bright and beautiful, and the occasion inspiring. There was not a villager within four or five miles of the hall who did not sit down that day to a comfortable little relishing dinner, at least one-third of them being indebted for it directly to the bounty of the

Aubreys. As soon as Dr. Tatham had taken off his gown, he accompanied Mr. Aubrey in cheerful mood, in the briskest spirits. 'Twas delightful to see the smoke come curling out of every chimney, scarce any one visible, suggesting to you that they were all housed, and preparing for, or partaking of, their roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now and then the bustling wife would show her heated red face at the door, and hastily curtsy as they passed, then returning to dish up her little dinner.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Aubrey!—isn't such a day as this worth a whole year in town?" exclaimed Dr. Tatham.

"Both have their peculiar influences, doctor; the pleasure of the contrast would be lost if"—

"Contrast! Believe me, in the language of Virgil!"

"Ah! how goes on old blind Bess, doctor?" interrupted Aubrey, as they approached the smallest cottage in the village—in fact, the very last.

"She's just the same that she has been these last twenty years. Shall we look in on the old creature?"

"With all my heart. I hope, poor soul! that *she* has not been overlooked on this festive occasion."

"Trust Mrs. Aubrey for that! I'll answer for it, we shall find old Bess as happy, in her way, as she can be."

This was a stone-blind old woman, who had been bed-ridden for the last twenty years. She had certainly passed her hundredth year—some said two or three years before—and had lived in her present little cottage for nearly half a century, having grown out of the recollection of almost all the inhabitants of the village. She had long been a pensioner of Mrs. Aubrey's, by whom alone, indeed, she was supported. Her great age, her singular appearance, and a certain rambling way of talking that she had, earned her the reputation in the village of being able to say strange things; and one or two of the old gossips knew of things coming to pass according to what—poor old soul—she had predicted!

Dr. Tatham gently pushed open the door. The cottage consisted, in fact, of but one room, and that a very small one, and lit by only one little window. The floor was clean, and evidently just fresh sanded. On a wooden stool, opposite a fireplace, on which a small saucepan pot was placed, sat a girl about twelve years old, (a daughter of the woman who lived nearest,) crumpling some bread into a basin, with some broth in it. On a narrow bed against the wall, opposite the window, was to be seen the somewhat remarkable figure of the solitary old tenant of the cottage. She was sitting up, resting against the pillow, which was placed on end against the wall. She was evidently a very tall woman; and her long, brown, wrinkled, shrivelled face, with prominent cheekbones and bushy white eyebrows, betokened the possession in earlier days, of a most masculine expression of features. Her hair, white as snow, was gathered back from her forehead, under a spreading plain white cap; and her sightless eyes, wide open, stared forward with a startling and somewhat sinister expression. She was wrapped round in a clean white bedgown; and her long thin arms lay straight before her on the outside of the bed-clothes. Her lips were moving, as if she were talking to herself.

"She's a strange-looking object, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, as he and Dr. Tatham stood watching her for a few moments in silence.

"Dame! dame!" said the doctor, loudly, approaching her bedside, "how are you to-day? It's Christmas-day—I wish you a merry Christmas."

"Ay, ay—merry, merry! More the merrier! I've seen a hundred and nine of them!"

"You seem very happy, dame."

"They won't give me my broth—my broth."

"It's coming, granny," called out the shrill voice of the girl sitting before the fire, quickening her motions.

"Here's the squire come to see you, dame, and he wishes you a happy Christmas," said Dr. Tatham.

"What! the squire! Alive yet? Ah, well-a-day! well-a-day!" said she, in a feeble, mournful tone, slowly rubbing together her long, skinny, wrinkled hands, on the backs of which the veins stood out like knotted whipcord. She repeated the last words several times, in a truly doleful tone, gently shaking her head.

"Granny's been very sad, sir, to-day, and cried two or three times," said the little girl, stirring about the hot broth.

"Poor squire! doth he not look sad?" inquired the old woman.

"Why should I, dame? What have I to fear?" said Mr. Aubrey.

"Merry in the hall! all, merry! merry! But no one has heard it but old blind Bess. Where's the squire?" she added, suddenly turning her face full towards where they were standing—and it seemed whitened with emotion. Her staring eyes were settled on Mr. Aubrey's face, as if she were reading his very soul.

"Here I am, dame," said he, with a great deal of curiosity, to say the least of it.

"Give me your hand, squire," said she, stretching out her left arm, and working about her talon-like fingers, as if in eagerness to grasp Mr. Aubrey's hand, which he gave her.

"Never fear! never, never! Happy in the hall! I see all! How long?"

"Why, dame, this is truly a very pleasant greeting of yours," interposed Dr. Tatham with a smile.

"Short and bitter! long and sweet! Put your trust in God, squire."

"I hope I do, granny," replied Mr. Aubrey seriously.

"I see! I hear!—my broth! my broth!—where is it?"

"Here it is, granny," said the girl.

"Good day, dame," said Mr. Aubrey, gently disengaging his hand from hers; and before they had left the cottage she began to swallow very greedily the broth with which the little girl fed her.

"This is the sort of way in which this old superannuated creature has frightened one or two of"—

"Is it, indeed?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, with a sort of mechanical smile. Dr. Tatham saw that he was in a very serious humour.

"She's alarmed you, I protest!—I protest she has!" exclaimed the doctor, with a smile, as they walked along. Now he knew the disposition and character of Aubrey intimately; and was well aware of a certain tendency he had to superstition.

"My dear doctor, I assure you that you are mistaken—I am indeed not *alarmed*—but at the same time I will tell you something not a little singular. Would you believe that a month or two ago, when in town, I dreamed that I heard some one uttering the *very words* this old woman has just been uttering?"

"Ah! ha, ha!" laughed the doctor; and, after a second or two's pause, Aubrey, as if ashamed of what he had said, echoed the laugh, and their conversation passed on to political topics, which kept them engaged for the remainder of their walk, Mr. Aubrey quitting his companion at the door of the vicarage, to be rejoined by him at five o'clock, the dinner hour at the hall. As Mr. Aubrey walked along the park, the shades of evening casting a deepening gloom around him, his thoughts

involuntarily recurred to the cottage of old blind Bess, and he felt vague apprehensions flitting with darkening shades across his mind. Though he was hardly weak enough to attach any definite meaning or importance to the gibberish he had heard, it still had left an unpleasant impression, and he was vexed at feeling a wish that the incident—trifling as he was willing to believe it—should not be mentioned by Dr. Tatham at the hall; and still more, on recollecting that he had *purposely abstained* from requesting the good doctor not to do so. All this implied that the matter had occupied his thoughts to a greater extent than he secretly relished. On reaching, however, the hall door, this brief pressure on his feelings quickly ceased; for on entering he saw Mrs. Aubrey, his sister, and his two children at high romps together in the hall, and he heartily joined in them.

By five o'clock the little party were seated at the cheerful dinner-table, covered with the glittering old family plate, and that kind of fare, at once substantial and luxurious, which befitted the occasion. Old Mrs. Aubrey, in her simple white turban and black velvet dress, presided with a kind of dignified cheerfulness which was delightful to see. Kate had contrived to make herself look more lovely even than usual, wearing a dress of dark blue satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde, and which exquisitely comported with her lovely complexion. Oh that Delamere had been sitting opposite to, or beside her! The more matured proportions of her blooming sister-in-law appeared to infinite advantage in a rich green velvet dress, while a superb diamond glistened with subdued lustre in her beautiful bosom. She wore no ornaments in her dark hair, which was, as indeed might be said of Kate, "when unadorned, adorned the most." The grayheaded old butler, as brisk as his choicest champagne, with which he perpetually bustled round the table, and the three steady-looking old family servants, going about their business with quiet celerity—the delicious air of antique elegance around them,—this was a Christmas dinner after one's own heart!—Oh, the merry and dear old Yaton! And as if there were not loveliness enough already in the room, behold the door suddenly pushed open as soon as the dinner is over, and run up to his gay and laughing mother, her little son, his ample snowy collar resting gracefully on his crimson velvet dress. 'Tis her hope and pride—her first-born—the little squire; but where is his sister?—where is Agnes? 'Tis even as Charles says—she fell asleep in the very act of being dressed, and they were obliged to put her to bed; so Charles is alone in his glory. You may well fold your delicate white arms around him, mamma.

His little gold cup is nearly filled to join in the first toast: are you all ready? The worthy doctor has poured Mrs. Aubrey's glass, and Kate's glass, full up to the brim.—"Our next Christmas!"

Yes, your next Christmas! The vigilant eye of Dr. Tatham alone perceived a faint change of colour in Mr. Aubrey's cheek as the words were uttered; and his eye wandered for an instant, as if tracing across the room the image of old blind Bess; but 'twas gone in a moment—Aubrey was soon in much higher spirits than usual. Well he might be. How could man be placed in happier circumstances than he was? As soon as the ladies had withdrawn, together with little Aubrey, the doctor and Mr. Aubrey drew their chairs before the fire, and enjoyed a long hour's pleasant chat on matters domestic and political. As to the latter, the parson and the squire were stout Tories; and a speech which Aubrey had lately delivered in the house, on the catholic claims,

raised him to a pitch of eminence in the parson's estimation, when he had very few men in the country to keep him company. The doctor here got on very fast indeed; and was just assuring the squire that he saw dark days in store for old England from the machinations of the papists; and that, for his part, he should rejoice to "seal his testimony with his blood," and would go to the stake not only without flinching, but rejoicing—(all which I verily believe *he* verily believed he would have done,)—and coveting the crown of martyrdom, when Aubrey caught the sounds of his sister playing on the organ, a noble instrument, which a year or two before, at her urgent request, he had purchased and placed in the drawing-room, whither he and the doctor at once repaired. 'Twas a spacious and lofty room, well calculated for the splendid instrument which occupied the large recess fronting the door. Miss Aubrey was playing Handel, and with an exquisite perception of his matchless power and beauty. Hark! did you ever hear the grand yet simple recitative she is now commencing?

"In the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

"Saying—Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

The doctor officiated as chaplain that evening. The room was almost filled with servants, many of whose looks very plainly showed the merry doings that had been going on in the servants' hall; some of them could scarce keep their eyes open; one or two set winking at each other, and so forth. Under the circumstances, therefore, the doctor, with much judgment, read very short prayers, and immediately after took his departure.

The next morning, which proved as fine as the preceding, Mr. Aubrey was detained in with his letters, and one or two other little matters of business in his library, till luncheon time. "What say you, Kate, to a ride round the estate?" said he, on taking his seat. Miss Aubrey was delighted; and forthwith the horses were ordered to be got ready as soon as possible.

"You must not mind a little rough riding, Kate, for we've got to go over some ugly places. I'm going to meet Waters at the end of the avenue, about that old sycamore—we must have it down at last."

"Oh no, Charles, no; I thought we had settled that last year."

"Pho! if it had not been for you, Kate, it would have been down two years ago at least. Its hour is come at last; 'tis indeed, so ne pouting! It is injuring the other trees; and, besides, it spoils the prospect from the back of the house."

"'Tis only Waters that puts all these things into your head, Charles, and I shall let him know *my* opinion on the subject when I see him! Mamma, haven't you a word to say for the old?"

But Mr. Aubrey, not deeming it discreet to await the new force which was being brought against him, started off to go round and see a newly-purchased horse, just brought to the stables.

Kate, who really became every thing, looked charming in her blue riding-habit, sitting on her horse with infinite ease and grace—a capital horsewoman. The exercise soon brought a rich bloom upon her cheek; and as she cantered along the road by the side of her brother, no one that met them but must have been struck with her beauty. Just as they had dropped into an easy walk—

"Charles," said she, observing two horsemen approaching them, "who can these be? Did you—did you ever see such figures? And how they ride!"

"Why, certainly," replied her brother, smiling, "they look like a couple of Cockneys."

"Good gracious, what puppies!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, lowering her voice as they neared the persons she spoke of.

"They are a most extraordinary couple. Who can they be?" said Mr. Aubrey, a smile forcing itself into his features. One of them was dressed in a light blue surtout, with the tip of a white pocket handkerchief seen peeping out of a pocket in the front of it. His hat, with scarce any brim to it, was stuck aslant on the top of a bushy head of hair. His shirt-collars were turned down completely over his stock, displaying a great quantity of dirt-coloured hair under his chin; while a pair of moustaches, of the same colour, were sprouting upon his lip. A quizzing-glass was stuck in his right eye, and in his hand he carried a whip with a shining silver head. The other was nearly as much distinguished by the elegance of his appearance. He had a glossy hat, a purple-coloured velvet waistcoat, two pins connected by little chains in his stock, a bottle-green surtout, sky-blue trousers. In short, who should these be but our old friends Titmouse and Snap? Whoever they might be, it was plain that they were perfect novices on horseback, and their horses had every appearance of having been much fretted and worried by their riders. To the surprise of Mr. Aubrey and his sister, these two personages attempted to reign in, as they neared, with the evident intention of speaking to them.

"Pray—a—sir, will you, sir, tell us," commenced Titmouse, with a desperate attempt to appear at his ease, as he tried to make his horse stand still for a moment—"isn't there a place called—called"—here his horse, whose sides were constantly being galled by the spurs of its unconscious rider, began to back a little, then to go on one side, and, in Titmouse's fright, his glass dropped from his eye, and he seized hold of the pommel. Nevertheless, to show the lady how completely he was at his ease all the while, he leveled a great many oaths and curses at the eyes and soul of his wayward brute; who, however, not in the least moved by them, but infinitely disliking the spurs of its rider and the twisting round of its mouth by the reins, seemed more and more inclined for mischief, and backed close up to the edge of the ditch.

"I'm afraid, sir, you are not much accustomed to riding. Will you permit me?"

"Oh, yes—ye—ye—s, sir, I am uncommon—whe-ouy! wh-uoy!"—(then a fresh volley of oaths.) "Oh, dear—what—what is he going to do! Snap! Snap!" 'Twas, however, quite in vain to call on that gentleman for assistance; for he had grown as pale as death, on finding that his own brute seemed strongly disposed to follow the example of the other, being particularly inclined to rear up on its hind legs. The very first motion of the sort brought Snap's heart (not large enough, perhaps, to choke him) into his mouth. Titmouse's beast suddenly inclined the contrary way; and throwing its hind feet into the air, sent its terrified rider flying, head over heels, into the very middle of the hedge, from which he dropped into the wet ditch. Both Mr. Aubrey and his groom dismounted, and secured the horse, who, having got rid of his ridiculous rider, stood quietly enough. Titmouse proved to be more frightened than hurt. His hat was crushed flat to his head, and half the left side of his face covered with mud—as, indeed, were his clothes

all the way down. The groom (almost splitting with laughter) helped him on again; and as Mr. and Miss Aubrey were setting off—"I think, sir," said he, politely, "you were inquiring for some place?"

"Yes, sir," quoth Snap. "Isn't there a place called Ya—Yat—Yat—(be quiet, you brute,)—Yation about here?"

"Yes, sir—straight on." Miss Aubrey hastily threw her veil over her face, to conceal her laughter, spurred her horse, and she and her brother were soon out of sight of the strangers.

"I say, Snap," quoth Titmouse, when they had got a little composed, "see that lovely gal?"

"Fine girl—devilish fine!" replied Snap.

"I'm blessed if I don't think—'pon my life, I believe we've met before."

"Didn't seem to know you."

"Ah! I don't know—how uncommon infernal unfortunate to happen just at the moment when"—Titmouse became silent; for all of a sudden he recollected when and where, and under what circumstances he had seen Miss Aubrey before, and which his vanity would not allow of his telling Snap. She had once accompanied her sister-in-law to Messrs. Dowlas, Tagrag, and Company's, for some small matter. Titmouse had helped her, and his absurdity of manner provoked a smile, which Titmouse a little misconstrued; so that when, a Sunday or two afterwards, he met her in the Park, the little fool had the presumption to nod to her—she having not the slightest notion who he was—and of course not, on the present occasion, having the least recollection of him. The reader will remember that this little incident made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Titmouse.

The coincidence was really not a little singular. To return to Mr. Aubrey and his sister. After riding a mile or two further up the road, they leaped over a very low mound or fence, which formed the extreme boundary of that part of the estate, and having passed through a couple of fields, they entered the lower extremity of that fine avenue of elms, at the higher end of which stood Kate's favourite tree, and also Waters and his under-bailiff—who looked to her like a couple of executioners, only awaiting the fiat of her brother. The sun shone brightly upon the doomed sycamore—"the axe was laid at its root." As they rode up the avenue, Kate begged very hard for mercy; but for once her brother seemed obdurate—the tree, he said, *must* come down.

"Remember, Charles," said she, passionately, as they drew up, "how we've all of us romped and sported under it! Poor papa also!"

"See, Kate, how rotten it is," said her brother; and riding close to it, with his whip he snapped off two or three of its feeble silvery-gray branches—"it's high time for it to come down."

"It fills the grass all round with little branches, sir, whenever there's the least breath of wind," said Waters.

"It won't hardly hold a crow's weight on the topmost branches, sir," said the under-bailiff.

"Had it any leaves last summer?" inquired Mr. Aubrey.

"I don't think," said Waters, "it had a hundred all over it."

"Really, Kate, 'tis such a melancholy, unsightly object, when seen from any part of the quadrangle,—turning round on his horse to look at the rear of the hall, which was at about eighty yards' distance. "It looks such an old withered thing amongst the fresh green trees around it—'tis quite a painful contrast." Kate had gently

urged on her horse while her brother was speaking, till she was close beside him. "Charles," said she, in a low whisper, "does it not remind you a little of poor old mamma, with her gray hairs, among her children and grandchildren? *She* is not out of place amongst us—is she?" her eyes filled with tears. So did her brother's.

"Dearest Kate," said he, with emotion, affectionately grasping her little hand, "you have triumphed! The old tree shall never be cut down in my time! Waters, let the tree stand; if any thing be done to it, let the greatest care be taken of it." Miss Aubrey turned her head aside to conceal her emotion. Had they been alone, she would have flung her arms round her brother's neck.

"If I were to speak my mind," said Waters, seeing the turn things were taking, "I should say with our young lady, the old tree's quite a kind of ornament in this here situation, and it sets off the rest." [It was he who had been worrying Mr. Aubrey for these last three years to have it cut down.]

"Well," replied Mr. Aubrey, "however that may be, let me hear no more of cutting it down. Ah! what does old Jolter want here?" said he, observing an old tenant of that name, almost bent double with age, hobbling towards them. He was wrapped up in a thick blue coat, and his hair was long and white.

"I don't know, sir—I'll go and see," said Waters.

"What's the matter, Jolter?" he inquired, stepping forward to meet him.

"Nothing much, sir," replied the old man, taking off his hat and bowing very low towards Mr. and Miss Aubrey.

"Put your hat on, my old friend," said Mr. Aubrey.

"I only come to bring you this bit of paper, sir, if you please," said the old man, addressing Waters. "You said a while ago, as how I was always to bring you papers that were left with me; and this"—taking one out of his pocket,—"*was* left with me only about an hour ago. It's seemingly a lawyer's paper, and was left by an uncommon gay young chap. He asked me my name, and then he looked at the paper, and read it all over, but I couldn't make any thing of it."

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, as Waters cast his eye over a sheet of paper, partly printed and partly written.

"Why, it seems the old story, sir—that slip of waste land, sir. Mr. Tompkins is at it again, sir."

"Well, if he chooses to spend his money in that way, I can't help it. Let me look at the paper." He did so. "Yes, it seems the same kind of thing as before. Well," handing it back, "send it to Mr. Parkinson, and tell him to look to it; and at all events, take care that old Jolter comes to no trouble by the business. How's the old wife, Jacob?"

"She's dreadful bad with rheumatis, sir; but the stuff that madam sends her does her a woundy deal of good, sir, in her inside."

"Well, we must try if we can't send you some more; and, harkee, if the good wife doesn't get better soon, come up to the hall, and we'll have the doctor call on her. Now, Kate, let us away homeward." And they were soon out of sight.

I do not intend to deal so unceremoniously or summarily as Mr. Aubrey did with the document which had been brought to his notice by Jolter, then handed over to Waters, and by him, according to orders, transmitted the next day to Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Aubrey's attorney. It was what is called a "DECLARATION IN EJECTMENT;"

touching which, in order to throw a ray or two of light upon a document which will make no small figure in this history, I have been to a very renowned sergeant-at-law, and have gained a little information on the point.

If Jones claims the debt, or goods, or damages from Smith, one would think that, if he went to law, the action would be, "*Jones versus Smith*;" and so it is. But behold, if it be *LAND* which is claimed by Jones from Smith, the style and name of the cause stands thus:—"Doe, on the demise of Jones *versus* Roe." Instead, therefore, of Jones and Smith fighting out the matter in their own proper names, they set up a couple of puppets, (called John Doe and Richard Roe,) who fall upon one another in a very quaint fashion, after the manner of Punch and Judy. John Doe pretends to be the real plaintiff, and Richard Roe the real defendant. John Doe says that the land which Richard Roe has is his, (the said John Doe's,) because *Smith* (the real plaintiff,) gave him a lease of it; and Smith is then called "the lessor of the plaintiff." John Doe further says that one Richard Roe, (who calls himself by the very significant and expressive name of a "*Casual Ejector*,") came and turned him out, and so John Doe brings his action against Richard Roe. I am informed that whenever land is sought to be recovered in England, this anomalous and farcical proceeding must be adopted. It is, it seems, the duty of the *real* plaintiff (Jones) to serve on the *real* defendant (Smith) the queer document which I shall proceed to lay before the reader; and also to append to it an affectionate note, intimating the serious consequences which will ensue upon inattention or contumacy. The "*Declaration*," then, which had been served upon old Jolter, was in the words, letters, and figures following—that is to say:—

"IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

"*Michaelmas Term*,—th Geo. III.

"*YORKSHIRE*, to wit—Richard Roe was attached to answer John Doe of a plea wherefore the said Richard Roe, with force and arms, &c., entered in two messuages, two dwelling-houses, two cottages, two stables, two out-houses, two yards, two gardens, two orchards, twenty acres of land covered with water, twenty acres of arable land, twenty acres of pasture land, and twenty acres of other land, with the appurtenances, situated in the parish of *Yatton*, in the County of Yorkshire, which *TITTLERAT TITMOUSE*, Esquire, had demised to the said John Doe for a term which is not yet expired, and ejected him from his said farm, and other wrongs to the said John Doe there did, to the great damage of the said John Doe, and against the peace of our Lord the King, &c.; and thereupon the said John Doe, by *OLLY GAMMON*, his attorney, complains,—

"That whereas the said *TITTLERAT TITMOUSE*, on this —th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1813, at the parish aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, had demised the same tenements, with the appurtenances, to the said John Doe, to have and to hold the same to the said John Doe and his assigns from thenceforth, for and during, and unto the full end and term of twenty years from thence next ensuing, and fully to be completed and ended: By virtue of which said demise, the said John Doe entered into the said tenements, with the appurtenances, and became and was thereof possessed for the said term, so to him thereof granted as aforesaid. And the said John Doe being so thereof possessed, the said Richard Roe afterwards, to wit, on the day and year aforesaid, at the parish aforesaid, in the county afore-

said, with force and arms, &c., entered into the said tenements, with the appurtenances, which the said TITTLERBAT TITMOUSE had demised to the said John Doe in manner and for the term aforesaid, which is not yet expired, and ejected the said John Doe from his said farm; and other wrongs to the said John Doe then and there did, to the great damage of the said John Doe, and against the peace of our said Lord the now King. Wherefore the said John Doe saith that he is injured, and hath sustained damages to the value of £50, and therefore he brings his suit, &c.

"LEATHERHEAD, for the plaintiff. }

TITTIWITTY, for the defendant. }

Pledges of { John Den.

Prosecutor. { Richard Fenn.

"MR. JACOB JOLTER,

"I am informed that you are in possession of, or claim title to, the premises mentioned in the declaration of ejectment mentioned, or to some part thereof: And I, being sued in this action as a *casual ejector* only, and having no claim or title to the same, do advise you to appear, next Hilary Term, in His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, by some attorney of that court; and then and there, by a rule to be made of the same court, to cause yourself to be made defendant in my stead; otherwise, I shall suffer judgment to be entered against me by default, and you will be turned out of possession.

"Your loving friend,

"Richard Roe.

"Dated this 8th day of December, 18—"

You may regard the above document in the light of a deadly and destructive missile, thrown by an unperceived enemy into a peaceful citadel, attracting no particular notice from the innocent, unsuspecting inhabitants—amongst whom, nevertheless, it presently explodes, and all is terror, death, and ruin.

Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Aubrey's solicitor, who resided at Grilston, the post-town nearest to Yatton, from which it was distant about six or seven miles, was sitting on the evening of Tuesday the 28th December 18—, in his office, nearly finishing a letter to his London agents, Messrs. Runnington and Company—one of the most eminent firms in the profession—and which he was desirous of despatching by that night's mail. Amongst other papers which have come into my hands in connection with this history, I have happened to light on the letter Mr. Parkinson was writing; and as it is not long, and affords a specimen of the way in which business is carried on between town and country attorneys and solicitors, here followeth a copy of it:—

"Grilston, 28th Dec. 18—.

"Dear Sirs,

"*Re Middleton.*

"Have you got the marriage-settlements between these parties ready? If so, please send them as soon as possible; for both the lady's and gentleman's friends are (as usual in such cases) very pressing for them.

"*Puddinghead v. Quickwit.*

"Plaintiff bought a horse of defendant in November last, 'warranted sound,' and paid for it on the spot £64. A week afterwards, his attention was accidentally drawn to the animal's head; and, to his infinite surprise he discovered that the left eye was a *glass eye*, so closely resembling the other in colour, that the difference could

not be discovered except on a very close examination. I have seen it myself, and it is indeed wonderfully well done. My countrymen are certainly pretty sharp hands in such matters—but this beats every thing I ever heard of. Surely this is a breach of the warranty. Or is it to be considered a *patent* defect, which would not be within warranty?—Please take pleader's opinion, and particularly as to whether the horse could be brought into court to be viewed by the court and jury, which would have a great effect. If your pleader thinks the action will lie, let him draw declaration, *venue*—Lancashire (for my client would have no chance with a Yorkshire jury.) *Qu.*—Is the man who sold the horse to defendant a competent witness for the plaintiff, to prove that when he sold it to defendant it had but one eye?

"*Mule v. Stott.*

"I cannot get these parties to come to an amicable settlement. You may remember, from the two former actions, that it is for damages on account of two geese of defendant having been found on a few yards of Chatmoss belonging to the plaintiff. Defendant now contends that he is entitled to common, *par cause de vicinage*. *Qu.*—Can this be shown under a plea of leave and licence?—About two years ago, also, a pig belonging to plaintiff got into defendant's flower-garden, and did at least £3 worth of damage.—Can this be in any way set off against the present action? There is no hope of avoiding a third trial, as the parties are now more exasperated against each other than before; and the expense (as at least fifteen witnesses will be called on each side) will amount to upwards of £250.—You had better retain Mr. Backlegander.

"*Re. Lords Oldacre and De la Zouch.*

"Are the deeds herein engrossed? As it is a matter of magnitude, and the foundation of extensive and permanent family arrangements, pray let the greatest care be taken to secure accuracy. Please take special care of the stamps!"

Thus far had the worthy writer proceeded with his letter, when Waters made his appearance, delivering to him the declaration in ejectment which had been served upon old Jolter, and also the instructions concerning it which had been given by Mr. Aubrey. After Mr. Parkinson had asked particularly concerning Mr. Aubrey's health, and what had brought him so suddenly to Yatton, he cast his eye hastily over the "Declaration"—and at once came to the same conclusion concerning it which had been arrived at by Waters and Mr. Aubrey, viz. that it was another little arrow out of the quiver of the litigious Mr. Tompkins. As soon as Waters had left, Mr. Parkinson thus proceeded to conclude his letter:—

"*Doe dem. Titmouse v. Roe.*

"I enclose you Declaration herein, served yesterday. No doubt it is the disputed slip of waste land adjoining the cottage of old Jacob Jolter, a tenant of Mr. Aubrey of Yatton, that is sought to be recovered. I am quite sick of this petty annoyance, as also is Mr. Aubrey, who is now down here. Please call on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, of Saffron Hill, and settle the matter finally, on the best terms you can; it being Mr. Aubrey's wish that old Jolter (who is very feeble and timid) should suffer no inconvenience. I observe a new lessor of the plaintiff, with a very singular name. I suppose it is the name of some prior holder of the little property held by Mr. Tompkins.

"Hoping soon to hear from you (particularly about the marriage-settlement,) I am,

"Dear sir,

"(With all the compliments of the season.)

"Yours truly, JAMES PARKINSON."

"P. S.—The oysters and codfish came to hand in excellent order, for which please accept my best thanks.

"I shall remit you in a day or two £100 on account."

This letter, lying among some twenty or thirty similar ones on Mr. Runnington's table, on the morning of its arrival in town, was opened in its turn; and then, in like manner, with most of the others, handed over to the managing clerk, in order that he might inquire into and report upon the state of the various matters of business referred to. As to the last item in Mr. Parkinson's letter, there seemed no particular reason for hurrying; so two or three days had elapsed before Mr. Runnington, having some other little business to transact with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, bethought himself of looking at his diary to see if there was not something else that he had to do with them. Putting, therefore, the declaration in *Doc d. Titmouse v. Roe* into his pocket, it was not long before he was at the office in Saffron Hill—and in the very room in it which had been the scene of several memorable interviews between Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse and Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. I shall not detail what transpired on that occasion between Mr. Runnington and Messrs. Quirk, and Gammon, with whom he was closeted for nearly an hour. On quitting the office his cheek was flushed, and his manner somewhat excited. After walking a little way in a moody manner, and with slow step, he suddenly jumped into a hackney-coach, and within a quarter of an hour's time had secured an inside place in the Tallyho coach, which started for York at two o'clock that afternoon—much doubting within himself, the while, whether he ought not to have set off at once in a post-chaise and four. He then made one or two calls in the Temple; and, hurrying home to the office, made hasty arrangements for his sudden journey into Yorkshire. He was a calm and experienced man—in fact, a first-rate man of business; and you may be assured that this rapid and decisive movement of his had been the result of some very startling disclosure made to him by Messrs. Quirk and Gammon.

Now, let us glide back to the delightful solitude which we reluctantly quitted so short a time ago.

Mr. Aubrey was a studious and ambitious man; and in acceding so readily to the wishes of his wife and sister, to spend the Christmas recess at Yatton, had been not a little influenced by one consideration, which he had not thought it worth while to mention—namely, that it would afford him an opportunity of addressing himself with effect to a very important and complicated question, which was to be brought before the house shortly after its re-assembling, and of which he then knew scarcely any thing at all. For this purpose he had had a quantity of parliamentary papers, &c. &c. &c., packed up and sent down by coach; and he quite gloated over the prospect of their being duly deposited upon his table, in the tranquil leisure of his library, at Yatton. But quietly as he supposed all this to have been managed, Mrs. Aubrey and Kate had a most accurate knowledge of his movements; and resolved within themselves, (being therein comforted and assisted by old Mrs. Aubrey,) that, as at their instances Mr. Aubrey had come down to Yatton, so they would take care that he should

have not merely nominal, but real holidays. Unless he thought fit to rise at an early hour in the morning, (which Mrs. Aubrey, junior, took upon herself to say *she* would take care should never be the case,) it was decreed that he should not be allowed to waste more than two hours a day alone in his library. 'Twas therefore in vain for him to sit at breakfast with eye averted and thought laden brow, as if meditating a long day's seclusion: somehow or another, he never got above an hour to himself. He was often momentarily petulant on these occasions, and soon saw through the designs of his enemies; but he so heartily and tenderly loved them—so thoroughly appreciated the affection which dictated their little manoeuvres—that he soon surrendered at discretion, and, in fact, placed himself almost entirely at their mercy; resolving to make up for lost time on his return to town; and earnestly hoping that the interests of the nation would not suffer in the mean while. In short, the ladies of Yatton had agreed on their line of operations; that almost every night of their stay in the country should be devoted either to entertaining their neighbours or visiting them; and, as a preparatory movement, that the days (weather permitting) should be occupied with exercise in the open air; in making "morning" calls on neighbours at several miles' distance from the hall, and from each other; and from which they generally returned only in time enough to dress for dinner. As soon, indeed, as the leading country paper had announced the arrival at Yatton of "Charles Aubrey, Esq., M. P., and his family, for the Christmas recess," the efforts of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey were most powerfully seconded by a constant succession of visitors—by

"Troops of friends,"

as the lodge-keeper could have testified; for he and his buxom wife were continually opening and shutting the great gates. On the Monday after Christmas-day, (*i. e.* the day but one following,) came cantering up to the hall Lord De la Zouch and Mr. Delamere, of course staying to luncheon, and bearing a most pressing invitation from Lady De la Zouch, zealously backed by themselves, for the Aubreys to join a large party at Fotheringham Castle on New Year's Eve. This was accepted—a day and a night were thus gone at a swoop. The same thing happened with the Oldfields, their nearest neighbours; with Sir Percival Pickering at Luthington Court, where was a superb new picture-gallery to be critically inspected by Mr. Aubrey; the Earl of Oldacre, a college friend of Mr. Aubrey's—the venerable Lady Stratton, the earliest friend and schoolfellow of old Mrs. Aubrey, and so forth. Then Kate had several visits to pay on her own account: and, being fond of horseback, she did not like riding about the country with only a groom in attendance on her; so her brother *must* accompany her on these occasions. The first week of their stay in the country was devoted to visiting their neighbours and friends in the way I have stated; the next was to be spent in receiving them at Yatton, during which time the old hall was to ring with merry hospitality.

Then there was a little world of other matters to occupy Mr. Aubrey's attention, and which naturally crowded upon him, living so little at Yatton as he had latterly. He often had a kind of levee of his humbler neighbours, tenants, and constituents; and on these occasions his real goodness of nature, his simplicity, his patience, his forbearance, his sweetness of temper, his

benevolence, shone conspicuous. With all these more endearing qualities, there was yet a placid dignity about him that chilled undue familiarity, and repelled presumption. He had here no motive or occasion for ostentation, or, as it is called, popularity-hunting. In a sense it might be said of him, that he was "monarch of all he surveyed." It is true, he was member for the borough—an honour, however, for which he was indebted to the natural influence of his commanding position—one which left him his own master, not converting him into a paltry delegate, hand-cuffed by pledges on public questions, and laden with injunctions concerning petty local interests only—liable, moreover, to be called to an account at any moment by ignorant and insolent demagogues—but a member of parliament training to become a statesman, possessed of a free will, and therefore capable of independent and enlightened deliberations; placed by his fortune above the reach of temptation—but I shall not go any further, for the portraiture of a member of parliament of those days suggests such a humiliating and bitter contrast, that I shall not ruffle either my own or my reader's temper by touching it any further. On the occasions I have been alluding to, Mr. Aubrey was not only condescending and generous, but practically acute and discriminating; qualities of his, these latter, so well known, however, as to leave him at length scarce any opportunities of exercising them. His quiet but decisive interference put an end to a number of local unpleasantnesses and annoyances, and caused his increasing absence from Yatton to be very deeply regretted. Was a lad or a wench taking to idle and dissolute courses? A kind, or, as the occasion required, a stern expostulation of his—for he was a justice of the peace moreover—brought them to their senses. He had a very happy knack of reasoning and laughing quarrelsome neighbours into reconciliation and good humour. He had a very keen eye after the practical details of agriculture; was equally quick at detecting an inconvenience, and appreciating—sometimes even suggesting—a remedy; and had, on several occasions, brought such knowledge to bear very effectively upon discussions in parliament. His constituents, few in number undoubtedly, and humble, were quite satisfied with and proud of their member; and his unexpected appearance diffused among them real and general satisfaction. As a landlord, he was beloved by his numerous tenantry; and well he might—for never was there so easy and liberal a landlord: he might at any time have increased his rental by £1500 or £2000 a year, as his steward frequently intimated to him—but in vain. "Ten thousand a-year," said Mr. Aubrey, "is far more than my necessities require—it affords me and my family every luxury that I can conceive of; and its magnitude reminds me constantly that hereafter I shall be called upon to give a very strict and solemn account of my stewardship." I would I had time to complete, as it ought to be completed, this portraiture of a true Christian gentleman!

As he rode up to the Hare and Hounds Inn, at Grilston, one morning, to transact some little business, and also to look in on the Farmer's Club, which was then holding one of its fortnightly meetings, (all touching their hats and bowing to him on each side of the long street as he slowly passed up it,) he perceived one of his horse's feet limp a little. On dismounting, therefore, he stopped to see what was the matter, while his groom took up the foot to examine it.

"Dey-viliah fine horse," exclaimed the voice of one standing close beside him, and in a tone of most dis-

agreeable confidence. The exclamation was addressed to Mr. Aubrey; who, on turning to the speaker, beheld a young man—'twas Titmouse—dressed in a style of the most extravagant absurdity. One hand was stuck into the hinder pocket of a stylish top coat, (the everlasting tip of a white pocket handkerchief glistening at the mouth of his breast pocket;) the other held a cigar to his mouth, from which, as he addressed Mr. Aubrey with an air of provoking impudence, he slowly expelled the smoke that he had inhaled. Mr. Aubrey bowed with a cold and surprised air, without replying, at the same time wondering where he had seen the ridiculous object before.

"The horses in these parts ar'n't to be compared with them at London—eh, sir!" quoth Titmouse, approaching closer to Mr. Aubrey and his groom, to see what the latter was doing—who, on hearing Titmouse's last sally, gave him a very significant look.

"I'm afraid the people here won't relish your remarks, sir!" replied Mr. Aubrey, hardly able to forbear a smile, at the same time calmly scanning the figure of his companion from head to foot.

"Who cares?" inquired Titmouse, with a very energetic oath. At this moment up came a farmer, who, observing Mr. Aubrey, made him a very low bow. Mr. Aubrey's attention being at the moment occupied with Titmouse, he did not observe the salutation; not so with Titmouse, who acknowledged it by taking off his hat with great grace! Mr. Aubrey followed in to the house, having ordered his groom to bring back the horse in an hour's time. "Pray," said he mildly to the landlady, "who is that person smoking the cigar outside?"

"Why, sir, he's a Mr. Brown; and has another with him here—who's going up to London by this afternoon's coach—this one stays behind a day or two longer. They're queer people, sir. Such dandies! Do nothing but smoke, and drink brandy and water, sir; only that t'other writes a good deal."

"Well, I wish you would remind him," said Mr. Aubrey, smiling, "that, if he thinks fit to speak to me again, I am a magistrate, and have the power of fining him five shillings for every oath he utters."

"What! sir, has he been speaking to you? Well, I never—he's the most forward little upstart I ever seed!" said she, dropping her voice; "and the sooner he takes himself off from here the better; for he's always winking at the maids and talking impudence to them. I've box his ears, I warrant him, one of these times!" Mr. Aubrey smiled, and went up stairs.

"There don't seem much wrong," quoth Titmouse to the groom, with a condescending air, as soon as Mr. Aubrey had entered the house.

"Muth you know about it, I don't guess!" quoth Sam, with a contemptuous smile.

"Who's your master, fellow?"—inquired Titmouse, knocking off the ashes from the tip of his cigar.

"A gentleman. What's yours?"

"Curse your impudence, you vagabond!" — The words were hardly out of his mouth before Sam, with a slight tap of his hand, had knocked Titmouse's glossy hat off his head, and Titmouse's purple-hued hair stood exposed to view, provoking the jeers and laughter of one or two by-standers. Titmouse appeared about to strike the groom; who, hastily giving the bridles of his horses into the hands of an ostler, threw himself into boxing attitude; and, being a clean, tight-built, stout young fellow, looked a very formidable object, as he came squaring nearer and nearer to the dismayed Titmouse;

and on behalf of the outraged honour of all the horses of Yorkshire, was just going to let fly his *one-two*, when a sharp tapping at the bow-window overhead startled him for a moment, interrupting his warlike demonstrations; and, on casting up his eyes, he beheld the threatening figure of his master, who was shaking his whip at him. He dropped his guard, touched his hat very humbly, and resumed his horse's bridles; muttering, however, to Titmouse, "If thou'rt a man, come down into t' yard, and I'll make thee think a horse kicked thee, a liar as thou art!"

"Who's that gentleman gone up stairs?" inquired Titmouse of the landlady, after he had sneaked into the inn.

"Squire Aubrey, of Yatton." Titmouse's face, previously very pale, flushed all over. "Ay, ay, thou must be chattering to the grand folks, and thou'rt nearly put thy foot into 't at last, I can tell thee; for that's a magistrate, and thou'rt been a swearing afore him." Titmouse smiled rather faintly; and entering the parlour, affected to be engaged with a county newspaper; and he remained very quiet for upwards of an hour, not venturing out of the room till he had seen off Mr. Aubrey and his formidable Sam.

It was the hunting season; but Mr. Aubrey, though he had as fine horses as were to be found in the country, and which were always at the service of his friends, partly from want of inclination, and partly from the delicacy of his constitution, never shared in the sports of the field. Now and then, however, he rode to cover, to see the hounds throw off, and exchange greetings with a great number of his friends and neighbours, on such occasions collected together. This he did the morning after that on which he had visited Grilston, accompanied, at their earnest entreaty, by Mrs. Aubrey and Kate. "I am not painting angels, but describing frail human nature; and truth forces me to say, that Kate knew pretty well that on such occasions she appeared to no little advantage. I protest I love her not the less for it—but is there a beautiful woman under the sun who is not aware of her charms; and of the effect they produce upon our sex? Pooh! I never will believe to the contrary. In Kate's composition this ingredient was but an imperceptible alloy in virgin gold. Now, how was it that she came to think of this hunting appointment? I do not exactly know; but I recollect that when Lord De la Zouch last called at Yatton, he happened to mention it at lunch, and to say that he and one Geoffrey Lovel Delamere—but however that may be, behold, on a bright Thursday morning, Aubrey and his two lovely companions made their welcome appearance at the field, all superbly mounted, and most cordially greeted by all present. Miss Aubrey attracted universal admiration; but there was one handsome youngster, his well-formed figure showing to great advantage in his new scarlet coat and spotless cords, that made a point of challenging her special notice, and in doing so, attracting that of all his envious fellow-sportsmen; and that was Delamere. He seemed, indeed, infinitely more taken up with the little party from Yatton than with the serious business of the day. His horse, however, had an eye to business; and with erected ears, catching the first welcome signal sooner than its gallant rider, sprung off like light, and would have left its abstracted rider behind, had he not been a first-rate seat. In fact, Kate herself was not quite sufficiently on her guard; and her eager folly suddenly put in requisition all her rider's little strength and skill to rein her in—which having done, Kate's eye looked

rather anxiously after her late companion, who, however, had already cleared the first hedge, and was fast making up to the scattering scarlet crowd. Oh, the bright exhilarating scene!

"Heigh ho!" said Kate, with a slight sigh, as soon as Delamere had disappeared—"I was very nearly off."

"So was somebody else, Kate!" said Mrs. Aubrey, with a sly smile.

"This is a very cool contrivance of yours, Kate,—bringing us here this morning," said her brother, rather gravely.

"What do you mean, Charles?" she inquired, slightly reddening. He good-naturedly tapped her shoulder with his whip, laughed, urged his horse into a canter, and they were all soon on their way to General Grim, a friend of the late Mr. Aubrey's.

The party assembled on New Year's Eve at Fotheringham Castle, the residence of Lord De la Zouch, was numerous and brilliant. The Aubreys arrived about five o'clock; and on their emerging from their chambers into the drawing-room, about half past six—Mr. Aubrey leading in his lovely wife and his very beautiful sister—they attracted general attention. He himself looked handsome, for the brisk country air had brought out a glow upon his too frequently fallow countenance—sallow with the unwholesome atmosphere, the late hours, the wasting excitement of the house of commons; and his smile was cheerful, his eye bright and penetrating. There is nothing that makes such quick triumphant way in English society as the promise of speedy political distinction. It will supply to its happy possessor the want of family and fortune—it rapidly melts away all distinctions; the obscure but eloquent commoner finds himself suddenly standing in the rarefied atmosphere of privilege and exclusiveness—the familiar equal, often the conscious superior, of the haughtiest peer of the realm. A single successful speech in the house of commons, opens before its utterer the shining doors of fashion and greatness, as if by magic. It is as if were *rowx* stepping into its palace, welcomed by gay crowds of eager obsequious expectants. Who would not press forward to grasp in anxious welcome the hand that, in a few short years, may dispense the glittering baubles sighed after by the great, and the more substantial patronage of office, which may point public opinion in any direction? But, to go no further, what if to all this be added a previous position in society? such as that occupied by Mr. Aubrey! There were several very fine women, married and single, in that splendid drawing-room; but there were two girls, in very different styles of beauty, who were soon allowed by all present to carry off the palm between them—I mean Miss Aubrey and Lady Caroline Caversham, the only daughter of the Marchioness of Redborough, both of whom were on a visit at the castle of some duration. Lady Caroline and Miss Aubrey were of about the same age, and dressed almost exactly alike, viz. in white satin; only Lady Caroline wore a brilliant diamond necklace, whereas Kate had not a single ornament.

Lady Caroline was a trifle the taller, and had a very stately carriage. Her hair was black as jet—her features were refined and delicate; but they wore a very cold, haughty expression. After a glance at her half-closed eyes, and the swan-like curve of her snowy neck, you unconsciously withdrew from her, as from an inaccessible beauty. The more you looked at her, the more she satisfied your critical scrutiny; but your *feelings* went not out towards her—they were, in a manner, chilled

and repulsed. Look, now, at our own Kate Aubrey—may, never fear to place her beside yon supercilious divinity—look at her, and your heart acknowledges her loveliness; your soul thrills at sight of her bewitching blue eyes—eyes now sparkling with excitement, then languishing with softness, in accordance with the varying emotions of a sensitive nature—a most susceptible heart. How her sunny curls harmonise with the delicacy and richness of her complexion! Her figure, observe, is rather fuller than her rival's—stay, don't let your eyes settle so intently upon her budding form, or you will confuse Kate—turn away, or she will shrink from you like the sensitive plant. Lady Caroline seems the exquisite but frigid production of skilful statuary, who had caught a divinity in the very act of disdainfully setting her foot for the first time upon this poor earth of ours; but Kate is a living and breathing beauty—as it were, fresh from the hand of God himself.

Kate was very affectionately greeted by Lady De la Zouch, a lofty and dignified woman of about fifty; so also by Lord De la Zouch; but when young Delamere welcomed her with a palpable embarrassment of manner, a more brilliant colour stole into her cheek, and a keen observer might have noticed a little, rapid, undulating motion in her bosom, which told of some inward emotion. And a keen observer Kate at that moment had in her beautiful rival; from whose cheek, as that of Kate deepened in its roseate bloom, faded away the colour entirely, leaving it the hue of the lily. Her drooping eyelids could scarcely conceal the glances of alarm and anger which she darted at her plainly successful rival in the affections of the future Lord De la Zouch. Kate was quickly aware of this state of matters; and it required no little self-control to appear *un-aware* of it. Delamere took her down to dinner; in doing which he defied the laws of etiquette in a little point of precedence; and he seated himself beside her, and paid her such pointed attentions as at length really distressed her; and she was quite relieved when the time came for the ladies to withdraw. That she had not a secret yearning towards Delamere, the frequent companion of her early days, I cannot assert, because I know it would be contrary to the fact. Circumstances had kept him on the continent for more than a year between the period of his quitting Eton and going to Oxford, where another twelvemonth had slipped away without his visiting Yorkshire: thus two years had elapsed—and behold Kate had become a woman, and he a man! They had mutual predispositions towards each other, and 'twas mere accident which of them first manifested symptoms of fondness for the other—the same result must have followed, namely (to use a great word) reciprocation. Lord and Lady De la Zouch idolised their son, and were old and very firm friends of the Aubrey family; and, if Delamere really formed an attachment to one of Miss Aubrey's beauty, accomplishments, talent, amiability, and good family—why should he not be gratified! Kate, whether she would or not, was set down to the piano, Lady Caroline accompanying her on the harp—on which she usually performed with mingled skill and grace; but, on the present occasion, both the fair performers found fault with their instruments—then with themselves—and presently gave up the attempt in despair. But when, at a later period of the evening, Kate's spirits had been a little exhilarated with dancing, and she sat down, at Lord De la Zouch's request, and gave that exquisite song from the *Tempest*,—"Where the bee sucks,"—all the witchery of her voice and manner had returned; and as for

Delamere, he would have given the world to marry her that minute, and so for ever extinguish the hopes of—as he imagined—two or three nascent competitors for the beautiful prize then present.

That Kate was good as beautiful, the following little incident, which happened to her on the ensuing evening, will show. There was a girl in the village at Yatton, about sixteen or seventeen years old, called Phoebe Williams; a very pretty girl, and who had spent about two years at the hall as a laundry-maid, but had been obliged, some few months before the time I am speaking of, to return to her parents in the village, ill of a decline. She had been a sweet-tempered girl in her situation, and all her fellow-servants felt great interest in her, as also did Miss Aubrey. Mrs. Aubrey sent her daily, jellies, sage, and other such matters, suitable for the poor girl's condition; and about a quarter of an hour after her return from Fotheringham, Miss Aubrey, finding one of the female servants about to set off with some of the above-mentioned articles, and hearing that poor Phoebe was getting rapidly worse, instead of retiring to her room to undress, slipped on an additional shawl, and resolved to accompany the servant to the village. She said not a word to either her mother, her sister-in-law, or her brother; but simply left word with her maid where she was going, and that she should quickly return. It was snowing smartly when Kate set off; but she cared not, hurried on by the impulse of kindness, which led her to pay perhaps a last visit to the humble sufferer. She walked alongside of the elderly female servant, asking her a number of questions about Phoebe, and her sorrowing father and mother. It was nearly dark as they quitted the park gates, and snowing, if any thing, faster than when they had left the hall. Kate, wrapping her shawl still closer around her slender figure, and her face pretty well protected by her veil, hurried on, and they soon reached Williams's cottage. Its humble tenants were, as may be imagined, not a little surprised at her appearance at such an hour, and in such inclement weather, and so apparently unattended. Poor Phoebe, worn to a shadow, was sitting opposite the fire, in a little wooden arm-chair, and propped up by a pillow. She trembled, and her lips moved on seeing Miss Aubrey, who, sitting down on a stool beside her, after laying aside her snow-whitened shawl and bonnet, spoke to her in the most gentle and soothing strain imaginable. What a contrast in their two figures! 'Twould have been no violent stretch of imagination to say, that Catharine Aubrey at that moment looked like a ministering angel sent to comfort the wretched sufferer in her extremity. Phoebe's father and mother stood on each side of the little fireplace, gazing with tearful eyes upon their only child, soon about to depart from them for ever. The poor girl was indeed a touching object. She had been very pretty, but now her face was white and woefully emaciated—the dread impress of consumption was upon it. Her wasted fingers were clasped together on her lap, holding between them a little handkerchief, with which, evidently with great effort, she occasionally wiped the dampness from her face.

"You're very good, ma'am," she whispered, "to come to see me, and so late. They say it's a sad cold night."

"I heard, Phoebe, that you were not so well, and I thought I would just step along with Margaret, who has brought you some more jelly. Did you like the last?"

"Y-es, ma'am," she replied, hesitatingly; "but it's

very hard for me to swallow any thing now, my throat feels so sore." Here her mother shook her head and looked aside; for the doctor had only that morning explained to her the nature of the distressing symptom which her daughter was alluding to—as evidencing the very last stage of her fatal disorder.

"I'm very sorry to hear you say so, Phœbe," replied Miss Aubrey. "Do you think there's any thing else that Mrs. Jackson could make for you?"

"No, ma'am, thank you; I feel it's no use trying to swallow any thing more."

"While there's life," said Kate, in a subdued, hesitating tone, "there's hope—they say." Phœbe shook her head mournfully. "Don't stop long, dear lady—it's getting very late for you to be out alone. Father will go!"

"Never mind me, Phœbe—I can take care of myself. I hope you mind what good Dr. Tatnam says to you? You know this sickness is from God, Phœbe. He knows what is best for his creatures."

"Thank God, ma'am, I feel resigned. I know it is God's will; but I am very sorry for poor father and mother—they'll be so lone like, when they don't see Phœbe about." Her father gazed intently at her, and the tears ran trickling down his cheeks; her mother put her apron before her face, and shook her head in silent anguish. Miss Aubrey did not speak for a few moments. "I see you have been reading the prayer-book mamma gave you when you were at the Hall," said she at length, observing the little volume lying open on Phœbe's lap.

"Yes, ma'am—I was trying; but somehow, lately, I can't read, for there's a kind of mist comes over my eyes, and I can't see."

"That's weakness, Phœbe," said Miss Aubrey, quickly but tremulously.

"May I make bold, ma'am," commenced Phœbe, languidly, after a hesitating pause, "to ask you to read the little psalm I was trying to read a while ago? I should so like to hear you."

"I'll try, Phœbe," said Miss Aubrey, taking the book, which was open at the sixth psalm. 'Twas a severe trial, for her feelings were not a little excited already. But how could she refuse the dying girl? So she began, a little indistinctly, in a very low tone, and with frequent pauses; for the tears every now and then quite obscured her sight. She managed, however, to get as far as the sixth verse, which was thus:—

"I am weary of my groaning: every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with tears: my beauty is gone for very trouble."

Here Kate's voice suddenly stopped. She buried her face for a moment or two in her handkerchief, and said hastily, "I can't read any more, Phœbe!" Every one in the little room was in tears except poor Phœbe, who seemed past that.

"It's time for me to go, now, Phœbe. We'll send some one early in the morning to know how you are," said Miss Aubrey, rising and putting on her bonnet and shawl. She contrived to beckon Phœbe's mother to the back of the room, and silently slipped a couple of guineas into her hands; for she knew the mournful occasion there would soon be for such assistance! She then left, peremptorily declining the attendance of Phœbe's father—saying that it must be dark when she could not find the way to the Hall, which was almost in a straight line from the cottage, and little more than a quarter of a mile off. It was very much darker, and it still snowed, though

not so thickly as when she had come. She and Margaret walked side by side, at a quick pace, talking together about poor Phœbe. Just as she was approaching the extremity of the village, nearest the park—

"Ah! my lovely gals!" exclaimed a voice, in a low but most offensive tone—"alone? How uncommon!"—Miss Aubrey for a moment seemed thunderstruck at so sudden and unprecedented an occurrence: then she hurried on, with a beating heart, whispering to Margaret to keep close to her, and not to be alarmed. The speaker, however, kept pace with them.

"Lovely gals!—wish I'd an umbrella, my angels!—Take my arm! Ah! Pretty gals!"

"Who are you, sir?" at length exclaimed Kate, spiritedly, suddenly stopping and turning to the rude speaker.

"Who else should it be but Tittlebat Titmouse. Who am I? Ah, ha! Lovely gals! one that loves the pretty gals."

"Do you know, fellow, who I am?" inquired Miss Aubrey indignantly, flinging aside her veil, and disclosing her beautiful face, white as death, but indistinctly visible in the darkness, to her insolent assailant.

"No, 'pon my soul, no; but—lovely gal! lovely gal!—'pon my life, spirited gal!—do you no harm!—Take my arm!"

"Wretch!—ruffian!—how dare you insult a lady in this manner? Do you know who I am? My name, sir, is Aubrey—I am Miss Aubrey of the Hall! Do not think!"

Titmouse felt as if he were on the point of dropping down dead at that moment, with amazement and terror; and when Miss Aubrey's servant screamed out at the top of her voice, "Help!—help, there!" Titmouse, without uttering a syllable more, took to his heels, just as the door of a cottage, at only a few yards' distance, opened, and out rushed a strapping farmer, shouting—"Hey! what be t'matter?" You may guess his astonishment on discovering Miss Aubrey, and his fury at learning the cause of her alarm. Out of doors he pelted, without his hat, uttering a volley of fearful imprecations, and calling on the unseen miscreant to come forward; for whom it was lucky that he had time to escape from a pair of fists that in a minute or two would have beaten his little carcass into a jelly! Miss Aubrey was so overcome by the shock she had suffered, that but for a glass of water she might have fainted. As soon as she had a little recovered from her agitation, she set off home, accompanied by Margaret, and followed very closely by the farmer, with a tremendous knotted stick under his arm—(he wanted to have taken his double-barrelled gun)—and thus she soon reached the Hall, not a little tired and agitated. This little incident, however, she kept to herself, and enjoined her two attendants to do the same; for she knew the distress it would have occasioned those whom she loved. As it was, she was somewhat sharply rebuked by her mother and brother, who had just sent two men out in quest of her, and whom it was singular that she should have missed. This is not the place to give an account of the eccentric movements of our friend Titmouse; still there can be no harm in my just mentioning that the sight of Miss Aubrey on horseback had half maddened the little fool; her image had never been effaced from his memory since the occasion on which, as already explained, he had first seen her; and as soon as he had ascertained, through Snap's inquiries, who she was, he became more frenzied in the matter than before, because he thought he now saw a probability of obtain-

ing her. "If like children," says Edmund Burke, "we will cry for the moon, why like children we must—cry on." Whether this was not something like the position of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, in his passion for CATHERINE AVANER, the reader can judge. He had unbosomed himself in the matter to his confidential adviser Mr. Snap; who, having accomplished his errand, had the day before returned to town, very much against his will, leaving Titmouse behind him, to bring about, by his own delicate and skilful management, a union between himself, as the future Lord of Yatton, and the beautiful sister of its present occupant.

Mr. Aubrey and Kate were sitting together playing at chess, about eight o'clock in the evening; Dr. Tatham and Mrs. Aubrey, junior, looking on with much interest; old Mrs. Aubrey being busily engaged writing. Mr. Aubrey was sadly an overmatch for poor Kate—he being in fact a first-rate player; and her soft white hand had been hovering over the half-dozen chessmen she had left, uncertain which of them to move, for nearly two minutes, her chin resting on the other hand, and her face wearing a very puzzled expression. "Come, Kate," said every now and then her brother, with that calm victorious smile which at such a moment would have tried any but so sweet a temper as his sister's. "If I were you, Miss Aubrey," was perpetually exclaiming Dr. Tatham, knowing as much about the game the while as the little Marlborough spaniel lying asleep at Miss Aubrey's feet. "Oh dear!" said Kate, at length, with a sigh, "I really don't see how to escape."

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey, looking up and listening to the sound of carriage wheels.

"Never mind," said her husband, who was interested in the game—"come, come, Kate." A few minutes afterwards a servant made his appearance, and coming up to Mr. Aubrey, told him that Mr. Parkinson and another gentleman had called, and were waiting in the library to speak to him on business.

"What can they want at this hour?" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, absently, intently watching an expected move of his sister's, which would have decided the game. At length she made her long-meditated descent, in quite an unexpected quarter.

"Check-mate!" she exclaimed, with infinite glee.

"Ah!" cried he, rising, with a slightly surprised and chagrined air, "I'm ruined! Now, try your hand on the doctor, while I go and speak to these people. I wonder what can possibly have brought them here. Oh, I see—I see; 'tis probably about Miss Evelyn's marriage-settlement—I'm to be one her trustees." With this he left the room, and presently entered the library, where were two gentlemen, one of whom, a stranger, was in the act of pulling off his great-coat. It was Mr. Runnington; a tall, thin, elderly man, with short gray hair—his countenance bespeaking the calm, acute, clear-headed man of business. The other was Mr. Parkinson; a plain, substantial-looking, hard-headed, country attorney.

"Mr. Runnington, my London agent, sir," said he to Mr. Aubrey, as the latter entered. Mr. Aubrey bowed.

"Pray, gentlemen, be seated," he replied, taking a chair beside them. "Why, Parkinson, you look very serious—both of you. What is the matter?" he inquired, surprisedly.

"Mr. Runnington, sir, has arrived, most unexpectedly to me, only an hour or two ago from London, on business of the last importance to you."

"Well, what is it? Pray, say at once what it is—I am all attention," said Mr. Aubrey, anxiously.

"Do you happen to remember sending Waters to me on Monday or Tuesday last, with a paper which had been served by some one on old Jolter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Aubrey, after a moment's consideration.

"Mr. Runnington's errand is connected with that document."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, apparently a little relieved. "I assure you, gentlemen, you very greatly over-estimate the importance I attach to any thing that such a troublesome person as Mr. Tomkins can do, if I am right in supposing that it is he who — Well, then, what *is* the matter?" he inquired quickly, observing Mr. Parkinson shake his head, and interchange a grave look with Mr. Runnington; "you cannot think how you would oblige me by being explicit."

"This paper," said Mr. Runnington, holding up that which Mr. Aubrey at once recollected as the one on which he had cast his eye on its being handed to him by Waters, "is a Declaration in Ejectment with which Mr. Tomkins has nothing whatever to do. It is served virtually on *you*, and you are the real defendant."

"So I apprehend I was in the former trumpery action."

"Do you recollect, Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Parkinson, with much anxiety, "several years ago, some serious conversation which you and I had together, when I was preparing your marriage-settlements?"

Mr. Aubrey's face was suddenly blanched.

"The matters we then discussed have suddenly acquired immense importance. This paper occasions us, on your account, the deepest anxiety." Mr. Aubrey continued silent, gazing on Mr. Parkinson with intensity. "Supposing, from a hasty glance at it, and from the message accompanying it, that it was merely another action of Tomkins' about the slip of waste land attached to Jolter's cottage, I sent up to London to Messrs. Runnington, requesting them to call on the plaintiff's attorneys, and settle the action. He did so; and perhaps you will explain the rest," said Mr. Parkinson to Mr. Runnington.

"Certainly," said that gentleman. "I called accordingly yesterday morning on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—they are a very well known, but not very popular firm in the profession, and in a very few minutes my misconception of the nature of the business I had called to settle was set right. In short," he paused, as if distressed at the intelligence he was about to communicate.

"Oh, pray, pray go on, sir," said Mr. Aubrey, in a low tone.

"I am no stranger, sir, to your firmness of character; but I shall have to tax it, I fear, to its uttermost. To come at once to the point—they told me that I might undoubtedly *settle* the matter if you would consent to give up immediate possession of the Yatton estate, and account for the mesne profits to their client, the right heir—as they contend—a Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse." Mr. Aubrey sunk back in his chair, overcome, for an instant, by this dreadful and astounding intelligence; and all three of them preserved silence for more than a minute. Mr. Runnington was a man of a very feeling heart. In the course of his great practice, he had had to encounter many distressing scenes; but probably none of them had equaled that in which, at the earnest entreaty of Mr. Parkinson, who distrusted his own self-possession, he now bore a leading part. The two attorneys interchanged frequent looks of deep sympathy for their unfor-

fortunate client, who seemed as if stunned by the intelligence they had brought him.

"I felt it my duty to lose not an instant in coming down to Yatton," resumed Mr. Runnington, observing Mr. Aubrey's eye again directed inquiringly towards him; "for Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap are very dangerous people to deal with, and must be encountered promptly, and with the greatest possible caution. The moment that I had left them, I hastened to the Temple, to retain for you Mr. Subtle, the leader of the Northern Circuit; but they had been beforehand with me, and retained him nearly three months ago, together with another eminent king's counsel on the circuit. Under these circumstances, I lost no time in giving a special retainer to the attorney-general, in which I trust I have done right, and in retaining as junior a gentleman whom I consider to be incomparably the ablest lawyer on the circuit."

"Did they say any thing concerning the nature of their client's title?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, in a languid tone; but he was perfectly calm and collected.

"Very little. If they had been *never* so precise, of course I should have distrusted every word they said. They certainly mentioned that they had had the first conveyancing opinion in the kingdom, which concurred in favour of their client; that they had been for months prepared at all points, and accident only had delayed their commencing proceedings till now."

"Did you make any inquiries as to who the claimant was?" inquired Mr. Aubrey.

"Yes; but all I could learn was, that they had discovered him by mere accident; and that he was in very obscure and distressed circumstances. I tried to discover by what means they proposed to commence and carry on so expensive a contest; but they smiled significantly, and were silent." Another long pause ensued, during which Mr. Aubrey was evidently silently struggling with very agitating emotions.

"What is the meaning of their affecting to seek the recovery of only one insignificant portion of the property?" he inquired.

"It is their own choice—it may be from considerations of mere convenience. The title by which they may succeed in recovering what they at present go for, will avail to recover every acre of the estate, and the present action will consequently decide every thing!"

"And suppose the worst—that they are successful: what is to be said about the rental which I have been receiving all this time—ten thousand a-year?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, looking as if he dreaded to hear his question answered.

"Oh! that's quite an after consideration—let us first fight the battle."

"I beg, Mr. Runnington, that you will withhold nothing from me," said Mr. Aubrey, with a faltering voice. "To what extent shall I be liable?"

Mr. Runnington paused.

"I am afraid that *all* the meane profits, as they are called, which you have received,"—commenced Mr. Parkinson—

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Runnington; "I have been turning that over in my mind, and I think that a statute of limitations will bar all but the last six years."

"Why, *that* will be sixty thousand pounds!" interrupted Mr. Aubrey, with a look of sudden despair. "Gracious God, that is perfectly frightful!—frightful! If I lose Yatton, I shall not have a place to put my head

in—not one farthing to support myself with! And yet to have to make up *sixty thousand pounds!*" The perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his eye was laden with alarm and agony. He slowly rose from his chair, and bolted the door, that they might not, at such an agitating moment, be surprised or disturbed by any of the family.

"I suppose," said he, in a faint and tremulous tone, "that if this claim succeed, my mother also will share my fate."

They shook their heads in silence.

"Permit me to suggest," said Mr. Runnington, in a tone of the most respectful sympathy, "that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"But the *worst* follows!" said Mr. Aubrey, with a visible tremor; and his voice made the hearts of his companions thrill within them. "Mine is really a fearful case! I and mine, I feel, are become suddenly beggars. We are *trespassers at Yatton*. We have been unjustly enjoying the rights of others."

"My dear Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Parkinson, earnestly, "that remains to be proved. We really are getting on far too fast. One would think that the jury had already returned a verdict against us—that judgment had been signed—and that the sheriff was coming in the morning to execute the writ of possession in favour of our opponent." This was well meant by the speaker; but sorely it was like talking of the machinery of the ghastly guillotine to the wretch in shivering expectation of suffering by it on the morrow. An involuntary shudder ran through Mr. Aubrey. "Sixty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, rising and walking to and fro. "Why, I am ruined beyond all redemption! How can I ever satisfy it!" Again he paced the room several times, in silent agony. The inward prayer which he then offered up to God, for calmness and fortitude, seemed to have been, in a measure, answered; and he presently resumed his seat. "I have, for these several days past, had a strange sense of impending calamity," said he, in an infinitely more tranquil tone than before—"I have been equally unable to account for or get rid of it. It may be an intimation from heaven; I bow to its will!"

"We must remember," said Mr. Runnington, "that *'possession is nine-tenths of the law'*; which means, that your mere possession will entitle you to retain it against all the world, till a stronger title than yours to the right of possession be made out. You stand on a mountain; and it is for your adversary to displace you, not by showing merely that you have no real title, but that *he has*. If he could prove all your title-deeds to be merely waste paper—that in fact you have no more title than I have—he could not advance his own case an inch; he must *first* establish in himself a clear and independent title; so that you are entirely on the defensive; and rely upon it, that so acute and profound a lawyer as the attorney-general will impose every difficulty on"—

"God forbid that any unconscientious advantage should be taken on my behalf!" said Mr. Aubrey. Mr. Runnington and Mr. Parkinson both opened their eyes pretty wide at this sally: the latter could not understand but that every thing was fair in war; the former saw and appreciated the nobility of soul which had dictated the exclamation.

"I suppose the affair will soon become public," said Mr. Aubrey, with an air of profound depression.

"Your position in the county, your eminence in public life, the singularity of the case, and the magnitude of the stake—all are circumstances undoubtedly calculated

soon to urge the affair before the notice of the public," said Mr. Runnington.

"Good God, who is to break the disastrous intelligence to my family!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, hiding his face in his hands. "Something, I suppose," he presently added, with forced calmness, "must be done immediately."

"Undoubtedly. Mr. Parkinson and I will immediately proceed to examine your title-deeds, the greater portion of which are, I understand, here in the Hall, and the rest at Mr. Parkinson's; and prepare, without delay, a case for the opinion of the attorney-general and also of some eminent conveyancer. Who, by the way," said Mr. Runnington, addressing Mr. Parkinson—"who was the conveyancer that had the abstracts before him, on preparing Mr. Aubrey's marriage-settlement?"

"Oh, you are alluding to the '*Opinion*' I mentioned to you this evening?" inquired Mr. Parkinson.—"I have it at my house, and will show it you in the morning. The doubt he expressed on one or two points gave me, I recollect, no little uneasiness—as you may remember, Mr. Aubrey."

"I certainly do," he replied, with a profound sigh; "but though what you said reminded me of something or another that I had heard when a mere boy, I thought no more of it. I think you told me that the gentleman who wrote the opinion was a nervous fidgety man, always raising difficulties in his client's titles—and, one way or another, the thing never gave me any concern—never even occurred to my thoughts, till to-day."

"You see, if only one link, or part of a link, in a chain, is infirm," said Mr. Runnington—"however remote."

"You will take a little refreshment, gentlemen, after your journey!" said Mr. Aubrey, suddenly interrupting him—glad of the opportunity it would afford him of reviving his own exhausted spirits by a little wine, before returning to the drawing-room. He swallowed several glasses of wine without any sensible effect; and the bearers of the dreadful intelligence just communicated to the reader, after a promise by Mr. Aubrey to drive over to Grilston early in the morning, and bring such of his title-deeds as were then at the Hall, took their departure; leaving him considerably calmer, but with a fearful oppression at his heart. Long accustomed to control his feelings, he exerted himself to the utmost on the present occasion—and almost entirely succeeded. His face, however, on re-entering the drawing-room, which his mother, attended by Kate, had quitted for her bedroom, somewhat alarmed Mrs. Aubrey; whom, however, he at once quieted, by saying that he certainly *had* been annoyed—"excessively annoyed" at a communication just made to him; "and which might—in fact—prevent his sitting again for Yattoo." "There, doctor, am I not right?" said Mrs. Aubrey, appealing to Dr. Tatham—"did I not tell you that this was something connected with politics? Charles, I do *hate* politics—give me a quiet home!" A pang shot through Mr. Aubrey's heart; but he felt that he had, for the present, succeeded in his object.

Mr. Aubrey's distracted mind was indeed, as it were, buffeted about that night on a dark sea of trouble; while the beloved being beside him lay sleeping peacefully, all unconscious of the rising storm. Many times, during that dismal night, would he have risen from his bed to seek a momentary relief, by walking to and fro, but that he feared disturbing her, and disclosing the extent and

depth of his distress. It was nearly five o'clock in the morning before he at length sunk into sleep; and of one thing I can assure the reader, that however that excellent man might have shrunk—and shrink he did—from the sufferings that seemed in store for him, and those who were far dearer to him than life itself, he did not give way to one repining or rebellious thought. On the contrary, his real frame of mind, on that trying occasion, may be discovered in one short prayer, which he more than once was on the point of expressing aloud in words—"Oh my God! in my prosperity I have ever acknowledged thee; forsake me not in my adversity!"

At an early hour in the morning his carriage drew up at Mr. Parkinson's door; and he brought with him, as he had promised, a great number of title-deeds and family documents. On these, as well as on many others which were in Mr. Parkinson's custody, that gentleman and Mr. Runnington were anxiously engaged during almost every minute of that day and the ensuing one; at the close of which, they had, between them, drawn up the rough draft of a case, with which Mr. Runnington set off for town by the mail; undertaking to lay it, within twenty-four hours, before the attorney-general, and also before one of the greatest conveyancers of the day; commended to their best and earliest attention, by very liberal fees and extra gratuities to their clerks. He pledged himself to transmit their opinions, by the very first mail, to Mr. Parkinson; and both those gentlemen immediately set about active preparations for defending the ejectment. The "eminent conveyancer" fixed upon by Messrs. Runnington and Parkinson, was Mr. Tresayle, whose clerk, however, on looking into the papers, presently carried them back to Messrs. Runnington, with the information that Mr. Tresayle had, a few months ago, "advised on the other side." The next person whom Mr. Runnington thought of, was—singularly enough—Mr. Mortmain, who was occasionally employed, in heavy matters, by the firm. His clerk, also, on the ensuing morning returned the papers, assigning the same reason as had been given by Mr. Tresayle's clerk. All this formed a startling corroboration, truly, of Messrs. Quirk and Gammon's assurance to Mr. Runnington, that they had "had the first conveyancing opinions in the kingdom;" and evidenced the formidable scale on which their operations were being conducted. There were, however, other "eminent conveyancers" besides the two above mentioned; and in the hands of Mr. Mansfield, who, with a less extended reputation, but an equal practice, was a far abler man, and a much higher style of conveyancer than Mr. Mortmain, Mr. Runnington left his client's interests with the utmost confidence. Not satisfied with this, he laid the case also before Mr. Crystal, the junior, whom he had already retained in the cause—a man whose lucid understanding was not ill indicated by his name. Though his manner in court was feeble and unimpressive, and his appearance even childish; his temper irritable, and his demeanour ridiculously supercilious; he was an invaluable acquisition in an important cause. He knew, probably, little else than law; but to that he had for some twenty years applied himself with unwearying energy; and he consequently became a ready, accurate, and thorough lawyer, equal to all the practical exigencies of his profession. He brought his knowledge to bear on every point presented to him with beautiful precision. He was equally quick and cautious—artful to a degree—But I shall have other opportunities of describing him; since on him, as on every working junior, will devolve the real conduct of

the defendant's case in the memorable action of *Dee on the demise of Titmouse v. Roe*.

As Mr. Aubrey was driving home from the visit to Mr. Parkinson which I have above mentioned, he stopped his carriage on entering the village, because he saw Dr. Tatbam coming out of Williams's cottage, where he had been paying a visit to poor Phoebe.

The little doctor was plunthering on, ankle-deep in snow, towards the vicarage, when Mr. Aubrey (who had sent home his carriage with word that he should presently follow) came up with him, and greeting him with usual fervour, said that he would accompany him to the vicarage.

"You are in very great trouble, my dear friend," said the doctor, seriously—"I saw it plainly last night; but of course I said nothing. Come in to my little house here—let us talk freely with one another; for, as *iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend*. Is it not so?"

"It is indeed, my dear doctor," replied Mr. Aubrey, suddenly softened by the affectionate simplicity of the doctor's manner. How much the good doctor was shocked by the communication which which Mr. Aubrey presently made to him, the reader may easily imagine. He even shed tears, on beholding the forced calmness with which Mr. Aubrey depicted the gloomy prospect that was before him. 'Twas not in vain that the pious pastor led the subdued and willing mind of his beloved companion to those sources of consolation and support which a true Christian cannot approach in vain. Upon his bruised and bleeding feelings were poured the balm of true religious consolation; and Mr. Aubrey quitted his revered companion with a far firmer tone of mind than that with which he had entered the vicarage. But when he passed through the park gates, the sudden reflection that he was probably no longer the proprietor of the dear old familiar objects that meet his eye at every step, almost overpowered him.

On entering the hall, he was informed that one of the tenants, Peter Johnson, had been sitting in the servant's hall for nearly two hours, waiting to see him. Mr. Aubrey repaired at once to the library, and desired the man to be at once shown in. Johnson had been for some twenty-five years a tenant of a considerable farm on the estate, had scarcely ever been a few weeks behind-hand with his rent, and had always been considered one of the most exemplary persons in the whole neighbourhood. He had now, poor fellow, got into trouble indeed, for he had, a year or two before, been persuaded to become security for his brother-in-law as a tax-collector; and had, alas! the day before, been called upon to pay the three hundred pounds in which he stood bound—his worthless brother-in-law having absconded with nearly £1000 of the public money. Poor Johnson, who had a large family to support, was in deep tribulation, bowed down with grief and shame: and after a sleepless night had at length ventured down to Yatton, and with a desperate boldness asked the benevolent squire to advance him £200 towards the money, to save himself from being cast into prison. Mr. Aubrey heard his sad story to the end without one single interruption; though, to a more practised observer than the troubled old farmer, the workings of his countenance, from time to time, must have told his inward agitation. "I lend this poor soul £200!" thought he, "who am penniless myself! Shall I not be really acting as *his* dishonest relative has been acting, and making free with money that belongs to another?"

"I assure you, my worthy friend," said he at length,

with a little agitation of manner, "that I have just now a very serious call upon me—or you know how gladly I would have complied with your request."

"Oh, sir, have mercy on me! I've an ailing wife and seven children to support," said poor Johnson, wringing his hands.

"Can't I do any thing with the government?"—

"No, sir; I'm told they're so mighty angry with my rascally brother, they'll listen to nobody! It's a hard matter for me to keep straight at home without this, sir. I've so many mouths to fill—and if they take me off to prison, Lord! Lord! what's to become of us all!"

Mr. Aubrey's lip quivered. Johnson fell on his knees, and the tears ran down his cheeks. "I've never asked a living man for money before, sir—and, if you'll only lend it me, God Almighty will bless you and yours—you'll save us all from ruin—I'll work day and night to pay it back again!"

"Rise—rise, Johnson," said Mr. Aubrey, with emotion. "You shall have the money, my friend, if you will call to-morrow," he added, with a deep sigh, after a moment's hesitation.

He was as good as his word.

Had Mr. Aubrey been naturally of a cheerful and vivacious turn, the contrast now afforded by his gloomy manner must have alarmed his family. As it was, however, it was not so strong and marked as to be attended with that effect, especially as he exerted himself to the utmost to conceal, or at least to control his distress. That something had gone wrong, he freely acknowledged; and, as he spoke of it always in connection with political topics, he succeeded in parrying their questions, and checking suspicion. But, whenever they were all collected together, could he not justly compare them to a happy group, unconscious that they stood on a mine which was about to be fired?

About a week afterwards, namely, on the 12th of January, arrived little Charles's birth-day, when he became five years old; and Kate had for some days been moving heaven and earth to get up a children's party in honour of the occasion. After considerable riding and driving about, she succeeded in persuading the parents of some eight or ten children—two little daughters, for instance, of the Earl of Oldacre, (beautiful creatures they were, to be sure)—little Master and the two Miss Bertons, the children of one of the county members—Sir Harry Oldfield, an orphan of about five years of age, the infant possessor of a magnificent estate—and two or three other little girls—to send them all to Yatton for a day and a night, with their governesses and attendants.

'Twas a charming little affair. It went off brilliantly, as the phrase is, and repaid all Kate's exertions. She, her mother, and brother, and sister, all dined at the same table with the merry little guests, who (with a laughable crowd of attendants behind them, to be sure) behaved remarkably well on the occasion. Sir Harry (a little thing about Charles's age, the black riband round his waist, and also the half-mourning dress worn by his maid, who stood behind him, showed how recent was the event which had made him an orphan) proposed little Aubrey's health, in (I must own) a somewhat stiff speech, demurely dictated to him by Kate, (who sat between him and her beautiful little nephew.) She then performed the same office for Charles, who stood on a chair while delivering his eloquent acknowledgment of the toast.

[Oh, that anguished brow of thine, Aubrey, (thank God it is unobserved!) but it tells me that the iron is entering thy soul.]

And the moment that he had done—Kate folding her arms around him and kissing him—down they all jumped, and, a merry throng, scampered off to the drawing-room, (followed by Kate,) where blindman's buff, husbands and wives, and divers other little games, kept them in constant enjoyment. After tea they were to have dancing—Kate mistress of the ceremonies—and 'twas quite laughable to see how perpetually she was foiled in her efforts to form the little sets. The girls were orderly enough—but their wild little partners were quite uncontrollable. The instant they were placed, and Kate had gone to the instrument and struck off a note or two—*heigh!*—there was a scrambling little crowd, jumping, and laughing, and chattering, and signing! Over and over again she formed them into sets, with the like results. But at length a young lady, one of their governesses, took Miss Aubrey's place at the piano, leaving the latter to superintend the performances in person. She at length succeeded in getting up something like a country-dance, led off by Charles and little Lady Anne Cherville, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Oldacre, a beautiful child of about five years old, and who, judging from appearances, bade fair, in due time, to become another Lady Caroline Caversham. You would have laughed outright to watch the coquettish airs which this little creature gave herself with Charles, whom yet she evidently could not bear to see dancing with another.

"Now I shall dance with somebody else!" he exclaimed, suddenly letting go Lady Anne, and snatching hold of a sweet little thing, Miss Berton, that was standing modestly beside him. The discarded beauty walked with a stately air, and a swelling heart, towards Mrs. Aubrey, who sat beside her husband on the sofa; and on reaching her, she stood for a few moments silently watching her late partner busily engaged with her successor—and then she burst into tears.

"Charles!" called out Mrs. Aubrey, who had watched the whole affair, and could hardly keep her countenance—"come here directly, Charles."

"Yes, mamma!" he exclaimed—quite unaware of the serious aspect which things were assuming—and, without quitting the dance, where he was (as his jealous mistress too plainly saw, for, despite her grief, her eye seemed to follow all his motions) skipping about with infinite glee with a *third* partner—a laughing sister of his last partner.

"Come here, Charles," said Mr. Aubrey; and in an instant his little son, all flashed and breathless, was at his side.

"Well, dear papa!" said he, keeping his eye fixed on the little throng he had just quitted, and where his deserted partner was skipping about alone.

"What have you been doing to Lady Anne, Charles?" said his father.

"Nothing, dear papa!" he replied, still wistfully eyeing the dancers.

"You know you left me, and went to dance with Miss Berton; you did, Charles!" said the offended beauty.

"That is not behaving like a little gentleman, Charles," said his father. The tears came into the child's eyes.

"I'm very sorry, dear papa, I *will* dance with her!"

"No, not now," said Lady Anne, haughtily.

"Oh, pooh! pooh!—kiss and be friends," said Mrs. Aubrey, "and go and dance as prettily as you were doing before." Little Aubrey put his arms round Lady Anne, kissed her, and away they both started to the dance again. While the latter part of this scene was going on, Mr. Aubrey's eye caught the figure of a servant who

made his appearance at the door, and then retired, (for such had been Mr. Aubrey's orders in the event of any messenger coming from Grilston.) Hastily whispering that he should return soon, he left the room. In the hall stood a messenger from Mr. Parkinson; and, on seeing Mr. Aubrey, he took out a packet and retired, Mr. Aubrey, with evident trepidation, repairing to his library. With a trembling hand he broke the seal, and found the following letter from Mr. Parkinson, with three other enclosures:—

"Grilston, 12th Jan. 18—

"My dear Sir,

"I have only just received, and at once forward to you, copies of the three opinions given by the attorney-general, Mr. Mansfield, and Mr. Crystal. I lament to find that they are of a most discouraging character. They are quite independent of each other, having been laid before their respective writers at the same moment; yet you will observe that all three of them have hit upon precisely the same points, *viz.* that your grandfather had no right to succeed to the inheritance till there was a failure of the heirs of Dame Dorothy Duddington. If, therefore, our opponents have contrived to ferret out any one who satisfies that designation, (I cannot conjecture how they ever got upon the scent,) I really fear we must prepare for the worst. I have been quietly pushing my inquiries in all directions, with a view to obtaining a clue to the case intended to be set up against us, and which you will find very shrewdly guessed at by the attorney-general. *Nor am I the only party* in the field who has been making pointed inquiries in your neighbourhood; but of this more when we meet to-morrow.

"I remain

"Yours very respectfully,

"J. PARKINSON.

"Charles Aubrey, Esq., M. P."

Having read this letter, Mr. Aubrey sunk back in his chair, and remained motionless for more than a quarter of an hour. At length he roused himself and read over the opinions; the effect of which he found had been but too correctly given by Mr. Parkinson. Some suggestions and inquiries put by the acute and experienced Mr. Crystal, suddenly revived recollections of one or two incidents even of his boyish days, long forgotten, but which, as he reflected upon them, began to re-appear to his mind's eye with sickening distinctness. Wave after wave of agony passed over him, chilling and benumbing his heart within him; so that, when his little son came some time afterwards running up to him, with a message from his mamma, that she hoped he could come back to see them all play at snapdragon before they went to bed, he answered him mechanically, hardly seeming sensible even of his presence. At length, with a groan that came from the depths of his heart, he rose, and walked to and fro, sensible of the necessity of exerting himself, and preparing himself, in some degree, for encountering his mother, his wife, and his sister. Taking up his candle, he hastened to his dressing-room, where he hoped, by the aid of refreshing ablutions, to succeed in effacing at least the stronger of these traces of suffering which his glass displayed to him, as it reflected the image of his blanched and agitated countenance. A sudden recollection of the critical and delicate situation of his idolised wife glanced through his heart like a keen arrow. He sunk upon the sofa, and, clasping his hands, looked the most forlorn object that could be imagined. While he

was in this deplorable state of mind, the door was pushed hastily but gently open; and, first looking in to see that it was really he of whom she was in search, in rushed Mrs. Aubrey, pale and agitated, having been alarmed by his non-appearance in the drawing-room, and the look of the servant from whom she had learned that his master had been for some time gone up stairs.

"Charles! my love! my sweet love!" she exclaimed wildly, rushing up to him, flinging herself down beside him, and casting her arms round his neck. Overcome by the suddenness of her appearance and movements, for a moment he spoke not, but stared at her as if stupefied.

"For mercy's sake—as you love me!—tell me, my darling, darling Charles, what has happened!"

"Nothing—love—nothing;" but his look belied his speech.

"Oh! am not I the wife of your bosom, dearest? Charles, I shall go distracted if you do not tell me what has happened. I know that something—something dreadful!" He put his arm round her waist, and drew her tenderly towards him. He felt her heart beating violently. He kissed her cold forehead, but spoke not.

"Come, dearest! let me share your sorrows," said she, in a thrilling voice. "Cannot you trust your Agnes? Has not Heaven sent me as a helpmeet for you?"

"I love you, Agnes! ay, more than ever man loved women!" he murmured, and buried his face in her bosom. Her arms folded him in closer and closer embrace; and she looked with wild agitation, expecting presently to hear of some fearful catastrophe. "I cannot bear this much longer, dearest—I feel I cannot," said she, rather faintly. "What has happened? What that you dare not tell me? I can bear anything, while I have you and my children! You have been unhappy, my own Charles, for many days past. I will not part with you now till I know all!"

"You soon must know all, my precious Agnes; and I take Heaven to witness, that it is only on your account. I did not wish you to have known it till!"

"You—are never going—to fight a duel?" she gasped, turning as white as death.

"Oh! no, no, Agnes! I solemnly assure you! If I could have brought myself to engage in such an unhallowed affair, would this scene ever first have occurred? No, no, my own love! Must I then tell you of the misfortune that has overtaken us?" She gazed at him in mute and breathless apprehension. "They are bringing an action against me, which, if successful, may cause us all to quit Yattendon—and, it may be, for ever."

"Oh, Charles!" she murmured, her eyes riveted upon his, while she unconsciously moved nearer to him, and trembled. Her head drooped upon his shoulder.

"Why is this?" she whispered.

"Let us, dearest, talk of it another time. I have now told you what you asked me." He poured her out a glass of water. Having drunk a little, she appeared revived.

"Is all lost? Do, my own Charles, let me know the worst."

"We are young, Agnes, and have the world before us. Health and honour are better than riches. You and our little loves—the children which God has given us—are my riches," said he, gazing with unspeakable fondness at her. "Even should it be the will of Heaven that this affair should go against us—so long as they cannot separate us from each other, they cannot really hurt us." She suddenly kissed him with frantic energy, and

an hysterical smile gleamed over her pallid excited features.

"Calm yourself, Agnes!—calm yourself, for my sake! as you love me!" His voice quivered. "Oh, how very weak and foolish I have been to yield to!"

"No, no, no!" she gasped, evidently labouring with hysterical oppression. "Hush!" said she, suddenly starting, and wildly leaning forward towards the door which opened into the gallery leading to the various bedrooms. He listened—the mother's ear had been quick and true. He presently heard the sound of many children's voices approaching: they were the little party, accompanied by Kate, on their way to bed: and little Charles's voice was loudest, and his laugh the merriest of them all. The wild smile of hysterics gleamed on Mrs. Aubrey's face; her hand grasped her husband's with convulsive pressure; and she suddenly sunk, rigid and senseless, upon the sofa. He seemed for a moment stunned at the sight of her motionless figure. Soon, however, recovering his presence of mind, he rang the bell, and one or two female attendants quickly appeared; and by their joint assistance Mrs. Aubrey was carried to her bed in the adjoining room, where, by the use of the ordinary remedies, she was presently restored to consciousness. Her first languid look was towards Mr. Aubrey, whose hand she slowly raised to her lips. She tried to raise a smile into her wan features—but 'twas in vain; and, after a few heavy and half-choking sobs, her overcharged feelings found relief in a flood of tears. Full of the liveliest apprehensions as to the effect of this violent emotion upon her, in her delicate condition, he remained with her for some time, pouring into her ear every soothing and tender expression he could think of. He at length succeeded in bringing her into a somewhat more tranquil state than he could have expected. He strictly enjoined the attendants, who had not quitted their lady's chamber, and whose alarmed and inquisitive looks he had noticed for some time with anxiety, to preserve silence concerning what they had so unexpectedly witnessed, adding that something unfortunate had happened, of which they would hear but too soon.

"Are you going to tell Kate?" whispered Mrs. Aubrey, sorrowfully. "Surely, love, you have suffered enough through my weakness. Wait till to-morrow. Let her have a few more happy hours."

"No, Agnes—it was my own weakness which caused me to be surprised into this premature disclosure to you. And now I must meet her again to-night, and I cannot control either my features or my feelings. Yes, poor Kate, she must know all to-night! I shall not be long absent, Agnes." And directing her maid to remain with her till he returned, he withdrew, and with slow step and heavy heart descended to the library; preparing himself for another heart-breaking scene—plunging another innocent and joyous creature into misery, which he believed to be inevitable. Having looked into the drawing-room as he passed it, and seen no one there—his mother having, as usual, retired at a very early hour—he rung his library bell, and desired Miss Aubrey's maid to request her mistress to come down to him there, as soon as she was at leisure. He was glad that the only light in the room was that given out by the fire, which was not very bright, and so would in some degree shield his features from, at all events, immediate scrutiny. His heart ached as, shortly afterwards, he heard Kate's light step crossing the hall. When she entered, her eyes sparkled with vivacity, and a smile was on her beautiful cheek. Her dress was tumbled, and her hair hung disordered and

half uncurled—the results of her sport with the little ones whom she had been seeing to bed.

"What merry little things, to be sure!" she commenced, laughingly—"I could not get them to lie still a moment—popping their little heads in and out of the clothes. A fine night I shall have with Sir Harry! for he is to be my bedfellow, and I dare say I shall not sleep a wink all night. Why, Charles, how very—very grave you look to-night!" she added quickly, observing his eye fixed moodily upon her.

"'Tis you who are so very gay," he replied, endeavouring to smile. "I want to speak to you, dear Kate," he commenced affectionately, "on a serious matter. I have received some letters to-night!"

Kate coloured suddenly and violently, and her heart beat; but, sweet soul! she was mistaken—very, very far off the mark her troubled brother was aiming at. "And relying on your strength of mind, I have resolved to put you at once in possession of what I myself know. Can you bear bad news well, Kate?"

She turned very pale, and drawing her chair nearer to her brother, said, "Do not keep me in suspense, Charles—I can bear any thing but suspense—that is dreadful! What has happened? Oh, dear," she added, with sudden alarm, "where are mamma and Agnes?" She started to her feet.

"I assure you they are both well, Kate. My mother is now doubtless asleep, and as well as she ever was; Agnes is in her bedroom—certainly much distressed at the news which I am going!"

"Oh, why, Charles, did you tell *any thing* distressing to her?" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with an alarmed air.

"She came upon me by surprise, Kate. 'Twould have been infinitely more dangerous to have kept her in suspense; but she is recovering. I shall soon return to her. And now, my dear Kate—I know your strong sense and spirit—a very great calamity hangs over us. Let you and me," he grasped her hands affectionately, "stand it steadily, and support those who cannot."

"Let me at once know all, Charles. See if I do not bear it as becomes your sister," said she, with forced calmness.

"If it should become necessary for all of us to retire into obscurity—humble obscurity, dear Kate—how do you think you could bear it?"

"If it will be an honourable obscurity—nay, 'tis quite impossible to be *dis*-honourable obscurity," said Miss Aubrey, with a momentary flash of energy.

"Never, never, Kate! The Aubreys may lose every thing on earth but the jewel *honour*, and love for one another."

"Let me know all, Charles," said Miss Aubrey, in a low tone, but with a look of the deepest apprehension.

"A strange claim is set up—by one I never heard of—to the whole of the property I now enjoy."

Miss Aubrey started, and the colour left her cheek.

"But is it a *true* claim, Charles?"

"That remains to be proved. But I will disguise nothing from you—I have woful apprehensions!"

"Do you mean to say that Yatton is *not ours*? inquired Miss Aubrey, catching her breath.

"So, my dearest girl, it is said."

Miss Aubrey looked bewildered, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"How shocking!—shocking!—shocking!" she gasped. "What is to become of mamma?"

"God Almighty will not desert her in her old age.

He will desert none of us, dearest, if we only trust in Him," said her brother.

Miss Aubrey remained gazing at him intently, and continued perfectly motionless.

"Must we all leave Yatton?" said she, faintly.

"If this claim succeeds—but we shall leave it *together*, Kate."

She threw her arms round his neck, and wept bitterly.

"Hush, hush, Kate!" said he, perceiving the increasing violence of her emotions, "restrain your feelings for the sake of my mother—and Agnes."

His words had the desired effect: the poor girl made a desperate effort. Unclasping her arms from her brother's neck, she sat down in her chair, breathing hard; and, after a few minutes' pause, she said, faintly, "I am better now. Do tell me more, Charles! Let me have something to *think* about—only don't say any thing about—about—mamma and Agnes!" In spite of herself a visible shudder ran through her frame.

"It seems, Kate," said he, with all the calmness he could assume—"at least they are trying to prove—that our family had no right to succeed to this property; that there is living the right heir; his case has been taken up by powerful friends; and—let me tell you the worst at once—the first lawyers in the kingdom seem to agree that he is entitled to recover the whole of Yatton—even the lawyers consulted by Mr. Parkinson on my behalf!"

"But is mamma provided for?" whispered Miss Aubrey, almost inarticulately. "When I look at her again, I shall almost break my heart."

"No, Kate, you won't. Heaven will give you strength," said her brother, in a tremulous voice. "Remember, my only sister—my darling Kate! you must support *me* in my trouble—we will support one another!"

"We will!—we will!" interrupted Miss Aubrey—instantly checking, however, her rising excitement.

"You bear it bravely, my noble girl!" said Mr. Aubrey, fondly, after a brief interval of silence.

She turned from him—her head, and moved her hand—in deprecation of expressions that might utterly unnerve her. Then she convulsively clasped her hands over her forehead; and after a minute or two, turned towards him with tears in her eyes, but tranquillised features. The struggle had been dreadful, though brief—her noble spirit recovered itself.

'Twas like a fair bark, in mortal conflict with the black and boiling waters and howling hurricane; long quivering on the brink of destruction, but at last outliving the storm, righting itself, and suddenly gliding into safe and tranquil waters.

The distressed brother and sister sat conversing for a long time, frequently in tears, but with infinitely greater calmness and firmness than could have been expected. They agreed that Dr. Tatham should very early in the morning be sent for, and implored to take upon himself the bitter duty of breaking the matter to their mother; its effects upon whom, her children anticipated with the most vivid apprehension. They then retired—Kate to a sleepless pillow, and her brother to spend a greater portion of the night in attempts to soothe and console his suffering wife; each of them having first knelt in humble reverence, and poured forth the breathings of a stricken and bleeding heart before Him who hath declared that he *HEARETH* and *ANSWERETH* prayer.

Ah! who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth!

"It won't kindle—not a bit on't—it's green and fall o' sap. Go out, and get us a log that's dry and old, George—and let's try to have a bit of a blaze in t' ould chimney, this bitter night," said Isaac Tonson, the game-keeper at Yatton, to the good-natured landlord of the Aubrey Arms, the little—and only—inn of the village. The suggestion was instantly attended to.

"How Peter's a feathering of his gosse to-night, to be sure!" exclaimed the landlord on his return, shaking the snow off his coat, and laying on the fire a great dry old log of wood, which seemed very acceptable to the hungry flames, for they licked it cordially the moment it was placed amongst them, and there was very soon given out a cheerful blaze. 'Twas a snug room, the brick floor covered with fresh sand; and on a few stools and benches, with a table in the middle, on which stood a large can and ale-glasses, with a plate of tobacco, sat some half a dozen men, enjoying their pipe and glass. In the chimney-corner sat Thomas Dickons, the under-bailiff of Mr. Aubrey, a big, broad-shouldered, middle-aged fellow, with a hard-featured face and a phlegmatic air. In the opposite corner sat the little grizzle-headed clerk and sexton, old Halleluiah—as he was called, but his real name was Jonas Higges. Beside him sat Pumpkin, the gardener at the hall, a constant guest at the Aubrey Arms o' nights—always attended by Hector, the large Newfoundland dog already spoken of, and who was now lying stretched on the floor at Pumpkin's feet, his nose resting on his fore-feet, and his eyes, with great gravity, watching the motions of a skittish kitten under the table. Opposite to him sat Tonson the game-keeper—a thin, wiry, beetle-browed fellow, with eyes like a ferret; and there were also one or two farmers, that lived in the village.

"Let's ha' another can o' ale, afore ye sit down," said one of them; "we can do with half a gallon, I'm thinking." This order also was quickly attended to; and then the landlord, having seen to the door, and fastened the shutters close, took his place on a vacant stool, and resumed his pipe.

"So she do take a very long grave, Jonas?" inquired Dickons of the sexton.

"Ay, Mr. Dickins, a' think she do, the owld girl! I always thought she would. 'Tis a reg'lar man's size, I warrant you; and when parson saw j' a' said, he thought 'twere too big; but I ax'd his pardon, and said I hadn't been sexton for thirty years without knowing my business—ha, ha!"

"I suppose, Jonas, you mun ha' seen her walking about i' t' village, in your time—Were she such a big looking woman?" inquired Pumpkin, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and replenished it.

"Forty years ago I used to see her—she were then an old woman, wi' white hair, and leaned on a stick—I never thought she'd lasted so long," replied Higges, emptying his glass.

"She've had a pretty long spell on't," quoth Dickons, slowly emptying his mouth of smoke.

"A hundred and two," replied the sexton; "so saith her coffin-plate—a' seed it to-day."

"What wore her name?" inquired Tonson—"I never knew her by any name but Blind Bess."

"Her name be *Elizabeth Crabtree*, on the coffin," replied Higges; "and she's to be buried to-morrow."

"She were a strange old woman," said Hazel, one of the farmers, as he took down one of the oatcakes that were hanging overhead, and breaking off a piece, held

it with the tongs before the fire to toast, and then put it into his ale.

"Ay, she were," quoth Pumpkin; "I wonder what she thinks o' such things now—maybe she's paying dear for her tricks."

"Tut, Pumpkin," said Tonson, "let the old creature rest in her grave."

"Ay, Master Tonson," quoth the clerk, in his church twang—"there be na knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device!"

"'Tis very odd, but this dog that's lying at my feet never could a' bear going past her cottage late o' nights; and the night she died—Lord! you should have heard the howl Hector gave—and a' didn't then know she were gone."

"No! but wer't really so?" inquired Dickons—several of the others taking their pipes out of their mouths, and looking earnestly at Pumpkin.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha!" laughed the game-keeper—"Ay, marry you may laugh—but I'll stake half a gallon o' ale you daren't go ny yourself to the cottage where she's lying—now, mind—i' the dark."

"I'll do it," quoth Higges, eagerly, preparing to lay down his pipe.

"No, no—*thou'rt* quite used to dead folk," replied Pumpkin.

"Bess dropped off sudden, like, at last, didn't she?" inquired the landlord.

"She went out, as they say, like the snuff of a candle," replied Jobbins, one of the farmers; "no one were with her but missis at the time. The night afore she took to the rattles all of a sudden. My Sall (that's done for her this long time, by madam's orders) says old Bess were a good deal shaken by a chap from London, that came down about a week afore Christmas."

"Ay, ay," quoth one, "I've heard o' that—what was it?—what passed atwixt them?"

"Why, a' don't well know—but he had a book, and wrote down something; and he axed her, so Sall do tell me, such a many things about old people, and things that are long gone by."

"What were the use on't?" inquired Dickons; "for Bess has been silly this ten years, to my sartin knowledge."

"Why, a' couldn't tell. Sall said she talked a good deal to the chap in her mumbling way, and seemed to know some folk he asked her about. And Sall saith she hath been, in a manner, dismal ever since, and often a-crying and talking to herself."

"I've heard," said the landlord, "that squire and parson were wi' her on Christmas-day—and that she talked a deal o' strange things, and that the squire did seem, as it were, *struck* a little."

"Why, so my Sall do say; but it may be all her own head," replied Jobbins.

Here a pause took place.

"Madam," said the sexton, "bath given orders for a decent burying to-morrow."

"Well, a' never thought any wrong of her, for my part," said one—and another—and another; and they smoked their pipes for some minutes in silence.

"Talking o' strangers from London," said the sexton, presently; "who do know any thing o' them two chaps that were at church last Sunday? Two such peacock-looking chaps I never seed—and grinning all service time."

"Ay, I'll tell ye something of 'em," said Hazel—a big, broad-shouldered farmer, who plucked his pipe out of his

mouth with sudden energy—"They're a brace o' good ones, to be sure, ha, ha! Some week or ten days ago, as I were a'coming across the field leading into the lane behind the church, I seed these same two chaps, and on coming nearer, (they not seeing me for the hedge,) Lord bless me! would ye believe it!—if they waan't a-teasing my daughter Jenny, that were coming along wi' some physick from the doctor for my old woman! One of 'em seemed a-going to put his arm around her neck, and t'other came close to her on t'other side, a-talking to her and pushing her about." Here a young farmer, who had but seldom spoken, took his pipe out of his mouth, and exclaiming, "Lord bless me!" sat listening with his mouth wide open. "Well, a' came into the road behind 'em, without their seeing me; and"—(here he stretched out a thick, rigid, muscular arm, and clenched his teeth)—"a' got hold of each by the collar, and one of 'em I shook about, and gave him a kick i' the breech that sent him spinning a yard or two on the road, he clapping his hand behind him, and crying, to be sure—'Good for a hundred pounds damages!' T'other drooped on his knees, and begged for mercy; so a' just spit in his face, and flung him under the hedge, telling him if he stirred till I were out o' sight, I'd crack his skull for him; and so I would!" Here the wrathful speaker pushed his pipe again between his lips, and began puffing away with great energy; while hew ho had appeared to take no great an interest in the story, and who was the very man who had flown to the rescue of Miss Aubrey, when she seemed on the point of being similarly treated, told that circumstance exactly as it occurred, amidst the silent but excited wonder of those present—all of whom, at its close, uttered vehement execrations, and intimated the summary and savage punishment which the cowardly rascal would have experienced at the hands of each and every one of them, had they come across him.

"I reckon," said the landlord, as soon as the swell had a little subsided, "they must be the two chaps that put up here, some time ago, for an hour or so. You should ha' seen 'em get on and off—that's all! Why, a' laughed outright! The chap with the hair under his chin got on upon the wrong side, and t'other seemed as if he thought his beast would bite him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed all.

"I thought they'd a both got a fall before they'd gone a dozen yards!"

"They've taken a strange fancy to my church-yard," said the sexton, setting down his glass, and then preparing to fill his pipe again; "they've been looking uncommon close in the old grave-stones, up behind t'ould yew-tree yonder; and one of them writ something, now and then, in a book; so they're book writers."

"That's scholars, I reckon," quoth Dickons, "but rot the larning of such chaps as they?"

"I wonder if they'll put a picture o' the Hall in their book," quoth the sexton. "They axed a many questions about the people up there, especially about the squire's father, and some ould folk, whose names I knew when they spoke of 'em—but I hadn't heard o' them for this forty years. And one of 'em (he were the shortest, and such a chap, to be sure!—just like the monkey that were dressed i' man's clothes last Grilston fair) talked uncommon fine about Miss"—

"If I a' heard him tak' her name into his dirty mouth, his teeth should a' gone after it!" said Tonson.

"Lord, he didn't say any harm—only silly-like—and t'other seemed now and then not to like his going on so. The little one said miss were a lovely gal, or something

like that—and hoped they'd become by-and-by better friends."

"What! wi' that chap?" said Pumpkin—and he looked as if he were meditating putting the little sexton up the chimney, for the mere naming of such a thing.

"I reckon they're from London, and brought London tricks wi' 'em—for I never heard o' such geings on as theirs down here before," said Tonson.

"One of 'em—him that axed me all the questions, and wrote i' th' book, seemed a sharp enough chap, in his way; but I can't say much for the little one," said Higgs. "Lud, I couldn't hardly look in his face for laughing, he seemed such a fool!—He had a riding-whip wi' a silver head, and stood smacking his legs (you should ha' seen how tight his clothes was on his legs—I warrant you, Tim Timkins never seed such a thing, I'll be sworn) all the while, as if a' liked to hear the sound of it."

"If I'd a been beside him," said Hazel, "I'd a saved him that trouble—only I'd a hid it into another part of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" they laughed—and presently passed on to other matters.

"Hath the squire been doing much lately in parliament?" inquired the sexton of Dickons.

"Why, yes—he's trying hard to get that new road made from Harkley Bridge to Hilton."

"Ah, that would save a good four mile!"

"I hear the papists are trying to get the upper hand again—which the Lud forbid!" said the sexton.

"The squire hath lately made a speech in that matter, that hath finished them," said Dickons.

"What would they be after?" inquired the landlord of Dickons, with all present, thinking great things of him.

"They say they wants nothing but what's their own, and liberty, and that like."

"If thou wast a shepherd, and wer't to be asked by ten or a dozen wolves to let them in among thy flock of sheep, they saying how quiet and kind they would be to 'em—wouldst let 'em in, or keep 'em out—eh?"

"Ay, ay—that he it—'tis as true as gospel!" said the clerk.

"So you an't to have that old sycamore down, after all, Master Dickons?" inquired Tonson.

"No; miss hath carried the day against the squire and Mr. Waters; and there stands the old tree, and it hath to be looked better after than it were before."

"Why hath miss taken such a fancy to it? 'Tis an old crazy thing."

"If thou hadst been there when she did beg, as I may say, its life," replied Dickons, with a little energy—"and hadst seen her, and heard her voice, that be as smooth as cream, thou wouldst never have forgotten it, I can tell thee!"

"There isn't a more beautiful lady i' th' county, I reckon, than the squire's sister?" inquired the sexton.

"No, nor in all England: if there be, I'll lay down a hundred pounds."

"And where's to be found a young lady that do go about i' th' village like she?—She were wi' Phoebe Williams t'other night, all through the snow, and i' th' dark."

"If I'd only laid hands on that chap!" interrupted the young farmer, her rescuer.

"I wonder she do not choose some one to be married to up in London," said the landlord.

"She'll be having some delicate high quality chap, I reckon, one o' these fine days," said Hazel.

"She will be a dainty dish, truly, for whomever God gives her to," quoth Dickons.

"Ay, she will," said more than one; and there was a slight sound as of smacking of lips.

"Now, to my mind," said Tonson, "saving your presence, Master Dickons, I know not but young madam be more to my taste; she be in a manner somewhat fuller—plumper-like, and her skin be *ee* white, and her hair as black as a raven's."

"There's not another two such women to be found in the world," said Dickons. Here Hector suddenly rose up, and went to the door, where he stood snuffing in an inquisitive manner.

"Now, what do that dog hear, I wonder?" quoth Pumpkin, curiously, stooping forward.

"Blind Beas," replied Tonson, winking his eye, and laughing. Presently there was a sharp rapping at the door; which the landlord opened, and let in one of the servants from the Hall, his clothes white with snow, his face nearly as white with manifest agitation.

"Why, man, what's the matter?" inquired Dickons, startled by the man's appearance. "Art frightened at any thing?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" he commenced.

"What is it, man? Art drunk?—or mad?—or frightened? Take a drop o' drink," said Tonson. But the man refused it.

"Oh, my friends, sad work at the Hall!"

"What's the matter?" cried all at once, rising and standing round the new comer.

"If thou be'st drunk, John," said Dickons, sternly, "there's a way of sobering thee—mind that."

"Oh, Master Dickons, I don't know what's come to me, for grief and fright! The squire, and all of us, are to be turned out of Yatton!"

"*What!*" exclaimed all in a breath.

"There's some one else lays claim to it. We must all go! Oh, Lud! oh, Lud!" No one spoke for near a minute; and consternation was written on every face.

"Sit thee down here, John," said Dickons at length, "and let us hear what thou hast to say—or thou wilt have us all be going up in a body to the Hall."

Having forced on him part of a glass of ale, he began,—"There hath been plainly mischief brewing somewhere this many days, as I could tell by the troubled face o' the squire; but he kept it to himself. Lawyer Parkinson and another have been latterly coming in chaises from London; and last night the squire got a letter that hath finished all. Such trouble there were last night with the squire, and young madam and miss! And to-day the parson came, and were a long while alone with old Madam Aubrey, who hath since had a stroke, or a fit, or something of that like, (the doctor hath been there all day from Grilston,) and likewise young madam hath taken to her bed, and is ill."

"And what of the squire and miss?" inquired some one, after all had maintained a long silence.

"Oh, 'twould break your heart to see them," said the man, bursting into tears: "they are both as pale as death: he so dreadful sorrowful, but quiet-like, and she now and then wringing her hands, and both of them going from the bed-room of old madam to young madam's. Nay, an' there had been half a dozen deaths i' the house, it could not be worse. Neither the squire nor miss hath touched food the whole day!"

There was, in truth, not a dry eye in the room, nor one whose voice did not seem somewhat obstructed with his emotions.

"Who told about the squire's losing the estate?" inquired Dickons.

"We heard of it but an hour or so, ago. Mr. Parkinson (it seems by the squire's orders) told Mr. Waters, and he told it to us; saying as how it was useless to keep such a thing secret, and that we might all know the occasion of so much trouble."

"Who's to ha' it then, instead of the squire?" at length inquired Tonson, in a voice half choked with rage and grief.

"Lord only knows at present. But whoever 'tis, there isn't one of us servants but will go with the squire and his—if it be even to prison."

"I'm Squire Aubrey's gamekeeper," quoth Tonson, his eye kindling as his countenance darkened. "It shall go hard if any one else ere hath a game!"

"But if there's law in the land, sure the justice must be wi' the squire—he and his family have had it so long," said one of the farmers.

"I'll tell you what, masters," said Pumpkin, "I shall be somewhat better pleased when Higgs here hath got that old creature safe under ground."

"Blind Beas!" exclaimed Tonson, with a very serious, not to say disturbed, countenance. "I wonder—sure! sure! that old witch can have had no hand in all this!"

"Poor old soul, net she! There be no such things as witches now-a-days," exclaimed Higgs. "Not she, I warrant me! She hath been ever befriended by the squire's family. *She* do it!"

"The sooner we get her under ground, for all that, the better, say I!" quoth Tonson, vehemently striking his hand on the table.

"The parson hath a choice sermon on 'The Flying Away of Riches,'" said Higgs, in a quaint, sad manner; "'tis to be hoped he'll preach from it the next Sunday."

Soon after this the little party dispersed, each oppressed with greater grief and amazement than he had ever known before. Bad news fly swiftly—and that which had just come from the Hall, within a very few hours of its having been told at the Aubrey Arms, had spread grief and consternation among high and low, for many miles round Yatton.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

HYMN XII.

1.

O'er throngs of men around I cast mine eyes,
While each to separate work his hand applies;
The mean who toil for food, the proud for fame,
And crowds by custom led, with scarce an aim.

2.

Here busy dwarfs gigantic shadows chase,
As if they thus could grow a giant race;
Unknowing what they are, they fain would be
Such empty dreams as in their sleep they see.

3.

Their lives, like glittering bubbles, mount the sky,
Contemning earth, from whence they rose on high,
A moment catch the stars' eternal rays,
And burst and vanish in the moon's clear gaze:

4.

Or torn by passion, sworn with falsest pride,
Betray'd by doubt that mocks each surer guide,
The rebel heart, in self-enthroned disdain,
Its lawless weakness boasts, and penal pain.

5.

Alone it loves to bleed and groan apart,
And scorn the crowd who stir the seething mart,
Who each will own, befoo'd by ease and pelf,
Nor earth nor heaven beyond his shrivell'd self.

6.

And yet, O God! within each darken'd soul
Is life akin to thy creation's whole,
That needs but will to see, and straight would find
The world one frame for one pervading mind.

7.

In all things round one sacred power would know,
From Thee diffused through all thy works below;
In every breath of life would wear thy call,
And all discern in each, and Thee in all.

8.

A truth too vast for spirits lost in sloth,
By self-indulgence marr'd of nobler growth,
Who bear about, in impotence and shame,
Their human reason's visionary name.

9.

Oh! grant the crowds of earth may read thy plan,
And strive to reach the hope design'd for man;
Though now, aborn, stunted, twisted, wither'd, spent,
We dare not dream how high thy love's intent.

10.

Oh, God! 'twere more than life to mouldering dust,
The hour that kindled men to thoughtful trust—
That taught our hearts to seek thy righteous will,
And so with love thy wisdom's task fulfil.

11.

Redeem'd from fear, and wash'd from lustful blot,
By faith we then might rise above our lot;
And like thy chosen few, restored within,
By hearts as morning pure might conquer sin!

HYMN XIII.

1.

The stream of life from fountains flows,
Conceal'd by sacred woods and caves;
From crag to dell unchecked it goes,
And hurrying fast from where it rose,
In foam and flash exulting raves.

2.

But straight below the torrent's leap,
Serenely bright its effluence lies,
And waves that thundered down the steep
Are hush'd in quiet, mute and deep,
Reflecting rock, and trees, and skies.

3.

And 'mid the pool, disturb'd yet clear,
The noisy gush that feeds it still

Is seen again descending sheer,
A cataract within the mere,
As bright as down the hill.

4.

A living picture, smooth and true,
Of headlong fight and restless power,
Whose burst for ever feeds anew
The lake of fresh and silver dew
That paints and drinks the stormy shower.

5.

So thought, with crystal mirror, shows
Our human joy, and strife, and pain;
And ghostly dreams, and passion's woes,
The tide of failures; hates, and foes,
Are softly figured there again.

6.

Do Thou, who pourest forth our days,
With all their floods of life divine,
Bestow thy Spirit's peaceful gaze,
To still the surge those tumults raise,
And make thy calm of being mine!

HYMN XIV.

1.

Eternal Mind! Creation's Light and Lord!
Thou trainest man to love thy perfect will,
By love to know thy truth's obscurest word,
And so his years with hallow'd life to fill;
To own in all things round thy law's accord,
Which bids all hope be strong to vanquish ill;
Illumined thus by thy diffusive ray,
The darken'd world and soul are bright with day.

2.

In storm, and flood, and all decays of time,
In hunger, plagues, and man-devouring war;
In all the boundless tracts of inward crime—
In selfish hates, and lusts that deepest mar,
In lazy dreams that clog each task sublime,
In loveless doubts of truth's unsettling star;
In all—thy spirit will not cease to brood
With vital strength, unfolding all to good.

3.

The headlong cataract and tempest's roar,
The rage of seas, and earthquake's hoarse dismay,
The crush of empire, sapp'd by tears and gore,
And shrieks of hearts their own corruption's prey—
All sounds of death enforce thy righteous lore,
In smoothest flow thy being's truth obey,
And heard in ears from passion's witchery free,
One endless music make—a hymn to Thee!

4.

But most, O God! the inward eyes of thought
Discern thy laws in all that works within;
The conscious will, by hard experience taught,
Divines thy mercy shown by hate of sin;
And hearts whose peace by shame and grief was bought,
Thy blessings praise, that first in woe begin,
For still on earthly pain's tormented ground
Thy love's immortal flowers and fruits abound.

5.

Fair sight it is, and med'cinal for man,
To see thy guidance lead the human breast;
In life's unopen'd germs behold thy plan,
Till 'mid the ripen'd soul it stands confest;
From impulse too minute for us to scan,
Awakening sense with love and purpose blest;
And through confusion, error, trial, grief,
Maturing reason, conscience, calm belief.

6.

This to have known, my soul be thankful thou!—
This clear, ideal form of endless good,
Which casts around the adoring learner's brow
The ray that marks man's holiest brotherhood:
Thus even from guilt's deep curse and slavish vow,
And dreams whereby the light was long withstood,
Thee, Lord! whose mind is rule supreme to all,
Unveil'd we see, and hail thy wisdom's call.

HYMN XV.

1.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.

2.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

3.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds approach his face:
One glory fills each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

4.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his no less than yonder spheres;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamp'd by his immediate hand.

5.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power
That spring from one Almighty will,
Whate'er his thought conceives, fulfil.

6.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?

7.

Can man, no more than beast, aspire
To know his being's awful Sire?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?

8.

Not this our doom, thou God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:

Thy breath sustains you fiery dome;
But Man is most thy favour'd home.

9.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SCOTISH SONGS. BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

MY JOHNNIE LAD.

Tune—"Cock up your beaver."

When first my dear Johnnie cam' into my sight,
My heart and my e'en gat a stound o' delight,
Sae kind were his words and sae comely his favour—
Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.
Nane o' the lave daured to stand by his side,
His air was sae manly, it dang a' their pride;
Kings might tak tellin' frae him in behavio'—
Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Down by the bank where the lang willow sprouts,
We twa sat and look'd in the burnie for trout;
But sma' was the share that they had in the matter,
We but gazed on ilk other's face in the water.
I rail'd at the wind for a fop and a fule,
When it cam' to put curls on the tap o' the pole;
For it made my laddie's dear image to waver—
Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Around me his arm he softly convey'd,
Just to see how 'twad look in the water, he said;
By right I suld maybe hae stoppit and chid him,
But in troth nae heart had I to forbid him.
Baulder he grew syne, and rievit a kiss,
And, nae doubt, to let him was sairly amies;
But his breath than new hay was sweeter in flavour,
Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

He fauld me to look in the pule at my shade,
And vowed that as it in my absence wad fade,
Sae wad his heart sink when I was na mair near him,
Wi' a kindly blink o' my e'e to cheer him.
A promise I gied, and it's ane I'll no break,
To gang to the kirk some guid day for his sake;
I'll never find ane better wordy the favour,
Sae hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

BONNIE LAD THAT I LOE DEAR.

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

Bonnie lad that I loe dear,
If ye maun cross the billow,
Dinna gang and leave me here
To wear the wae fu' willow.
Tak the hand ye've yearned to win—
For you frae a' I'll sever;
Fareweel hame, and kith and kin—
I'm Willie's ain for ever!

Far ayont Ontario's shore,
We will hae our dwallin';
Strife shall never dit our door,
Nor care come near our hallan.
They wi' love ne'er gree ava,
And love will quit us never;
Frien's and foes, fareweel to a'—
I'm Willie's ain for ever!

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MASTER HUMPHREY, FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

The reader must not expect to know where I live. At present, it is true, my abode may be a question of little or no import to any body, but if I should carry my readers with me, as I hope to do, and there should spring up, between them and me, feelings of homely affection and regard, attaching something of interest to matters ever so slightly connected with my fortunes or my speculations, even my place of residence might one day have a kind of charm for them. Bearing this possible contingency in mind, I wish them to understand in the outset, that they must never expect to know it.

I am not a churlish old man. Friendless I can never be, for all mankind are of my kindred, and I am on ill terms with no one member of my great family. But for many years I have led a lonely, solitary life;—what wound I sought to heal, what sorrow to forget, originally, matters not now; it is sufficient that retirement has become a habit with me, and that I am unwilling to break the spell which for so long a time has shed its quiet influence upon my home and heart.

I live in a venerable suburb of London, in an old house, which in bygone days was a famous resort for merry roysterers and peerless ladies, long since departed. It is a silent shady place, with a paved court-yard so full of echoes, that sometimes I am tempted to believe that faint responses to the noises of old times linger there yet, and that these ghosts of sound haunt my footsteps as I pace it up and down. I am the more confirmed in this belief, because, of late years, the echoes that attend my walks have been less loud and marked than they were wont to be; and it is pleasanter to imagine in them the rustling of silk brocade, and the light step of some lovely girl, than to recognise in their altered note the failing tread of an old man.

Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, are all dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day, how many butterflies have sprung for the first time into light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls.

When I first came to live here, which was many years ago, the neighbours were curious to know who I was, and whence I came, and why I lived so much alone. As time went on, and they still remained unsatisfied on these points, I became the centre of a popular ferment, extending for half a mile round, and in one direction for a full mile. Various rumours were circulated to my prejudice. I was a spy, an infidel, a conjuror, a kidnapper of children, a refugee, a priest, a monster. Mothers caught up their infants and ran into their

houses as I passed; men eyed me spitefully, and muttered threats and curses. I was the object of suspicion and distrust: ay, of downright hatred, too.

But when in course of time they found I did no harm, but, on the contrary, inclined towards them despite their unjust usage, they began to relent. I found my footsteps no longer dogged, as they had often been before, and observed that the women and children no longer retreated, but would stand and gaze at me as I passed their doors. I took this for a good omen, and waited patiently for better times. By degrees I began to make friends among these humble folks, and though they were yet shy of speaking, would give them "good day," and so pass on. In a little time, those whom I had thus accosted, would make a point of coming to their doors and windows at the usual hour, and nod or curtsy to me; children, too, came timidly within my reach, and ran away quite scared when I patted their heads and bade them be good at school. These little people soon grew more familiar. From exchanging mere words of course with my older neighbours, I gradually became their friend and adviser, the depository of their cares and sorrows, and sometimes, it may be, the reliever, in my small way, of their distresses. And now I never walk abroad, but pleasant recognitions and smiling faces wait on Master Humphrey.

It was a whim of mine, perhaps as a whet to the curiosity of my neighbours, and a kind of retaliation upon them for their suspicions,—it was, I say, a whim of mine, when I first took up my abode in this place, to acknowledge no other name than Humphrey. With my detractors, I was ugly Humphrey. When I began to convert them into friends, I was Mr. Humphrey, and old Mr. Humphrey. At length I settled down into plain Master Humphrey, which was understood to be the title most pleasant to my ear; and so completely a matter of course has it become, that sometimes when I am taking my morning walk in my little court-yard, I overhear my barber—who has a profound respect for me, and would not, I am sure, abridge my honours for the world—holding forth on the other side of the wall, touching the state of "Master Humphrey's" health, and communicating to some friend the substance of the conversation that he and Master Humphrey have had together in the course of the shaving which he has just concluded.

That I may not make acquaintance with my readers under false pretences, or give them cause to complain hereafter that I have withheld any matter which it was essential for them to have learnt at first, I wish them to know—and I smile sorrowfully to think that the time has been when the confession would have given me pain—that I am a mis-shapen, deformed, old man.

I have never been made a misanthrope by this cause. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortune sunk deep into my spirit and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times—happy to nestle in her breast—happy to weep when she did—happy in not knowing why.

These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory, that they seem to have occupied whole years.

I had numbered very few when they ceased for ever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget: I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were altogether in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her hair. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the 'an'cy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and then crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.

I used frequently to dream of it afterwards, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never seen he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again.

Well, well—all these sorrows are past. My glancing at them may not be without its use, for it may help in some measure to explain why I have all my life been attached to the inanimate objects that people my chamber, and how I have come to look upon them rather in the light of old and constant friends, than as mere chairs and tables which a little money could replace at will.

Chief and first among all these is my clock—my old cheerful companionable clock. How can I ever convey to others an idea of the comfort and consolation that this old clock has been for years to me!

It is associated with my earliest recollections. It stood upon the staircase at home (I call it home still mechanically) nigh sixty years ago. I like it for that, but it is not on that account, nor because it is a quaint old thing in a huge oaken case curiously and richly carved, that I prize it as I do. I incline to it as if it were alive, and could understand and give me back the love I bear it.

And what other thing that has not life could cheer me as it does; what other thing that has not life (I will not say how few things that have) could have proved the same patient, true, untiring friend! How often have I sat in the long winter evenings feeling such society in its cricket-voice, that raising my eye from my book and looking gratefully towards it, the face reddened by the glow of the abiding fire, has seemed to relax from its staid expression and to regard me kindly; how often in the summer twilight, when my thoughts have wandered back to a melancholy past, have its regular whisperings recalled them to the calm and peaceful present; how often in the dead tranquillity of night has its bell broken the oppressive silence, and seemed to give me assurance

that the old clock was still a faithful watcher at my chamber door! My easy chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books, I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock!

It stands in a snug corner, midway between the fire-side and a low arched door leading to my bed-room. Its fame is diffused so extensively throughout the neighbourhood, that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican or the baker, and sometimes even the parish-clerk, petitioning my house-keeper (of whom I shall have much to say by and by,) to inform him the exact time by Master Humphrey's clock. My father, to whom I have already referred, would sooner believe it than the sun. Nor are these its only distinctions. It has acquired, I am happy to say, another, inseparably connecting it not only with my enjoyments and reflections, but with those of other men; as I shall now relate.

I lived alone here for a long time without any friend or acquaintance. In the course of my wanderings by night and day, at all hours and seasons, in city streets and quiet country parts, I came to be familiar with certain faces, and to take it to heart as quite a heavy disappointment if they failed to present themselves each at its accustomed spot. But these were the only friends I knew, and beyond them I had none.

It happened, however, when I had gone on thus for a long time, that I formed an acquaintance with a deaf gentleman, which ripened into intimacy and close companionship. To this hour I am ignorant of his name. It is his humour to conceal it, or he has a reason and purpose for so doing. In either case I feel that he has a right to require a return of the trust he has reposed, and as he has never sought to discover my secret, I have never sought to penetrate his. There may have been something in this tacit confidence in each other, flattering and pleasant to us both, and it may have imparted in the beginning an additional zest, perhaps, to our friendship. Be this as it may, we have grown to be like brothers, and still I only know him as the deaf gentleman.

I have said that retirement has become a habit with me. When I add that the deaf gentleman and I have two friends, I communicate nothing which is inconsistent with that declaration. I spend many hours of every day in solitude and study, have no friends or change of friends but these, only see them at stated periods, and am supposed to be of a retired spirit by the very nature and object of our association.

We are men of secluded habits with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm nevertheless has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking, and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can ensure their coming at our command.

The deaf gentleman and I first began to beguile our days with these fancies, and our nights in communicating them to each other. We are now four. But in my room there are six old chairs, and we have decided that the two empty seats shall always be placed at our

table when we meet, to remind us that we may yet increase our company by that number, if we should find two men to our mind. When one among us dies, his chair will always be set in its usual place, but never occupied again; and I have caused my will to be so drawn out, that when we are all dead, the house shall be shut up, and the vacant chairs still left in their accustomed places. It is pleasant to think that even then, our shades may, perhaps, assemble together as of yore we did, and join in ghostly converse.

One night in every week, as the clock strikes ten, we meet. At the second stroke of two, I am alone.

And now shall I tell how that my old servant, besides giving us note of time, and ticking cheerful encouragement of our proceedings, lends its name to our society, which for its punctuality and my love, is christened "Master Humphrey's Clock?" Now shall I tell, how that in the bottom of the old dark closet where the steady pendulum throbs and beats with healthy action, though the pulse of him who made it stood still long ago and never moved again, there are piles of dusty papers constantly placed there by our hands, that we may link our enjoyments with my old friend, and draw means to beguile time from the heart of time itself! Shall I, or can I, tell with what a secret pride I open this repository when we meet at night, and still find new store of pleasure in my dear old clock!

Friend and companion of my solitude! mine is not a selfish love; I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthy thoughts; I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time, and how would it gladden me to know that they recognised some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's Clock!

THE CLOCK-CASE.

It is my intention constantly to address my readers from the chimney-corner, and I would fain hope that such accounts as I shall give them of our histories and proceedings, our quiet speculations or more busy adventures, will never be unwelcome. Least, however, I should grow prolix in the outset by lingering too long upon our little association, confounding the enthusiasm with which I regard this chief happiness of my life with that minor degree of interest which those to whom I address myself may be supposed to feel for it, I have deemed it expedient to break off as they have seen.

But still clinging to my old friend and naturally desirous that all its merits should be known, I am tempted to open (somewhat irregularly and against our laws, I must admit) the clock-case. The first roll of paper on which I lay my hand is in the writing of the deaf gentleman. I shall have to speak of him in my next paper, and how can I better approach that welcome task than by prefacing it with a production of his own pen, consigned to the safe keeping of my honest clock by his own hands?

The manuscript runs thus:

INTRODUCTION TO THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Once upon a time, that is to say, in this our time,—the exact year, month, and day, are of no matter,—there

dwelt in the city of London a substantial citizen, who united in his single person the dignities of wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common councilman, and member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers: who had superadded to these extraordinary distinctions the important post and title of sheriff, and who at length, and to crown all, stood next in rotation for the high and honourable office of lord mayor.

He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by rather beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and eat and drank like—like nothing but an alderman, as he was.

This worthy citizen had risen to his great eminence from small beginnings. He had once been a very lean, weazen little boy, never dreaming of carrying such a weight of flesh upon his bones or of money in his pockets, and glut enough to take his dinner at a baker's door, and his tea at a pump. But he had long ago forgotten all this, as it was proper that a wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common councilman, member of the worshipful company of patten-makers, past sheriff, and above all, a lord mayor that was to be, should; and he never forgot it more completely in all his life than on the eighth of November, in the year of his election to the great golden civic chair, which was the day before his grand dinner at the Guildhall.

It happened that as he sat that evening all alone in his counting house, looking over the bill of fare for next day, and checking off the fat capons in fannies and the turtle soup by the hundred quarts, for his private amusement—it happened that as he sat alone occupied in these pleasant calculations, a strange man came in and asked him how he did: adding, "If I am half as much changed as you, sir, you have no recollection of me, I am sure."

The strange man was not over and above well dressed, and was very far from being fat or rich-looking in any sense of the word, yet he spoke with a kind of modest confidence, and assumed an easy, gentlemanly sort of air, to which nobody but a rich man can lawfully presume. Besides this, he interrupted the good citizen just as he had reckoned three hundred and seventy-two fat capons and was carrying them over to the next column; and as that were not aggravation enough, the learned recorder for the city of London had only ten minutes previously gone out at that very same door, and had turned round and said, "Good night, my lord." Yes, he had said, "my lord;"—he, a man of birth and education, of the honourable society of the middle temple, barrister at law—he who had an uncle in the house of commons, and an aunt almost but not quite in the house of lords (for she had married a freble peer, and made him vote as she liked)—he, this man, this learned recorder, had said, "my lord." "I'll not wait till to-morrow to give you your title, my lord mayor," says he, with a bow and a smile; "you are lord mayor *de facto*, if not *de jure*. Good night, my lord!"

The lord mayor elect thought of this, and turning to the stranger, and sternly bidding him "go out of his private counting-house," brought forward the three hundred and seventy-two fat capons, and went on with the account.

"Do you remember," said the other, stepping forward,—"Do you remember little Joe Toddyhigh?"

The port wine fled for a moment from the fruiterer's nose as he muttered "Joe Toddyhigh! What about Joe Toddyhigh?"

"I am Joe Toddyhigh," cried the visiter. "Look at me, look hard at me;—harder, harder. You know me now! you know little Joe again? What a happiness to us both, to meet the very night before your grandeur? Oh! give me your hand, Jack—both hands—both, for the sake of old times."

"You pinch me, sir. You're a hurting of me," said the lord mayor elect pettishly; "don't—suppose anybody should come—Mr. Toddyhigh, sir."

"Mr. 'Toddyhigh!" repeated the other ruefully.

"Oh! don't bother," said the lord mayor elect, scratching his head. "Dear me! Why, I thought you was dead. What a fellow you are!"

Indeed, it was a pretty state of things, and worthy the tone of vexation and disappointment in which the lord mayor spoke. Joe Toddyhigh had been a poor boy with him at Hull, and had oftentimes divided his last penny and parted his last crust to relieve his wants, for though Joe was a destitute child in those times, he was as faithful and affectionate in his friendship as ever man of might could be. They parted one day to seek their fortunes in different directions. Joe went to sea, and the now wealthy citizen begged his way to London. They separated with many tears like foolish fellows as they were, and agreed to remain fast friends, and if they lived, soon to communicate again.

When he was an errand boy, and even in the early days of his apprenticeship, the citizen had many a time trudged to the post office to ask if there were any letter from poor little Joe, and had gone home again with tears in his eyes, when he found no news of his only friend. The world is a wide place, and it was a long time before the letter came; when it did, the writer was forgotten. It turned from white to yellow from lying in the post office with nobody to claim it, and in course of time was torn up with five hundred others, and sold for waste paper. And now at last, and when it might least have been expected, here was this Joe Toddyhigh turning up and claiming acquaintance with a great public character, who on the morrow would be cracking jokes with the prime minister of England, and who had only, at any time during the next twelve months, to say the word, and he could shut up temple bar, and make it no thoroughfare for the king himself!

"I am sure I don't know what to say, Mr. Toddyhigh," said the lord mayor elect; "I really don't. It's very inconvenient. I'd sooner have given twenty pound—it's very inconvenient, really."

A thought had struggled into his mind, that perhaps his old friend might say something passionate which would give him an excuse for being angry himself. No such thing. Joe looked at him steadily, but very mildly, and did not open his lips.

"Of course I shall pay you what I owe you," said the lord mayor elect, fidgeting in his chair. "You lent me—I think it was a shilling or some small coin—when we parted company, and that of course I shall pay, with good interest. I can pay my way with any man, and always have done. If you look into the Mansion House the day after to-morrow—some time after dusk—and ask for my private clerk, you'll find he has a draft for you. I haven't got time to say anything more just now, unless—" he hesitated, for, coupled with a strong desire to

glitter for once in all his glory in the eyes of his former companion, was a distrust of his appearance which might be more shabby than he could tell by that feeble light—"unless you'd like to come to the dinner to-morrow. I don't mind your having this ticket, if you like to take it. A great many people would give their ears for it, I can tell you."

His old friend took the card without speaking a word, and instantly departed. His sunburnt face and grey hair were present to the citizen's mind for a moment; but by the time he reached three hundred and eighty-one fat capons, he had quite forgotten him.

Joe Toddyhigh had never been in the capital of Europe before, and he wandered up and down the streets that night, amazed at the number of churches and other public buildings, the splendour of the shops, the riches that were heaped up on every side, the glare of light in which they were displayed, and the concourse of people who hurried to and fro, indifferent apparently to all the wonders that surrounded them. But in all the long streets and broad squares, there were none but strangers; it was quite a relief to turn down a hyway and bear his own footsteps on the pavement. He went home to his inn; thought that London was a dreary, desolate place, and felt disposed to doubt the existence of one true-hearted man in the whole worshipful company of patten-makers. Finally, he went to bed, and dreamed that he and the lord mayor elect were boys again.

He went next day to the dinner, and when, in a burst of light and music, and in the midst of splendid decorations and surrounded by brilliant company, his former friend appeared at the head of the hall, and was hailed with shouts and cheering, he cheered and shouted with the best, and for the moment could have cried. The next moment he cursed his weakness in behalf of a man so changed and selfish, and quite hated a jolly-looking old gentleman opposite for declaring himself, in the pride of his heart, a patten-maker.

As the banquet proceeded, he took more and more to heart the rich citizen's unkindness,—and that, not from any envy, but because he felt that a man of his state and fortune could all the better afford to recognise an old friend, even if he were poor and obscure. The more he thought of this, the more lonely and sad he felt. When the company dispersed and adjourned to the ball-room, he paced the hall and passages alone, ruminating in a very melancholy condition upon the disappointment he had experienced.

It chanced, while he was lounging about in this moody state, that he stumbled upon a flight of stairs, dark, steep and narrow, which he ascended without any thought about the matter, and so came into a little music-gallery, empty and deserted. From this elevated post, which commanded the whole hall, he amused himself in looking down upon the attendants, who were clearing away the fragments of the feast very lazily, and drinking out of all the bottles and glasses with most commendable perseverance.

His attention gradually relaxed, and he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he thought there must be something the matter with his eyes: but, rubbing them a little, he soon found that the moonlight was really streaming through the east window, that the lamps were all extinguished, and that he was alone. He listened, but no distant murmur in the echoing passages, not even the shutting of a door, broke the deep silence; he groped his way down the stairs, and found that the door at the

bottom was locked on the other side. He began now to comprehend that he must have slept a long time, that he had been overlooked, and was shut up there for the night.

His first sensation, perhaps, was not altogether a comfortable one, for it was a dark, chilly, earthy-smelling place, and something too large for a man so situated to feel at home in. However, when the momentary consternation of his surprise was over, he made light of the accident, and resolved to feel his way up the stairs again, and make himself as comfortable as he could in the gallery until morning. As he turned to execute this purpose, he heard the clocks strike three.

Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike—looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath.

The time and circumstances were favourable to reflection. He tried to keep his thoughts to the current, unpleasant though it was, in which they had moved all day, and so think with what a romantic feeling he had looked forward to shaking his old friend by the hand before he died, and what a wide and cruel difference there was between the meeting they had had, and that which he had so often and so long anticipated. Still he was disordered by waking to such sudden loneliness, and could not prevent his mind from running upon odd tales of people of undoubted courage, who, being shut up by night in vaults or churches, or other dismal places, had scaled great heights to get out, and fled from silence as they had never done from danger. This brought to his mind the moonlight through the window, and bethinking himself of it, he groped his way back up the crooked stairs—but very stealthily, as though he were fearful of being overheard.

He was very much astonished when he approached the gallery again, to see a light in the building; still more so, on advancing hastily and looking round, to observe no visible source from which it could proceed. But how much greater yet was his astonishment at the spectacle which this light revealed!

The statues of the two giants, Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, those which succeeded to still older and more barbarous figures after the Great Fire of London, and which stand in the Guildhall to this day, were endowed with life and motion. These guardian genii of the city had quitted their pedestals, and reclined in easy attitudes in the great stained glass window. Between them was an ancient cask, which seemed to be full of wine; for the younger giant, clapping his huge hand upon it, and throwing up his mighty leg, burst into an exulting laugh, which reverberated through the hall like thunder.

Joe Toddyhigh instinctively stooped down, and, more dead than alive, felt his hair stand on end, his knees knock together, and a cold damp break out upon his forehead. But even at that minute curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and somewhat reassured by the good humour of the giants and their apparent unconsciousness of his presence, he crouched in a corner of the gal-

lery, in as small a space as he could, and peeping between the rails, observed them closely.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Turning towards his companion, the elder giant uttered these words in a grave majestic tone:—

"Magog, does boisterous mirth become the Giant Warder of this ancient city? Is this becoming demeanour for a watchful spirit over whose bodiless head so many years have rolled, so many changes swept like empty air—in whose impalpable nostrils the scent of blood and crime, pestilence, cruelty and horror, has been familiar as breath to mortals—in whose sight Time has gathered in the harvest of centuries, and garnered so many crops of human pride, affections, hopes, and sorrows? Bethink you of our compact. The night wanes; feasting, revelry and music have encroached upon our usual hours of solitude, and morning will be here apace. Ere we are stricken mute again, bethink you of our compact."

Pronouncing these latter words with more of impetuosity than quite accorded with his apparent age and gravity, the giant raised a long pole (which he still bears in his hand) and tapped his brother giant rather smartly on the head: indeed the blow was so smartly administered, that the latter quickly withdrew his lips from the cask to which they had been applied, and catching up his shield and halbert assumed an attitude of defence. His irritation was but momentary, for he laid these weapons aside as hastily as he had assumed them, and said as he did so:—

"You know, Gog, old friend, that when we animate these shapes which the Londoners of old assigned (and not unworthily) to the guardian genii of their city, we are susceptible of some of the sensations which belong to human kind. Thus when I taste wine, I feel blows; when I relish the one, I disrelish the other. Therefore, Gog, the more especially as your arm is none of the lightest, keep your good staff by your side, else we may chance to differ. Peace be between us."

"Amen!" said the other, leaning his staff in the window corner; "why did you laugh just now?"

"To think," replied the Giant Magog, laying his hand upon the cask, "of him who owned this wine, and kept it in the cellar hoarded from the light of day, for thirty years, 'till it should be fit to drink,' quoth he. He was two score and ten years old when he buried it beneath his house, and yet never thought that he might be scarcely 'fit to drink' when the wine became so. I wonder it never occurred to him to make himself unfit to be eaten. There is very little of him left by this time."

"The night is waning," said Gog mournfully.

"I know it," replied his companion, "and I see you are impatient. But look. Through the eastern window placed opposite to us, that the first beams of the rising sun may every morning gild our giant faces—the moon-rays fall upon the pavement in a stream of light that to my fancy sinks through the cold stone and gushes into the old crypt below. The night is scarcely past its noon, and our great charge is sleeping heavily."

They ceased to speak, and looked upward at the moon. The sight of their large black rolling eyes filled Joe Toddyhigh with such horror that he could scarcely draw his breath. Still they took no note of him, and appeared to believe themselves quite alone.

"Our compact," said Magog after a pause, "is, if I understand it, that, instead of watching here in silence

through the dreary nights, we entertain each other with stories of our past experience,—with tales of the past, the present, and the future,—with legends of London and her sturdy citizens from the old simple times. That every night at midnight when Saint Paul's bell tolls out one and we may move and speak, we thus discourse, nor leave such themes till the first gray gleam of day shall strike us dumb. Is that our bargain, brother?"

"Yet," said the Giant Gog, "that is the league between us, who guard this city, by day in spirit, and by night in body also; and never on ancient holidays have its conduits run wine more merrily than we will pour forth our legendary lore. We are old chroniclers from this time hence. The crumbled walls encircle us once more, the postern-gates are closed, the drawbridge is up, and pent in its narrow den beneath, the water foams and struggles with the sunken starlings. Jenkins and quarter-staves are in the streets again, the nightly watch is set, the rebel, sad and lonely in his Tower dungeon, tries to sleep and weep for home and children. Aloft upon the gables and walls are noble heads, glaring fiercely down upon the dreaming city, and vexing the hungry dogs that scent them in the air and tear the ground beneath with dismal howlings. The axe, the block, the rack, in their dark chambers give signs of recent use. The Thames floating past long lines of cheerful windows whence come a burst of music and a stream of light, bears sullenly to the palace wall the last red stain brought on the tide from Traitor's-gate. But your pardon, brother. The night wears, and I am talking idly."

The other giant appeared to be entirely of this opinion, for during the foregoing rhapsody of his fellow-sentinel he had been scratching his head with an air of comical uneasiness, or rather with an air that would have been very comical if he had been a dwarf or an ordinary sized man. He winked too, and though it could not be doubted for a moment that he winked to himself, still he certainly cocked his enormous eye towards the gallery where the listener was concealed. Nor was this all, for he gaped; and when he gaped, Joe was horribly reminded of the popular prejudice on the subject of giants, and of their fabled power of smelling out Englishmen, however closely concealed.

His alarm was such that he nearly swooned, and it was some little time before his power of sight or hearing was restored. When he recovered he found that the elder giant was pressing the younger to commence the chronicles, and that the latter was endeavouring to excuse himself, on the ground that the night was far spent and it would be better to wait until the next. Well assured by this that he was certainly about to begin directly, the listener collected his faculties by a great effort, and distinctly heard Magog express himself to the following effect:—

In the sixteenth century and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory (albeit many of her golden days are rusted with blood) there lived in the city of London a bold young 'prentice who loved his master's daughter. There were no doubt within the walls a great many young 'prentices in this condition, but I speak of only one, and his name was Hugh Graham.

This Hugh was apprenticed to an honest bowyer who dwelt in the ward of Cheype, and was rumoured to possess great wealth. Rumour was quite as infallible in those days as at the present time, but it happened then as now, to be sometimes right by accident. It stumbled upon the truth when it gave the old bowyer a mint of

money. His trade had been a profitable one in the time of King Henry the Eighth, who encouraged English archery to the utmost, and he had been prudent and discreet. Thus it came to pass that Mistress Alice his only daughter was the richest heiress in all his wealthy ward. Young Hugh had often maintained with staff and cudgel that she was the handsomest. To do him justice, I believe she was.

If he could have gained the heart of pretty Mistress Alice by knocking this conviction into stubborn people's heads, Hugh would have had no cause to fear. But though the bowyer's daughter smiled in secret to hear of his doughty deeds for her sake, and though her little waiting-woman reported all her smiles (and many more) to Hugh, and though he was at a vast expense in kisses and small coin to recompense her fidelity, he made no progress in his love. He durst not whisper it to Mistress Alice save on sure encouragement, and that she never gave him. A glance of her dark eye as she sat at the door on a summer's evening after prayer time, while he and the neighbouring 'prentices exercised themselves in the street with blunted sword and buckler, would fire Hugh's blood so that none could stand before him; but then she glanced at others quite as kindly as on him, and where was the use of cracking crowns if Mistress Alice smiled upon the cracked as well as on the cracker?

Still Hugh went on, and loved her more and more. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night long. He treasured up her every word and gesture, and had a palpitation of the heart whenever he heard her footstep on the stairs or her voice in an adjoining room. To him, the old bowyer's house was haunted by an angel: there was enchantment in the air and space in which she moved. It would have been no miracle to Hugh if flowers had sprung from the rush strewn floors beneath the tread of lovely Mistress Alice.

Never did 'prentice long to distinguish himself in the eyes of his lady-love so ardently as Hugh. Sometimes he pictured to himself the house-taking fire by night, and he, when all drew back in fear, rushing through flame and smoke and bearing her from the ruins in his arms. At other times he thought of a rising of fierce rebels, an attack upon the city, a strong assault upon the bowyer's house in particular, and he falling on the threshold pierced with numberless wounds in defence of Mistress Alice. If he could only enact some prodigy of valour, do some wonderful deed and let her know that she had inspired it, he thought he could die contented.

Sometimes the bowyer and his daughter would go out to supper with a worthy citizen at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, and on such occasions Hugh wearing his blue 'prentice cloak as gallantly as 'prentice might, would attend with a lantern and his trusty club to escort them home. These were the brightest moments of his life. To hold the light while Mistress Alice picked her steps, to touch her hand as he helped her over broken ways, to have her leaning on his arm—it sometimes even came to that—this was happiness indeed!

When the nights were fair, Hugh followed in the rear, his eyes riveted on the graceful figure of the bowyer's daughter as she and the old man moved on before him. So they threaded the narrow winding streets of the city, now passing beneath the overhanging gables of old wooden houses whence creaking signs projected into the street, and now emerging from some dark and frowning gateway into the clear moonlight. At such times, or when the shouts of straggling brawlers met his ear,

the bowyer's daughter would look timidly back at Hugh beseeching him to draw nearer; and then how he grasped his club and longed to do battle with a dozen rufflers, for the love of Mistress Alice!

The old bowyer was in the habit of lending money on interest to the gallants of the court, and thus it happened that many a richly-dressed gentleman dismounted at his door. More waving plumes and gallant steeds, indeed, were seen at the bowyer's house, and more embroidered silks and velvets sparkled in his dark shop and darker private closet than at any merchant's in the city. In those times no less than in the present it would seem that the richest-looking cavaliers often wanted money the most.

Of these glittering clients there was one who always came alone. He was always nobly mounted, and having no attendant gave his horse in charge to Hugh while he and the bowyer were closeted within. Once as he sprang into the saddle Mistress Alice was seated at an upper window, and before she could withdraw he had doffed his jewelled cap and kissed his hand. Hugh watched him carolling down the street, and burnt with indignation. But how much deeper was the glow that reddened in his cheeks when raising his eyes to the casement he saw that Alice watched the stranger too!

He came again and often, each time arrayed more gallantly than before, and still the little casement showed him Mistress Alice. At length one heavy day, she fled from home. It had cost her a hard struggle, for all her old father's gifts were strewn about her chamber as if she had parted from them one by one, and knew that the time must come when these tokens of his love would wring her heart—yet she was gone.

She left a letter commending her poor father to the care of Hugh, and wishing he might be happier than he could ever have been with her, for he deserved the love of a better and purer heart than she had to bestow. The old man's forgiveness (she said) she had no power to ask, but she prayed God to bless him—and so ended with a blot upon the paper where her tears had fallen.

At first the old man's wrath was kindled, and he carried his wrong to the queen's throne itself; but there was no redress he learnt at court, for his daughter had been conveyed abroad. This afterwards appeared to be the truth, as there came from France, after an interval of several years, a letter in her hand. It was written in trembling characters, and almost illegible. Little could be made out, save that she often thought of home and her old dear pleasant room—and that she had dreamt her father was dead and had not blessed her—and that her heart was breaking.

The poor old bowyer lingered on, never suffering Hugh to quit his sight, for he knew now that he had loved his daughter, and that was the only link that bound him to earth. It broke at length, and he died, bequeathing his old 'prentice his trade and all his wealth, and solemnly charging him, with his last breath, to revenge his child if ever he who had worked her misery crossed his path in life again.

From the time of Alice's flight, the tilting-ground, the fields, the fencing-school, the summer evening sports, knew Hugh no more. His spirit was dead within him. He rose to great eminence and repute among the citizens, but he was never seen to smile, and never mingled in their revelries or rejoicings. Brave, humane, and generous, he was loved by all. He was pitied too by those who knew his story; and these were so many, that when he walked along the streets alone at dusk, even the rude

common people doffed their caps, and mingled a rough air of sympathy with their respect.

One night in May—it was her birth-night, and twenty years since she had left her home—Hugh Graham sat in the room she had hallowed in his boyish days. He was now a gray-haired man, though still in the prime of life. Old thoughts had borne him company for many hours, and the chamber had gradually got quite dark, when he was roused by a low knocking at the outer door.

He hastened down, and, opening it, saw by the light of a lamp which he had seized in the way, a female figure crouching in the portal. It hurried swiftly past him, and glided up the stairs. He looked out for pursuers. There were none in sight.

He was inclined to think it a vision of his own brain, when suddenly a vague suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind. He barred the door, and hastened wildly back. Yes, there she was—there, in the chamber he had quitted—there, in her old innocent happy home, so changed that none but he could trace one gleam of what she had been—there upon her knees—with her hands clasped in agony and shame before her burning face.

"My God, my God!" she cried, "now strike me dead! Though I have brought death and shame and sorrow on this roof, oh, let me die at home in mercy!"

There was no tear upon her face then, but she trembled and glanced round the chamber. Every thing was in its old place. Her bed looked as if she had risen from it but that morning. The sight of these familiar objects marking the dear remembrance in which she had been held, and the blight she had brought upon herself, was more than the woman's better nature that had carried her there, could bear. She wept and fell upon the ground.

A rumour was spread about, in a few days' time, that the bowyer's cruel daughter had come home, and that Master Hugh Graham had given her lodging in his house. It was rumoured, too, that he had resigned her fortune, in order that she might bestow it in acts of charity, and that he had vowed to guard her in her solitude, but that they were never to see each other more. These rumours greatly incensed all virtuous wives and daughters in the ward, especially when they appeared to receive some corroboration from the circumstance of Master Graham taking up his abode in another tenement hard by. The estimation in which he was held, however, forbade any questioning on the subject, and as the bowyer's house was close shut up, and nobody came forth when public shows and festivities were in progress, or to show in the public walks, or to buy new fashions at the mercers' booths, all the well-conducted females agreed among themselves that there could be no woman there.

These reports had scarcely died away when the wonder of every good citizen, male and female, was utterly absorbed and swallowed up by a royal proclamation, in which her majesty, strongly censuring the practice of wearing long Spanish rapiers of preposterous length (as being a bullying and swaggering custom, tending to bloodshed and public disorder) commanded that on a particular day therein named, certain grave citizens should repair to the city gates, and there, in public, break all rapiers worn or carried by persons claiming admission, that exceeded, though it were only by a quarter of an inch, three standard feet in length.

Royal proclamations usually take their course, let the public wonder never so much. On the appointed day

two citizens of high repute took up their stations at each of the gates, attended by a party of the city guard: the main body to enforce the queen's will, and take custody of all such rebels (if any) as might have the temerity to dispute it: and a few to bear the standard measures and instruments for reducing all unlawful sword-blades to the prescribed dimensions. In pursuance of these arrangements, Master Graham and another were posted at Lud Gate, on the hill before Saint Paul's.

A pretty numerous company were gathered together at this spot, for, besides the officers in attendance to enforce the proclamation, there was a motley crowd of lookers-on of various degrees, who raised from time to time such shouts and cries as the circumstances called forth. A spruce young courtier was the first who approached; he unsheathed a weapon of burnished steel that shone and glistened in the sun, and handed it with the newest air to the officer, who, finding it exactly three feet long, returned it with a bow. Thereupon the gallant raised his hat and crying, "God save the queen," passed on amidst the plaudits of the mob. Then came another—a better courtier still—who wore a blade but two feet long, whereat the people laughed, much to the disparagement of his honour's dignity. Then came a third, a sturdy old officer of the army, girded with a rapier at least a foot and a half beyond her majesty's pleasure; at him they raised a great shout, and most of the spectators (but especially those who were armourers or cutlers) laughed very heartily at the breakage which would ensue. But they were disappointed, for the old campaigner, coolly unbuckling his sword and bidding his servant to carry it home again, passed through unarmed, to the great indignation of all the spectators. They relieved themselves in some degree by hooting a tall blustering fellow with a prodigious weapon, who stopped short on coming in sight of the preparations, and after a little consideration turned back again; but all this time no rapier had been broken although it was high noon, and all cavaliers of any quality or appearance were taking their way towards Saint Paul's church-yard.

During these proceedings Master Graham had stood apart, strictly confining himself to the duty imposed upon him, and taking little heed of any thing beyond. He stepped forward now as a richly dressed gentleman on foot, followed by a single attendant, was seen advancing up the hill.

As this person drew nearer, the crowd stopped their clamour and bent forward with eager looks. Master Graham standing alone in the gateway, and the stranger coming slowly towards him, they seemed, as it were, set face to face. The nobleman (for he looked one) had a haughty and disdainful air, which bespoke the slight estimation in which he held the citizen. The citizen on the other hand preserved the resolute bearing of one who was not to be frowned down or daunted, and who cared very little for any nobility but that of worth and manhood. It was perhaps some consciousness on the part of each, of these feelings in the other, that infused a more stern expression into their regards as they came closer together.

"Your rapier, worthy sir!"

At the instant that he pronounced these words Graham started, and falling back some paces, laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"You are the man whose horse I used to hold before the bowyer's door? You are that man? Speak!"

"Out, you 'prentice hound!" said the other.

"You are he! I know you well!" cried Graham. "Let no man step between us two, or I shall be his murderer." With that he drew his dagger and rushed in upon him.

The stranger had drawn his weapon from the scabbard ready for the scrutiny, before a word was spoken. He made a thrust at his assailant, but the dagger which Graham clutched in his left hand being the dirk in use at that time for parrying such blows, promptly turned the point aside. They closed. The dagger fell rattling upon the ground, and Graham wresting his adversary's sword from his grasp, plunged it through his heart. As he drew it out it snapped in two, leaving a fragment in the dead man's body.

All this passed so swiftly that the bystanders looked on without an effort to interfere; but the man was so sooner down than an uproar broke forth which rent the air. The attendant rushing through the gate proclaimed that his master, a nobleman, had been set upon and slain by a citizen; the word quickly spread from mouth to mouth; Saint Paul's cathedral and every book-shop, tavern, and smoking-house in the church-yard poured at its stream of cavaliers and their followers, who, mingling together in a dense tumultuous body, struggled, sword in hand, towards the spot.

With equal impetuosity and stimulating each other by loud cries and shouts, the citizens and common people took up the quarrel on their side, and encircling Master Graham a hundred deep, forced him from the gate. In vain he waved the broken sword above his head, crying that he would die on London's threshold for their sacred homes. They bore him on, and ever keeping him in the midst, so that no man could attack him, fought their way into the city.

The clash of swords and roar of voices, the dust and heat and pressure, the trampling under foot of men, the distracted looks and shrieks of women at the windows above as they recognised their relatives or lovers in the crowd, the rapid tolling of alarm bells, the furious rage and passion of the scene were frightful. Those who being on the outskirts of each crowd could use their weapons with effect fought desperately, while those behind maddened with baffled rage struck at each other over the heads of those before them, and crushed their own fellows. Wherever the broken sword was seen above the people's heads, towards that spot the cavaliers made a new rush. Every one of these charges was marked by sudden gaps in the throng where men were trodden down, but as fast as they were made, the tide swept over them, and still the multitude pressed on again, a confused mass of swords, clubs, staves, broken plumes, fragments of rick cloaks and doublets, and angry bleeding faces, all mixed up together in inextricable disorder.

The design of the people was to force Master Graham to take refuge in his dwelling, and to defend it until the authorities could interfere, or they could gain time for parley. But either from ignorance, or in the confusion of the moment, they stopped at his old house, which was closely shut. Some time was lost in beating the doors open and passing him to the front. About a score of the boldest of the other party threw themselves into the torrent while this was being done, and reaching the door at the same moment with himself, cut him off from his defenders.

"I never will turn in such a righteous cause, so help me Heaven!" cried Graham, in a voice that at last made itself heard, and confronting them as he spoke. "Least of all will I turn upon this threshold which owes its

desolation to such men as ye. I give no quarter, and I will have none! Strike!"

For a moment they stood at bay. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand—apparently fired by some person who had gained access to one of the opposite houses—struck Graham in the brain and he fell dead. A wail was heard in the air; many people in the concourse cried that they had seen a spirit glide across the little casement window of the bowyer's house.

A dead silence succeeded. After a short time some of the flushed and heated throng lay down their arms and softly carried the body within doors. Others fell off or slunk away in knots of two or three, others whispered together in groups, and before a numerous guard, which then rode up, could muster in the street, it was nearly empty.

Those who carried Master Graham to the bed up stairs were shocked to see a woman lying beneath the window with her hands clasped together. After trying to recover her in vain, they laid her near the citizen, who still retained, tightly grasped in his right hand, the first and last sword that was broken that day at Lud Gate.

The giant uttered these concluding words with sudden precipitation, and on the instant the strange light which had filled the hall, faded away. Joe glanced involuntarily at the eastern window, and saw the first pale gleam of morning. He turned his head again towards the other window in which the giants had been seated. It was empty. The cask of wine was gone, and he could dimly make out that the two great figures stood mute and motionless upon their pedestals.

After rubbing his eyes and wondering for full half an hour, during which time he observed morning come creeping on, he yielded to the drowsiness which overpowered him, and fell into a refreshing slumber. When he awoke it was broad day; the building was open, and workmen were busily engaged in removing the vestiges of last night's feast.

Stealing gently down the little stairs, and assuming the air of some early lounge who had dropped in from the street, he walked up to the foot of each pedestal in turn, and attentively examined the figure it supported. There could be no doubt about the features of either; he recollected the exact expression they had worn at different passages of their conversation, and recognised in every line and lineament the giants of the night. Assured that it was no vision, but that he had heard and seen with his own proper senses, he walked forth, determining at all hazards to conceal himself in the Guildhall again that evening. He further resolved to sleep all day, so that he might be very wakeful and vigilant, and above all that he might take notice of the figures at the precise moment of their becoming animated and subiding into their old state, which he greatly reproached himself for not having done already.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Master Humphrey.

"Sir,—Before you proceed any further in your account of your friends and what you say and do when you meet together, excuse me if I proffer my claim to be elected to one of the vacant chairs in that old room of yours. Don't reject me without full consideration, for if you do, you'll be sorry for it afterwards—you will, upon my life.

"I inclose my card, sir, in this letter. I never was ashamed of my name, and I never shall be. I am con-

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sidered a devilish gentlemanly fellow, and I act up to the character. If you want a reference, ask any of the men at our club. Ask any fellow who goes there to write his letters, what sort of conversation mine is. Ask him if he thinks I have the sort of voice that will suit your deaf friend, and make him hear if he can hear any thing at all. Ask the servants what they think of me. There's not a rascal among 'em, sir, but will tremble to hear my name. That reminds me—don't you say too much about that housekeeper of yours; it's a low subject, damned low.

"I tell you what, sir, if you vote me into one of those empty chairs, you'll have among you a man with a fund of gentlemanly information that'll rather astonish you. I can let you into a few anecdotes about some fine women of title, that are quite high life, sir—the tip-top sort of thing. I know the name of every man who has been out on an affair of honour within the last five-and-twenty years; I know the private particulars of every cross and squabble that has taken place upon the turf, at the gaming-table or elsewhere, during the whole of that time. I have been called its gentlemanly chronicler. You may consider yourself a lucky dog; upon my soul you may congratulate yourself, though I say so.

"It's an uncommon good notion that of yours, not letting any body know where you live. I have tried it, but there has always been an anxiety respecting me which has found me out. Your deaf friend is a cunning fellow to keep his name so close. I have tried that too, but have always failed. I shall be proud to make his acquaintance—tell him so, with my compliments.

"You must have been a queer fellow when you were a child, confounded queer. It's odd all that about the picture in your first paper—pfoxy, but told in a devilish gentlemanly sort of a way. In places like that, I could come in with great effect with a touch of life—don't you feel that?

"I am anxiously waiting for your next paper to know whether your friends live upon the premises, and at your expense, which I take it for granted is the case. If I am right in this impression I know a charming fellow (an excellent companion and most delightful company) who will be proud to join you. Some years ago he seconded a great many prize-fighters, and once fought an amateur match himself; since then he has driven several mails, broken at different periods all the lamps on the right-hand side of Oxford street, and six times carried away every bell-handle in Bloomsbury square, besides turning off the gas in various thoroughfares. In point of gentlemanliness he is unrivalled, and I should say, that next to myself, he is of all men the best suited to your purpose.

"Expecting your reply,

"I am,

"&c. &c."

Master Humphrey informs this gentleman that his application, both as it concerns himself and his friend, is rejected.

MASTER HUMPHREY, FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

My old companion tells me it is midnight. The fire glows brightly, crackling with a sharp and cheerful sound as if it loved to burn. The merry cricket on the hearth (my constant visitor), this ruddy blaze, my clock, and I, seem to share the world among us, and to be the only things awake. The wind, high and boisterous but now,

has died away, and hoarsely mutters in its sleep. I love all times and seasons each in its turn, and am apt perhaps to think the present one the best; but past or coming, I always love this peaceful time of night, when long buried thoughts, favoured by the gloom and silence, steal from their graves and haunt the scenes of faded happiness and hope.

The popular faith in ghosts has a remarkable affinity with the whole current of our thoughts at such an hour as this, and seems to be their necessary and natural consequence. For who can wonder that man should feel a vague belief in tales of disembodied spirits; wandering through those places which they once dearly affected, when he himself, scarcely less separated from his old world than they, is for ever lingering upon past emotions and by-gone times, and hovering, the ghost of his former self, about the places and people that warmed his heart of old? It is thus that I prow around my buried treasure (though not of gold or silver) and mourn my loss; it is thus that I revisit the ashes of extinguished fires, and take my silent stand at old bedside. If my spirit should ever glide back to this chamber when my body is mingled with the dust, it will but follow the course it often took in the old man's lifetime, and add but one more change to the subjects of its contemplation.

In all my idle speculations I am greatly assisted by various legends connected with my venerable house, which are current in the neighbourhood, and are so numerous that there is scarce a cupboard or corner that has not some dismal story of its own. When I first entertained thoughts of becoming its tenant, I was assured that it was haunted from roof to cellar; and I believe the bad opinion in which my neighbours once held me had its rise in my not being torn to pieces, or, at least, distracted with terror on the night I took possession, in either of which case, I should doubtless have arrived by a short cut at the very summit of popularity.

But traditions and rumours all taken into account, who so abets me in every fancy, and chimes with my every thought, as my dear dead friend; and how often have I cause to bless the day that brought us two together! Of all days in the year I rejoice to think that it should have been Christmas-day, with which from childhood we associate something friendly, hearty, and sincere.

I had walked out to cheer myself with the happiness of others, and in the little tokens of festivity and rejoicing of which the streets and houses present so many on that day, had lost some hours. Now I stopped to look at a merry party hurrying through the snow on foot to their place of meeting, and now turned back to see a whole coachful of children safely deposited at the welcome house. At one time, I admired how carefully the working-man carried the baby in its gaudy hat and feathers, and how his wife, trudging patiently on behind, forgot even her care of her gay clothes, in exchanging greetings with the child as it crowded and laughed over the father's shoulder; at another, I pleased myself with some passing scene of gallantry or courtship, and was glad to believe that for a season half the world of poverty was gay.

As the day closed in, I still rambled through the streets, feeling a companionship in the bright fires that cast their warm reflection on the windows as I passed, and losing all sense of my own loneliness in imagining the sociality and kind fellowship that every where prevailed. At length I happened to stop before a tavern, and encountering a bill of fare in the window, it all at once brought

into my head to wonder what kind of people dined alone in taverns upon Christmas-day.

Solitary men are accustomed, I suppose, unreasonably to look upon solitude as their own peculiar property. I had sat alone in my room on many, many anniversaries of this great holiday, and had never regarded it but as one of universal assemblage and rejoicing. I had excepted, and with an aching heart, a crowd of prisoners and beggars, but *these* were not the men for whom the tavern doors were open. Had they any customers, or was it a mere form? A form, no doubt.

Trying to feel quite sure of this I walked away, but before I had gone many paces, I stopped and looked back. There was a provoking air of business in the lamp above the door, which I could not overcome. I began to be afraid there might be many customers—young men perhaps struggling with the world, utter strangers in this great place, whose friends lived at a long distance off, and whose means were too slender to enable them to make the journey. The supposition gave rise to so many distressing little pictures, that, in preference to carrying them home with me, I determined to encounter the realities. So I turned and walked in.

I was at once glad and sorry to find that there was only one person in the dining-room; glad to know there were not more, and sorry to think he should be there by himself. He did not look so old as I, but like me, he was advanced in life, and his hair was nearly white. Though I made more noise in entering and seating myself than was quite necessary, with the view of attracting his attention, and saluting him in the good old form of that time of year, he did not raise his head, but sat with it resting on his hand, musing over his half-finished meal.

I called for something which would give me an excuse for remaining in the room, (I had dined early, as my housekeeper was engaged at night to partake of some friend's good cheer,) and sat where I could observe without intruding on him. After a time he looked up. He was aware that somebody had entered, but could see very little of me as I sat in the shade and he in the light. He was sad and thoughtful, and I forbore to trouble him by speaking.

Let me believe that it was something better than curiosity which riveted my attention and impelled me strongly towards this gentleman. I never saw so patient and kind a face. He should have been surrounded by friends, and yet here he sat dejected and alone, when all men had their friends about them. As often as he roused himself from his reverie, he would fall into it again, and it was plain that whatever were the subjects of his thoughts, they were of a melancholy kind, and would not be controlled.

He was not used to solitude. I was sure of that, for I know by myself that if he had been, his manner would have been different, and he would have taken some slight interest in the arrival of another. I could not fail to mark that he had no appetite—that he tried to eat in vain—that time after time the plate was pushed away, and he relapsed into his former posture.

His mind was wandering among old Christmas-days, I thought. Many of them sprung up together, not with a long gap between each, but in unbroken succession, like days of the week. It was a great change to find himself for the first time (I quite settled that it was the first) in an empty, silent room, with no soul to care for. I could not help following him in imagination through crowds of pleasant faces, and then coming back to that

dull place with its bough of mistletoe sickening in the gas, and sprigs of holly parched up already by a simoon of roast and boiled. The poor waiter had gone home, and his representative, a poor, lean, hungry man, was keeping Christmas in his jacket.

I grew still more interested in my friend. His dinner done, a decanter of wine was placed before him. It remained untouched for a long time, but at length with a quivering hand he filled a glass and raised it to his lips. Some tender wish to which he had been accustomed to give utterance on that day, or some beloved name that he had been used to pledge, trembled upon them at the moment. He put it down very hastily—took it up once more—again put it down—pressed his hand upon his face—yes—and tears stole down his cheeks, I am certain.

Without pausing to consider whether I did right or wrong, I stepped across the room, and sitting down beside him, laid my hand gently on his arm.

"My friend," I said, "forgive me if I beseech you to take comfort and consolation from the lips of an old man. I will not preach to you what I have not practised, indeed. Whatever be your grief, be of a good heart—be of a good heart—be of a good heart, pray!"

"I see that you speak earnestly," he replied, "and kindly I am very sure, but—"

I nodded my head to show that I understood what he would say, for I had already gathered from a certain fixed expression in his face, and from the attention with which he watched me while I spoke, that his sense of hearing was destroyed. "There should be a free-masonry between us," said I, pointing from himself to me to explain my meaning—"if not in our gray hairs, at least in our misfortunes. You see that I am but a poor cripple."

I never felt so happy under my affliction, since the trying moment of my first becoming conscious of it, as when he took my hand in his with a smile that has lighted my path in life from that day, and we sat down side by side.

This was the beginning of my friendship with the deaf gentleman, and when was ever the slight and easy service of a kind word in season repaid by such attachment and devotion as he has shown to me!

He produced a little set of tablets and a pencil to facilitate our conversation, on that our first acquaintance, and I well remember how awkward and constrained I was in writing down my share of the dialogue, and how easily he guessed my meaning before I had written half of what I had to say. He told me in a faltering voice that he had not been accustomed to be alone on that day—that it had always been a little festival with him—and seeing that I glanced at his dress in the expectation that he wore mourning, he added hastily, that it was not that; if it had been, he thought he could have borne it better. From that time to the present, we have never touched upon this theme. Upon every return of the same day we have been together, and although we make it our annual custom to drink to each other hand in hand after dinner, and to recall with affectionate garrulity every circumstance of our first meeting, we always avoid this one as if by mutual consent.

Meantime we have gone on strengthening in our friendship and regard, and forming an attachment which, I trust and believe, will only be interrupted by death, to be renewed in another existence. I scarcely know how we communicate as we do, but he has long since ceased to be deaf to me. He is frequently the companion of my walks, and even in crowded streets replies to my

slightest look or gesture, as though he could read my thoughts. From the vast number of objects which pass in rapid succession before our eyes, we frequently select the same for some particular notice or remark, and when one of these little coincidences occurs, I cannot describe the pleasure that animates my friend, or the beaming countenance he will preserve for half an hour afterwards at least.

He is a great thinker from living so much within himself, and having a lively imagination, has a facility of conceiving and enlarging upon odd ideas, which renders him invaluable to our little body, and greatly astonishes our two friends. His powers in this respect are much assisted by a large pipe, which he assures us once belonged to a German student. Be this as it may, it has undoubtedly a very ancient and mysterious appearance, and is of such capacity that it takes three hours and a half to smoke it out. I have reason to believe that my barber, who is the chief authority of a knot of grays who congregate every evening at a small tobacco-shop's hard by, has related anecdotes of this pipe and the grim figures that are carved upon its bowl, at which all the smokers in the neighbourhood have stood aghast, and I know that my housekeeper, while she holds it in high veneration, has a superstitious feeling connected with it, which would render her exceedingly unwilling to be left alone in its company after dark.

Whatever sorrow my deaf friend has known, and whatever grief may linger in some secret corner of his heart, he is now a cheerful, placid, happy creature. Misfortune can never have fallen upon such a man but for some good purpose, and when I see its traces in his gentle nature, and his earnest feeling, I am the less disposed to murmur at such trials as I may have undergone myself. With regard to the pipe, I have a theory of my own; I cannot help thinking that it is in some manner connected with the event that brought us together, for I remember that it was a long time before he even talked about it; that when he did, he grew reserved and melancholy; and that it was a long time yet before he brought it forth. I have no curiosity, however, on this subject, for I know that it promotes his tranquillity and comfort, and I need no other inducement to regard it with my utmost fervour.

Such is the deaf gentleman. I can call up his figure now, clad in sober gray, and seated in the chimney corner. As he puffs out the smoke from his favourite pipe, he casts a look on me brimful of cordiality and friendship, and says all manner of kind and genial things in a cheerful smile; then he raises his eyes to my clock, which is just about to strike, and glancing from it to me and back again, seems to divide his heart between us. For myself, it is not too much to say that I would gladly part with one of my poor limbs, could he but bear the old clock's voice.

Of our two friends, the first has been all his life one of that easy, wayward, truant class whom the world is accustomed to designate as nobody's enemies but their own. Bred to a profession for which he never qualified himself, and reared in the expectation of a fortune he has never inherited, he has undergone every vicissitude of which such an existence is capable. He and his younger brother, both orphans from their childhood, were educated by a wealthy relative, who taught them to expect an equal division of his property: but too indolent to court, and too honest to flatter, the elder gradually lost ground in the affections of a capricious old man, and the younger, who did not fail to improve his oppor-

now triumphs in the possession of enormous wealth.—His triumph is to hoard it in solitary wretchedness, and probably to feel with the expenditure of every shilling, a greater pang than the loss of his whole inheritance ever cost his brother.

Jack Redburn—he was Jack Redburn at the first little school he went to, where every other child was mastered and surnamed, and he has been Jack Redburn all his life, or he would perhaps have been a richer man by this time—has been an inmate of my house these eight years past. He is my librarian, secretary, steward, and first minister: director of all my affairs, and inspector general of my household. He is something of a musician, something of an author, something of an actor, something of a painter, very much of a carpenter, and an extraordinary gardener: having had all his life a wonderful aptitude for learning every thing that is of no use to him. He is remarkably fond of children, and is the best and kindest nurse in sickness that ever drew the breath of life. He has mixed with every grade of society, and known the utmost distress, but there never was a less selfish, a more tender-hearted, a more enthusiastic, or a more guileless man, and I dare say, if few have done less good, fewer still have done less harm in the world than he. By what chance Nature forms such whimsical jumbles, I don't know; but I do know that she sends them among us very often, and that the king of the whole race is Jack Redburn.

I should be puzzled to say how old he is. His health is none of the best, and he wears a quantity of iron-gray hair, which shades his face and gives it rather a worn appearance; but we consider him quite a young fellow notwithstanding; and if a youthful spirit surviving the roughest contact with the world, confers upon its possessor any title to be considered young, then he is a mere child. The only interruptions to his careless cheerfulness, are on a wet Sunday, when he is apt to be unusually religious and solemn, and sometimes of an evening, when he has been blowing a very slow tune on the flute. On these last named occasions, he is apt to incline towards the mysterious or the terrible. As a specimen of his powers in this mood, I refer my readers to the extract from the clock-case which follows this paper; he brought it to me not long ago at midnight, and informed me that the main incident had been suggested by a dream of the night before.

His apartments are two cheerful rooms, looking towards the garden, and one of his great delights is to arrange and re-arrange the furniture in these chambers, and put it in every possible variety of position. During the whole time he has been here, I do not think he has slept for two nights running with the head of his bed in the same place, and every time he moves it, it is to be the last. My housekeeper was at first well nigh distracted with these frequent changes; but she has become quite reconciled to them by degrees, and has so fallen in with his humour, that they often consult together with great gravity on the final alteration. Whatever his arrangements are, however, they are always a pattern of neatness, and every one of the manifold articles connected with his manifold occupations, is to be found in its own particular place. Until within the last two or three years, he was subject to an occasional fit, (which usually came upon him in very fine weather,) under the influence of which he would dress himself with peculiar care, and going out, under pretence of taking a walk, disappear for several days together. At length, after the interval between each outbreak of this disorder had gradually grown

longer and longer, it wholly disappeared, and now he seldom stirs abroad except to stroll out a little way on a summer's evening. Whether he yet mistrusts his own constancy in this respect, and is therefore afraid to wear a coat, I know not, but we seldom see him in any other upper garments than an old spectral-looking dressing gown, with very-disproportionate pockets, full of a miscellaneous collection of odd matters, which he picks up wherever he can lay his hands on them.

Every thing that is a favourite with our friend is a favourite with us, and thus it happens that the fourth among us is Mr. Owen Miles, a most worthy gentleman, who had treated Jack with great kindness before my deaf friend and I encountered him by an accident to which I may refer on some future occasion. Mr. Miles was once a very rich merchant, but receiving a severe shock in the death of his wife, he retired from business, and devoted himself to a quiet, unostentatious life. He is an excellent man, of thoroughly sterling character: not of quick apprehension, and not without some amusing prejudices, which I shall leave to their own development. He holds us all in profound veneration, but Jack Redburn he esteems as a kind of pleasant wonder, that he may venture to approach familiarly. He believes, not only that no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do any thing so well, and he never calls my attention to any of his ingenious proceedings but he whispers in my ear, nudging me at the same time with his elbow—"If he had only made it his trade, sir—if he had only made it his trade!"

They are inseparable companions; one would suppose that, although Mr. Miles never by any chance does any thing in the way of assistance, Jack could do nothing without him. Whether he is reading, writing, painting, carpentering, gardening, flute-playing, or what not, there is Mr. Miles beside him, buttoned up to the chin in his blue coat, and looking on with a face of incredulous delight, as though he could not credit the testimony of his own senses, and had a misgiving that no man could be so clever but in a dream.

These are my friends; I have now introduced myself and them.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I held a lieutenant's commission in his majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimaguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service, withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world, for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness.

This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those

who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home, because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves long to me, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us, and, having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them to the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her, she haunted me, her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside, and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of the child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can hardly fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought, but I marked him looking at me; not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblances of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me, while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that, when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer, and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could

bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure, and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks, and there as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree; starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife, a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing—God have mercy upon me—singing a merry ballad, who could hardly lisped the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong, full grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in every thing. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he, laying at my feet stark dead; dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day, and would not return until the next. Our bed-room window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night, and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lay waste, since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs, and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced

down into his grave when I placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire to king up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done I sat at the bed-room window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account, as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand and now a foot and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done, I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought that the child was alive, and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edge. If a bird alighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or sound, how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever, but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth, there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. There I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" I could have told him

what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace, and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion, they were endeavouring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a low, deep howl, and presently there sprang over the wall two great dogs, who, bounding into the garden, repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were, and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper. What noble animals they are!"

But he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who, with their noses to the ground, moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down, and across, and round in circles, carving about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again, and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful death? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles's name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me, and forced me away, though I fought, and bit, and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth, and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell! That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom, or to hear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF MASTER HUMPHREY.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning, and roam

about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together, but saving in the country I seldom go out until after dark; though heaven be thanked, I love its light, and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth, as much as any creature living.

I have fallen insensibly into this habit, both because it favours my infirmity, and because it affords me greater opportunity of speculating on the characters and occupations of those who fill the streets. The glare and hurry of broad noon are not adapted to idle pursuits like mine; a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp or shop window, is often better for my purpose than their full revelation in the day-light; and, if I must add the truth, night is kinder in this respect than day, which too often destroys an air-built castle at the moment of its completion, without the smallest ceremony or remorse.

That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to hear it? Think of a sick man in such a place as Saint Martin's court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness obliged, despite himself, (as though it were a task he must perform,) to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker—think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie dead, but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come.

Then the crowds for ever passing and repassing on the bridges (or those which are free of toll at least) where many stop on fine evenings looking listlessly down upon the water, with some vague idea that by and by it runs between green banks which grow wider and wider, until at last it joins the broad vast sea—where some halt to rest from heavy loads, and think as they look over the parapet, that to smoke and lounge away one's life, and lie sleeping in the sun upon a hot tarpaulin, in a dull, slow, sluggish barge, must be happiness unalloyed, and where some, and a very different class, pause with heavier loads than they, remembering to have heard or read in some old time that drowning was not a hard death, but of all means of suicide the easiest and best.

Covent Garden market at sunrise too, in the spring or summer, when the fragrance of sweet flowers in the air, overpowering even the unwholesome steam of last night's debauchery, and driving the ducky thrush, whose cage has hung outside a garret window all night long, half mad with joy! Poor bird! the only neighbouring thing at all akin to the other little captives, some of whom, shrinking from the hot hands of drunken purchasers, lie drooping on the path already, while others, addled by close contact, await the time when they shall be watered and freshened up to please more sober company, and make old clerks, who pass them on their road to business, wonder what has filled their breasts with visions of the country.

But my present purpose is not to expatiate upon my walks, for I have an adventure to relate; it arose out of one of these rambles, and thus I have been led to speak of them by way of preface.

One night I had roamed into the city, and was walk-

ing slowly on in my usual way, musing upon a great many things, when I was arrested by an inquiry, the purport of which did not reach me, but which seemed to be addressed to myself, and was preferred in a soft, sweet voice, that struck me very pleasantly. I turned hastily round, and found at my elbow a pretty little girl, who begged to be directed to a certain street a considerable distance, and indeed in quite another quarter of the town.

"It is a very long way from here," said I, "my child."

"I know that, sir," she replied timidly. "I am afraid it is a very long way, for I came from there to-night."

"Alone?" said I, in some surprise.

"Oh yes, I don't mind that; but I am a little frightened now, for I have lost my road."

"And what made you ask it of me? Suppose I should tell you wrong?"

"I am sure you will not do that," said the little creature; "you are such a very old gentleman, and walk so slow yourself."

I cannot describe how much I was impressed by this appeal and the energy with which it was made, which brought a tear into the child's clear eye, and made her slight figure tremble as she looked up into my face.

"Come," said I, "I'll take you there."

She put her hand in mine as confidently as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together, the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and rather seeming to lead and take care of me than I to be protecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face, as if to make quite sure that I was not deceiving her, and that these glances (very sharp and keen they were too) seemed to increase her confidence at every repetition.

For my part, my curiosity and interest were at least equal to the child's, for child she certainly was, although I thought it probable, from what I could make out, that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance. Though more scantily attired than she might have been, she was dressed with perfect neatness, and betrayed no marks of poverty or neglect.

"Who has sent you so far by yourself?" said I.

"Somebody who is very kind to me, sir."

"And what have you been doing?"

"That I must not tell," said the child, firmly.

There was something in the manner of this reply which caused me to look at the little creature with an involuntary expression of surprise; for I wondered what kind of errand it might be that occasioned her to be prepared for questioning. Her quick eye seemed to read my thoughts, for as it met mine, she added that there was no harm in what she had been doing, but it was a great secret—a secret which she did not even know herself.

This was said with no appearance of cunning or deceit, but with an unsuspecting frankness that bore the impress of truth. She walked on as before, growing more familiar with me as we proceeded, and talking cheerfully by the way; but she said no more about her home, beyond remarking that we were going quite a new road, and asking if it were a short one.

While we were thus engaged, I revolved in my mind a hundred different explanations of the riddle, and rejected them every one. I really felt ashamed to take advantage of the ingenuousness or grateful feeling of the child for the purpose of gratifying my curiosity. I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they,

who are so fresh from God, love us. As I had felt pleased at first by her confidence, I determined to deserve it, and to do credit to the nature which had prompted her to repose it in me.

There was no reason, however, why I should refrain from seeing the person who had inconsiderately sent her to so great a distance by night and alone; and as it was not improbable that if she found herself near home, she might take farewell of me and deprive me of the opportunity, I avoided the most frequent ways, and took the most intricate; and thus it was not until we arrived in the street itself, that she knew where we were. Clapping her hands with pleasure, and running on before me for a short distance, my little acquaintance stopped at a door, and remaining on the step till I came up, knocked at it when I joined her.

A part of this door was glass, unprotected by any shutter, which I did not observe at first, for all was very dark and silent within, and I was anxious (as indeed the child was also) for an answer to our summons. When she had knocked twice or thrice, there was a noise as if some person were moving inside, and at length a faint light appeared through the glass, which, as it approached very slowly, the bearer having to make his way through a great many scattered articles, enabled me to see both what kind of person it was who advanced, and what kind of place it was through which he came.

It was a little old man, with long gray hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. Though much altered by age, I fancied I could recognise in his spare and slender form something of that delicate mould which I had noticed in the child. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike; but his face was so deeply furrowed and so very full of care, that here all resemblance ceased.

The place through which he made his way at leisure, was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood, and iron and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place; he might have groped among old churches and tombs and deserted houses, and gathered all the spoils with his own hands. There was nothing in the whole collection but what was in keeping with himself; nothing that looked older or more worn than he.

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather, and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why bless the child," said the old man patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way—what if I had lost thee, Nell?"

"I would have found my way back to you, grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed

that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! why who ever loved a child as I love Nelly?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought, which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage or imbecility.

"I don't think you consider"—I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand, and shaking his head twice or thrice, fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened, and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time every thing was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities that heaven gives them—and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking steadily at me, "the springs are too deep. Besides, the children of the poor know but few pleasures. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But—forgive me for saying this—you are surely not so very poor"—said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man.

"Her mother was, and she was poor. I save nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but"—he laid his hand upon my arm and leant forward to whisper, "She shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered any body else to do for me what her little hands could undertake. I don't consider!"—he cried with sudden querulousness, "why, God knows that

this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet he never prospers me—no, never."

At this juncture, the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man motioning me to approach the table, broke off, and said no more.

We had scarcely begun our repast, when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was childlike and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man, fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back, Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the door-way, looking into the parlour with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld. I entertained a grateful feeling towards the boy from that minute, for I felt that he was the comedy of the child's life.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one any where, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find, that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. It was a great point, too, that Kit himself was flattered by the sensation he created, and after several efforts to preserve his gravity, burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction, and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fulness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favourite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit himself (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

"Ah!" said the old man, turning to me with a sigh, as if I had spoken to him but that moment, "you don't know what you say when you tell me that I don't consider her."

"You must not attach too great a weight to a remark founded on first appearances, my friend," said I.

"No," returned the old man thoughtfully, "no, come hither, Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat, and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he, "Say—do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

The child only answered by her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast.

"Why dost thou sob?" said the grandfather, pressing her closer to him, and glancing towards me. "Is it because thou know'st I love thee, and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well—then let us say I love thee dearly."

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness, "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two-thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on being thus appealed to, and bawled "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't," after which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now," said the old man, patting the child's cheek, "but I say again, that the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When *will* it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know—how should'st thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth, "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!" and then he sighed and fell into his former musing state, and still holding the child between his knees, appeared to be insensible to every thing around him. By this time it wanted but a few minutes of midnight, and I rose to go, which recalled him to himself.

"One moment, sir," he said. "Now Kit—near midnight, boy, and you still here! Get home, get home, and be true to your time in the morning, for there's work to do. Good night! There, bid him good night, Nell, and let him be gone!"

"Good night, Kit," said the child, her eyes lighting up with merriment and kindness.

"Good night, Miss Nell," returned the boy.

"And thank this gentleman," interposed the old man, "but for whose care I might have lost my little girl to-night."

"No, no, my master," said Kit, "that won't do, that won't."

"What do you mean?" cried the old man.

"I'd have found her, master," said Kit, "I'd have found her, I'd bet that I'd find her if she was above ground, I would as quick as any body, master. Ha, ha, ha!"

Once more opening his mouth and shutting his eyes, and laughing like a Stentor, Kit gradually backed to the door, and roared himself out.

Free of the room, the boy was not slow in taking his departure; when he had gone, and the child was occupied in clearing the table, the old man said:

"I haven't seemed to thank you, sir, enough for what you have done to-night, but I do thank you humbly and heartily, and so does she, and her thanks are better worth than mine. I should be sorry that you went away, and thought I was unmindful of your goodness, or careless of her—I am not, indeed."

I was sure of that, I said, from what I had seen. "But," I added, "may I ask you a question?"

"Ay, sir," replied the old man, "what is it?"

"This delicate child," said I, "with so much beauty and intelligence—has she nobody to take care for her but you, has she no other companion or adviser?"

"No," he returned, looking steadfastly in my face, "no, and she wants no other."

"But are you not fearful," said I, "that you may misunderstand a charge so tender? I am sure you mean well, but are you quite certain that you know how to execute such a trust as this? I am an old man, like you, and am actuated by an old man's concern in all that is young and promising. Do you not think that what I have seen of you and this little creature to-night, must have an interest not wholly free from pain?"

"Sir," rejoined the old man after a moment's silence, "I have no right to feel hurt at what you say. It is true, that in many respects I am the child, and she the grown person—that you have seen already. But waking or sleeping, by night or day, in sickness or health, she is the one object of my care, and if you knew of how much care, you would look on me with different eyes, you would indeed. Ah! it's a weary life for an old man—a weary, weary life—but there is a great end to gain, and that I keep before me."

Seeing that he was in a state of excitement and impatience, I turned to put on an outer coat which I had thrown off on entering the room, purposing to say no more. I was surprised to see the child standing patiently by with a cloak upon her arm, and in her hand a hat and stick.

"Those are not mine, my dear," said I.

"No," returned the child, quietly, "they are grandfather's."

"But he is not going out to-night."

"Oh, yes he is," said the child, with a smile.

"And what becomes of you, my pretty one?"

"Me! I stay here, of course. I always do."

I looked in astonishment towards the old man, but he was, or feigned to be busied in the arrangement of his dress. From him I looked back to the slight, gentle figure of the child. Alone! In that gloomy place all the long, dreary night!

She evinced no consciousness of my surprise, but cheerfully helped the old man with his cloak, and when he was ready, took a candle to light us out. Finding that we did not follow as she expected, she looked back with a smile, and waited for us. The old man showed by his face that he plainly understood the cause of my hesitation, but he merely signed to me with an inclination of the head to pass out of the room before him, and remained silent. I had no resource but to comply.

When we reached the door, the child, setting down the candle, turned to say good night, and raised her face to kiss me. Then she ran to the old man, who folded her in his arms, and bade God bless her.

"Sleep soundly, Nell," he said in a low voice, "and angels guard thy bed. Do not forget thy prayers, my sweet."

"No, indeed," answered the child fervently, "they make me feel so happy!"

"That's well; I know they do; they should," said the old man. "Bless thee a hundred times. Early in the morning I shall be home."

"You'll not ring twice," returned the child. "The bell wakes me, even in the middle of a dream."

With this they separated. The child opened the door

(now guarded by a shutter which I had heard the boy put up before he left the house) and with another farewell, whose clear and tender note I have recalled a thousand times, held it until we had passed out. The old man paused a moment while it was gently closed and fastened on the inside, and satisfied that this was done, walked on at a slow pace. At the street corner he stopped, and regarding me with a troubled countenance, said that our ways were widely different, and that he must take his leave. I would have spoken, but summoning up more alacrity than might have been expected in one of his appearance, he hurried away. I could see that twice or thrice he looked back as if to ascertain if I were still watching him, or perhaps to assure himself that I was not following at a distance. The obscurity of the night favoured his disappearance, and his figure was soon beyond my sight.

I remained standing on the spot where he had left me, unwilling to depart, and yet unknowing why I should loiter there. I looked wistfully into the street we had lately quitted, and after a time directed my steps that way. I passed and repassed the house, and stopped and listened at the door; all was dark and silent as the grave.

Yet I lingered about, and could not tear myself away, thinking of all possible harm that might happen to the child—of fires, and robberies, and even murder—and feeling as if some evil must ensue if I turned my back upon the place. The closing of a door or window in the street, brought me before the curiosity-dealer's once more; I crossed the road and looked up at the house to assure myself that the noise had not come from there. No, it was black, cold and lifeless as before.

There were few passengers astir: the street was sad and dismal, and pretty well my own. A few stragglers from the theatres hurried by, and now and then I turned aside to avoid some noisy drunkard as he reeled homewards; but these interruptions were not frequent, and soon ceased. The clock struck one. Still I paced up and down, promising myself that every time should be the last, and breaking faith with myself on some new plea as often as I did so.

The more I thought of what the old man had said and of his looks and bearing, the less I could account, for what I had seen and heard. I had a strange misgiving that his nightly absence was for no good purpose. I had only come to know the fact through the innocence of the child, and though the old man was by at the time, and saw my undisguised surprise, he had preserved a strange mystery upon the subject, and offered no word of explanation. These reflections naturally recalled again more strongly than before his haggard face, his wandering manner, his restless, anxious looks. His affection for the child might not be inconsistent with villainy of the worst kind; even that very affection was in itself an extraordinary contradiction, or how could he leave her thus? Disposed as I was to think badly of him, I never doubted that his love for her was real. I could not admit the thought, remembering what had passed between us, and the tone of voice in which he had called her by her name.

"Stop here, of course," the child had said in answer to my question, "I always do!" What could take him from home by night, and every night? I called up all the strange tales I had ever heard of dark and secret deeds committed in great towns and escaping detection for a long series of years; wild as many of these stories were, I could not find one adapted to this mystery,

which only became the more impenetrable in proportion as I sought to solve it.

Occupied with such thoughts as these, and a crowd of others all tending to the same point, I continued to pace the street for two long hours; at length the rain began to descend heavily, and then overpowered by fatigue, though no less interested than I had been at first, I engaged in the nearest coach and so got home. A cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, the lamp burnt brightly, my clock received me with its old familiar welcome; every thing was quiet, warm, and cheering, and in happy contrast to the gloom and darkness I had quitted.

But all that night, waking or in my sleep, the same thoughts recurred, and the same images retained possession of my brain. I had ever before me the old dark, murky rooms—the gaunt suite of mail with their ghostly silent air—the faces all awry, grinning from wood and stone—the dust and rust and worm that lives in wood—and alone in the midst of all this lumber and decay and ugly age, the beautiful child in her gentle slumber, smiling through her light and sunny dreams.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Master Humphrey has been favoured with the following letter, written on strongly-scented paper, and sealed in light blue wax, with the representation of two very plump doves, interchanging beaks. It does not commence with any of the usual forms of address, but begins as is here set forth.

Bath, Wednesday night.

Heavens! into what an indiscretion do I suffer myself to be betrayed! To address these faltering lines to a total stranger, and that stranger one of a conflicting sex!—and yet I am precipitated into the abyss, and have no power of self-snatchation (forgive me if I coin that phrase) from the yawning gulf before me.

Yes, I am writing to a man, but let me not think of that, for madness is in the thought. 'You will understand my feelings! Oh, yes! I am sure you will, and respect them too, and not despise them—will you?

Let me be calm. That portrait—smiling as once he smiled on me—that cane, dangling as I have seen it dangle from his hand, I know not how oft—those legs that have glided through my nightly dreams and never stopped to speak—the perfectly gentlemanly though false original—can I be mistaken! oh, no, no.

Let me be calmer yet; I would be calm as coffins. You have published a letter from one whose likeness is engraved, but whose name (and wherefore?) is suppressed. Shall I breathe that name? Is it—but why ask when my heart tells me too truly that it is!

I would not upbraid him with his treachery, I would not remind him of those times when he plighted the most eloquent of vows, and procured from me a small pecuniary accommodation—and yet I would see him—see him did I say—him—alas! such is woman's nature. For as the poet beautifully says—but you will already have anticipated the sentiment. Is it not sweet? oh, yes!

It was in this city (hallowed by the recollection) that I met him first, and assuredly if mortal happiness be recorded any where, then those rubbers with their three-and-sixpenny points are scored on tablets of celestial brass. He always held an honour—generally two. On that eventful night we stood at eight. He raised his

eyes (luminous in their seductive sweetness) to my agitated face. "Can you?" said he, with peculiar meaning—I felt the gentle pressure of his foot on mine, our corns throbbed in unison. "Can you?" he said again, and every lineament of his expressive countenance added the words, "resist me!" I murmured "No," and fainted.

They said when I recovered, it was the weather. I said it was the nutmeg in the negus. How little did they suspect the truth! How little did they guess the deep mysterious meaning of that inquiry! He called next morning on his knees—I do not mean to say that he actually came in that position to the house-door, but that he went down upon those joints directly after the servant retired. He brought some verses in his hat which he said were original, but which I have since found were Milton's. Likewise a little bottle labeled laudanum; also a pistol and a swordstick. He drew the latter, uncorked the former, and clicked the trigger of the pocket fire-arm. He had come, he said, to conquer or to die. He did not die. He wrested from me an avowal of my love, and let off the pistol out of a back window, previous to partaking of a slight repast.

Faithless, inconstant man! How many ages seem to have elapsed since his unaccountable and perfidious disappearance! Could I still forgive him both that and the borrowed lucre that he promised to pay next week! Could I spurn him from my feet if he approached in penitence, and with a matrimonial object! Would the blinding enchanter still weave his spells around me, or should I burst them all and turn away in coldness? I dare not trust my weakness with the thought.

My brain is in a whirl again. You know his address, his occupations, his mode of life, are acquainted perhaps with his inmost thoughts. You are a humane and philanthropic character—reveal all you know—all; but especially the street and number of his lodgings. The post is departing, the bellman rings—pray Heaven it be not the knell of love and hope to
BRUNDA.

P. S. Pardon the wanderings of a bad pen and a distracted mind. Address to the post-office.—The bellman rendered impatient by delay, is ringing dreadfully in the passage.

P. P. S. I open this to say that the bellman is gone, and that you must not expect it till the next post, so don't be surprised when you don't get it.

Master Humphrey does not feel himself at liberty to furnish his fair correspondent with the address of the gentleman in question, but he publishes her letter as a public appeal to his faith and gallantry.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISITOR.

When I am in a thoughtful mood, I often succeed in diverting the current of some mournful reflections, by conjuring up a number of fanciful associations with the objects that surround me, and dwelling upon the scenes and characters they suggest.

I have been led by this habit to assign to every room in my house and every old staring portrait on its walls, a separate interest of its own. Thus, I am persuaded that a stately dame, terrible to behold in her rigid modesty, who hangs above the chimney-piece of my bed-room, is the former lady of the mansion. In the cupboard below is a stone face of surpassing ugliness, which I have some-

how—in a kind of jealousy, I am afraid—associated with her husband. Above my study, is a little room with ivy peeping through the lattice, from which I bring their daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, and dutiful in all respects save one, that one being her devoted attachment to a young gentleman on the stairs, whose grandmother (degraded to a disused laundry in the garden) piques herself upon an old family quarrel, and is the implacable enemy of their love. With such materials as these, I work out many a little drama, whose chief merit is, that I can bring it to a happy end at will; I have so many of them on hand, that if on my return home one of these evenings, I were to find some bluff old wight of two centuries ago, comfortably seated in my easy chair, and a love lorn damsel vainly appealing to his obdurate heart, and leaning her white arm upon my clock itself, I verily believe I should only express my surprise that they had kept me waiting so long, and never honoured me with a call before.

I was, in such a mood as this, sitting in my garden yesterday morning under the shade of a favourite tree, reveling in all the bloom and brightness about me, and feeling every sense of hope and enjoyment quenched by this most beautiful season of spring, when my meditations were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of my barber at the end of the walk, who I immediately saw was coming toward me with a hasty step that betokened something remarkable.

My barber is at all times a very brisk, bustling, active little man—for he is, as it were, chubby all over, without being stout or unwieldy—but yesterday his alacrity was so uncommon that it took me by surprise. Nor could I fail to observe, when he came up to me, that his gray eyes were twinkling in an extraordinary manner, that his little red nose was in an unusual glow, that every line in his round bright face was twisted and carved into an expression of pleased surprise, that his whole countenance was radiant with glee. I was still more surprised to see my house-keeper, who usually preserves a very staid air, and stands upon her dignity, peeping round the hedge at the bottom of the walk, and exchanging nods and smiles with the barber who twice or thrice looked over his shoulders for that purpose. I could conceive no announcement to which these appearances could be the prelude, unless it were that they had married each other that morning.

I was, consequently, a little disappointed when it only came out that there was a gentleman in the house who wished to speak to me.

"And who is it?" said I.

The barber with his face screwed up still tighter than before, replied that the gentleman would not send his name, but wished to see me. I pondered for a moment, wondering who this visitor might be, and I remarked that he embraced the opportunity of exchanging another nod with the house-keeper, who still lingered in the distance.

"Well!" said I, "bid the gentleman come here."

This seemed to be the consummation of the barber's hopes, for he turned sharp round, and actually ran away.

Now, my sight is not very good at a distance, and therefore when the gentleman first appeared in the walk, I was not quite clear whether he was a stranger to me or otherwise. He was an elderly gentleman, but came tripping along in the pleasantest manner conceivable, avoiding the garden-roller and the borders of the beds with inimitable dexterity, picking his way among the flower-

pots, and smiling with unspeakable good humour. Before he was half way up the walk he began to salute me; then I thought I knew him; but when he came towards me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his bland face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-coloured tights and his black gaiters—then, my heart warmed towards him, and I felt quite certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.

"My dear sir," said that gentleman as I rose to receive him, "pray be seated. Pray sit down.—Now, do not stand on my account—I insist upon it, really." With these words Mr. Pickwick gently pressed me down into my seat, and taking my hand in his, shook it again and again with a welcome, something of that heartiness and pleasure which the sight of him awakened, and I made him sit down beside me. All this time he kept alternately relaxing my hand, and grasping it again, and surveying me through his spectacles with such a beaming countenance as I never beheld.

"You knew me directly!" said Mr. Pickwick.—"What a pleasure it is to think that you knew me directly!"

I remarked that I had read his adventures very often, and that his features were quite familiar to me from the published portraits. As I thought it a good opportunity of adverting to the circumstance, I condoled with him upon the various libels on his character which had found their way into print. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and for a moment looked very indignant, but smiling again directly, added, that no doubt I was acquainted with Cervantes' introduction to the second part of Don Quixote, and that it fully expressed his sentiments on the subject.

"But now," said Mr. Pickwick, "don't you wonder how I found you out?"

"I will never wonder, and with your good leave, never know," said I, smiling in my turn. "It is enough for me that you give me this gratification. I have not the least desire that you should tell me by what means I have obtained it." "You are very kind," returned Mr. Pickwick, shaking me by the hand again, "you are so exactly what I expected! But for what particular purpose do you think I have sought you out, my dear sir? Now, what do you think I have come for?"

Mr. Pickwick put this question as though he were persuaded that it was morally impossible that I could by any means divine the deep purpose of his visit, and that it must be hidden from all human ken. Therefore, although I was rejoiced to think that I anticipated his drift, I feigned to be quite ignorant of it, and after a brief consideration shook my head despairingly.

"What should you say," said Mr. Pickwick, laying the fore-finger of his left hand upon my coat sleeve, and looking at me with his head thrown back, and a little one side, "what should you say, if I confessed that after reading your account of yourself and your little society, I had come here, a humble candidate for one of those empty chairs?"

"I should say," I returned, "that I know of only one circumstance which could still further endear that little society to me, and that would be the associating with it my old friend—for you must let me call you so—my old friend, Mr. Pickwick."

As I made this answer, every feature of Mr. Pickwick's face fused itself into one all-pervading expression of delight. After shaking me heartily by both hands at once, he patted me gently on the back, and then—I well understood why—coloured up to the eyes, and

hoped with great earnestness of manner that he had not hurt me.

If he had, I would have been content that he should have repeated the offence a hundred times rather than suppose so; but as he had not, I had no difficulty in changing the subject by making an inquiry which had been upon my lips twenty times already.

"You have not told me," said I, "any thing about Sam Weller."

"Oh! Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "is the same as ever. The same true faithful fellow that he ever was. What should I tell you about Sam, my dear sir, except that he is more indispensable to my happiness and comfort every day of my life?"

"And Mr. Weller, senior?" said I.

"Old Mr. Weller," returned Mr. Pickwick, "is in no respect more altered than Sam, unless it be that he is a little more opinionated than he was formerly, and perhaps at times more talkative. He spends a good deal of his time now in our neighbourhood, and has so constituted himself a part of my body-guard, that when I ask permission for Sam to have a seat in your kitchen on clock nights (supposing your three friends think me worthy to fill one of the chairs) I am afraid I must often include Mr. Weller too."

I very readily pledged myself to give both Sam and his father a free admission to my house at all hours and seasons, and this point settled, we fell into a lengthy conversation, which was carried on with as little reserve on both sides as if we had been intimate friends from our youth, and which conveyed to me the comfortable assurance that Mr. Pickwick's buoyancy of spirit, and indeed all his old cheerful characteristics, were wholly unimpaired. As he had spoken of the consent of my friends as being yet in abeyance, I repeatedly assured him that his proposal was certain to receive their most joyful sanction, and several times entreated that he would give me leave to introduce him to Jack Redburn and Mr. Miles (who were near at hand) without further ceremony.

To this proposal, however, Mr. Pickwick's delicacy would by no means allow him to accede, for he urged that his eligibility must be formally discussed, and that until this had been done, he could not think of obtruding himself further. The utmost I could obtain from him was, a promise that he would attend upon our next night of meeting, that I might have the pleasure of presenting him immediately on his election.

Mr. Pickwick having with many blushes placed in my hands a small roll of paper, which he termed his "qualifications," put a great many questions to me touching my friends, and particularly Jack Redburn, whom he repeatedly termed "a fine fellow," and in whose favour I could see he was strongly predisposed. When I had satisfied him on these points, I took him up into my room that he might make acquaintance with the old chamber which is our place of meeting.

"And this," said Mr. Pickwick stopping short, "is the clock! Dear me! And this is really the old clock!"

I thought he would never have come away from it.—After advancing towards it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he set himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then, he would retire a pace or two and look up at the dial to

see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick: never failing to glance towards me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room, and really when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs one after another to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good humour and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very last button of his gaiters.

I should have been well pleased, and should have had the utmost enjoyment of his company, if he had remained with me all day, but my favourite, striking the hour, reminded him that he must take his leave. I could not forbear telling him once more how glad he had made me, and we shook hands all the way down stairs.

We had no sooner arrived in the hall, than my house-keeper gliding out of her little room, (she had changed her gown and cap I observed,) greeted Mr. Pickwick with her best smile and curtsy, and the barber feigning to be accidentally passing on his way out, made him a vast number of bows. When the house-keeper curtsied, Mr. Pickwick bowed with the utmost politeness, and when he bowed the house-keeper curtsied again; between the house-keeper and the barber, I should say that Mr. Pickwick faced about and bowed with undiminished affability, fifty times at least.

I saw him to the door: an omnibus was at the moment passing the corner of the lane, which Mr. Pickwick hailed and ran after with extraordinary nimbleness. When he had got about half way he turned his head, and seeing that I was still looking after him and that I waved my hand, stopped, evidently irresolute whether to come back and shake hands again, or to go on. The man behind the omnibus shouted, and Mr. Pickwick ran a little way towards him; then he looked round at me, and ran a little way back again. Then there was another shout, and he turned round once more and ran the other way. After several of these vibrations, the man settled the question by taking Mr. Pickwick by the arm and putting him into the carriage, but his last action was to let down the window and wave his hat to me as it drove off.

I lost no time in opening the parcel Mr. Pickwick had left with me. The following were its contents:

MR. PICKWICK'S TALE.

A good many years have passed away since old John Podgers lived in the town of Windsor, where he was born, and where in course of time he came to be comfortably and snugly buried. You may be sure that in the time of King James the First, Windsor was a very quaint, queer old town, and you may take it upon my authority that John Podgers was a very quaint, queer old fellow; consequently he and Windsor fitted each other to a nicety, and seldom parted company, even for half a day.

John Podgers was broad, sturdy, Dutch-built, short, and a very hard eater, as men of his figure often are. Being a hard sleeper likewise, he divided his time pretty equally between these two recreations, always falling asleep when he had done eating, and always taking another turn at the trencher when he had done sleeping, by which means he grew more corpulent and more drowsy every day of his life. Indeed it used to be cur-

rently reported that when he sauntered up and down the sunny side of the street before dinner, (as he never failed to do in fair weather,) he enjoyed his soundest nap, but many held this to be a fiction, as he had several times been seen to look after fat oxen on market days, and had even been heard by persons of good credit and reputation to chuckle at the sight, and say to himself with great glee "Live beef, live beef!" It was upon this evidence that the wisest people in Windsor (beginning with the local authorities of course) held that John Podgers was a man of strong sound sense—not what is called smart, perhaps, and it might be of a rather lazy and apoplectic turn, but still a man of solid parts, and one who meant much more than he cared to show. This impression was confirmed by a very dignified way he had of shaking his head, and imparting at the same time a pendulous motion to his double chin; in short he passed for one of those people who being plunged into the Thames would make no vain efforts to set it afire, but would straightway flop down to the bottom with a deal of gravity, and be highly respected in consequence by all good men.

Being well to do in the world, and a peaceful widower—having a great appetite, which, as he could afford to gratify it, was a luxury and no inconvenience; and a power of going to sleep, which, as he had no occasion to keep awake, was a most enviable faculty—you will readily suppose that John Podgers was a happy man. But appearances are often deceptive when they least seem so; and the truth is, that notwithstanding his extreme sleekness, he was rendered uneasy in his mind and exceedingly uncomfortable by a constant apprehension that beset him night and day.

You know very well that in those times there flourished divers evil old women, who under the name of witches spread great disorder through the land, and inflicted various dismal tortures upon Christian men: sticking pins and needles into them when they least expected it, and causing them to walk in the air with their feet upwards, to the great terror of their wives and families, who were naturally very much disconcerted when the master of the house unexpectedly came home, knocking at the door with his heels, and combing his hair on the scraper. These were their commonest pranks, but they every day played a hundred others, of which none were less objectionable and many were much more so, being improper besides; the result was that vengeance was denounced against all old women, with whom even the king himself had no sympathy, (as he certainly ought to have had,) for with his own most gracious hand he penned a most gracious consignment of them to everlasting wrath, and devised most gracious means for their confusion and slaughter, in virtue whereof scarcely a day passed but one witch at least was most graciously hanged, drowned, or roasted in some part of his dominions. Still the press teemed with strange and terrible news, from the north or the south, or the east or the west, relative to witches and their unhappy victims, in some corner of the country, and the public's hair stood on end to that degree that it lifted its hat off its head, and made its face pale with terror.

You may believe that the little town of Windsor did not escape the general contagion. The inhabitants boiled a witch on the king's birthday, and sent a bottle of the broth to court, with a dutiful address expressive of their loyalty. The king being rather frightened by the present, piously bestowed it upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, and returned an answer to the address, wherein he gave them golden rules for discovering

witches, and laid great stress upon certain protecting charms, and especially horse-shoes. Immediately the towns-people went to work nailing up horse-shoes over every door, and so many anxious parents apprenticed their children to farriers, to keep them out of harm's way, that it became quite a genteel trade, and flourished exceedingly.

In the midst of all this bustle John Podgers ate and slept as usual, but shook his head a great deal oftener than was his custom, and was observed to look at the oxen less, and at the old women more. He had a little shelf put up in his sitting-room, whereon was displayed in a row which grew longer every week, all the witchcraft literature of the time; he grew leagued in charms and exorcisms, hinted at certain questionable females on broomsticks whom he had seen from his chamber window riding in the air at night, and was in constant terror of being bewitched. At length from perpetually dwelling upon this one idea, which being alone in his head had it all its own way, the fear of witches became the single passion of his life. He, who up to that time had never known what it was to dream, began to have visions of witches whenever he fell asleep; waking, they were incessantly present to his imagination likewise; and sleeping or waking he had not a moment's peace. He began to set witch-traps in the highway, and was often seen lying in wait round the corner for hours together, to watch their effect. These engines were of simple construction, usually consisting of two straws disposed in the form of a cross, or a piece of a Bible cover with a pinch of salt upon it, but they were infallible, and if an old woman chanced to stumble over them (as not unfrequently happened, the chosen spot being a broken and stony place) John started from a doze, pounced out upon her, and hung round her neck till assistance arrived, when she was immediately carried away and drowned. By dint of constantly inveigling old ladies and disposing of them in this summary manner, he acquired the reputation of a great public character, and as he received no harm in these pursuits beyond a scratched face or so, he came in course of time to be considered witch-proof.

There was but one person who entertained the least doubt of John Podgers's gifts, and that person was his own nephew, a wild, roving young fellow of twenty, who had been brought up in his uncle's house and lived there still—that is to say when he was at home, which was not as often as might have been. As he was an apt scholar, it was he who read aloud every fresh piece of strange and terrible intelligence that John Podgers bought; and this he always did of an evening in the little porch in front of the house, round which the neighbourhood would flock in crowds to hear direful news—for people like to be frightened, and when they can be frightened for nothing, and at another man's expense, they like it all the better.

One fine midsummer evening, a group of persons were gathered in this place listening intently to Will Marks, (that was the nephew's name) as with his cap very much on one side, his arm coiled slyly round the waist of a pretty girl who sat beside him, and his face screwed into a comical expression intended to represent extreme gravity, he read—with heaven knows how many embellishments of his own—a dismal account of a gentleman down in Northamptonshire, under the influence of witchcraft, and taken forcible possession of by the devil, who was playing his very self with him. John Podgers, in a high sugar loaf hat and short cloak, filled the opposite seat, and surveyed the auditory with a look

of mingled pride and horror very edifying to see, while the hearers, with their heads thrust forward and their mouths open, listened and trembled, and hoped there was a great deal more to come. Sometimes Will stopped for an instant to look round upon his eager audience, and then with a more comical expression of face than before, and a settling of himself comfortably, which included a squeeze of the young lady before mentioned, he launched into some new wonder, surpassing all the others.

The setting sun shed his last golden rays upon this little party, who, absorbed in their present occupation, took no heed of the approach of night, or the glory in which the day went down, when the sound of a horse approaching at a good round trot, invading the silence of the hour, caused the reader to make a sudden stop, and the listeners to raise their heads in wonder. Nor was their wonder diminished when a horseman dashed up to the porch, and abruptly checking his steed, inquired where "one John Podgers dwelt."

"Here!" cried a dozen voices, while a dozen hands pointed out sturdy John, still basking in the terrors of the pamphlet.

The rider, giving his bridle to one of those who surrounded him, dismounted, and approached John hat in hand, but with great haste.

"Whence come ye?" said John.

"From Kingston, master."

"And wherefore?"

"On most pressing business."

"Of what nature?"

"Witchcraft."

Witchcraft! Every body looked aghast at the breathless messenger, and the breathless messenger looked equally aghast at every body—except Will Marks, who finding himself unobserved, not only squeezed the young lady again, but kissed her twice. Surely he must have been bewitched himself, or he never could have done it—and the young lady too, or she never would have let him.

"Witchcraft?" cried Will, drowning the sound of his last kiss, which was rather a loud one.

The messenger turned towards him, and with a frown repeated the word more solemnly than before, then told his errand, which was, in brief, that the people of Kingston had been greatly terrified for some nights past by hideous revels, held by witches, beneath the gibbet within a mile of the town, and related and deposed to by chance wayfarers who had passed within ear-shot of the spot,—that the sound of their voices in their wild orgies had been plainly heard by many persons—that three old women laboured under strong suspicion, and that precedents had been consulted and solemn council had—and it was found that to identify the hags, some single person must watch upon the spot alone—that no single person had the courage to perform the task—and that he had been despatched express to solicit John Podgers to undertake it that very night, as being a man of great renown, who bore a charmed life, and was proof against unholy spells.

John received this communication with much composure, and said in a few words, that it would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure to do the Kingston people so slight a service, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to fall asleep, which no man regretted more than himself upon the present occasion, but which quite settled the question. Nevertheless, he said, there was a gentleman present (and here he looked very hard at a tall farrier) who having been engaged all his life in

the manufacture of horse-shoes, must be quite invulnerable to the power of witches, and who, he had no doubt, from his known reputation for bravery and good nature, would readily accept the commission. The farrier politely thanked him for his good opinion, which it would always be his study to deserve, but added, that with great regard to the present little matter, he could not think of it on any account, as his departing on such an errand would certainly occasion the instant death of his wife, to whom, as they all knew, he was tenderly attached. Now, so far from this circumstance being notorious, every body had suspected the reverse, as the farrier was in the habit of beating his lady rather more than tender husbands usually do; all the married men present, however, applauded his resolution with great vehemence, and one and all declared that they would stop at home and die if needful (which happily it was not) in defence of their lawful partners.

This burst of enthusiasm over, they began to look as by one consent towards Will Marks, who, with his cap more on one side than ever, sat watching the proceedings with extraordinary unconcern. He had never been heard openly to express his disbelief in witches, but had often cut such jokes at their expense as left it to be inferred, publicly stating on several occasions that he considered a broomstick an inconvenient charger, and one especially unsuited to the dignity of the female character, and indulging in other free remarks of the same tendency, to the great amusement of his wild companions.

As they looked at Will, they began to whisper and murmur among themselves, and at length one man cried, "Why don't you ask Will Marks?"

As this was what every body had been thinking of, they all took up the word, and cried in concert, "Ah! why don't you ask Will?"

"He don't care," said the farrier.

"Not he," added another voice in the crowd.

"He don't believe in it, you know," sneered a little man with a yellow face and taunting nose and chin, which he thrust out from under the arm of a long man before him.

"Besides," said a red-faced gentleman with a gruff voice, "he's a single man."

"That's the point!" said the farrier; and all the married men murmured, ah! that was it, and they only wished they were single themselves, they would show him what spirit was very soon.

The messenger looked towards Will Marks beseechingly.

"It will be a wet night, friend, and my gray nag is tired after yesterday's work—"

Here there was a general titter.

"But," resumed Will, looking about him with a smile, "if nobody else puts in a better claim to go for the credit of the town, I am your man, and I would be if I had to go afoot. In five minutes I shall be in the saddle, unless I am depriving any worthy gentleman here of the honour of the adventure, which I wouldn't do for the world."

But here arose a double difficulty, for not only did John Podgers combat the resolution with all the words he had, which were not many, but the young lady combated it too with all the tears she had, which were very many indeed. Will, however, being inflexible, parried his uncle's objections with a joke, and coaxed the young lady into a smile in three short whispers. As it was plain that he would go and set his mind upon it, John Podgers offered him a few first-rate charms out of his

own pocket, which he dutifully declined to accept, and the young lady gave him a kiss which he also returned.

"You see what a rare thing it is to be married," said Will, "and how careful and considerate all these husbands are. There's not a man among them but his heart is leaping to forestal me in this adventure, and yet his strong sense of duty keeps him back. The husbands in this one little town are a pattern to the world, and no must the wives be too, for that matter, or they could never boast half the influence they have?"

Waiting for no reply to this sarcasm, he snapped his fingers and withdrew into the house, and thence into the stable, while some busied themselves in refreshing the messenger, and others in baiting his steed. In less than the specified time, he returned by another way, with a good cloak hanging over his arm, a good sword girded by his side, and leading his good horse caparisoned for the journey.

"Now," said Will, leaping into the saddle at a bound, "up and away. Upon your mettle, friend, and push on. Good night!"

He kissed his hand to the girl, nodded to his drowsy uncle, waved his cap to the rest—and off they flew pell-mell as if all the witches in England were in their horses' legs. They were out of sight in a minute.

The men who were left behind shook their heads doubtfully, stroked their chins and shook their heads again. The farrier said that certainly Will Marks was a good horseman, nobody should ever say he denied that, but he was rash, very rash, and there was no telling what the end of it might be—what did he go for, that was what he wanted to know? He wished the young fellow no harm, but why did he go? Every body echoed these words, and shook their heads again, having done which they wished John Podgers good night, and straggled home to bed.

The Kingston people were in their first sleep, when Will Marks and his conductor rode through the town and up to the door of a house, where sundry grave functionaries were assembled, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the renowned Podgers. They were a little disappointed to find a gay young man in his place; but they put the best face upon the matter, and gave him full instructions how to conceal himself behind the gibbet, and watch and listen to the witches, and how at a certain time he was to burst forth and cut and slash among them vigorously, so that the suspected parties might be found bleeding in their beds next day, and thoroughly confounded. They gave him a great quantity of wholesome advice, besides, and—what was more to the purpose with Will—a good supper. All these things being done, and midnight nearly come, they sallied forth to show him the spot where he was to keep his dreary vigil.

The night was by this time dark and threatening. There was a rumbling of distant thunder, and a low sighing of wind among the trees, which was very dismal. The potentates of the town kept so uncommonly close to Will that they trod upon his toes, or stumbled against his ankles, or nearly tripped up his heels at every step he took; and besides these annoyances, their teeth chattered so with fear that he seemed to be accompanied by a dirge of castanets.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely, desolate space, and pointing to a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that yonder.

"Yes," he replied. "What then?"

Informing him abruptly that it was the gibbet where

he was to watch, they wished him good night in an extremely friendly manner, and ran back as fast as their feet would carry them.

Will walked boldly to the gibbet, and glancing upward when he came under it, saw—certainly with satisfaction—that it was empty, and that nothing dangled from the top but some iron chains, which swung mournfully to and fro as they were moved by the breeze. After a careful survey of every quarter, he determined to take his station with his face towards the town; both because that would place him with his back to the wind, and because if any trick or surprise were attempted, it would probably come from that direction in the first instance. Having taken these precautions, he wrapped his cloak about him so that it left the handle of his sword free, and ready to his hand, and leaning against the gallows-tree, with his cap not quite so much on one side as it had been before, took up his position for the night.

SECOND CHAPTER OF MR. PICKWICK'S TALE.

We left Will Marks leaning under the gibbet, with his face towards the town, scanning the distance with a keen eye which sought to pierce the darkness, and catch the earliest glimpse of any person or persons that might approach towards him. But all was quiet, and, save the howling of the wind as it swept across the heath in gusts, and the creaking of the chains that dangled above his head, there was no sound to break the sullen stillness of the night. After half an hour or so, this monotony became more disconcerting to Will than the most furious uproar would have been, and he heartily wished for some one antagonist with whom he might have a fair stand-up fight, if it were only to warm himself.

Truth to tell, it was a bitter wind, and seemed to blow to the very heart of a man whose blood, heated but now with rapid riding, was more sensitive to the chilling blast. Will was a daring fellow, and cared not a jot for hard knocks or sharp blades, but he could not persuade himself to move or walk about, having just that vague expectation of a sudden assault which made it a comfortable thing to have something at his back, even though that something were a gallows-tree. He had no great faith in the superstitious of the age, still such of them as occurred to him did not serve to lighten the time or render his situation the more endurable. He remembered how witches were said to repair at the ghostly hour to church-yards and gibbets, and such like dismal spots, to pluck the bleeding mandrake, or scrape the flesh from dead men's bones, as choice ingredients for their spells; how, stealing by night to lonely places, they dug graves with their finger-nails, or anointed themselves before riding in the air, with a delicate pomatum made of the fat of infants newly boiled. These, and many other fabled practices of a no less agreeable nature, and all having some reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, passed and repassed in quick succession through the mind of Will Marks, and adding a shadowy dread to that distrust and watchfulness which his situation inspired, rendered it upon the whole sufficiently uncomfortable. As he had foreseen, too, the rain began to descend heavily, and driving before the wind in a thick mist, obscured even those few objects which the darkness of the night had before imperfectly revealed.

"Look!" shrieked a voice, "Great Heaven, it has fallen down, and stands erect as if it lived!"

The speaker was close behind him—the voice was

almost at his ear. Will threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and darting swiftly round, seized a woman by the wrist, who, recoiling from him with a dreadful shriek, fell struggling upon her knees. Another woman, clad like her whom he had grasped, in mourning garments, stood rooted to the spot on which they were, gazing upon his face with wild and glaring eyes that quite appalled him.

"Say," cried Will, when they had confronted each other thus for some time, "what are ye!"

"Say what are you," returned the woman, "who trouble even this obscene resting-place of the dead, and strip the gibbet of its honored burden! Where is the body!"

He looked in wonder and affright from the woman who questioned him, to the other whose arm he clutched.

"Where is the body!" repeated his questioner, more firmly than before; "you wear no livery which marks you for the hireling of the government. You are no friend to us, or I should recognise you; for the friends of such as we are few in number. What are you then, and wherefore are you here?"

"I am no foe to the distressed and helpless," said Will. "Are ye among that number? ye should be by your looks."

"We are!" was the answer.

"It is ye who have been wailing and weeping here, under cover of the night?" said Will.

"It is," replied the woman, sternly, and pointing, as she spoke, towards her companion, "she mourns a husband, and I a brother. Even the bloody law that wreaks its vengeance on the dead, does not make that a crime; and if it did, 'twould be alike to us who are past its fear or favour."

Will glanced at the two females, and could barely discern that the one whom he addressed was much the elder, and that the other was young and of a slight figure. Both were deadly pale, their garments wet and torn, their hair dishevelled and streaming in the wind, themselves bowed down with grief and misery; their whole appearance most dejected, wretched, and forlorn. A sight so different from any he had expected to encounter, touched him to the quick, and all idea of any thing but their pitiable condition, vanished before it.

"I am a rough, blunt yeoman," said Will; "why I came here is told in a word; you have been overheard at a distance in the silence of the night, and I have undertaken a watch for hags or spirits. I came here expecting an adventure, and prepared to go through with any. If there be aught that I can do to help or aid you, name it, and on the faith of a man who can be secret and trusty, I will stand by you to the death."

"How comes this gibbet to be empty?" asked the elder female.

"I swear to you," replied Will, "that I know as little as yourself. But this I know, that when I came here an hour ago, or so, it was as it is now; and if, as I gather from your question, it was not so last night, sure I am that it has been secretly disturbed without the knowledge of the folks in yonder town. Bethink you, therefore, whether you may have no friends in league with you, or with him on whom the law has done its worst, by whom these sad remains have been removed for burial."

The women spoke together, and Will retired a pace or two while they conversed apart. He could hear them sob and moan, and saw that they wrung their hands in fruitless agony. He could make out little that they said, but between whiles he gathered enough to assure him

that his suggestion was not very wide of the mark, and that they not only suspected by whom the body had been removed, but also whither it had been conveyed. When they had been in conversation a long time, they turned towards him once more. This time the younger female spoke.

"You have offered us your help?"

"I have."

"And given a pledge that you are still willing to redeem?"

"Yea. So far as I may, keeping all plots and conspiracies at arm's length."

"Follow us, friend."

Will, whose self-possession was now quite restored, needed no second bidding, but with his drawn sword in his hand, and his cloak so muffled over his left arm as to serve for a kind of shield without offering any impediment to its free action, suffered them to lead the way. Through mud and mire, and wind and rain, they walked in silence a full mile. At length they turned into a dark lane, where, suddenly starting out from beneath some trees where he had taken shelter, a man appeared having in his charge three saddled horses. One of these (his own apparently) in obedience to a whisper from the women, he consigned to Will, who, seeing that they mounted, mounted also. Then, without a word spoken, they rode on together, leaving the attendant behind.

They made no halt nor slackened their pace until they arrived near Putney. At a large wooden house which stood apart from any other, they alighted, and giving their horses to one who was already waiting, passed in by a side door, and so up some narrow creaking stairs into a small paneled chamber, where Will was left alone. He had not been here very long, when the door was softly opened, and there entered to him a cavalier whose face was concealed beneath a black mask.

Will stood upon his guard, and scrutinised this figure from head to foot. The form was that of a man pretty far advanced in life, but of a firm and stately carriage. His dress was of a rich and costly kind, but so soiled and disordered that it was scarcely to be recognised for one of those gorgeous suits which the expensive taste and fashion of the time prescribed for men of any rank or station. He was booted and spurred, and bore about him even as many tokens of the state of the roads as Will himself. All this he noted while the eyes behind the mask regarded him with equal attention. This survey over, the cavalier broke silence.

"Thou'rt young and bold, and would'st be richer than thou art?"

"The two first I am," returned Will. "The last I have scarcely thought of. But be it so. Say that I would be richer than I am; what then?"

"The way lies before thee now," replied the mask.

"Show it me."

"First let me inform thee, that thou wert brought here to-night lest thou should'st too soon have told thy tale to those who placed thee on the watch."

"I thought as much when I followed," said Will. "But I am no blab, not I."

"Good," returned the mask. "Now listen.—He who was to have executed the enterprise of burying that body, which as thou hast suspected was taken down to-night, has left us in our need."

Will nodded, and thought within himself that if the mask were to attempt to play any tricks, the first eyelet-hole on the left-hand side of his doublet, counting from

the buttons up the front, would be a very good place in which to pink him neatly.

"Thou art here, and the emergency is desperate. I propose this task to thee. Convey the body (now coffined in this house) by means that I shall show, to the church of Saint Dunsten, in London, to-morrow-night, and thy service shall be richly paid. Thou'rt about to ask whose corpse it is.—Seek not to know. I warn thee, seek not to know. Felons hang in chains on every moor and heath. Believe as others do, that this was one, and ask no further. The murders of state policy, its victims or avengers, had best remain unknown to such as thee."

"The mystery of this service," said Will, "bespeaks its danger. What is the reward?"

"One hundred golden unities," replied the cavalier. "The danger to one who cannot be recognised as the friend of a fallen cause is not great, but there is some hazard to be run. Decide between that and the reward."

"What if I refuse?" said Will.

"Depart in peace, in God's name," returned the mask, in a melancholy tone, "and keep our secret: remembering that those who brought thee here were crushed and stricken women, and that those who bade thee go free could have had thy life with one word, and no man the wiser."

Men were readier to undertake desperate adventures in those times, than they are now. In this case the temptation was great, and the punishment even in case of detection was not likely to be very severe, as Will came of a loyal stock, and his uncle was in good repute, and a passable tale to account for his possession of the body and his ignorance of the identity, might be easily devised. The cavalier explained that a covered cart had been prepared for the purpose; that the time of departure could be arranged so that he should reach London Bridge, at dusk, and proceed through the city after the day had closed in; that people would be ready at his journey's end to place the coffin in a vault without a minute's delay; that officious inquirers in the streets would be easily repelled by the tale that he was carrying for interment the corpse of one who had died of the plague; and in short showed him every reason why he should succeed and none why he should fail. After a time they were joined by another gentleman, masked like the first, who added new arguments to those which had been already urged; the wretched wife too added her tears and prayers to their calmer representations; and in the end Will, moved by compassion and good-nature, by a love of the marvellous, by a mischievous anticipation of the terrors of the Kingston people, when he should be missing next day, and finally by the prospect of gain, took upon himself the task, and devoted all his energies to its successful execution.

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of Will Marks's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. After nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour, robberies and murder were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like

so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favoured fellows lurked in knots of three or four; some standing upright against the wall lying in wait, others skulking in gate-ways and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and recrossing and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was the noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water-spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses, swelled in no small degree. These odious matters being left to putrefy in the close and heavy air, emitted an unsupportable stench, to which every court and passage poured forth a contribution of its own. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimneys than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumored that some citizens had lately died; and few, who availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease or wonder at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry road, that Will Marks found the chief obstacles to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept) who scented what he carried, followed the cart or fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements wasted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamouring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils set loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked weapons, and hunted them savagely; there were drunk desperate robbers issuing from their dens, and staggering through the open streets where no man dared molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die or rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence, and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home; and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that on the peril of his life he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and not satisfied with his tale, question him closely, and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebuffed, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street, and reached the church at last.

As had been forewarned, all was in readiness. Directly he stopped, the coffin was removed by four men,

who appeared so suddenly, that they seemed to have started from the earth. A fifth mounted the cart, and scarcely allowing Will time to snatch from it a little bundle containing such of his own clothes as he had thrown off on assuming his disguise, drove briskly away. Will never saw cart or man again.

He followed the body into the church, and it was well he lost no time in doing so, for the door was immediately closed. There was no light in the building save that which came from a couple of torches borne by two men, in cloaks, who stood upon the brink of a vault. Each supported a female figure, and all observed a profound silence.

By this dim and solemn glare, which made Will feel as though light itself were dead, and its tomb the dreary arches that frowned above, they placed the coffin in the vault, with uncovered heads, and closed it up. One of the torch-bearers then turned to Will, and stretched forth his hand, in which was a purse of gold. Something told him directly that those were the same eyes he had seen beneath the mask.

"Take it," said the cavalier, in a low voice, "and be happy. Though these have been hasty obsequies, and no priest has blessed the work, there will not be the less peace with thee hereafter, for having laid his bones beside those of his little children. Keep thy own counsel, for thy sake no less than ours, and God be with thee!"

"The blessing of a widowed mother on thy head, good friend!" cried the younger lady, through her tears; "the blessing of one who has now no hope or rest but in this grave!"

Will stood with the purse in his hand, and involuntarily made a gesture as though he would return it; for, though a thoughtless fellow, he was of a frank and generous nature. But the two gentlemen extinguishing their torches, cautioned him to be gone, as their common safety would be endangered by a longer delay; and at the same time their retreating footsteps sounded through the church. He turned, therefore, towards the point at which he had entered, and seeing by a faint gleam in the distance that the door was again partially open, groped his way towards it, and so passed into the street.

Meantime the local authorities of Kingston had kept watch and ward all the previous night, fancying every now and then that dismal shrieks were borne towards them on the wind, and frequently winking to each other, and drawing closer to the fire as they drank the health of the lonely sentinel, upon whom a clerical gentleman present was especially severe by reason of his levity and youthful folly. Two or three of the gravest in company, who were of a theological turn, propounded to him the question whether such a character was not but poorly armed for single combat with the devil, and whether he himself would not have been a stronger opponent; but the clerical gentleman, sharply reproving them for their presumption in discussing such questions, clearly showed that a fitter champion than Will could scarcely have been selected, not only for that being a child of Satan, he was the less likely to be alarmed by the appearance of his own father, but because Satan himself would be at ease in such company, and would not scruple to kick up his heels to an extent which it was quite certain he would never venture before clerical eyes, under whose influence (as was notorious) he became quite a tame and milk-and-water character.

But when next morning arrived, and with it no Will Marks, and when a strong party repairing to the spot, as a strong party ventured to do in broad day, found Will

gone and the gibbet empty, matters grew serious indeed. The day passing away and no news arriving, and the night going on also without any intelligence, the thing grew more tremendous still; in short, the neighbourhood worked itself up to such a comfortable pitch of mystery and horror, that it is a great question whether the general feeling was not one of excessive disappointment when, on the second morning, Will Marks returned.

However this may be, back Will came in a very cool and collected state, and appearing not to trouble himself much about any body except old John Podgers, who, having been sent for, was sitting in the Town Hall, crying slowly and dozing between whiles. Having embraced his uncle, and assured him of his safety, Will mounted on a table and told his story to the crowd.

And surely they would have been the most unreasonable crowd that ever assembled together, if they had been in the least respect disappointed with the tale he told them, for besides describing the Witches' Dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table, with the assistance of a broomstick, he related how they carried off the body in a copper cauldron, and so bewitched him that he lost his senses until he found himself lying under a hedge at least ten miles off, whence he had straightway returned, as they then beheld. The story gained such universal applause that it soon afterwards brought down express from London, the great witch-finder of the age, the heaven-born Hopkins, who, having examined Will closely on several points, pronounced it the most extraordinary and the best accredited witch story ever known, under which title it was published at the Three-Bibles, on London bridge, in small quarto, with a view of the cauldron, from an original drawing, and a portrait of the clerical gentleman as he sat by the fire.

On one point, Will was particularly careful, and that was, to describe, for the witches he had seen, three impossible old females whose likenesses never were or will be. Thus he saved the lives of the suspected parties, and of all other old women who were dragged before him to be identified.

This circumstance occasioned John Podgers much grief and sorrow, until happening one day to cast his eyes upon his housekeeper, and observing her to be plainly afflicted with rheumatism, he procured her to be burnt as an undoubted witch. For this service to the state, he was immediately knighted, and became from that time Sir John Podgers.

Will Marks never gained any clue to the mystery in which he had been an actor, nor did any inscription in the church, which he often visited afterwards, nor any of the limited inquiries that he dared to make, yield him the least assistance. As he kept his own secrets, he was compelled to spend his gold discreetly and sparingly. In course of time, he married the young lady of whom I have already told you, whose maiden name is not recorded, with whom he led a prosperous and happy life. Years and years after this adventure it was his wont to tell her upon a stormy night, that it was a great comfort to him to think that those bones, to whomsoever they might once have belonged, were not bleaching in the troubled air, but were mouldering away, with the dust of their own kith and kindred, in a quiet grave.

As we were going up stairs, Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles which he had held in his hand hitherto; arranged his neckerchief, smoothed down his waistcoat, and made many other little preparations of that kind

which men are accustomed to be mindful of, when they are going among strangers for the first time, and are anxious to impress them pleasantly. Seeing that I smiled, he smiled too, and said that if it had occurred to him before he left home, he would certainly have presented himself in pumps and silk stockings.

"I would indeed, my dear sir," he said very seriously; "I would have shown my respect for the society, by laying aside my gaiters."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that they would have regretted your doing so, very much, for they are quite attached to them."

"No, really!" cried Mr. Pickwick with manifest pleasure. "Do you think they care about my gaiters? Do you seriously think that they identify me at all with my gaiters?"

"I am sure, they do," I replied.

"Well now," said Mr. Pickwick, "that is one of the most charming and agreeable circumstances that could possibly have occurred to me!"

I should not have written down this short conversation, but that it developed a slight point in Mr. Pickwick's character, with which I was not previously acquainted. He has a secret pride in his legs. The manner in which he spoke, and the accompanying glance he bestowed upon his tights, convince me that Mr. Pickwick regards his legs with much innocent vanity.

"But here are our friends," said I, opening the door and taking his arm in mine; "let them speak for themselves. Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick and I must have been a good contrast just then. I leaning quietly on my crutch-stick with something of a care-worn, patient air; he having hold of my arm, and bowing in every direction with the most elastic politeness, and an expression of face whose sprightly cheerfulness and good humour, knew no bounds. The difference between us must have been more striking yet as we advanced towards the table, and the amiable gentleman, adapting his jocund steps to my poor tread, had his attention divided between treating my infirmities with the utmost consideration, and affecting to be wholly unconscious that I required any.

I had made him personally known to each of my friends in turn. First, to the deaf gentlemen, whom he regarded with much interest, and accosted with great frankness and cordiality. He had evidently some vague idea, at the moment, that my friend being deaf must be dumb also; for when the latter opened his lips to express the pleasure it afforded him to know a gentleman of whom he had heard so much, Mr. Pickwick was so extremely disconcerted that I was obliged to step in to his relief.

His meeting with Jack Redburn was quite a treat to see. Mr. Pickwick smiled, and shook hands, and looked at him through his spectacles, and under them, and over them, and nodded his head approvingly, and then nodded to me, as much as to say, "this is just the man; you were quite right," and then turned to Jack and said a few hearty words, and then did and said every thing over again with unimpaired vivacity. As to Jack himself, he was quite as much delighted with Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Pickwick could possibly be with him. Two people never can have met together since the world began, who exchanged a warmer or more enthusiastic greeting.

It was amusing to observe the difference between this encounter, and that which succeeded, between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Miles. It was clear that the latter gentleman showed our new member as a kind of rival in the affections

of Jack Redburn, and besides this, he had more than once hinted to me, that he did consider that some of his exploits were unbecoming a gentleman of his years and gravity. Over and above these grounds of distrust, it is one of his fixed opinions that the law cannot possibly do any thing wrong; he therefore looks upon Mr. Pickwick as one who has justly suffered in purse and peace for a breach of his plighted faith to an unprotected female, and holds that he is called upon to regard him with some suspicion on that account. These causes led to a rather cold and formal reception; which Mr. Pickwick acknowledged with the same stateliness and intense politeness as was displayed on the other side. Indeed, he assumed an air of such majestic defiance, that I was fearful he might break out into some solemn protest or declaration, and therefore inducted him into his chair without a moment's delay.

This piece of generalship was perfectly successful. The instant he took his seat, Mr. Pickwick surveyed us all with a most benevolent aspect, and was taken with a fit of smiling full five minutes long. His interest in our ceremonies was immense. They are not very numerous or complicated, and a description of them may be comprised in very few words. As our transactions have already been, and must necessarily continue to be, more or less anticipated by being presented in these pages at different times and under various forms, they do not require a detailed account.

Our first proceeding when we are assembled, is, to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble, not only for the promotion of our own happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of languor or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by the others as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task pretty severely.

Our salutation over, the venerable piece of antiquity from which we take our name is wound up in silence. This ceremony is always performed by Master Humphrey himself, (in treating of the club, I may be permitted to assume the historical style, and speak of myself in the third person,) who mounts upon a chair for the purpose, armed with a large key. While it is in progress, Jack Redburn is required to keep at the further end of the room under the guardianship of Mr. Miles, for he is known to entertain certain aspiring and unhalcyon thoughts connected with the clock, and has even gone so far as to state that if he might take the works out for a day or two, he thinks, he could improve them.

We pardon him his presumption in consideration of his good intentions, and his keeping this respectful distance, which last penalty is insisted on, lest by secretly wounding the object of our regard in some tender point, in the ardor of his zeal for its improvement, he should fill us all with dismay and consternation.

This regulation afforded Mr. Pickwick the highest delight, and seemed, if possible, to exalt Jack in his good opinion.

The next ceremony is the opening of the clock-case (of which Master Humphrey has likewise the key,) the taking from it as many papers as will furnish forth our evening's entertainment, and arranging in the recess such new contributions as have been provided since our last meeting. This is always done with peculiar solemnity. The deaf gentlemen then fill and light his pipe, and we once more take our seats round the table

before mentioned, Master Humphrey acting as president—if we can be said to have any president, where all are on the same social footing—and our friend Jack as secretary. Our preliminaries being now concluded, we fall into any train of conversation that happens to suggest itself, or proceed immediately to one of our readings. In the latter case, the paper selected is consigned to Master Humphrey, who flattens it carefully on the table and makes dog's ears in the corner of every page, ready for turning over easily; Jack Redburn trims the lamp with a small machine of his own invention which usually puts it out; Mr. Miles looks on with great approval notwithstanding; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, so that he can follow the words on the paper or on Master Humphrey's lips, as he pleases; and Master Humphrey himself, looking round with mighty gratification and glancing up at his old clock, begins to read aloud.

Mr. Pickwick's face, while his tale was being read, would have attracted the attention of the dumbest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and forefinger as he gently beat time and corrected the air with the imaginary punctuation, the smile that mantled on his features at every jocose passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, after endeavouring to communicate with the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilized or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, "How—do—you—like it?"—when he did this, and handing it over the table, awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favour.

"It has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, who had watched Mr. Pickwick and every body else with silent satisfaction, "it has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, taking his pipe from his lips, "that now is our time for filling our only empty chair."

As our conversation had naturally turned upon our vacant seat, we lent a willing ear to the remark, and looked at our old friend inquiringly.

"I feel sure," said he, "that Mr. Pickwick must be acquainted with somebody who would be an acquisition to us; that he must know the man we want. Pray let us not lose any time, but set this question at rest. Is it so, Mr. Pickwick?"

The gentleman addressed was about to return a verbal reply, but remembering our friend's infirmity he substituted for this kind of answer some fifty nods. Then taking up the slate and printing on it a gigantic "Yes," he handed it across the table, and rubbing his hands as he looked round upon our faces, protested that he and the deaf gentleman quite understood each other already.

"The person I have in my mind," said Mr. Pickwick, "and whom I should not have presumed to mention to you until some time hence, but for the opportunity you have given me, is a very strange old man. His name is Bamber."

"Bamber!" said Jack, "I have certainly heard the name before."

"I have no doubt then," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that you remember him in those adventures of mine (the Posthumous Papers of our old club, I mean) although he is only incidentally mentioned; and if I remember right, appears but once."

"That's it," said Jack. "Let me see. He is the person who has a grave interest in the old mouldy chambers and the inns of court, and relates some anecdotes having reference to his favourite theme—and an old ghost story—is that the man?"

"The very same. Now," said Mr. Pickwick, lowering his voice to a mysterious and confidential tone, "he is a very extraordinary and remarkable person; living, and talking, and looking, like some strange spirit, whose delight is to haunt old buildings; and absorbed in that one subject which you have just mentioned, to an extent which is quite wonderful. When I retired into private life, I sought him out, and I do assure you that the more I see of him, the more strongly I am impressed with the strange and dreamy character of his mind."

"Where does he live?" I inquired.

"He lives," said Mr. Pickwick, "in one of those dull, lonely old places with which his thoughts and stories are all connected; quite alone, and often shut up close, for several weeks together. In this dusty solitude, he broods upon the fancies he has so long indulged, and when he goes into the world, or any body from the world without goes to see him, they all present to his mind and still his favourite topic.—I may say, I believe, that he has brought himself to entertain a regard for me, and an interest in my visits; feelings which I am certain he would extend to Master Humphrey's Clock if he were once tempted to join us. All I wish you to understand is, that he is a strange deluded visionary, in the world but not of it; and as unlike any body here as he is unlike any body elsewhere, that ever I have met, or known."

Mr. Miles received this account of our proposed companion with rather a wry face, and after murmuring that perhaps he was a little mad, inquired if he were rich.

"I never asked him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You might know, sir, for all that," retorted Mr. Miles, sharply.

"Perhaps so, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, no less sharply than the other, "but I do not. Indeed," he added, relapsing into his usual wildness, "I have no means of judging. He lives poorly, but that would seem to be in keeping with his character. I never heard him allude to his circumstances, and never fell into the society of any man who had the slightest acquaintance with them. I really have told you all I know about him, and it rests with you to say whether you wish to know more, or know quite enough already."

We were unanimously of opinion that we would seek to know more; and as a sort of compromise with Mr. Miles, (who although he said "yes—oh certainly—he should like to know more about the gentleman—he had no right to put himself in opposition to the general wish"—and so forth, shook his head doubtfully and hemmed several times with peculiar gravity,) it was arranged that Mr. Pickwick should carry me with him on an evening visit to the subject of our discussion, for which purpose an early appointment between that gentleman and myself was immediately agreed upon; it being understood that I was to act on my own responsibility, and invite him to join us, or not, as I might think proper.

This solemn question determined, we returned to the clock-case, (where we have been forestalled by the reader,) and between its contents, and the conversation they occasioned, the remainder of our time passed very quickly.

When we broke up, Mr. Pickwick took me aside, to tell me that he had spent a most delightful evening. Having made this communication with an air of the strictest secrecy, he took Jack Redburn into another corner to tell him the same, and then retired into another corner with the deaf gentleman and the slate, to repeat his assurance. It was amusing to observe the contest in his mind, whether he should extend his confidence to Mr. Miles, or treat him with dignified reserve. Half a dozen times he stepped back again without saying a word; at last, when he was close at that gentleman's ear, and upon the very point of whispering something conciliating and agreeable, Mr. Miles happened suddenly to turn his head, upon which Mr. Pickwick skipped away with some fierceness, "Good night, sir—I was about to say good night, sir—nothing more;" and so made a bow and left him.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when he got down stairs.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold hard, sir, right arm first—now the left—now one strong convulsion and the great coat's on, sir."

Mr. Pickwick acted upon these directions, and being further assisted by Sam, who pulled at one side of the collar, and the elder Mr. Weller, who pulled hard at the other, was speedily enrobed. Mr. Weller, senior, then produced a full sized stable lantern which he had carefully deposited in a remote corner on his arrival, and inquired whether Mr. Pickwick would have "the lamps alight."

"I think not to-night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Then if this here lady will per-mit," rejoined Mr. Weller, "we'll leave it here ready for next journey. This here lantern, mum," said Mr. Weller, handing it to the house-keeper, "vunce belonged to the celebrated Bill Blinder as is now at grass, as all on us vill be in our turns. Bill, mum, was the hostler as had charge o' them two vel known piebald leaders that run in the Bristol fast coach, and would never go to no other tune but a southerly vind and a cloudy sky, which was consecvently played incessant, by the guard, whenever they was on duty. He was took wery bad one arternoon, arter having been off his feel, and wery shaky on his legs for some weeks; and he says to the mate, 'Matey,' he says, 'I think I'm goin' the wrong side o' the post, and that my foot's wery near the bucket. Don't say I a'nt,' he says, 'for I know I am, and don't let me be interrupted,' he says, 'for I've saved a little money, and I'm a-goin' into the stable to make my last vill and testyment.' 'I'll take care as nobody interrupts you,' says his mates, 'but you on'y hold up your head, and shake your ears a bit, and you're good for twenty years to come.' Bill Blinder makes 'him no answer, but he goes away into the stable, and there he soon arterwards lays himself down s'tween the two piebalds, and dies,—previously a-writin' outside the corn-chest, 'This is the last vill and testyment of William Blinder.' They was nat'rally very much amazed at this, and arter looking among the litter, and up in the loft, and vere not, they opens the corn-chest, and finds that he'd been and chucked his vill inside the lid; so the lid was obligated to be took off the hinges, and sent up to Doctor's Commons to be proved, and under that ere wery instrument

this here lantern was passed to 'Tony Veller, vich circumstance, mum, gives it a wally in my eyes, and makes me rek-vest, if you vill be so kind, as to take particular care on it."

The housekeeper graciously promised to keep the object of Mr. Weller's regard in the safest possible custody, and Mr. Pickwick, with a laughing face, took his leave. The body-guard followed side by side: old Mr. Weller buttoned and wrapped up from his boots to his chin; and Sam followed with his hands in his pockets and his hat half on his head, remonstrating with his father, as he went, on his extreme loquacity.

I was not a little surprised, on turning to go up stairs, to encounter the barber in the passage at that late hour; for his attendance is usually confined to some half-hour in the morning. But Jack Redburn, who finds out (by instinct, I think) every thing that happens in the house, informed me with great glee, that a society in imitation of our own had been that night formed in the kitchen, under the title of "Mr. Weller's Watch," of which the barber was a member; and that he could pledge himself to find means of making me acquainted with the whole of its future proceedings, which I begged him both on my account and that of my readers, by no means to neglect doing.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER II.

After combating, for nearly a week, the feeling which impelled me to revisit the place I had quitted under the circumstances already detailed, I yielded to it at length; and determining that this time I would present myself by the light of day, bent myself thither early in the afternoon.

I walked past the house, and took several turns in the street, with that kind of hesitation which is natural to a man who is conscious that the visit he is about to pay is unexpected, and may not be very acceptable.

However, as the door of the shop was shut, and it did not appear likely that I should be recognised by those within, if I continued merely to pass up and down before it, I soon conquered this irresolution, and found myself in the Curiosity Dealer's warehouse.

The old man and another person were together in the back part, and there seemed to have been high words between them, for their voices which were raised to a very loud pitch suddenly stopped on my entering, and the old man advancing hastily towards me, said in a tremulous tone that he was very glad I had come.

"You interrupted us at a critical moment," he said, pointing to the man I had found in company with him; "this fellow will murder me one of these days. He would have done so, long ago, if he had dared."

"Bah! you would swear away my life if you could," returned the other, after bestowing a stare and a frown on me; "we all know that."

"I almost think I could," cried the old man, turning feebly upon him. "If oaths, or prayers, or words could rid me of you, they should. I would be quit of you, and would be relieved if you were dead."

"I know it," returned the other. "I said so, didn't I? But neither oaths, nor prayers, nor words, will kill me, and therefore I live, and mean to live."

"And his mother died!" cried the old man, passionately clasping his hands and looking upward; "and this is Heaven's justice!"

The other stood lounging with his foot upon a chair, and regarded him with a contemptuous sneer. He was a young man of one-and-twenty or thereabouts; well made, and certainly handsome, though the expression of his face was far from prepossessing, having, in common with his manner and even his dress, a dissipated, insolent air which repelled one.

"Justice or no justice," said the young man, "here I am and here I shall stop till such time as I think fit to go, unless you send for assistance to put me out—which you won't do, I know. I tell you again that I want to see my sister."

"Your sister," said the old man, bitterly.

"Ah! You can't change the relationship," returned the other. "If you could, you'd have done it long ago. I want to see my sister, that you cooped up here, poisoning her mind with your sly secrets, and pretending an affection for her that you may work her to death, and add a few scraped shillings every week to the money you can hardly count. I want to see her; and I will."

"Here's a moralist to talk of poisoned minds! Here's a generous spirit to scorn scraped-up shillings!" cried the old man, turning from him to me. "A profligate, sir, who has forfeited every claim not only upon those who have the misfortune to be of his blood, but upon society which knows nothing of him but his misdeeds. A liar, too," he added in a lower voice as he drew closer to me, "who knows how dear she is to me, and seeks to wound me even there, because there is a strangerer by."

"Strangers are nothing to me, grandfather," said the young fellow, catching at the word, "nor I to them, I hope. The best they can do, is to keep an eye to their business and leave me to mine. There's a friend of mine waiting outside, and as it seems that I may have to wait some time, I'll call him in, with your leave."

Saying this, he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some unseen person, who, to judge from the air of impatience with which these signals were accompanied, required a great quantity of persuasion to induce him to advance. At length there sauntered up, on the other side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness, which after many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road and was brought into the shop.

"There. It's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old man agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller in an under tone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied, and looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust; he also observed that while standing by the post at the street corner, he had observed a pig with a straw in his mouth issuing out of the tobacco-shop, from which appearance he augured that another fine week for the ducks was approaching, and that rain would certainly ensue. He furthermore took occasion to apologise for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes;" by which expression he was understood to convey to his hearers in the most delicate man-

ner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk.

"But what," said Mr. Swiveller with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather!—What is the odds so long as the spirit is expanded by means of rosy wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of our existence!"

"You needn't act the chairman here," said his friend, half aside.

"Fred," cried Mr. Swiveller, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them—we may be good and happy without riches, Fred. Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, Fred—is the old man friendly?"

"Never mind," replied his friend.

"Right again, quite right," said Mr. Swiveller, "caution is the word, and caution is the act." With what, he winked as if in preservation of some deep secret, and folding his arms and leaning back in his chair, looked up at the ceiling with profound gravity.

It was perhaps not very unreasonable to suspect from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but if no suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face, would still have been strong witness against him. His attire was not, as he had himself hinted, remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown body coat with a great many brass buttons up the front and only one behind, a bright check handkerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very ill-favoured handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savour of tobacco-smoke, and a prevailing greasiness of appearance). Mr. Swiveller leant back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely diabolical air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence.

The old man sat himself down in a chair, and, with folded hands, looked sometimes at his grandson and sometimes at his strange companion, as if he were utterly powerless, and had no resource but to leave them to do as they pleased. The young man reclined against a table at no great distance from his friend, in apparent indifference to every thing that had passed; and I—who felt the difficulty of any interference, notwithstanding that the old man had appealed to me, both by words and looks—made the best feint I could of being occupied in examining some of the goods that were disposed for sale, and paying very little attention to the persons before me.

The silence was not of long duration, for Mr. Swiveller, after favouring us with several melodious assurances that his heart was in the highlands, and that he wanted but his Arab steed, as a preliminary to the achievement

of great feats of valour and loyalty, removed his eyes from the ceiling and subsided into prose again.

"Fred," said Mr. Swiveller, stopping short as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him, and speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "is the old man friendly?"

"What does it matter?" returned his friend, peevishly.

"No, but is he?" said Dick.

"Yes, of course. What do I care whether he is or not?"

Emboldened as it seemed by this reply to enter into a more general conversation, Mr. Swiveller plainly laid himself out to captivate our attention.

He began by remarking that soda water, though a good thing in the abstract, was apt to lie cold upon the stomach unless qualified with ginger or a small effusion of brandy, which latter article he held to be preferable in all cases, saving for the one consideration of expense. Nobody venturing to dispute these positions, he proceeded to observe that the human hair was a great retainer of tobacco-smoke, and that the young gentlemen of Westminster and Eton, after eating a vast quantity of apples to conceal any scent of cigars from their anxious friends, were usually detected in consequence of their heads possessing this remarkable property; whence he concludes that if the royal society would turn their attention to the circumstance, and endeavour to find in the resources of science a means of preventing such untoward revelations, they might indeed be looked upon as benefactors to mankind. These opinions being incontrovertible with those he had already pronounced, he went on to inform us that Jamaica rum, though unquestionably an agreeable spirit of great richness and flavour, had the drawback of remaining constantly present to the taste next day; and nobody being venturesome enough to argue this point either, he increased in confidence and became yet more companionable and communicative.

"It's a devil of a thing, gentlemen," said Mr. Swiveller,—"when relations fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the wing of relationship should never be clipped, but be always expanded and serene. Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other with mutual violence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands and forgit it?"

"Hold your tongue," said his friend.

"Sir," replied Mr. Swiveller, "don't you interrupt the chair. Gentlemen, how does the case stand, upon the present occasion? Here is a jolly old grandfather—I say it with the utmost respect—and here is a wild young grandson. The jolly old grandfather says to the wild young grandson, 'I have brought you up and educated you, Fred; I have put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course as young fellows often do; and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one.' The wild young grandson makes answer to this and says, 'You're as rich as rich can be; you have been at no uncommon expense on my account, you're saving up piles of money for my little sister that lives with you in a secret, stealthy, hugger-mugger kind of way, and with no manner of enjoyment—why can't you stand a trifle for your grown-up relation?' The jolly old grandfather unto this, retorts, not only that he declines to fork out with that cheerful readiness which is always so agreeable and pleasant in a gentleman of his time of life, but that he will blow up, and call names, and make reflections whenever they meet.

Then, the plain question is, en't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman to hand over a reasonable amount of tin, and make it all right and comfortable?"

Having delivered this oration with a great many waves and flourishes of the hand, Mr. Swiveller abruptly thrust the head of his cane into his mouth as if to prevent himself from impairing the effect of his speech by adding one other word.

"Why do you hunt and persecute me, God help me?" said the old man turning to his grandson. "Why do you bring your profligate companions here? How often am I to tell you that my life is one of care and self-denial, and that I am poor?"

"How often am I to tell you," returned the other, looking coldly at him, "that I know better?"

"You have chosen your own path," said the old man. "Follow it. Leave Nell and I to toil and work."

"Nell will be a woman soon," returned the other, "and bred in your faith, she'll forget her brother unless he shows himself sometimes."

"Take care," said the old man with sparkling eyes, "that she does not forget you when you would have her memory keenest. Take care that the day don't come when you walk barefoot in the streets, and she rides by in a gay carriage of her own."

"You mean when she has your money?" retorted the other. "How like a poor man he talks!"

"And yet," said the old man dropping his voice and speaking like one who thinks aloud, "how poor we are, and what a life it is! The cause is a young child's, guiltless of all harm or wrong, but nothing goes well with it! Hope and patience, and hope and patience!"

These words were uttered in too low a tone to reach the ears of the young man. Mr. Swiveller appeared to think that they implied some mental struggle consequent upon the powerful effect of his address, for he poked his friend with his cane and whispered his conviction that he had administered "a clincher," and that he expected a commission on the profits. Discovering his mistake after a while, he appeared to grow rather sleepy and discontented, and had more than once suggested the propriety of an immediate departure, when the door opened, and the child herself appeared.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER III.

The child was closely followed by an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such

hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

There was ample time to note these particulars, for besides that they were sufficiently obvious without very close observations, some moments elapsed before any one broke silence. The child advanced timidly towards her brother and put her hand in his, the dwarf (if we may call him so) glanced keenly at all present, and the curiosity-dealer, who plainly had not expected his uncouth visitor, seemed disconcerted and embarrassed.

"Ah!" said the dwarf, who with his hand stretched out above his eye had been surveying the young man attentively, "that should be your grandson, neighbour!"

"Say rather that he should not be," replied the old man. "But he is."

"And that?" said the dwarf, pointing to Dick Swiveller.

"Some friend of his, as welcome here as he," said the old man.

"And that?" inquired the dwarf, wheeling round and pointing straight at me.

"A gentleman who was so good as to bring Nell home the other night when she lost her way, coming from your house."

The little man turned to the child as if to chide her or express his wonder, but as she was talking to the young man, held his peace, and bent his head to listen.

"Well, Nelly," said the young fellow aloud, "do they teach you to hate me, eh?"

"No, no. For shame. Oh, no!" cried the child.

"To love perhaps?" pursued her brother with a sneer.

"To do neither," she returned. "They never speak to me about you. Indeed they never do."

"I dare be bound for that," he said, darting a bitter look at the grandfather. "I dare be bound for that, Nell. Oh! I believe you there!"

"But I love you dearly, Fred," said the child.

"No doubt!"

"I do indeed, and always will," the child repeated with great emotion, "but, oh! if you would leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more."

"I see!" said the young man, as he stooped carelessly over the child, and having kissed her, pushed her from him: "There—get you away now you have said your lesson. You needn't whimper. We part good friends enough, if that's the matter."

He remained silent, following her with his eyes, until she had gained her little room and closed the door; and then turning to the dwarf, said abruptly,

"Harkee, Mr.—"

"Meaning me?" returned the dwarf. "Quilp is my name. You might remember. It's not a long one—Daniel Quilp."

"Harkee, Mr. Quilp, then," pursued the other. "You have some influence with my grandfather there."

"Some," said Mr. Quilp emphatically.

"And are in a few of his mysteries and secrets."

"A few," replied Quilp, with equal dryness.

"Then let me tell him once for all, through you, that I will come into and go out of this place as often as I like, so long as he keeps Nell here; and that if he wants to be quit of me, he must first be quit of her. What have I done to be made a bugbear of, and to be shunned

and dreaded as if I brought the plague? He'll tell you that I have no natural affection; and that I care no more for Nell, for her own sake, than I do for him. Let him say so. I care for the whim, then, of coming to and fro and reminding her of my existence. I will see her when I please. That's my point. I came here to-day to maintain it, and I'll come here again fifty times with the same object and with the same success. I said I would not stop till I had gained it. I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Swiveller, as his companion turned towards the door. "Sir!"

"Sir, I am your humble servant," said Mr. Quilp, to whom the monosyllable was addressed.

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene, and halls of dazzling light, sir," said Mr. Swiveller. "I will, with your permission, attempt a slight remark. I came here, sir, this day, under the impression that the old man was friendly."

"Proceed, sir," said Daniel Quilp; for the orator had made a sudden stop.

"Inspired by this idea and the sentiments it awakened, sir, and feeling as a mutual friend that badgering, baiting, and bullying, was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the social harmony of the contending parties, I took upon myself to suggest a course which is the course to be adopted on the present occasion. Will you allow me to whisper half a syllable, sir?"

Without waiting for the permission he sought, Mr. Swiveller stepped up to the dwarf, and leaning on his shoulder and stooping down to get at his ear, said in a voice which was perfectly audible to all present,

"The watch-word to the old man is—fork."

"Is what?" demanded Quilp.

"Is fork, sir," replied Mr. Swiveller, stepping his pocket. "You are awake, sir?"

The dwarf nodded. Mr. Swiveller drew back and nodded likewise, then drew a little further back and nodded again, and so on. By these means he in time reached the door, where he gave a great cough to attract the dwarf's attention, and gain an opportunity of expressing in dumb show the closest confidence and most inviolable secrecy. Having performed the serious pantomime that was necessary for the due conveyance of these ideas, he cast himself upon his friend's track, and vanished.

"Humph!" said the dwarf with a sour look and a shrug of his shoulders, "so much for dear relations. Thank God I acknowledge none! Nor need you either," he added, turning to the old man, "if you were not as weak as a reed, and nearly as senseless."

"What would you have me do?" he retorted in a kind of helpless desperation. "It is easy to talk and sneer. What would you have me do?"

"What would I do if I was in your case?" said the dwarf.

"Something violent, no doubt."

"You're right there," returned the little man, highly gratified by the compliment, for such he evidently considered it; and grinning like a devil as he rubbed his dirty hands together. "Ask Mrs. Quilp, pretty Mrs. Quilp, obedient, timid, loving Mrs. Quilp. But that reminds me—I have left her all alone, and she will be anxious and know not a moment's peace till I return. I know she's always in that condition when I'm away, though she doesn't dare say so, unless I lead her on and

tell her she may speak freely and I won't be angry with her. Oh! well-trained Mrs. Quilp!"

The creature appeared quite horrible with his monstrous head and little body, as he rubbed his hands slowly round, and round, and round again—with something fantastic even in his manner of performing this slight action—and, dropping his shaggy brows and cocking his chin in the air, glanced upward with a stealthy look of exultation that an imp might have copied and appropriated to himself.

"Here," he said, putting his hand into his breast, and sidling up to the old man as he spoke; "I brought it myself for fear of accidents, as being in gold, it was something large and heavy for Nell to carry in her bag. She need be accustomed to such loads betimes though, neighbour, for she will carry weight when you are dead."

"Heaven send she may! I hope so," said the old man with something like a groan.

"Hope so!" echoed the dwarf, approaching close to his ear; "neighbour, I would I knew in what good investment all these supplies are sunk. But you are a deep man, and keep your secret close."

"My secret!" said the other with a haggard look.—"Yes, you're right—I—I—keep it close—very close."

He said no more, but taking the money turned away with a slow uncertain step, and pressed his hand upon his head like a weary and dejected man. The dwarf watched him sharply, while he passed into the little sitting-room and locked it an iron safe above the chimney-piece; and after musing for a short space, prepared to take his leave, observing that unless he made good haste, Mrs. Quilp would certainly be in fits on his return.

"And so, neighbour," he added, "I'll turn my face homewards, leaving my dove for Nelly, and hoping she may never lose her way again, though her doing so has procured me an honour I didn't expect." With that he bowed and leered at me, and with a keen glance around which seemed to comprehend every object within his range of vision, however small or trivial, went his way.

I had several times essayed to go myself, but the old man had always opposed it and entreated me to remain. As he renewed his entreaties on our being left alone, and adverted with my thanks to the former occasion of our being together, I wittingly yielded to his persuasions, and sat down, pretending to examine some curious miniatures and a few old medals which he placed before me. It needed no great pressing to induce me to stay, for if my curiosity had been excited on the occasion of my first visit, it certainly was not diminished now.

Nell joined us before long, and bringing some needlework to the table, sat by the old man's side. It was pleasant to observe the fresh flowers in the room, the pet bird with a green bough shading his little cage, the breath of freshness and youth which seemed to rustle through the old dull house and hover round the child. It was curious, but not so pleasant, to turn from the beauty and grace of the girl, to the stooping figure, careworn face, and jaded aspect of the old man. As he grew weaker and more feeble, what would become of this lonely little creature—poor protector as he was—say that he died—what would her fate be then?

The old man almost answered my thoughts, as he laid his hand on hers, and spoke aloud.

"I'll be of better cheer, Nell," he said; "there must be good fortune in store for thee—I do not ask it for myself, but thee. Such miseries must fall on thy innocent

head without it, that I cannot believe but that, being tempted, it will come at last!"

She looked cheerfully into his face, but made no answer.

"When I think," said he, "of the many years—many in thy short life—that thou hast lived alone with me; of thy monotonous existence, knowing no companions of thy own age nor any childish pleasures; of the solitude in which thou hast grown to be what thou art, and in which thou hast lived apart from nearly all thy kind but one old man; I sometimes fear I have dealt hardly by thee, Nell."

"Grandfather!" cried the child in unfeigned surprise.

"Not in intention—no, no," said he. "I have ever looked forward to the time that should enable thee to mix among the gayest and prettiest, and take thy station with the best. But I still look forward, Nell, I still look forward, and if I should be forced to leave thee, meanwhile how have I fitted thee for struggles with the world! The poor bird yonder is as well qualified to encounter it, and be turned adrift upon its mercies—hark! I hear Kit outside. Go to him, Nell, go to him."

She rose, and hurrying away, stopped, turned back, and put her arms about the old man's neck, then left him and hurried away again—but faster this time, to hide her falling tears.

"A word in your ear, sir," said the old man in a hurried whisper. "I have been rendered uneasy by what you said the other night, and can only plead that I have done all for the best—that it is too late to retract, if I could (though I cannot)—and that I hope to triumph yet. All is for her sake. I have borne great poverty myself, and would spare her the sufferings that poverty carries with it. I would spare her the miseries that brought her mother, my own dear child, to an early grave. I would leave her—not with resources which could be easily spent or squandered away, but with what would place her beyond the reach of want for ever. You mark me, sir? She shall have no pittance, but fortune—hush! I can say no more than that, now or at any other time, and she is here again!"

The eagerness with which all this was poured into my ear, the trembling of the hand with which he clasped my arm, the strained and starting eyes he fixed upon me, the wild vehemence and agitation of his manner, filled me with amazement. All that I had heard and seen, and a great part of what he said himself, led me to suppose he was a wealthy man. I could form no comprehension of his character, unless he were one of those miserable wretches who have made gain the sole end and object of their lives, and having succeeded in amassing great riches, are constantly tortured by the dread of poverty, and beset by fears of loss and ruin. Many things he had said, which I had been at a loss to understand, were quite reconcilable with the ideas thus presented to me, and at length I concluded that beyond all doubt he was one of this unhappy race.

The opinion was not the result of hasty consideration, for which indeed there was no opportunity at that time, as the child came back directly, and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing lesson, of which it seemed he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlour, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how when he did sit down he tucked up his sleeves and

squared his elbows, and put his face close to the copy-book, and squinted horribly at the lines—how from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake, there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child, and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself—and how there was all the way through, notwithstanding, a gentle wish on her part to teach, and an anxious desire on his to learn—to relate all these particulars would, no doubt, occupy more space and time than they deserve. It will be sufficient to say that the lesson was given—that evening passed and night came on—that the old man again grew restless and impatient—that he quitted the house secretly at the same hour as before—and that the child was once more left alone within its gloomy walls.

And now that I have carried this history so far in my own character, and introduced these personages to the reader, I shall, for the convenience of the narrative, detach myself from its further course, and leave those who have prominent and necessary parts in it to speak and act for themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Quilp resided on Tower Hill; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs. Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her on the business which he has been already seen to transact.

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade and calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the custom house, and made appointments on Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested, dreary yard, called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust, as if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground; a few fragments of rusty anchors; several large iron rings; some piles of rotten wood; and two or three heaps of sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-broker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-broker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed. Neither did the place present any extraordinary aspect of life or activity, as its only human occupant was an amphibious boy in a canvass suit, whose sole change of occupation was from sitting on the head of a pile and throwing stones into the mud when the tide was out, to stand with his hands in his pockets gazing listlessly on the motion and on the bustle of the river at high water.

The dwarf's lodging on Tower Hill comprised, besides the needful accommodation for himself and Mrs. Quilp, a small sleeping-closet for that lady's mother, who resided with the couple and waged perpetual war with Daniel; of whom, notwithstanding, she stood in no slight dread. Indeed, the ugly creature contrived by some means or other—whether by his ugliness or his ferocity

or natural cunning, is no great matter, to impress with a wholesome fear of his anger, most of those with whom he was brought into daily contact and communication. Over nobody had he such complete ascendancy as Mrs. Quilp herself—a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly, every day of her life.

It has been said that Mrs. Quilp was pining in her bower. In her bower she was, but not alone, for besides the old lady her mother, of whom mention has recently been made, there were present some half dozen ladies of the neighbourhood, who had happened by a strange accident (and also by a little understanding among themselves) to drop in one after another, just about tea time. This being a season favourable to conversation, and the room being a cool, shady, lazy kind of place, with some plants at the open window shutting out the dust, and interposing pleasantly enough between the tea-table within and the old tower without, it is no wonder that the ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger, especially when there are taken into account the additional inducements of fresh butter, new bread, shrimps, and water-cresses.

Now, the ladies being together under these circumstances, it was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to tyrannise over the weaker sex, and the duty that devolved upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. It was natural for four reasons; first, because Mrs. Quilp being a young woman and notoriously under the dominion of her husband, ought to be excited to rebel; secondly, because Mrs. Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition, and inclined to resist male authority; thirdly, because each visitor wished to show for herself how superior she was in this respect to the generality of her sex; and, fourthly, because the company being accustomed to scandalise each other in pairs, were deprived of their usual subject of conversation now that they were all assembled in close friendship, and had consequently no better employment than to attack the common enemy.

Moved by these considerations, a stout lady opened the proceedings by inquiring, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr. Quilp was; whereupon Mr. Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply, "Oh! he was well enough—nothing much was ever the matter with him—and ill weeds were sure to thrive." All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs. Quilp as at a martyr.

"Ah!" said the spokesman, "I wish you'd give her a little of your advice, Mrs. Jiniwin." Mrs. Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—"Nobody knows better than you, ma'am, what us women owe to ourselves."

"Owe indeed, ma'am!" replied Mrs. Jiniwin. "When my poor husband, her dear father, was alive, if he had ever ventured a cross word to me, I'd have—" the good old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words. In this light it was clearly understood by the other party, who immediately replied, with great approbation; "You quite enter into my feelings, ma'am, and it's jist what I'd do myself."

"But you have no call to do it," said Mrs. Jiniwin. "Luckily for you, you have no more occasion to do it than I had."

"No woman need have, if she was true to herself," rejoined the stout lady.

"Do you hear that, Betsy?" said Mrs. Jiniwin, in a warning voice. "How often have I said the very same words to you, and almost gone down on my knees when I spoke 'em!"

Poor Mrs. Quilp, who had looked in a state of helpless nees from one face of condolence to another, coloured, smiled, and shook her head doubtfully. This was the signal for a general clamour, which beginning in a low murmur gradually swelled into a great noise, in which every body spoke at once, and all said that she being a young woman had no right to set up her opinions against the experience of those who knew so much better; that it was very wrong of her not to take the advice of people who had nothing at heart but her good; that it was next door to being downright ungrateful to conduct herself in that manner; that if she had no respect for herself, she ought to have some for other women, all of whom she compromised by her meekness; and that if she had no respect for other women, the time would come when other women would have no respect for her, and she would be very sorry for that, they could tell her. Having dealt out these admonitions, the ladies fell to a more powerful assault than they had yet made upon the mixed tea, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps and watercresses, and said their vexation was so great to see her going on like that, that they could hardly bring themselves to eat a single morsel.

"It's all very fine talk," said Mrs. Quilp, with much simplicity, "but I know that if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry any body he pleased—now that he could, I know!"

There was quite a scream of indignation at this idea. Marry whom he pleased! They would like to see him dare to think of marrying any of them; they would like to see the faintest approach to such a thing. One lady (a widow) was quite certain she should stab him if he hinted at it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Quilp, nodding her head, "as I said just now, it's very easy to talk, but I again say that I know—that I'm sure—Quilp has such a way with him when he likes, that the best looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead, and she was free, and he chose to make love to her. Come!"

Every one bridled up at this remark, as much as to say, "I know you mean me. Let him try—that's all." And yet for some hidden reason they were all angry with the widow, and each lady whispered in her neighbour's ear, that it was very plain the said widow thought herself the person referred to, and what a puss she was!

"Mother knows," said Mrs. Quilp, "that what I say is quite correct, for she often said so before we were married. Didn't you say so, mother?"

This inquiry involved the respected lady in rather a delicate position, for she certainly had been active in making her daughter Mrs. Quilp; and, besides, it was not supporting the family credit to encourage the idea that she had married a man whom nobody else would have. On the other hand, to exaggerate the captivating qualities of her son-in-law would be to weaken the cause of revolt, in which all her energies were deeply engaged. Beset by these opposing considerations, Mrs. Jiniwin admitted the powers of insinuation, but denied the right to govern, and with a timely compliment to the stout lady brought back the discussion to the point from which it had strayed.

"Oh! it's a sensible and proper thing indeed, what

Mrs. George has said!" exclaimed the old lady. "If women are only true to themselves!—But Betsy isn't, and more's the shame and pity."

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her," said Mrs. George; "before I'd consent to stand in awe of a man as she does of him, I'd—I'd kill myself, kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it!"

This remark being loudly commended and approved of, another lady (from the Minories) put in her word:

"Mr. Quilp may be a very nice man," said this lady, "and I suppose there's no doubt he is, because Mrs. Quilp says he is, and Mrs. Jiniwin says he is, and they ought to know, or nobody does. But still he is not quite a—what one calls a handsome man, nor quite a young man neither, which might be a little excuse for him if any thing could be; whereas his wife is young, and is good looking, and is a woman—which is the great thing after all."

This last clause being delivered with extraordinary pathos, elicited a corresponding murmur from the hearers, stimulated by which the lady went on to remark, that if such a husband was cross and unreasonable with such a wife, then—

"If he is!" interposed the mother, putting down her tea-cup and brushing the crumbs out of her lap, preparatory to making a solemn declaration. "If he is! he is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she doesn't call her soul her own, he makes her tremble with a word, and even with a look he frightens her to death, and she hasn't the spirit to give him a word back, no, not a single word."

Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious beforehand to all the tea-drinkers, and had been discussed and expatiated on at every tea-drinking in the neighbourhood for the last twelve months, this official communication was no sooner made than they all began to talk at once, and to vie with each other in vehemence and volubility. Mrs. George remarked, that people would talk, that people had often said this to her before, that Mrs. Simmons then and there present had told her so twenty times, that she had always said, "No, Henrietta Simmons, unless I see it with my own eyes and hear it with my own ears, I never will believe it." Mrs. Simmons corroborated this testimony, and added strong evidence of her own. The lady from the Minories recounted a successful course of treatment under which she had placed her own husband, who, from manifesting one month after marriage unequivocal symptoms of the tiger, had by this means become subdued into a perfect lamb. Another lady recounted her own personal struggle and final triumph, in the course whereof she had found it necessary to call in her mother and two aunts, and to weep incessantly night and day for six weeks. A third, who in the general confusion could secure no other listener, fastened herself upon a young woman still unmarried, who happened to be amongst them, and conjured her as she valued her own peace of mind and happiness, to profit by this solemn occasion, to take example from the weakness of Mrs. Quilp, and from that time forth to direct her whole thoughts to taming and subduing the rebellious spirit of man. The noise was at its height, and half the company had elevated their voices into a perfect shriek in order to drown the voices of the other half, when Mrs. Jiniwin was seen to change colour and shake her fore-finger stealthily, as if exhorting them to silence. Then, and not till then, Daniel Quilp himself, the cause and occasion of all this clamour, was observed

to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable."

"I—I—didn't ask them to tea, Quilp," stammered I is wife. "It's quite an accident."

"So much the better, Mrs. Quilp; these accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were incrust-ed, little charges for popguns. "What! Not going, ladies, you are not going, surely!"

His fair enemies tossed their heads slightly as they sought their respective bonnets and shawls, but left all verbal contention to Mrs. Jiniwin, who, finding herself in the position of champion, made a faint struggle to sustain the character.

"And why not stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind?"

"To be sure," rejoined Daniel—"why not?"

"There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Surely not," returned the dwarf. "Why should there be? Nor any thing unwholesome either, unless there's a lobster salad or prawns, which I'm told are not good for digestion."

"And you would not like your wife to be attacked with that, or any thing else that would make her uneasy, would you?" said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Not for a score of worlds," replied the dwarf, with a grin. "Not even to have a score of mothers-in-law at the same time—and what a blessing that would be!"

"My daughter's your wife, Mr. Quilp, certainly," said the old lady, with a giggle, meant for satirical, and to imply that he needed to be reminded of the fact; "your wedded wife."

"So she is, certainly, so she is," observed the dwarf.

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady, trembling, partly with anger and partly with a secret fear of her impish son-in-law.

"Hope she has," he replied. "Oh, don't you know, she has? Don't you know she has, Mrs. Jiniwin?"

"I knew she ought to have, Quilp, and would have, if she was of my way of thinking."

"Why an't you of your mother's way of thinking, my dear?" said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of your sex—your father said so every day of his life, I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed creature, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people," said Mrs. Jiniwin; "twenty hundred million thousand."

"I should like to have known him," remarked the dwarf. "I dare say he was a blessed creature then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release, I believe he had suffered a long time!"

The old lady gave a gasp, but nothing came of it; Quilp resumed, with the same malice in his eye and the same sarcastic smile on his tongue.

"You look ill, Mrs. Jiniwin; I knew you have been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps, for it is your weakness. Go to bed. Do go to bed."

"I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before."

"But please to go now. Do please to go now," said the dwarf.

The old woman looked angrily at him, but retreated as he advanced, and falling back before him, suffered him

to shut the door upon her and bolt her out among the guests, who were by this time crowding down stairs.—Being left alone with his wife, who sat trembling in a corner, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her, and folding his arms, looked steadily at her for some time without speaking.

"Mrs. Quilp," he said, at last.

"Yes, Quilp," she replied, meekly.

Instead of pursuing the theme he had in his mind, Quilp folded his arms again, and looked at her more sternly than before, while she averted her eyes and kept them on the ground.

"Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp."

"If ever you listen to these beldames again, I'll bite you."

With this laconic threat, which he accompanied with a snarl that gave him the appearance of being particularly in earnest, Mr. Quilp bade her clear the tea-board away, and bring the rum. The spirit being set before him in a huge case-bottle, which had originally come out of some ship's locker, he ordered cold water and the box of cigars; and these being supplied, he settled himself in an arm-chair, with his large head and face squeezed up against the back, and his legs planted on the table.

"Now, Mrs. Quilp," he said, "I feel in a smoking humour, and shall probably blaze away all night; but sit where you are, if you please, in case I want you."

His wife returned no other reply than the customary "Yes, Quilp," and the same lord of the creation took his first cigar, and mixed his first glass of grog. The sun went down and the stars peeped out, the Tower turned from its own proper colour to gray and from gray to black, the room became perfectly dark, and the end of the cigar a deep fiery red; but still Mr. Quilp went on smoking and drinking in the same position, and staring listlessly out of the window, with the dog-like smile always on his face, save when Mrs. Quilp made some involuntary movement of restlessness of fatigue, and then it expanded into a grin of delight.

MR. WELLER'S WATCH.

It seems that the house-keeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the house-keeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed," said she, "without Mr. Slithers, I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'rdness, mum," said Mr. Weller with the utmost politeness; "no call wot-somever. A lady," added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, "a lady can't be hock'rd. Natur has otherwise purwided."

The house-keeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried, "Hear! hear! Very true, sir;" whereupon Sam turned

about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew but you o' your trade, but he was worth a dozen and was indeed devoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way, sir," inquired Mr. Slithers: "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends was being retailed in gallipots in the above shop, and the first floor winder was ornamented with their heads; not to speak of the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man walking up and down the pavement on the outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they was, and there Jinkinson was, till he was took werry ill with some innard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and was confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that wenever he wot worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes as if he was ever so bad, calls out 'There's the bears!' and revives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur' neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happennin' to say 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says, 'doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me one favour?' 'I will, Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then, doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'will you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says, 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good.' 'Now,' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman,' he says, 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a trying it on with a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it's a waitin' below,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? you've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? You've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeezed the doctor's hand and begun that very day; he kept his tools upon his bed, and wenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house with heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer cum to make his vill; all the time he was a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere enippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was wery nearly

bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedately complied with; then he says, that he feels wery happy in his mind, and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the house-keeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and to be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'rdness in ladies, Sammy," replied his father.

"You don't think she's fallen in love with you in consequence o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass, my boy," replied Mr. Weller in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afraid of inadvertent captivation, Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugly or unpleasant I'd do it, Samivel, rayther than live in this here state of perpetual terror!"

Mr. Weller had at that time no further opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down stairs, apologising as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale cellar. The preparations which were already made sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale jug and glasses, flanked with clean pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was a goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements, Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulse, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it couldn't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if you please."

"But I like it of all things," said the house-keeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the house-keeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said no again, but more feebly than before. The house-keeper lighted a piece of paper and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe with her own fais hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the house-keeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the house-keeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself,

or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady was agreeable, it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four to make up a clob of our own like the governors does up stairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent, "be the president."

The house-keeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manoeuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain, and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it, and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude, then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the vacant cheers. Ladies and gen'l'men, Mr. Weller's watch is wound up and now a goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times and declared the association formally constituted.

"And don't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer, Samivel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the cellar, and then p'raps we may get into wot the 'Merrikine call a fix, and the English a question o' privileges."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good, sir; tell another," returned the chair.

"We was a talking jist now, sir," said Sam, turning to Slithers, "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme, sir, I'll you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber, as p'raps you may never have heard."

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your observations to the cheer, sir, and not to private individuals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, "if I might rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as hair-dresser."

"Well, but suppose he wasn't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Vy, then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same vay as ev'ry gen'l'man in another place is a Honourable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'l'man says of another, 'the Honourable member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you will understand sir, that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and universal fiction.'"

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained, and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there was a young hair-dresser as opened a verry smart little shop with four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'l'men and two ladies—the gen'l'men with blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies with their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in vich last respect they had the advantage over the gen'l'men, as they wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder, and terminated rayther abrupt in fancy drapery. He had also many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass-cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up stairs, and a weighen' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, which this 'ere young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short, he was so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he was always wretched and miserable to think they was behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Menday on that account. Vun o' these dummies was a fav'rite with him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him vy he didn't get married—as the young he know'd, in partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young 'ooman as realises my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy with the light hair. Then, and not till then,' he says, 'vill I approach the altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this was wery sinful, and that he was wurshippin' a idle; but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy, coloured up wery much, and was observed to think him a wery nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller, gravely, "a member o' this assosciashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immediately referred to, I have to request that you will make no reflexions."

"I ain't a makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order, sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller, with severe dignity; then sinking the chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded:

"The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o'

makin' this avowal above six months, ven he encountered a young lady as was the wery picter o' the fairest demmy. "Now," he says, 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady was not only the picter o' the fairest demmy, but she was wery romantic as the young hair-dresser was too; and he says, 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin'—here's a flow o' soul,' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly arterwards vent to see him with a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'rectly she sees the dummies, she changes colour and falls a tremblin' violently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hair-dresser; 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose imige is that?' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'l'men. 'No vun's, my love,' he says, 'it's but a idea.' 'A idea!' says she, 'it's a portrait—I feel it's a portrait; and that 'ere noble face must be in the milingitary!' 'Wot do I hear?' says he, a crumplin' his curls. 'William Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hair-dresser, 'is a reg'lar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate.—Farewell!' With these words, he rushes into the shop, breaks the demmy's nose with a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles arterwards.

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Vy, ma'am," said Sam, "findin' that Fate had a spite agin her and every body she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away—by rayther slow degrees, for she ain't dead yet. It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all, that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man, sir?" inquired Sam.

The barber replied that he had not that honour.

"I s'pose you mean to be!" said Sam.

"Well," replied the barber, rubbing his hands smirkingly, "I don't know, I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign," said Sam; "if you'd said you meant to be vun o' these days, I should ha' looked upon you as bein' safe. You're in a very precarious state."

"I'm not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more was I, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing, "those were my symptoms exactly. I've been took that way twice. Keep your vether eye open, my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way which Mr. Weller still kept his eye fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and mightn't have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman's attention, and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether "there was anythin' wery piercin' in that 'ere little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued

the old gentleman. "Has it always been obdurate, always opposed to the happiness o' human creaturs? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, the housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same, followed by the barber, who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen, until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Wot for?" returned Sam; "wot's he got to do with you? You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinde o' terror, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and piercers!"

"Was I a talkin' about hearts and piercers? was I, though, Sammy, eh?"

"Was you! of course you was."

"She don't know no better, Sammy; there a's't no harm in it, no danger, Sammy; she's only a punster. She seemed pleased, though, didn't she? O' course she was pleased; it's nat'ral she should be, wery nat'ral."

"He's wain of it!" exclaimed Sam, joining in his father's mirth—"he's actually wain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr. Weller, composing his features, "they're a comin' back, the little heart's a comin' back. But mark these words o' mine once more, and remember em ven your father says he said 'em: Samivel, I mistrust that deceitful barber."

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER V.

Whether Mr. Quilp took any sleep by snatches of a few winks at a time, or whether he sat with his eyes wide open all night long, certain it is that he kept his cigar alight, and kindled every fresh one from the ashes of that which was nearly consumed, without requiring the assistance of a candle.

Nor did the striking of the clocks, hour after hour, appear to inspire him with any sense of drowsiness or any natural desire to go to rest, but rather to increase his wakefulness, which he showed, at every such indication of the progress of the night, by a suppressed cackling in his throat, and a motion of his shoulders, like one who laughs heartily, but at the same time slyly and by stealth.

At length the day broke, and poor Mrs. Quilp, shivering with the cold of early morning, and harassed by fatigue and want of sleep, was discovered sitting patiently on her chair, raising her eyes at intervals in mute appeal to the compassion and clemency of her lord, and gently reminding him by an occasional cough that she was still unpardoned, and that her penance had been of long duration.

But her dwarfish spouse still smoked his cigar and drank his rum without heeding her; and it was not until the sun had some time risen, and the activity and noise of city day were rife in the street, that he deigned to recognise her presence by any word or sign. He might not have done so even then, but for certain impatient tappings at the door, which seemed to denote that some pretty hard knuckles were actively engaged upon the other side.

"Why, dear me!" he said, looking round with a malicious grin, "it's day! Open the door, sweet Mrs. Quilp."

His obedient wife withdrew the bolt, and her lady mother entered.

Now Mrs. Jiniwin bounced into the room with great impetuosity, for supposing her son-in-law to be still a-bed, she had come to relieve her feelings by pronouncing a strong opinion upon his general conduct and character. Seeing that he was up and dressed, and that the room appeared to have been occupied ever since she quitted it on the previous evening, she stopped short, in some embarrassment.

Nothing escaped the hawk's eye of the ugly little man, who perfectly understanding what passed in the old lady's mind, turned uglier still in the fulness of his satisfaction, and bade her good morning with a leer of triumph.

"Why, Betsy," said the old woman, "you haven't been a—you don't mean to say you've been a"—

"Sitting up all night?" said Quilp, supplying the conclusion of the sentence. "Yes she has!"

"All night!" cried Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aye, all night. Is the dear old lady deaf?" said Quilp, with a smile, of which a frown was part. "Who says man and wife are bad company? Ha! ha! The time has flown."

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Come, come," said Quilp, wilfully misunderstanding her, of course, "you mustn't call her names. She's married now, you know. And though she *did* beguile the time and keep me from my bed, you must not be so tenderly careful of me as to be out of humour with her. Bless you for a dear old lady. Here's your health."

"I am much obliged to you," returned the old woman, testifying by a certain restlessness in her hands, a vehement desire to shake her matronly fist at her son-in-law. "Oh! I'm very much obliged to you!"

"Grateful soul!" cried the dwarf. "Mrs. Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp," said the timid sufferer.

"Help your mother to get breakfast, Mrs. Quilp. I am going to the wharf this morning—the earlier, the better—so be quick."

Mrs. Jiniwin made a faint demonstration of rebellion by sitting down in a chair near the door, and folding her arms as if in a resolute determination to do nothing. But a few whispered words from her daughter, and a kind inquiry from her son-in-law whether she felt faint, with a hint that there was abundance of cold water in the next apartment, routed these symptoms effectually, and she applied herself to the prescribed preparations with sullen diligence.

While they were in progress, Mr. Quilp withdrew to the adjoining room, and, turning back his coat-collar, proceeded to smear his countenance with a damp towel of very unwholesome appearance, which made his complexion rather more cloudy than it was before. But, while he was thus engaged, his caution and inquisitiveness did not forsake him, for with a face as sharp and cunning as ever he often stopped, even in this short process, and stood listening for any conversation in the next room, of which he might be the theme.

"Ah!" he said, after a short effort of attention, "it was not the towel over my ears, I thought it wasn't. I'm a little hunchy villain and a monster, am I, Mrs. Jiniwin? Oh!"

The pleasure of this discovery called up the old dog-like smile in full force. When he had quite done with

it, he shook himself in a very dog-like manner, and rejoined the ladies.

Mr. Quilp now walked up to the front of the looking-glass, and was standing, putting on his neckerchief, when Mrs. Jiniwin, happening to be behind him, could not resist the inclination she felt to shake her fist at her tyrant son-in-law. It was the gesture of an instant, but as she did so, and accompanied the action with a menacing look, she met his eye in the glass, catching her in the very act. The same glance at the mirror conveyed to her the reflection of a horribly grotesque and distorted face with the tongue lolling out; and the next instant the dwarf, turning about with a perfectly bland and placid look, inquired in a tone of great affection,

"How are you now, my dear old darling?"

Slight and ridiculous as the incident was, it made him appear such a little fiend, and withal such a keen and knowing one, that the old woman felt too much afraid of him to utter a single word, and suffered herself to be led with extraordinary politeness to the breakfast table. Here he by no means diminished the impression he had just produced, for he ate hard eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and water-cresses at the same time, and with extraordinary greediness drank boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again, and in short performed so many horrifying and uncommon acts, that the women were nearly frightened out of their wits, and began to doubt if he were really a human creature. At last, having gone through these proceedings and many others which were equally a part of his system, Mr. Quilp left them reduced to a very obedient and humble state, and betook himself to the river side, where he took boat for the wharf on which he had bestowed his name.

It was flood tide when Daniel Quilp sat himself down in the wherry to cross to the opposite shore. A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck, or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forests of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short, impatient strokes with her heavy paddles as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames.

On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old gray Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church-spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour.

Daniel Quilp, who was not much affected by a bright morning, save in so far as it spared him the trouble of carrying an umbrella, caused himself to be put ashore

hurl by the wharf, and proceeded thither through a narrow lane, which, partaking of the amphibious character of its frequenters, had as much water as mud in its composition, and a very liberal supply of each. Arrived at his destination, the first object that presented itself to his view was a pair of very imperfectly shod feet, elevated in the air with the soles upwards, which remarkable appearance was referable to the boy, who, being of an eccentric spirit, and having a natural taste for tumbling, was now standing on his head and contemplating the aspect of the river under these uncommon circumstances. He was on his heels by the sound of his master's voice, and as soon as his head was in its right position. Mr. Quilp, to speak expressively in the absence of a better verb, "punched it" for him.

"Come, you let me alone," said the boy, parrying Quilp's hand with both his elbows alternately. "You'll get something you won't like if you don't, and so I tell you."

"You dog," snarled Quilp, "I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes, if you talk to me—I will."

With these threats he clenched his hand again, and dextrously diving in between the elbows, and catching the boy's head as it dodged from side to side, gave it three or four good hard knocks. Having now carried his point, and insisted on it, he left off.

"You won't do it again," said the boy, nodding his head and drawing back, with the elbows ready in case of the worst; "now——"

"Stand still, you dog," said Quilp. "I won't do it again, because I've done it as often as I want. Here, take the key."

"Why don't you hit one of your size?" said the boy, approaching very slowly.

"Where is there one of my size, you dog?" returned Quilp. "Take the key, or I'll brain you with it"—indeed he gave him a smart rap with the handle as he spoke. "Now open the counting-house."

The boy sulkily complied, muttering at first, but desisting when he looked round and saw that Quilp was following him with a steady look. And here it may be remarked, that between this boy and the dwarf there existed a strange kind of mutual liking. How born or bred, or how nourished upon blows and threats on one side, and retorts and defiance on the other, is not to the purpose. Quilp would certainly suffer nobody to contradict him but the boy, and the boy would assuredly not have submitted to be so knocked about by any body but Quilp, when he had the power to runaway at any time he chose.

"Now," said Quilp, passing into the wooden counting-house, "you mind the wharf. Stand upon your head again, and I'll cut one of your feet off."

The boy made no answer, but directly Quilp had shut himself in, stood on his head before the door, then walked on his hands to the back and stood on his head there, and then to the opposite side and repeated the performance. There were indeed four sides to the counting-house, but he avoided that one where the window was, deeming it probable that Quilp would be looking out of it. This was prudent, for in point of fact the dwarf, knowing his disposition, was lying in wait at a little distance from the wash, armed with a large piece of wood, which, being rough and jagged, and studded in many parts with broken nails, might possibly have hurt him.

It was a dirty little box, this counting-house, with nothing in it but an old rickety desk and two stools. a

bat-peg, an ancient almsnack, an inkstand with no ink and the stump of one pen, and an eight-day clock which hadn't gone for eighteen years at least, and of which the minute-hand had been twisted off for a tooth-pick. Daniel Quilp pulled his hat over his brows, climbed on to the desk, (which had a flat top,) and stretching his short length upon it, went to sleep with the ease of an old practitioner; intending, no doubt, to compensate himself for the deprivation of last night's rest, by a long and sound nap.

Sound it might have been, but long it was not, for he had not been asleep a quarter of an hour when the boy opened the door and thrust in his head, which was like a bundle of badly-picked oakum. Quilp was a light sleeper, and started up directly.

"Here's somebody for you," said the boy.

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"Ask!" said Quilp, seizing the trifle of wood before mentioned, and throwing it at him with such dexterity that it was well the boy disappeared before it reached the spot on which he had stood. "Ask, you dog."

Not caring to venture within range of such missiles again, the boy discreetly sent in his stead the first cause of the interruption, who now presented herself at the door.

"What, Nelly?" cried Quilp.

"Yes,"—said the child, hesitating whether to enter or retreat, for the dwarf just roused, with his disbevelled hair hanging all about him and a yellow handkerchief over his head, was something fearful to behold; "it's only me, sir."

"Come in," said Quilp, without getting off the desk. "Come in. Stay. Just look into the yard, and see whether there's a boy standing on his head."

"No, sir," replied Nell. "He's on his feet."

"You're sure he is?" said Quilp. "Well. Now, come in and shut the door. What's your message, Nelly?"

The child handed him a letter; Mr. Quilp, without changing his position further than to turn over a little more on his side, and rest his chin on his hand, proceeded to make himself acquainted with its contents.

From the United Service Journal.

Recollections of the Expedition to the Chesapeake, and against New Orleans, in the years 1814-15.—By an Old Sub.

Although the present aspect of our political relations with the United States of America, gives but little apparent indication that we may possibly, ere long, be forced into a war with that power, there is a latent mischief smouldering at the bottom of the still unsettled Maine boundary dispute, which, once brought into action, and coupled with the difficulties we have yet to encounter in arranging the affairs of the Canadas, to the satisfaction of the people of both provinces, would require but little agitation to fan into a fierce flame. In the last contest with the Americans, both our ships and troops, in many instances, engaged the enemy at serious disadvantage, from their ignorance of the nature and extent of the force they had to contend with, or of the resources which might be rendered available, either for attack or defence, in a country which is essentially one of expedients. "Experience keeps a dear school," saith the proverb;

and whether events, yet "in the womb of time," prove such as may call upon us to turn its lessons to profit, or otherwise, it cannot be altogether useless to cast a retrospective glance on the ground we have passed over, and at once examine where we committed error, and inquire how that error could best have been avoided or remedied.

There are few of the old "Peninsulars" now living who do not recollect, with feelings of pride and pleasure, the glorious termination of the victorious career of the army of Spain, by the crowning campaign, in France, in the year 1814, and the subsequent "gathering" of the strongest regiments from the "broken-up" divisions, at the camp near Bordeaux, previous to embarkation for America. The military annals of England furnish no parallel of such a force as was there assembled—a force composed of the élite of the finest army in the world—veterans of a hundred battles, and with whom "to fight," and "to conquer," were synonymous terms. The destination of the largest portion of these troops was Canada, and the remainder, composed of the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 85th regiments, with a detachment of royal artillery, and sappers and miners, it was understood was to be employed on a particular service on the coast of the United States. In the last week of May, in the year 1814, the troops above specified struck their tents, and marched for Pouillac, (a small port on the Garonne,) each corps, as it passed the confines of the encampment, being saluted with "The British Grenadiers," by the bands of the remaining regiments, and three hearty cheers from their old companions in many a hard-fought field.

The scene was of a soul-stirring nature, and though amongst us there might have been some married officers, advanced in years, as well as in rank, who would have preferred returning to their wives and families to crossing the Atlantic—and even a few of the juniors, who would willingly have passed at least "one short month" amidst the delights of "England, home, and beauty," ere engaging in a new career of glory, there probably was not a soldier in our little host whose heart did not swell with martial ardour, and whose foot did not fall with a firmer tread, when those cheers hailed his gladdened ear.

Arrived at Pouillac, all the bustle and preparation previous to embarkation for a long and tedious voyage commenced. The time allowed was but short: every one had "animals" to dispose of, and the good people of the town and its vicinity could command but little cash, and were excessively chary in parting with that little. The only mode of obtaining any thing at all approximating to the value of the best cattle was by exchanging for wine, &c. and many officers were amply supplied, indeed, with the juice of the grape in every variety: from (so called) *Chateau-Margas* to *ordinaire*. As for the inferior description of animals, comprising heavy Flemish artillery horses, (found on the field of Vittoria,) Andalusian "fiddle-heads," and all imaginable grades of the donkey tribe, a bottle of brandy each was considered a tolerably fair price! In one instance—and one instance only—a lot of some three or four of those brought more, in fact, an enormous sum in comparison, and thus it happened:—their owner, annoyed at the ridiculous offers made for cattle which but a short time before had cost him a great deal of money, and determined not to turn the poor beasts adrift, to encounter the risk of being ill-treated or starved, announced his determination to shoot them, and was actually preparing to do so,

when a worthy curé stepped in, and proposed to give fifty francs, and two pieces of *vin ordinaire*, for the stud. This liberal overture was of course acceded to, the bargain was forthwith carried into effect, and the parties separated, mutually pleased with its termination.

The pay of the army being just then several months in arrear, and there not being sufficient time to communicate with parents, friends, &c. at home, the caterers for some of the many messes organised on board the different transports, troop, and King's ships—notwithstanding that every one lent to his brother-officer whatever money he could spare—had considerable difficulty in raising the "needful" to lay in the necessary supplies; for though the French people voted our animals to be worth little or nothing, they raised the price of all their commodities to a most exorbitant rate. One way or other, however, the thing was managed, and of wine, at least, there was no lack.

Having previously dropped down the river to Verdun Roads, the 2d of June saw our gallant little fleet, under the command of the late Sir Pultney Malcolm, in the Bay of Biscay,

Breasting the ocean at their ease,
Like sea-birds on their native wave.

The Royal Oak, a fine 74, commanded by Captain Dix, bore the admiral's flag, and in that ship, also were embarked Major-General Ross, his personal staff, and the artillery. The 4th regiment was distributed between the *Weaver* and the *Trave*, two fine sister-frigates, then recently taken from the French, and fitted up as troop-ships, and the *Pactolus* frigate; the greater part of the 85th was couped up in the *Diadem*, an old heavy-built 64, armed *en flute*, and the 21st and 44th were embarked on board of the transports and other troop-ships.

Those whose good fortune it has been never to have undergone the penance of making a long voyage in company with dull-sailing transports, can scarcely form an idea of its tedium and monotony. The sailor, under such circumstances, has the routine of his duty to occupy his mind, and relieve the sameness of the every-day scene; but—the morning parade over—the soldier must possess no small share of ingenuity who can devise means profitably or pleasantly to employ the remainder of the day. One of the first expedients called into action to stave off the insidious attacks of the demon, *ennui*, was the publication of a newspaper. Now prithee! reader, associate not the idea of a newspaper put out on board ship with that of a "double sheet" of the Times, for, in very truth, no two productions bearing the same designation could differ more widely. Our "Atlantic News" had, to be sure, an "Editor's box," for the receipt of contributions, but there nearly all resemblance between it and its brethren of the "broad sheet" ceased. From those contributions the best were selected, and, with such editorial comments as appeared necessary, copied out, on a respectable sheet of "foolscap," in the adjutant's office.

On board of the Royal Oak originated a happy thought of getting up a play, and the parts being duly "cast," studied, and rehearsed, and "appropriate scenery, dresses, and decorations" prepared, it was announced that "His Majesty's servants" would, on such a night, perform the farce of "Raising the Wind," &c. &c. &c. The evening proved propitious, and "a numerous and highly-respectable audience" being assembled, the "entertainments" commenced with an original prologue, written—

if memory serves aright—by Lieutenant H. of the Royal Oak. A portion of it, sufficient, perhaps, to give a notion of its merits, still survives the lapse of years in the lumber-room of the brain, and here it is:—

"Raising the Wind's" the "Order of the day!"
There's something ominous in this same play;
For if peace comes, my poor foreboding heart
Tells me that *Diddler's* no fictitious part!

Ye luckless "Mids,"—ye miserable sinners!
Look sharp about ye, or ye'll get no dinners;
And haughty "Luffs," now swilling port and claret,
May guzzle small-beer in some lumber-garret!
Captains and Admirals—but that's downright sin—
I've done, I've done!—So let the play begin.

And the "play" did "begin," and proceed, and end, amidst the most vociferous applause that ever was lavished upon actors. A supper and dance—for some ladies were collected from the different ships—concluded the amusements, which, it may be supposed, formed no insignificant feature in the voyage.

The Royal Oak doings evoked a spirit of friendly emulation on board the Weser, where Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" was put "in rehearsal," and in process of time enacted on board of that ship. This was a very ambitious undertaking, inasmuch as there were no ladies to represent the female characters, and those in "The Rivals" are by no means such as old campaigners are likely to personate with grace and fidelity. But "minds resolved" will "struggle with things impossible"—nay, vanquish them," and so it was with the gallant King's Own, and of the Weser. The romantic Lydia Languish found a meet representative in Lieutenant M.—a delicate creature, standing somewhere about six feet, in what an Irishman would call "his stocking vamps." The fond and faithful Julia was "done" by Lieutenant G., who responded to the querulous sentiment of Falkland in a voice whose deep rough tones would be accurately described by Sir Anthony Absolute's neat and expressive simile of "the croaking of a frog in a quincey," and the effect of Mrs. Malaprop's appearance, with a face and figure "made up" for the occasion, may be surmised, from an exclamation from one of the audience—"My eyes! What a brimstone!" But, notwithstanding all this, and that towards the close of the play a breeze came on, which caused both ship and performers to "reel to and fro like drunken men," and in a manner rather unseemly for those in petticoats, the piece "went off" with amazing *éclat*, and finished with uproarious plaudits. In Weser, as on board Royal Oak, the *finale* was a supper and dance.

The fleet touched at Ponté D'Algada, in St. Michael's, one of the Western Islands, to water, and obtain a supply of fresh provisions, &c. Here a circumstance occurred, illustrative of the inconvenience of bearing any personal resemblance to a bad character. It had been reported throughout the fleet, that the Ex-general White Locke, of Buenos Ayres notoriety, had, under a feigned name, taken up his residence at St. Michael's, and much curiosity was of course excited to learn if such were really the fact, and to get a glimpse of him. One fine evening, whilst the boats were ashore with fatigue parties, for the purpose of bringing off provisions, &c., some one cried out, "There goes White Locke!" and instantly every soldier and sailor present started in chase of the unfortunate individual pointed out; who, bearing a hideous outcry, and perceiving that he was about to be-

come the object of an attack, very naturally took to his heels. The "run" lasted for some time, but the supposed culprit being light of foot, succeeded in distancing his pursuers, and thus escaped the favours which would doubtless, have been liberally bestowed on him, had he been captured. Next day, however, he took means to ascertain the cause of his having been so unaccountably assailed, when the whole business was explained; and strange to say, it appeared that the "chase," although a much younger man than White Locke, bore a singular resemblance to him both in face and person.

During our stay at Ponté D'Algada, some hours were very agreeably passed in visiting at the "grates" of the convents, with which that place abounds, where our officers were as much objects of curiosity to the fair boarders, as the latter were of interest to us. The manner of carrying on the intercourse between these ladies and their visitors, though highly tantalizing, is perfectly safe, for one of the parties at least. A narrow winding stair-case leads to a small room, in which are placed two long forms. This room is separated from the convent parlour by a triple grating of iron bars, so placed as to prevent the possibility of the longest-armed lovers in the world touching as much as the tips of each other's fingers. In the *sanctum*, beyond this formidable barrier, were seated the young inmates of the cloisters, their lustrous eyes beaming unutterable things; whilst those amongst us who were fortunate enough to retain a smattering of "soldier's Portuguese," endeavoured to do the agreeable after the most approved fashion. Nor were the lovely and lively rogues in any degree disinclined to a display of all their powers of fascination. One of their number was placed as a sentinel at the parlour entrance to give timely notice of the approach of any of the "professed sisters;" whilst on our side a similar precaution was adopted to prevent surprise from without: We were thus gratified with "Tuas lindas Olhos," "Tu mi Chama," and many other charming Portuguese ballads, as well as some pretty "figure" waltzing, in which the light and elegant forms of the captivating sirens were exhibited to the greatest possible advantage. These young ladies are generally the daughters of the most respectable families on the island, and are sent to the convent, in the first instance, for education, and to be "kept out of harm's way;" but such of them as, after returning to their homes, fail to obtain suitable matches, usually go back to the nunnery, enter on their novitiate, and finally take the veil.

The fleet, having obtained all the necessary supplies, once more put to sea, and carried a favourable wind on to the Bermudas, where we arrived on the 24th of July. To us landmen, the mode in which the sable pilot directed the course of the ship, whilst "beating up" from off St. George's to the "Wells," was equally novel and curious. Standing at the bow, his eyes were immovably fixed on the water, constant practice having given him extraordinary strength and quickness of vision in tracing the deep channel through the many windings of the dangerous coral reefs which run out from the land in every direction. Arrived at the "Wells," the operation of "watering" forthwith commenced, and parties were formed for a walk through the cedar woods to Hamilton. The weather was oppressively hot; and a "long drink" of Sangaree on arriving at Hamilton, was luxury indescribable. The most fertile imagination can scarcely conceive a spot combining so many, and such varied, scenes of beauty, as the eye embraces at Hamilton. The transparent ocean stream, thickly studded with

islands, wooded to the water's edge—the foliage presenting every possible hue. Here and there a planter's dwelling, or neat farm-house, deeply embosomed in the refreshing shade of the forest; extensive fields of Indian corn, the long, luxuriant leaves waving in the light breeze, and presenting at every moment a new tint of green—an air of happiness, quiet, and comfort pervades the whole picture, and the spectator involuntarily longs for a home in such a fairy land. Returning to the "Wells" next morning, we fell in with a merry group of negro lasses, proceeding to their master's plantation. They begged of us to make a visit there, and we, "nothing loth," agreed to do so. Crossing a beautiful garden, rich in the fruits and flowers of that lovely clime, we entered a large house, and were shown into a handsome and well-furnished saloon, the floor of cedar, *cirée*, and polished to a wondrous degree of glossiness and *glacéness*. The master of the mansion was absent, but his wife and daughters made their appearance, and received us with well-bred courtesy; whilst the dusky attendants ever and anon presented refreshments, which they urged us to partake of with the most untiring perseverance. This appeared to be their peculiar province, and faithfully did they discharge its duties. In Bermuda, as in the West Indies, unlimited hospitality is quite a matter of course amongst the planters.

At the "Wells" we found a negro fruit and vegetable market established; and here, as well as at Hamilton, and the house we had just visited, we were much struck by the extraordinary difference in the cast of features of the Bermudan negroes, as compared with those born in Africa. The women, in particular, were in many instances—though dark as jet—positively handsome; the nose aquiline, the lips finely chiselled, and the whole person graceful and *svelte*. A *promenade* was established on shore, and the band being landed, each evening the planters and their families came from far and near to enjoy the treat afforded them; the night usually closed with a merry dance, in which the fair 'Mudans proved much better partners than their somewhat languid general manner would have led us to expect.

At Bermuda we found Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, with the *Tonnant*, on board of which ship Major-General Ross and his staff were received; and, on the 2d of August, sailed, with the *Euryalus* in company, for the Chesapeake, where they arrived on the 14th, and joined Rear-Admiral (now Sir George) Cockburn, in the *Albion*.

On the 17th of August, the whole of the expedition entered the Chesapeake. Between Capes Charles and Henry, we found the *Plantagenet*, Captain Lloyd, at anchor. This ship had, a short time before, been the object of some attempts to destroy her, by means of torpedoes exploded under her bottom; and it was really curious to hear the different opinions expressed, as to the effect of those explosions, by the officers and others on board; for whilst some described the shocks to have been of the most violent nature, others spoke of them as quite ridiculous, and utterly insufficient to work any serious damage.

It was generally supposed that our first attack would be made on Norfolk; but, after communicating by signal with Admiral Cockburn, we continued our course up the bay, until we came abreast of the Patuxent, to which river the American Commodore Barney had retired with the flotilla of gun-boats under his command. This armament it was resolved to destroy; and accordingly, the troop-ships and transports, protected by the *Royal Oak*, the *Albion*, &c. commenced the ascent of that river,

the *Anaconda* brig-of-war leading and sounding. At the same time a squadron of frigates, &c. under the command of Captain Sir Alexander Gordon, in the *Sea-horse*, was detached to create a diversion in the Potomac, whilst Captain Sir Peter Parker, with the *Menelaus*, proceeded up the Chesapeake, to a short distance above Baltimore, on a similar service.

The passage up the Patuxent was certainly a daring enterprise. The river, though of considerable depth, is of no great breadth; the banks are, in many places, high, covered with wood; and, from several positions, artillery might have been brought to bear on our crowded ships with tremendous effect. At Point Patience, a narrow spit of sand, where the river forms a sudden and sharp angle, we were obliged to come-to, and await a favourable breeze. This is a spot where half a dozen heavy guns, covered by riflemen in the woods, might keep the whole British fleet in check; but the fact is, that the Chesapeake, and the numerous magnificent rivers that flow into it, present such an extensive line of assailable coast, that the Americans knew not where or when to expect our attacks; and as to guarding the whole of the sea-board, that, for centuries to come, will be impossible; particularly when steamboats are likely to be employed. Still it appears extraordinary that Commodore Barney, who proved himself both a brave and skilful officer, did not offer some resistance to us at Point Patience.

Our large ships had not sufficient water to proceed more than a short distance beyond this point; but the troop-ships, transports, and the *Anaconda*, steadily pushed on as far as Benedict, a small village about fifty miles from Washington, where the troops were disembarked, on the 19th and 20th August.

Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who, with a battalion of marines, and a detachment of marine artillery, had for several months previous been carrying on a series of successful operations against the enemy, in this and other quarters, had during that period acquired some acquaintance with the nature and localities of the surrounding country, and of the enemy's disposable force; and this knowledge proved highly serviceable when, previous to the arrival of the troops, Major-General Ross landed with him to reconnoitre, which they did, without any interruption, to a considerable distance on the route towards Washington. It was during that excursion, it is said that, at the suggestion of Admiral Cockburn, General Ross first contemplated an attack on the capital of the United States, as soon as Commodore Barney's flotilla should be destroyed. The circumstance of this flotilla having retired as far as possible up the Patuxent, afforded an excellent ostensible motive for marching the troops in the direction of Washington, without giving rise to any certain conclusion that it was intended to make an attempt upon it.

On the evening of the 20th of August, Admiral Cockburn, with the armed boats of the fleet, moved up the river to attack the flotilla (which had retired about fifty miles above Benedict), whilst the troops advanced in the same direction along its right bank. To the surprise of every one, Commodore Barney's gun-boats, some of which were heavily armed, made no resistance. On this subject, the American General, Wilkinson, has the following passage in his *Memoirs*:—

"Cockburn, with his barges, pursued Barney's flotilla, which had, by order of President Madison, been abandoned, and was, without resistance, blown up; when it will be apparent to every competent judge, that, from the

narrowness of the channel, the Commodore could have defended himself, and repulsed any floating force the enemy could have brought against him; and his flanks were well secured by the extent of the marshes on both sides of the river."

It is probable, however, that the President's object, in giving the order referred to, was to destroy a strong inducement for our army to move in a direction which would bring them within such a tempting distance of the seat of his government. On the afternoon of the 22d, the day the flotilla was destroyed, General Ross and the troops arrived at the town of Upper Marlborough, a small place on the western branch of the Patuxent, thirty-nine miles distant from Benedict, and within sixteen miles of Washington. Our march thither was accomplished in about two days and a half, and that in the month of August, when the weather was most oppressively sultry, which, for men who had been nearly three months cooped up on board of ship, was severe work; but it was performed with the greatest cheerfulness. Here we halted till the evening of the 23d, when we were reinforced by Admiral Cockburn, with the ship marines, the marine artillery, and a proportion of the seamen which had been employed against the flotilla; and now the attempt upon the capital was finally resolved upon.

That our little army had been allowed to penetrate so far into the land without any opposition worth mentioning, was a matter of astonishment to us all. The country abounded with means for throwing military obstacles in our way, which it would have required no trifling exertions to surmount; but, most unaccountably, all those advantages were overlooked or neglected by the enemy, until it was too late to render them available. That they were afterwards discovered, however, appears by the following extract from General Wilkinson's work, already referred to:—

"Not a bridge was broken—not a causeway destroyed—not an inundation attempted—not a tree fallen—not a road of the road obstructed, nor a gun fired at the enemy, in a march of nearly forty miles from Benedict to Upper Marlborough, by a route on which there are ten or a dozen difficult defiles, which, with a few hours labour, six pieces of light artillery, three hundred infantry, two hundred riflemen, and sixty dragoons, could have been defended against any force that could approach them—such is the narrowness of the road, the profundity of the ravines, the steepness of the acclivities, and the sharpness of the ridges."

Let us now see what amount of force the enemy was in a condition to oppose to us, from the first. It has been made a boast of in the United States that certain hints, thrown out by the English commissioners at the conference at Ghent, confirmed by the rumoured destination of our troops embarked in the Garonne, led the American commissioners to acquaint their government that the capital of the Federal Union would probably be the object of an attack in the course of the year 1814. This intimation reached Mr. Madison, who then occupied the presidential chair, about the latter end of June, and, on the 18th of July, a plan was, by his directions, laid before his council, suggesting the best means of placing that part of the country in a state of defence adequate to the impending danger. It was proposed to call between 2000 and 3000 men immediately into the field, and that

10 000 or 12,000 militia and volunteers of the states adjoining the capital should always be held in readiness to reinforce that corps. The next step was to set into a separate military district the whole state of Maryland, that part of the state of Virginia north of the river Rappahannock, and the District of Columbia, in the centre of which Washington is situated. This extensive tract of country includes an exposed coast of at least a thousand miles, stretching along the large rivers of Maryland and Virginia and the Chesapeake Bay. All these measures were adopted; and, as a further defensive preparation, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of their independence, Mr. Madison issued a requisition, calling upon the several states of the Union to furnish, respectively, as required by law, their quota of a force of 93,500 militia, and directing the magistrates of each state to embody and hold them in readiness for service at any moment they might be called upon. The tenth military district—that environing the metropolis—was to furnish 15,000 out of these 93,500 militia, and for the defence of the capital they were specially destined. Here, then, was no want of numbers to meet us.

On the morning of the 22d, the American army, under the command of General Winder, who had been joined by Commodore Barney and the men of his late flotilla, was reviewed at the "Old Long Fields," eight miles from Upper Marlborough, and immediately afterwards advanced a detachment along the road towards our camp, which, after exchanging a few long shots with our outposts, fell back to their old position.

On the evening of the 23d, leaving Captain Roberts and a sufficient force of marines in possession of Upper Marlborough, Major-General Ross and Rear-Admiral Cockburn, with the troops, marines, and seamen, moved forward, and, before dusk, arrived and took up their bivouac at a place near Centreville, five miles on the road towards Washington. The American army withdrew from their camp at the Old Long Fields about the time that our troops commenced the march from Upper Marlborough, and at nightfall our outposts occupied the ground they had retired from. The Americans fell back till they reached Washington, where they encamped at the navy-yard, and were joined in the evening by 2000 men from Baltimore. This last corps was stationed at Bladensburg.

At daybreak on the morning of the 24th, General Ross moved the troops on Bladensburg, twelve miles from our bivouac, and having made two short halts by the way, we reached and occupied the heights overlooking that village before noon. The direct road from our camp, on the night of the 23d, to Washington, was by a road leading to the lower bridge over the eastern branch of the Potomac, and by that road the distance was only about six miles; but, as it appeared certain that the bridge in question, which was half a mile long, and had "a draw" at the west end, would be strongly defended, both by a large body of men, and a heavy sloop-of-war and an armed schooner, known to be in the river, the route by Bladensburg was preferred. The river at that place is not deep, and, in case of the bridge there being destroyed, could easily be forded.

Let us now examine the relative numerical strength of the British force that so boldly approached the capital of the American Union, and of the army opposed to them, and posted in a position of their own selection. We shall give a historian of the United States' account of both:—"Those who had the best opportunity of counting them" (the British), "calculated that their

whole number was about 4000; and this calculation is warranted by the incidents in the field."^{*} The author then goes on to state—which he does with considerable accuracy—the distribution of our army into three brigades, as follows:—"The first brigade, commanded by Colonel Brooke, of the 44th, and composed of the 4th and 44th regiments; the second brigade, commanded by Colonel Patterson, of the 21st, and composed of that regiment, the second battalion of marines and the ship marines; the third brigade (light), commanded by Colonel Thornton, of the 85th light infantry, and composed of that regiment, the light companies of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, the company of marine skirmishers, a detachment of colonial marines, also of royal artillery, with two 8-pounders and a howitzer, and a party of seamen and engineers, with rockets."

"The army under General Winder," says the same authority,† "consisted of—

"United States' dragoons	140	
Maryland ditto.	240	
District of Columbia ditto.	50	
Virginia ditto.	100	
Regular infantry	500	
Seamen and marines	600	
	<hr/>	1100
Stanhury's brigade of Militia	1353	
Sterrett's Regiment ditto.	500	
Baltimore artillery ditto.	150	
Pinkney's battalion ditto.	150	
	<hr/>	2153
Smith's brigade ditto.	1070	
Cramer's battalion ditto.	240	
Waring's detachment ditto.	150	
Maynard's ditto. ditto.	150	
	<hr/>	1610
Beall's and Hood's regiment of ditto.	800	
Volunteer corps	350	
	<hr/>	1150
Total at Bladensburg		6543
<i>At Hand.</i>		
Young's brigade of militia	450	
Minor's Virginia corps	600	
	<hr/>	1050
Grand total		7593"

It will be observed that, in the foregoing statement, no direct reference is made to the 15,000 men General Winder was authorised to call out, but on the 3d of September, 1814, a certain General Armstrong wrote a letter, which was published in the *Baltimore Patriot*, and from which it is clear that the American general not only actually had those 15,000 men under his command, but was directed to add to them as many regular troops and seamen as would make his total force, when assembled, 16,300 men. Dr. Smith further tells us that General Winder, "after the battle, reported his forces at about 5000 men—nearly 2600 less than appears from the preceding detail;" and adds, "the American army had on the field not fewer than twenty-three pieces of artillery, varying from six to eighteen pounders."[‡]

^{*} History of the United States, by Dr. Smith, vol. iii. p. 298.

† Ibid. p. 297.

‡ Ibid. p. 297.

Whatever was the actual strength of the enemy in the field on the 24th of August, they certainly showed a formidable extent of front, drawn up in two lines on the heights commanding the turnpike-road leading from Bladensburg to Washington. Between us was the river (the eastern branch of the Potomac) and a long wooden bridge, within point-blank range of several pieces of artillery, placed in battery, at a fortified house in advance of the American position.

Mr. Madison, the president, was on the field, and the effect of his presence is thus described by General Wilkinson:—"Every eye was immediately turned upon the chief; every bosom throbbd with confidence; and every nerve was strung with valour. No doubt remained with the troops, that in their chief magistrate they beheld their commander-in-chief, who, like another Maurice, having by his irresolution in council exposed the country to the chances and accidents of a general engagement, had now come forward to repair the error by activity in the field; determined to throw himself into the gap of danger, and not to survive the honour of his country, especially entrusted to his guardianship."^{*} How far Mr. Madison justified this confidence in him, on the one hand, and the American army displayed their "valour-strung nerve," on the other, we shall presently see.

The action at Bladensburg was commenced with so much impetuosity by the light brigade, composed of the 85th, and the light companies of the other regiments of our small army, under the command of Colonel Thornton, that the wooden bridge, already described, was soon passed, in despite of the heavy fire kept up on it by the enemy's artillery and riflemen. The spot was, however, for the moment, a very *unhealthy* one, as many of our brave fellows experienced to their cost. Indeed the first volley from the American front-line was well-delivered, and did considerable execution, several of our men being wounded by the buck-shot, three of which are made up, in addition to the ball, in the American musket cartridges. As soon as our skirmishers approached the fortified house, the enemy hastily abandoned it, and retreated to the high ground in his rear.

In support of the light brigade, our right wing was moved forward, under the command of Colonel (now Sir Arthur) Brooke, of the 44th, who, with that regiment, and the 4th, attacked the enemy's left—the 4th pressing so rapidly on as to compel him to abandon his guns. The first line, being thus completely routed, was driven in on the second, which, instead of covering their retreat, became utterly panic-struck, and fled without firing a shot! It is reported of the Duke of Wellington, that, when at the battle of Toulouse, the Spanish troops, after having, at the solicitation of their general, obtained the "post of honour," in advance, turned tail and scampered off in "double-quick," at the first fire from the French, his grace very coolly observed—"Well, I never saw ten thousand men run a race before!" But had the duke been at Bladensburg, he most assuredly would have awarded the palm for alacrity in quitting the field to the Americans, who on this occasion completely threw the Spaniards into the shade. Whilst this was going on to the right, Colonel Thornton, with the left wing—about 700 strong—attacked the enemy's right, consisting of 2500 men, including Commodore Barney's seamen, marines, and guns, and, after a short struggle, put them to flight.

^{*} Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 781.

The left wing of the enemy, which was overthrown by between 700 and 800 rank and file of the 4th and 44th regiments—including a rocket party—was, according to American authority of unquestionable character, composed as follows:—

Regular and militia dragoons	530
Major Pinkney's battalion of militia riflemen	150
Doughty's riflemen	100
Stansbury's militia brigade	1353
Sterrett's militia regiment	500
Baltimore artillery, with six pieces	150
Major Peters, with six pieces of artillery—and	
Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, with the 36th	500
United States regiment	
Burch's artillery, with four pieces	100
Smith's militia brigade	1070

Making a total of 4,450 men, and sixteen pieces of artillery! Ten pieces of artillery fell into our hands; and Commodore Barney, and Captain Miller, his second in command, were both severely wounded, and taken prisoners. They and their men behaved well, and made the only serious resistance we experienced.

From the circumstance of the American artillery—amounting in all, according to General Wilkinson's statement, to twenty-four pieces—completely enfilading the bridge, as has been stated, and proving very destructive to the advancing columns, our loss was much more severe than it would have otherwise have been. It amounted to one captain, two lieutenants, five sergeants, and fifty-six rank and file killed; two lieutenant-colonels, one major, one captain, fourteen lieutenants, two ensigns, ten sergeants, and hundred and fifty-five rank and file wounded. Total, sixty-four killed—one hundred and eighty-five wounded. Grand total, two hundred and forty-nine *hors de combat*. Of the American loss there is no accurate account. General Winder, in his official report of the affair, estimated the loss of his army at from thirty to forty killed, fifty to sixty wounded, and about one hundred and twenty prisoners. "It is believed, however," says Doctor Smith, "that this is a large computation; for Dr. Catlet, the attending surgeon, stated the killed at ten or twelve, and the wounded—some of whom died—at thirty."

As the Americans made such a poor stand, that their loss was comparatively trifling is not surprising; but the above calculation is certainly under the mark. Rear-Admiral Cockburn, in his despatch, accounts for our taking so few prisoners, by stating the simple fact, that it was "owing to the swiftness with which the enemy went off, and the fatigue our army had previously undergone." The routed Yankees ran away towards Washington, and our men—the rear-division having come up just before the short but decisive brush was over—halted for dinner.

When the Americans first observed the movement in advance of our troops, a loud and general cheer ran through their lines; upon which, one of our old Peninsular "light-hobs"—a genuine Patlander—with the characteristic coolness of a veteran exclaimed, "Och, by Jakers! that's false courage: let us see what you will say to us whin we have been at it for half-an-hour or so." And the old soldier formed a correct opinion of our opponents, from Mr. Madison downwards; for the gallant president was the first to show the high value he set on a whole skin, by turning his back on the fight as

soon as it commenced. But an American writer^{*} shall tell this part of the story:—"Not all the allurements of fame, not all the obligations of duty, nor the solemn impositions of honour, could excite a spark of courage. The love of a life which had become useless to mankind and served but to embarrass the public councils, and prejudice the public cause, stifled the voice of patriotism, and prevailed over the love of glory; and at the very first shot, the trembling coward, with a faltering voice, exclaimed, 'Come, General Armstrong; come, Colonel Munro; let us go, and leave it to the commanding general.'" It may here be observed, *en passant*, that, in the course of an investigation by a committee, appointed by congress to inquire into the facts connected with the capture of Washington, it appeared that a mere accident saved the president, the attorney-general, and the secretaries of war and state, from falling into our hands, when General Ross, Admiral Cockburn, and Colonel Thornton—at the head of the advance—entered Bladensburg.

On ascending a rise of the turnpike-road, from which we had just driven the enemy, we were greeted by a group of negroes, to whom our victory gave freedom. They were, of course, rejoiced beyond measure at the happy change in their circumstances, and manifested their joy in a thousand extravagant ways. Their description of the swagger and blustering of the Americans, previous to the action, was highly amusing. "Ah! massa, we tink you neber git here, 'Merikan talk so big! One giniral say, 'Come on, ye English cut-throat, red-coat rascals, and see how we'll serve you!' but, by and by, dat gentleman be the very first to run away!" Indeed, the whole conduct of the Americans (always excepting Commodore Barney) at Bladensburg afforded a most ludicrous commentary on the speech of Mr. Wright, member of congress for Maryland, who, from his place in the house, in the session of 1813-14, made use of the following language:—"There was no evidence against the courage or conduct of our army, which had displayed, not Roman, but *American* valour: so conspicuous, indeed, had been the courage displayed, by both our army and navy, that he hoped, whoever should hereafter speak of Roman valour, on this floor, would be considered as speaking of the second degree, and not of the first!"[†] After this, let the valiant Barbadians, whose only fault is "being really too brave," hide their diminished heads.

Commodore Barney, whose wound was a severe one, in the fleshy part of the thigh, was excessively indignant at the poltroonery of his countrymen, which he declared himself utterly unable to account for. He frequently exclaimed, "there were enough of them to have eaten every one of you!" The commodore was a plain, straightforward, sailor-like man, and expressed himself unreservedly on every subject connected with the war in general, and the expedition in particular. When he was told that there were serious grounds for suspecting that some of our men had been poisoned, by whiskey, with arsenic in it, being left in some of the houses at or near Upper Marlborough, (a fact which, to the disgrace of the American name, was afterwards ascertained beyond a doubt,) he appeared thunderstruck, and then imprecated curses on the heads of those who were guilty of such frightful atrocities. He must, however, have subsequently learned that that species of warfare was not confined to the Upper Marlborough doctor and his friends, but was, in several instances, practised by the

* History of the United States 298.

* General Wilkinson—see his Memoirs, vol. i. p. 763.

† Proceedings of Congress, January 6, 1814.

Americans in captured vessels, on the prize-masters and crews put on board to carry them into port.

After a halt of two hours, we again moved forward along the high road to Washington; and at about eight o'clock P. M. another halt was called, and the different regiments formed on an open space about two miles from that city. The general, the admiral, and some other officers, accompanied by a small covering party, rode forward to reconnoitre. It was nearly dark, and on these officers passing the first houses in the straggling outskirts of the town, a volley was fired from the windows of two houses a little farther up the street, and from the capitol, by which one soldier was killed, three were wounded and General Rose's horse shot under him. The light companies left in the rear were immediately ordered up, but before they arrived, the houses were forced and burned, after the men who had fired were taken out and made prisoners. The capitol, which was at no great distance from those buildings, was also set on fire. That edifice contained the senate-chamber, the hall of congress, the supreme court, congressional library, and legislative archives; and its destruction—putting entirely out of the question that we were assailed from it—was but a just, though ample, retribution for the destruction, by the Americans, of the house of assembly, at York (now Toronto), in Upper Canada, and the plunder of the defenceless inhabitants of that and other towns in the provinces, and the wanton burning of the village of Newark.

There was also an object of paramount importance to be forwarded by destroying the public offices in Washington; but as the subject is connected with a project at that time seriously agitated (and participated in by many influential Americans), to separate the northern and eastern from the southern and western states—a project which shall be entered into at some length in a future paper—it need not be further alluded to at present.

(To be continued.)

THE ASHES OF BUONAPARTE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

France is at present in a tumult of joy, from the peaks of the Pyrenees to the frontiers of Flanders, from Calais to Geneva. The bones, the ashes, the remains, the relics of the man of destiny, are to be brought back; and Saint Helena is to yield its captive. The grand desideratum is achieved at last. Napoleon is to repose under the dome of the Invalides. Much honour is heaped upon the English ministry, for its magnanimity in surrendering the dust of Napoleon: more upon Louis Philippe for his greatness of soul and patriotism in asking for the restoration of him, who, though he was the glory of France, was the scourge of the Bourbons; but, most of all, upon M. Thiers, for the nobility of the original thought, and the powerful eloquence with which he urged its realisation in the chamber of deputies.

Great is the grandeur of *galimatias*. We shall therefore translate, as carefully as we can, his speech delivered in the chamber of deputies, on Tuesday, May 12, from what appears to us to be an authenticated report. It is, then, as follows:—

"The king has ordered his royal highness the Prince de Joinville to proceed with his frigate to St. Helena, to obtain the last mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We now ask you to grant us the means of receiving

them in a worthy manner upon the soil of France, and of erecting the last tomb of Napoleon. The government, anxious to accomplish a national duty, addressed itself to England, and requested to have the precious deposit which fortune had placed in her hands. The wish had hardly been expressed when it was complied with. These are the words of our magnanimous ally:—'The government of her Britannic majesty hopes that the promptitude of its reply will be regarded in France as a proof of its desire utterly to efface the national animosities which, during the life of the emperor, armed England and France against each other. The government of her Britannic majesty takes pleasure in believing that if such sentiments still exist in any quarter they will be buried in the tomb in which the ashes of Napoleon are about to be placed.' England is right,—this noble restitution strengthens the bonds which unite us. She has just effaced the painful recollections of the past. The time has arrived when the two nations should remember only their glory. The frigate charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon will arrive at the mouth of the Seine, where they will be removed to another vessel which will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited at the Invalides. A solemn ceremony—a grand religious and military pomp—will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them for ever. It is important to the majesty of such a *souvenir*, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was emperor and king. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title, he could be interred at St. Denis; but Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraved upon it. This monument must be of simple beauty, but of noble form, and have that aspect of firmness and solidity which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as durable as his name. The credit which we ask for is for the translation of the remains to the Invalides, the funeral ceremony, and the construction of the tomb. We do not doubt that the chamber will associate itself, with patriotic emotion, with the royal intentions which we have just announced. In future France, and France alone, will possess what remains of Napoleon. The grave, like the memory of Napoleon, will belong only to this country. The monarchy of 1830 is, in fact, the only and legitimate heir of all the *souvenirs* of which France is proud. It belonged, doubtlessly, to this monarchy, which was the first to rally all the strength and conciliate all the wishes of the French revolution, to raise and fearlessly to honour the statue and the tomb of a popular hero; for there is only one thing which does not dread a comparison with glory,—it is liberty!"

It is no wonder that so splendid an oration,—filled with so many fine things, such towering tropes, and such mounting metaphors,—loaded, besides, with so many allusions grateful to the *gloire* and to the *cœur sensible* of France, should have been received with thunders of acclamation and applause; and that the friends of the

little orator should have hastened to crowd about him, proffering congratulations, and smothering him with embraces. For far less matters,

"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak."

The only controversy that rears its head amid this general happiness and hilarity, is with respect to the place of sepulture. The eloquent minister of the interior, it will be perceived by his speech, proposes that the ashes of the favourite hero of the French soldier should lie among the ashes of his companions in arms. This, one would think, ought to satisfy the military adorners of Buonaparte; and, perhaps, so it does. But there is another party of worshippers, whose imaginations being more affected by regal than by martial recollections, are anxious that he should be deposited in the cemetery of the kings of France at Saint Denis. The controversy is carried on hotly enough; and, no doubt, after a due effusion of Christian ink, it will ripen into a very respectable quarrel. A third party, which however seems to consist exclusively of the Cockney school of taste in Paris, is in favour of burying him under the column in the Place Vendôme; so that it might have his cocked hat on the summit and his coffin at the base, which would indeed be elegant and picturesque. Dismissing this columnar faction, we admit that of the other proposals—that of the Invalides and Saint Denis—much, as Sir Roger de Coverley cautiously remarked many a long day ago, may be said on both sides. He was a soldier, says M. Thiers; he therefore should lie with soldiers. He was, according to your own account, rejoin his antagonists, the legitimate king of France; let him lie, therefore, among the legitimate kings. The contest may thus be carried on until the crack of doom, without satisfying either party.

We shall soon have to suggest other considerations respecting his present place of sepulture; but in the mean time we may remark, that, so far as safety is concerned, Napoleon is much safer in St. Helena than he would be in Paris. At present, indeed, he is the popular idol; and Shakspeare's disregarded epitaph

("Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he who moves my bones,")

may be safely dispensed with in the case of the Parisian tomb of Buonaparte. Any insult to his bones would be followed by vengeance rapid and unsparing. But who can say that this feeling will last? *Viderne, fili mi*, said the shrewd Alexander VI. to his son Cæsar Borgia, as they entered a town on his road to Rome, shortly after his elevation to the papal chair, and found the inhabitants busily occupied in pulling down a gibbet, on which his effigy had been swinging, to replace it by a statue in his honour,—*Viderne, fili mi, quantum interest inter patibulum et statuum?*—How slight is the difference between a gallows and a statue! Among us, of steadier and sturdier feelings, there is little chance that monuments will, under any circumstances, be disturbed. The erasure of the inscription on the monument, charging the papists with burning the city, was a piece of childish folly, worthy only of the weak creatures by whom it was perpetrated as an act of immense liberality; but we cannot forget, that "the legitimate kings of France" were, in an excess of Jacobin fury, torn out of their graves, their tombs demolished, and their remains scattered to the winds, amid every mark of insult and disgrace. We do not forget that among them was Henri Quatre himself—Henri Quatre, once as great a favourite of France

as Napoleon is now; a man who certainly had not commanded as large armies, but who in his campaigns had given every proof of tactical and strategical ability, and who, in the more chivalrous additions of a soldier, grace, wit, generosity, personal daring, and gay gallantry—qualities most adapted to win and retain popular affection—far outstripped his more diplomatic and scientific successor; who brought to an end a wasting civil war, and laid the basis for the consolidation of France; who put his country—for the first time securely since the wars of our Edward III. began, more than two hundred years before—in the condition of keeping out of it those enemies whom the reverses of Buonaparte brought into it some couple of hundred years after; who, as

"De son peuple le vainqueur et le père,"

was the hero of the only epic French poem, and that poem, too, written by one of the gods of Jacobin idolatry. Voltaire, then placed in a sort of hero worship in the Parthenon: and yet this Henri Quatre, long the honoured theme of "tradition, legend, tale, and song,"—the bright exemplar of all that was gallant, and brilliant, and valiant in French history, was dragged from his ceremonies, and his embalmed body, presenting still a semblance of life, exposed to the brutal abominations of a ruffian mob; until, at last, his mustache having been hacked off by a soldier—*un soldat de la France*,—that form, which had been the earthly temple of his noble spirit, was trampled into its original clay by the hoofs of the liberalised regenerators of Europe. Could they have found Charlemagne, his remains would have experienced precisely the same treatment. What is to ensure a safer perpetuity of favour for the relics of Napoleon? He is out of the reach of such fluctuation of Parisian passion while at St. Helena. We shall never insult him. Who can predict that some new Marat or Hebert may arise in Paris, in whose eyes the assumption of monarchical title will obliterate all gratitude for military glories?

M. Thiers, in his speech, says that "the august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune." Is it not so now? What part of Paris can equal the silence, and the sacredness of the spot, in which Napoleon lies this moment? But there is something magnificently cockney in the Parisianism of the last sentence. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have visited Buonaparte's present tomb. What proportion of them is French? It is, of course, impossible to offer any thing like a precise calculation; but if we said one in a hundred, we should most grossly exaggerate. Among them how many Parisians? One, perhaps, in five thousand. It would be just the same if he lay at Boulogne. Not a man of all those who are now making so great a fuss about him would go a hundred miles, or twenty miles, out of his way, to visit the spot where the so-much lauded warrior was laid. If he were buried within three miles of Montmartre, the attraction of a new dancer would cast him into oblivion at any given moment. If it were merely silence and sacredness that are required, St. Helena is the place. But M. Thiers wants no such things; he wants noise and clap-trap, and these are to be had only in Paris.

If the true sublime were consulted, Napoleon would be allowed to remain in St. Helena. He has it all to himself. He is the sole man buried in the Atlantic who has

a distinct burial-place in the bosom of the ocean. In Pagan mythology Sicily was not more decidedly the burial-place of Enceladus, than St. Helena is that of the giant disturber of our own generation. There lies he alone—quite alone—a mark for all who sail along the watery ways. The islands and the coasts of the tropics have given their last houses to millions of men since death began in the world, and no doubt the bones of many a gallant and worthy fellow are there deposited: but of them, who takes thought? Those who traverse the highway from Europe to India, from the continent he had all but won to the empire which was for ever the dazzling object of his ambition—all who

"On the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly to the Pole"—

all whose thoughts turn to the shores of America or Africa,—all who go down in ships, or think of wandering over the face of the deep.—to them is the tomb of Buonaparte vividly present. No one passes St. Helena, without visiting the willows waving over him. Men going on bold enterprise, or sent to govern provinces equal to kingdoms, or returning from splendid rule or brilliant conquest—the soldier in quest of fame, the sailor of adventure, the merchant of wealth, or each bound homeward laden with what he sought—the star-calculating astronomer, the pondering antiquary, the learned philologist, the zealous missionary,—there are no idle visitants; and by them is the grave of Buonaparte duly hallowed. Nay, nations and tribes—the men

"From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed"—

men to whom are unknown the names of all other European conquerors, save those before whose swords they had bowed—they, from the Rajah to the Lascar, have been impressed by a misty and glimmering sense of the greatness of the man whom their masters found it so difficult to subdue, and deemed it so requisite to guard with such rigorous solicitude. There he lies in his ocean resting-place, as well known to "all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea," as was in the days of Arabian romance the brazen warrior, standing in solicitude upon the wave-washed mountain of adamant, awaiting the coming of Prince Ajib. So should the earthly warrior abide amid his wave-washed precipices, awaiting the more dread summons, the last trumpet-call, which will order "the sea to give up its dead." Sorry, indeed, is the taste, which would remove him from this sublime dwelling to make him an additional attraction among the tinsel mummeries of Paris—to confound him with the melodramatic sorrows, the tawdry *immortelles*, the musty wreaths, of Pere la Chaise—to take him from a place where his remains will command the respect of xxx—and no common men now pass his tomb—to put him where he will be only a mark for the peering and the jabbering of *monkeys*—to degrade him from being the *genius loci* of one of the great landmarks of the world, where

"He, so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die,"

to become an additional raree-show to gratify a cockney

curiosity, and share the glories of an opera-dancer, a patriotic spouter in the chamber of deputies, or any other buffoon of the minute, consigned with theatrical honours to the grave. "Etre Buonaparte, et devenir sire," said Paul Louis Courier, when he was asked to assent to Napoleon's assuming the title of emperor; "c'est descendre." The present removal is a descent as striking, without any of the imperial gilding to recommend it.

Enough of this: we might add that Napoleon's real monument is in his history. Who knows, who cares to know, where Hannibal was buried? And of what consequence is it that the sarcophagus of Alexander is now nothing more than an ornament of a museum? To quote Milton's epitaph on Shakspeare once more, with due alterations—

What needs Napoleon for his war-famed bones
The labour of an age in piled stones—
Or that his mortal reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointed pyramid?
Dread son of memory, stern heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

If mere notoriety for his grave be required, let him be where he is. The very singularity will mark it. To descend from the hero of battles and campaigns to humbler and gentler aspirants after fame, is it not the case, that, while the tombs of more illustrious ladies are unknown or unmarked, no reader of our literature need be told that in Cape Coast Castle lie, in neglected and unhonoured burial-place, the mortal remnants of L. E. L.?

It is not, however, as a mere matter of taste that these mouldering remains are disturbed. As Edward I. commanded on his dying bed that his bones should be carried in advance of the English army to strike terror into the Scots, as it is supposed that the Hussites converted the skin of the leader Ziska into a drum to inspire their imperial antagonists with awe, so are the relics of Napoleon brought back to Europe as ominous heralds and precursors of revolution and war. In the present excitable state of France, when the generation that remembered the actual miseries of war, the dreadful slaughter of her sons, the invasion of her soil, the occupation of her capital, the varied wretchedness of the closing reign of Buonaparte, from Moscow to Waterloo, and who know nothing by experience of the grinding tyranny of the conscription, is fast passing away, a thirst for military renown torments her youth. The voice of *la jeune France* is all for war. The defeats of Napoleon are forgotten or glossed over, and his victories are dwelt upon with increasing rapture. Distance performs her usual part of lending enchantment to the view, and a flood of glory bursts before their eyes. The sight of the ashes of Buonaparte, with the theatrical ceremonies which will attend their introduction, the sounding speeches which will be pronounced over his tomb, the recollection of triumph or of vengeance which they will call up, must throw all these people into the very exaltation of enthusiasm.

This may seem to be visionary speculation; a short time will now suffice to tell. But there is one plain, practical difficulty, already created by the restoration of Napoleon's remains. It is asked, and we think with every appearance of justice, why should the bones of Buonaparte be brought back, and the brothers and the rest of the blood of Buonaparte sternly refused admission into France? The faction which favoured the pretensions of his house was rapidly dwindling; but this event will

materially increase it again. The presence of his relics in the Invalides, or wherever else they may be placed, (not at St. Denis, we may be sure, for that is too far off to make them a show for the Parisians, which is one of the objects of the removal,) will inspire many zealous bosoms with the hope that they may be gladdened with the presence of his relations in the Tuileries. The Buonapartists, too, may fairly catch at M. Thiers's emphatic declaration, that Napoleon was the legitimate monarch of France, and argue that, such being the case, his family should be invested with all the hereditary rights of legitimacy. We need not say how unpalatable would the legitimate consequences of this doctrine be to the dynasty of Louis Philippe. How that wily and long-headed statesman was induced to consent to such a step we cannot conceive. The elder branch of the Bourbons might have admitted the dangerous relics with less peril. They were the open and avowed antagonists of the revolution; and the presence of the bones could not have made them an additional enemy. On the contrary, it might, by being considered an act of magnanimity, have obtained for them an abatement of hostile feeling. That which perhaps might have strengthened the throne of Louis XVIII. or supported that of Charles X. may jeopard the reign of Louis Philippe, by provoking comparisons. If France is to have dynasties of such questionable legitimacy—for *pace* M. Thiers, Napoleon was not quite a legitimate king—there are many whom the recollections of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and other fields of fame, will induce to think that the Buonaparteans is the dynasty for choice. Are, then, the dreams of the believers in the fatality of *l'an quarante* to be verified? Is the prediction, which they have fished up out of old Michael Nostradamus, and read and interpreted in their own fashion, to come to pass? Perhaps: for though we do not believe in the inspiration of the poetic seer, we know that a belief in such prophecies often works their accomplishment; and it is held matter of gospel by many thousands in France, and they not old women, that the prosperous career of Louis Philippe is to close this year, according to Nostradamus's prophecy in the eighty-ninth quatrain of his ninth century:—

"Dix ans Philip fortune prospère,
Rabaissera des Barbares l'effort,
Puis son midy perplex rebours affaire,
Jeune Ogmion abysmera son fort."

Which may be thus versified in English:—

Ten years shall Philip rule in prosperous sway,
And conquering quell the proud Barbarian race;
Then cross, perplexed, shall be his middle day,
Young Ogmion shall his strongest power abase.

What the fate or fortunes of that Ogmion, by which name Nostradamus, in his strange verses, always designates a king of France, whom some of his present believers interpret to be Henry Cinq, others Prince Louis Napoleon, (for there are superstitious dreamers in all parties, even among those which pretend most to liberality, philosophy, enlightenment of mind, and so forth,) it would require a prophet of more long-seeing reach of mind than even that famous wizard himself could claim, to pretend to anticipate. Certain, however, it is, that the Prince de Joinville is bringing home a present, which may be as dangerous to his house as was the fatal horse to the Trojan city; and if *Nereus* still bear away over

the winds, he may lull them into quiet while he discloses fates as fierce to the son of Louis Philippe as those which he made to burst upon the ears of the son of Priam, when his vessels, too, were steering homeward, freighted with a romantic cargo of blood-begetting mischief.

But we, too, may grow as superstitious in our own way as the followers of Nostradamus, and shall not dip any more into futurity. The approaching departure of the remains of Buonaparte from St. Helena recalls to us the time when he was laid there, and to the feelings which his entombment then occasioned. How can we better express them than in some beautiful verses written immediately on the arrival of the tidings of his death! The news arrived in Liverpool in the July of 1821; thence to fly, like wild-fire, over the world. The verses we are about to quote were anonymous, but we well know who wrote them. Why does not he write verses now?

"NAPOLEON.

The mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep;
The ocean-birds had upward flown,
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad red sea,
And motionless beside the door
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,
Partook the universal calm,
When Buonaparté died.

An ancient man, a stately man,
Came forth beneath the spreading tree;
His silent thoughts I could not scan,
His tears I needs must see.

A trembling hand had partly cover'd
The old man's weeping countenance,
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd
That spake of war and France;

Something that spake of other days,
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,
And the keen eye could firmly gaze
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, perchance this faded hand,
When Life beat high and Hope was young,
By Lodi's wave—on Syria's sand—
The bolt of death had flung.

Young Buonaparté's battle-cry,
Perchance, had kindled this old cheek;
It is no shame that he should sigh,—
His heart is like to break.

He hath been with him, young and old;
He climb'd with him the Alpine snow;
He heard the cannon when they roll'd
Along the silver Po.

His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustom'd leader's word;
I love to see the old man weep—
He knew no other lord.

As if it were but yesternight,
This man remembers dark Eylau—
His dreams are of the eagle's flight,
Victorious long ago.

The memories of worser time
Are all as shadows unto him;
Fresh stands the picture of his prime,—
The later trace is dim.

I enter'd, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber, all alone,
I drew near very solemnly
To dead Napoleon.

He was not shrouded in a shroud,
He lay not like the vulgar dead;
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud,
From his pale brow was fled.

He had put harness on to die,
The eagle-star shone on his breast;
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
The sword he liked the best.

But calm—most calm was all his face,
A solemn smile was on his lips;
His eyes were closed in pensive grace—
A most serene eclipse!

Ye would have said some sainted sprite
Had left its passionless abode;
Some man, whose prayer at morn and night,
Had duly risen to God.

What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast
(For calm he died) cannot be known;
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—
Farewell, Napoleon!

No sculptur'd pile our hands shall rear;
Thy simple sod the stream shall lave,
The native holly's leaf severe
Shall grace and guard thy grave.

The eagle stooping from the sky
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
And sunwards gaze with glowing eye
From Buonaparté's bier.

Are we to go to the casking, shipping, and custom-
housing, to the captosing, and fustian, and bombast of
the Paris cockneys after that! So be it—*c'est de-
accendre!*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ABOUKIR.

Napoleon's Egyptian expedition supplies one of the most distinct proofs ever given of the Divine punishment which may directly stamp a great public crime. Many acts of memorable atrocity have of old unquestionably passed without any evident retribution; but of later years, whether for the purpose of more powerfully impressing justice on the minds of modern nations, or from the nearer approach of some great but still undefined consummation, the retribution has trod with singular closeness on the steps of the crime.

It is right previously to observe, that those direct infictions seem seldom to be visited on the *general* course of public crime in high places, however repulsive. The punishment of what may be called the customary criminality, the habitual ambitions and encroachments of nations on each other, are apparently left to customary and general evils. But it is when nations, or their rulers, start out of the common track of ambition and encroachment, that a new, sudden, and striking brand of vengeance is often openly burned on them. Thus the partition of Poland was an act of plunder and blood beyond the ordinary line of that rapacity and cruelty which habitually marks the conduct of foreign cabinets; and never was the punishment of a highway robbery or murder more directly marked in the punishment of the individual robber and murderer than the punishment of that dreadful atrocity was marked in the sufferings of Prussia, Austria, and Russia—within a few years from the crime, the capture of their three capitals, the defeat of their armies, and the vast losses of wealth, population, honour, and territory.

The late instance of the invasion of Algiers, without the slightest cause except the French desire to gain what it terms glory, by cutting throats, and robbing wherever it can with impunity, was instantly followed to the king by the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, as it has been followed to France by the erection of an anomalous and precarious government—forced to be despotic through fear of being forced to be republican; and the anxieties of a war, which, after wasting life and treasure during ten years, is now to be begun afresh, and requires an army of 60,000 men. We shall thus see America, in due time, punished for her atrocious robbery by which she has seized Texas, and for her gross and wholly unjustifiable attempts on Canada. Russia will yet have to pay heavily in blood for her invasion of the brave Caucasian tribes, for her cruel extinction of the few remains of independence in unhappy Poland, and for that unlicensed and unlimited system of grasping by which she continues the guilty policy of Catharine, and labours to add thousands of slaves, and tens of thousands of square miles, to a population and territory beyond the power of any man to govern wisely—beyond any nation to hold safely—and beyond every thing but the indescribable folly of human ambition.

Napoleon's Egyptian enterprise was exactly of this order of ultra-atrocity.

It is the universal characteristic of foreign politics, that they have no morality whatever. Whatever they can grasp, they grasp; and by whatever means they can obtain their objects, they obtain them. France has, in all ages, differed from her continental neighbours only in putting these maxims into more unhesitating practice. What fraud can contrive and force can perform, will

sail of the line: but the French had a great advantage in guns and men, their ships carrying 1186 guns, and 11,230 men; while the British had but 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The enemy had a still more important advantage in the size of their ships, having the *L'Orient* of 120 gns. and the *Franklin* and *Guillaume Tell* of 80; while the British were all seventy-fours. But they had what was more than equivalent to all other superiority—Nelson in command. Nelson, by throwing a part of his force between the enemy and the shore, accomplished the great manœuvre of bringing an overwhelming weight of fire on a part of the opposing line. Five ships had thus passed inside the French line, while six ranged outside. After boldly sustaining this storm of fire for six hours, the enemy's ships began to strike; and flames were soon after seen from the admiral's ship, the *L'Orient*. The blaze rapidly covered this magnificent vessel, and threw a light on the contending fleets, the surrounding sea, and the shore, on which French troops and Arabs had gathered to see the battle. At length she blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake every ship, and cover them with blazing fragments. Nelson, though wounded severely in the head, and carried below decks, on hearing that the *L'Orient* was on fire, got up alone, and made his way to the quarter-deck, when, with that humanity which formed so conspicuous a part of his gallant nature, he ordered his boats out to save the enemy's officers and seamen who were jumping overboard.

By daylight the victory was seen to be complete. Of the thirteen French sail of the line, two were burned and nine taken; of their four frigates, one was burned and one sunk—two sail of the line and two frigates alone escaping, from the inability of the crippled English ships to follow them. The British loss was 895 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was dreadful; 5225 killed; 3105 wounded and prisoners, subsequently sent on shore, on their parole, not to serve until exchanged. But Napoleon, who despised such punctilios, instantly incorporated into his army all who were able to march, and made a regiment out of those remnants of the battle.

The mighty warrior who gained this victory became instantly and justly the object of European admiration. He was loaded with honours by the allied courts; England gave him a pension of £2600 a-year, with that title which he had so nobly contemplated on his first sight of the enemy: "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

Pitt's reply to the charge, that England had been too frugal of her honour, on this great occasion, was worthy of a Greek orator.

"Admiral Nelson's fame will be coeval with the British name. And it will be remembered that he gained the greatest naval victory on record; when no man will think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl."

The fate of the *L'Orient* seemed to be characteristic of that retribution which so sternly pursued the enterprise. On board of that vessel Napoleon had amassed the plunder from the churches of Malta: she was loaded with plate and sacred ornaments, infamously torn from the altars of the island. And though the worship was that of a corrupt belief, yet we must remember that those treasures were devoted to religion, however imperfectly known; and that they were carried away in the open scorn of homage to God and justice to man. It is supposed that the whole of this sacrilegious pillage went

to the bottom with this doomed vessel. In the flames that consumed the *L'Orient*, as in the hand-writing on the banquet-wall of the Babylonian king, was marked the final destiny of the profaner.

THE BATTLE.

What see I on this barren strand?—
A burning sky, a burning sand,
A shipless sea, a lifeless land!

Yet Time! thou old destroyer, Time,
Thou'st seen it earth's most glorious clime,
All throne and temple—all sublime.

Of earth's wild drama wildest stage;
Of mind's first fight, war's darkest rage,
The Soldier, and the Archimage!

Then sank its sun in midnight gloom;—
Its life was treasured in the tomb.
Egypt was all—the Catacomb!

Yet on that strand was Europe freed!
The world beheld that battle bleed
And mighty England did the deed.

'Twas eve; and on the horizon pale,
Like cloud on cloud, uprose the sail;
And warrior-echoes fill'd the gale.

There, squadron'd on the sunset tide,
With day's last gold and amber dyed,
Came Britain's sea-kings in their pride.

Splendid the thronging pomp swept on,
To cannon-fire and trumpet tone;
Each war-ship like a floating throne.

Who led them on? A deathless name,
That through their bosoms shot like flame—
Nelson! the noblest son of fame!

Startled, yet stern, the Frenchman's line
Saw in the sun the red-cross shine,
And felt it Ruin's judgment-sign.

Then blazed the gun—then burst the shell,
Then thick the musketeer's fire-shower fell,
And all was thunder, shout, and yell!

'Tis light—the peal comes long and loud,
Each thunderer roaring from his cloud—
Each wrapp'd in his own sulphurous shroud.

'Tis midnight; but athwart the haze,
What startling splendour blasts the gaze!
Huge *L'Orient!* thine that fatal blaze.

Round mast and flag the flame-wreaths soar;
Red rolls the surge, like molten ore:
Starts into spectral light the shore.

The anchors part. No more she clings
To shore or sand. Afar she springs,
The whirlwind and the flame her wings.

The fight is hush'd at once! no sound
Bursts from the brazen ramparts round:
The Briton's heart his hand has bound.

But, where the desert meets the glare,
Ring on the melancholy air
Howls of a mighty host's despair.

There, by the corpse-strewn waters stood,
In the mind's more than solitude,
The man of glory and of blood!

NAPOLEON: no! great homicide!
A wilder sand, a wilder tide,
Must give the moral of thy pride.

The magazine's fired!—One horrid roar
Bursts round the sky, the sea, the shore.
L'Orient—thy last, fierce fight is o'er.

Down darts 'she, through the whirlpool, down;
To leave the shoals of Egypt strown
With wealth of many a shrine and throne.

Morn rose in beauty. Broadly roll'd
The red-cross flag its victor fold.
Fallen tricolor, thy tale was told!

All calm, that lovely light beneath,
The sabre slumber'd in its sheath,
The cannon held its fiery breath.

Though Britain's blood was pour'd like rain,
Not one bright drop was shed in vain—
The combat shiver'd Europe's chain!

Where is that combat's victor? Gone.
His fame was like a star, alone!
He *will'd* to conquer—and 'twas done.

One bolder deed was yet untried—
A vassal world his flag defied:
He smote it at a blow—and died!

Eag.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

HYMN XVI.

The shapes of earth are passing still away,
The seas with sullen rage their bounds devour,
The rivers waste their banks from day to day,
Rocks cannot last, nor stars outlive their hour.

The gnarled trees, of deep undated root,
While ages o'er them pass, like herbage fall;
And peaks that bear to-day the wild-goat's foot,
To-morrow vanish 'mid the torrent's brawl.

Not long the building tells its founder's name,
And loud-sung trophies fade in silent rust;
The desert sand-heap whelms the city's fame,
The book is journeying tow'rd its writer's dust.

Each generation yields in turn to death
Its living forms and looks, beloved and bold;
And lost in pale destruction's frozen breath,
Our vital air is changed to pulchless cold.

Decay and desolation's thunderous cloud
O'er all things hangs, and dims the summer sky;
And all that seems imperishably proud,
Still, downward sinking slow, consents to die.

While all so totters, wheels, and floats from view,
Whate'er the eye can mark, the hand conceive;
Thy word, O God! alone on earth is true,
And dares 'mid boundless ruin still survive.

The utterance keen of thine eternal will
Went forth at first through nothingness and gloom;
Through depths of ages working onward still,
It crowns with life each world's successive tomb.

From thee it flows creating time and space;
With suns and planets fills the dark abyss;
And spreads the light that veils thy changeless face,
Refracted wide through Nature's varying prism.

That living Word sustains the sand, the flower,
The insect swarm, the brood of giant things:
Combines the whole by one harmonious power,
And loud in conscious hearts thy glory sings.

Yet weighs on all the eclipse and curse of ill,
Of failing good, and hopes that lull no more;
And every leaf that sails the autumnal rill
Its dying sister leaves with sighs deplore.

The mountains darken o'er the shatter'd plain,
When earthquake smites the town that aways a realm;
The stars new-born lament the stars that wane,
And seas wail hoarse above the fleet they whelm.

And man, whose hopes his bound the most exceed,
The loftiest mourner 'mid the griefs of all,
Must shade his front with sad sepulchral weed,
And wear, for kingly robes, the funeral pall.

Amid such endless change and storms of night,
Still moves the Word divine, educating day,
But thwarted, clogg'd, repell'd, by flashes bright,
And winning hardest conquests o'er decay.

But still in One whose soul, aloof from wrong,
Was fill'd with earnest unpolled good,
Resounds thy voice an undiscordant song,
And tells thy will as at the first it stood.

Thy Word fulfill'd was He, for ever shown
To man the living Archetype of Life,
In whose embodied light our spirits own
A certain hope—a rest secure from strife.

And ne'er from mortal thought shall pass away
The form of truth and peace he gave to earth;
In whom our hearts with love thy rule obey,
And gain from them a second, happier birth.

Without that light, though fair the frame of things,
How dark the shades of grief it all would wear!
From it through death immortal being springs,
And all thy presence dawns upon despair.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

MORAL EPIDEMICS.

There is a remarkable analogy between diseases of the body and diseases of the mind, and it is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the tendency of some morbid mental conditions to spread, like common bodily ailments, and take possession of great bodies of people. Some of the most puzzling things in the history of superstition may be explained upon this principle.

For example—witchcraft. It has always appeared to enlightened inquirers as a very strange peculiarity attending this superstition, that so many of the individuals accused of it were themselves, as appears from their confessions and otherwise, under the impression that they were witches. We could not of course expect that any individual accused of this imaginary crime would have rested a defence upon an allegation of its imaginary character, for the belief in it was then universal. But we might have expected that most of the accused would represent themselves as innocent in thought, word, and deed. The contrary of this is the case. Vast numbers readily confessed to those very impossible things in which the superstition consisted—to intercourse, for instance, with supernatural beings, including the prince of evil spirits, to midnight journeyings through the air, and to successful practisings against the health and prosperity of their neighbours. How should this be?

An extensive observation of witch cases supplies a key to the mystery. It is found that there is a remarkable sameness in them all, even those of different countries presenting in general the same leading features. Almost always we find that the culprit has received visits from Satan in a human form, and sold to him her soul and hopes of salvation. The acts of reverence paid to him, and the marks which he makes upon their bodies to distinguish them as his flock, are always the same. The description of a witch meeting in the county of Nairn, in the north of Scotland, A. D. 1662, is identical with the accounts given by Glanvil of meetings of Swedish witches in the Blocula; and always a broomstick or the stalk of any common shrub is sufficient equipage for the old ladies, if they only, on mounting, pronounce a certain sentence in the name of their grisly master. The things which witches can do are always the same, and have been so in all ages. Their power of raising storms is alluded to by the Roman poet Tibullus. Their power of destroying any one by making a waxen image of him, and melting it away before a slow fire, is adverted to by Ovid as well as Shakespeare. The very things which they use for their incantations—loads, newts, fragments of human bodies, and the ashes of the dead—have undergone no change in the course of time; and their taking the form of hares and cats, their enchantments to produce sickness, and their malicious efforts to stop mills, and drain their neighbours' cattle of milk, are all stated as ordinary parts of witch procedure, repeated over and over again, without variation, in every part of Christendom. It is, in short, quite evident that the confessions of these unfortunate persons took their form from what may be called the *code of popular doctrines on the subject of witchcraft*. And the history of this code is a very instructive one. It first took a decided shape in a bull of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, by which witchcraft was amply described, and powers were granted for its punishment. From this time, much was written on

the subject; prosecutions were frequent; public attention was strongly attracted: and, exactly in proportion as more and more witches were burnt, so did more and more witches come into being. Before the issue of the bull, the offence was obscure and rare; but, in thirty years after, it was so common, that Geneva saw five hundred burnt in three months; Lorraine nine hundred in a few years; and in France the number burnt was described as "almost infinite." The delusion lasted in Germany, and most other countries of Europe, till the latter part of the seventeenth century, not always manifesting the same intensity, but occasionally flaring up into a greater blaze than usual. Its whole features were those of a contagious disease, which sometimes slumbers a little, and sometimes seems to revive with fresh strength. But whenever a re-awakening took place, the delusion always went on for a while, increasing and spreading, and this sheerly in consequence of the strong bent of the public mind to the subject, until it seemed, as it were, to burn itself out, or something else occurred to divert attention. There can be no doubt that the whole evil arose from that unhappy bull, followed up as it was by books commenting on and explaining it. The *doctrines* were by these means extensively made known and deeply impressed. Working on minds unenlightened, unreasonable, bigoted, and barbarous, they led to prosecutions and executions, by which the excitement was further increased. Then all the persons of a certain order, namely, those of weakest and most excitable minds, brooding over what all were talking of, would work themselves up into a belief that they were guilty of the crime; and the doctrines of demonology, which had been made familiar to them, would take form in their minds as recollections of actual transactions in which they had been engaged. Hence their confessing to an impossible offence, and hence the uniformity or general resemblance of all the confessions.

We have another remarkable example of such a moral epidemic in the history of the Anointers of Milan, which has lately been placed before the British public in a translation from an Italian work. The notion that the plague could be propagated by a deleterious ointment, applied to the person, or even upon the walls of a house, was, it seems, one of old date. In 1680, four Frenchmen fled from Madrid, under suspicion of having attempted to propagate the disease by such means in that city. The king sent circulars describing the supposed culprits to various states, and amongst the rest to Milan, where the plague was raging at the time. The intelligence produced a strong impression in the infected city, and, ere long, it was discovered that several houses had been secretly anointed during the night. People flocked to look at the houses, and to speculate on the nature of the offence and its probable authors. The excitement was much increased by a proclamation stating the fact, and offering a reward for the discovery of the delinquents. Great anxiety was felt to detect the anointers, and very soon a few persons were taken up on suspicion, and tortured to make them confess. Though scarcely any evidence could be brought against them, they were condemned and executed, generally in the most barbarous modes that could be devised; and thus the excitement was still further increased. The house of the supposed compounder of the ointment was pulled down, and a tall pillar erected on the spot, to commemorate his guilt. Meanwhile, more houses were discovered to be anointed, or supposed to be anointed, and the public appetite for victims was increased. At one time fifteen hundred

persons were in prison on suspicion. Scores were broken on the wheel, or had their flesh torn with red-hot pincers from their bodies; and many only anticipated that fate by dying in prison of the pestilence. It is remarkable, that, as the punishments increased, the number of houses anointed, or supposed to be anointed, increased also, till at length it became a wonder how so much ointment was made. It may now be fairly doubted if any house really was anointed, although the historians of the time inform us, without the least appearance of doubt in their own minds, that hundreds and thousands were smeared over every night. But whether anointing really took place, or was only a delusion of the senses, there can be no doubt of one important fact, that many persons at length spontaneously confessed that they had been guilty of anointing with a view to spread the pestilence. The probability is that, as in the case of witchcraft, the persons of more weak and excitable mind, after long and intense pondering on the supposed act, at length came to believe that they had been guilty of it; but it is not impossible that, under a delirious excitement, some had actually done or attempted to do that which so many were supposed to be doing. However the truth may be in this respect, we have an equally instructive illustration of what we have ventured to call moral epidemic.

History is full of similar illusions spread under the influence of great excitement. Some are of a nature requiring to be spoken of with tenderness, and which we shall therefore leave uncommented on; but in all, the rule is universal, that certain shapes of ideas are worked out into realities, and even rapture is felt in the strictest conformity to a model. The craziest minds are first affected, and then the next craziest, and so on. What one says he has felt, another soon thinks he feels; and thus the epidemic goes on, till, the materials of excitement being exhausted, it comes to a natural death.

The same law holds with regard to crime. In the autumn of 1830, some corn-stacks, barns, and other farm buildings in the county of Kent, were burnt by night, and several farmers received letters, threatening their property with the same treatment, unless the wages of farm labour were raised, and the use of machinery discontinued. In the course of the three last months of the year, these nocturnal acts of incendiarism were extended into Hampshire, Wiltshire, Buckingham, Sussex, and Surrey, and some took place so far north as Berwickshire. There is considerable reason to believe that they were, to a great extent, not, as ordinary crimes are, the result of wicked dispositions, but merely imitative acts. The newspapers had spoken of the first burnings with great alarm. Much political importance was attached to them. The popular fancy was caught by the odd term "Swing," which, from being the signature of threatening letters, came in a little time to distinguish the whole transactions. Thus much excitement was at length felt. There can be little doubt that, almost from the first, some of the burnings arose from the excitement alone; but, latterly, the most of them, if not all, had probably no other origin. One of the criminals afterwards confessed that he had set fire to his master's ricks from no motive whatever; only he had been incessantly thinking of the burnings, and even had dreamt of them, and at length he had risen from his sleep, and gone out and done the deed. We may fairly presume that much of the guilt of this dreadful time would not have been incurred, if the first outrages had not obtained so much notoriety. In an early age, *when there were no newspapers*, it is probable that, with the same popular discontent, there

would not have been a twentieth part of the outrages committed.

The effect which the performance of Schiller's play of the Robbers had upon the university youth of Germany, in making them go out upon the highway, is well known, and may be referred to the same principle of an epidemic through the operation of the imitative faculty. The act is known to be criminal, but the fascination of example is, in such circumstances, not to be resisted. It is from the same morbid desire to imitate, that suicides sometimes take place. A young lady, throwing herself from the Monument, occasions much paragraphing; and, ere many days elapse, a boy goes up and also throws himself over. We have been assured that the peculiar mode of suicide adopted by a great political personage a few years ago, was exactly followed not long after by a private person. Hence also the runs that are made upon particular crimes.—Poisoning became a fashion at the French court in the reign of Louis XIV.; and some years ago, three men were in prison in Edinburgh all at once, for the crime of murdering their wives; and two of them were executed together.

These are not, to the best of our judgment, unprofitable speculations on mind. It appears to us that some very important considerations may be deduced from them.

Seeing that the public mind, in its present imperfectly enlightened state, is liable to be seized with such accessions of extravagance, it is clear that the rational are under a strong call to be on their guard, and to guard as many others as possible, against all immoderate notions and dogmas that may be attempted to be impressed upon them. With many who do not want sense, the knowledge that such and such a doctrine is in great vogue, and is the subject of much discussion, is sufficient to mislead. They mistake notoriety for soundness, and join the trains of crazy enthusiasts under the impression that they are men of great authority. Thus it may happen, and does often happen, that the more extravagant an object is, it has the better chance of succeeding, its very extravagance causing a sensation and a fame which carries the multitude in its favour. If the present paper do nothing more than establish with our readers that a thing may be the theme of universal talk, and have thousands of famed apostles and martyrs, and yet be a gross delusion at bottom, it will have done good service.

Seeing that there is such a tendency to imitate and take up with whatever is very broadly brought under public notice, it becomes of serious importance to consider whether our criminal procedure is most calculated to do good or evil. A man, we shall say, commits a murder of a very shocking kind. This is an act of great wickedness, and it seems quite just that he should be put to death for it. It is also but right that the procedure against him, to the very last, should be public, for otherwise the innocent might occasionally suffer. But if it be found that the publication of the details of the murder tend, if not to lead others to commit the same offence, at least to brutalise the public mind, we may fairly doubt if more harm than good is not done by a public prosecution. If it further be found that the execution of the offender only brings the worthless together for an hour of debasing excitement, and for the purpose of committing, as far as possible, other crimes, we may reasonably fear if the vengeance of the law be a thing conducive to edification. If the following be at all a true picture, we suspect these doubts and fears must be considered as certainties:—"During the period of Greensacre's impri-

sonment on a charge of murder, the gin-shops in all quarters of the town were every morning early crowded, and remained so till night, with drunken parties, hearing and discussing the disgusting particulars of that horrible affair. Mothers neglected their children, wives their husbands, to drink gin; and in the excitement brought on by the morbid feeling of curiosity, listening and waiting, from hour to hour, to pick up minute accounts of the manner in which the murder, mutilation, &c. were effected; at every breath uttering horrible imprecations. Those of the poorer class who were not at the gin-shops, were collected in knots, reiterating what they had heard to their neighbours and children. The night before the malefactor's execution, the adjacent streets were filled with women, girls, and boys, who spent the night in riot and debauchery, up to the hour of the wretched culprit's appearance on the scaffold. The noise the rabble made during the night reached the cell, within the interior of the prison, and, it is said, awaked the doomed man out of a profound sleep. Pockets were picked under the gallows, and the remainder of the day was spent in riot and drunkenness. For weeks subsequently, boys and girls were seen enacting, under gateways situated in low neighbourhoods, the scene of the murder and mutilation in mimicry. It is hard to say how such evils are to be avoided; but assuredly a mode of criminal treatment in which the details of the crime would be kept more private, and the criminal punished otherwise than by a public execution, is much to be desired.

Upon the same principles, a popular literature, or theatrical representations, in which the acts and characters of criminals are brought prominently forward, must have a debasing and most pernicious effect. Here the excitement is not so broadly seen—though it is scarcely possible for the life of Jack Sheppard to be read all at once by thousands, and acted night after night at once in five London theatres, without causing the idea of burglary to be dwelt upon for the time with some degree of fervour. But if less potent in degree, such reading and such sights must still act in the same manner and to the same effects. The worst of actions are perhaps presented under redeeming and alluring lights; the magic of imaginative talent is thrown over them; the victims of vice appear at least in the enjoyment of notoriety. Then they act also through the principle of imitation. They present specimens of human conduct; the conduct is bad, and, in as far as they are imitated, wickedness must be the consequence. If we only consider how the well-disposed mind is affected by the biography of a good man, how anxious we feel to imitate so bright an example, how even his affections serve to us as models for our own, we cannot for a moment doubt that every delineation of vice, with however plausible excuses and professions it may be brought forward, must have an injurious effect. We would say, then, let every effort be made to put down literature of this kind. But, before the words are out of our mouth, we are forced to recollect our own doctrine: persecution attracts notice and excites interest, and there is not any thing in the world so vicious, but to direct much open indignation against it only serves to give it greater way and head. The efforts, then, which the virtuous are to make against demoralising literature and demoralising theatrical representations, must be governed by prudence. They must chiefly work in secret, and by counteraction, making, if possible, the good more attractive than the bad, and educating those into paths of honesty and sobriety who would otherwise be misled into the walks of error.

From Tait's Magazine.

PARVENUS.

It may be observed that whenever people wish to say an eminently uncivil thing in the civilest manner, they have recourse to that oleaginous language which smooths down so many difficulties—the language of lovers and diplomatists—the language of universal humbug. Of late years, accordingly, the designation Upstart, has been pretty generally paraphrased by the coteries into "*Parvenu*;" inasmuch as, in these days of progression, the class in question is getting up a majority, and begins to command the bows and congees of mankind. Almost every great measure of recent accomplishment has been effected by the upstarts; and we cannot, for the life of us, conceive why some courteous non-substantive of English derivation, cannot be found or imagined to specify a class so valuable to the interests of society. Strictly speaking, the word *parvenu* implies only a person who, from a low state, has attained distinctions of wealth and station. Intrinsically, it has no ignominious meaning; but the usage of society has endowed it, like that of upstart, with a tincture of baseness.

In point of fact, a sovereign on his throne may be a *parvenu*. Leopold and Otho are *parvenu* kings, as much as * * * the member is a *parvenu* esquire. Napoleon was a *parvenu*—Canning a *parvenu*; several of our highest legal functionaries, of our most eminent statesmen, can be no otherwise interpreted. Yet, the same scornful thrones and dominions of the fashionable world, who cast the name of *parvenu* in the teeth of men whose department of distinction does not happen to lie betwixt the wind and their nobility, would never dream of thus opprobriating the great names stamped current by the universal voice, as belonging to the aristocracy of immortal fame. Even yesterday, even to-day, we have popes, cardinals, archbishops, chancellors, cabinet ministers, academicians, senators, painters, poets, sculptors, constituting the highest illustration of this and other realms, who rose from the lowest order of society to do honour to the highest; honour equal in degree to the very odour of gentility, emanating from the order ennobled by centuries of do-nothingness. Why, therefore, apply the term *parvenu*, by which such persons are commonly designated, in the same vilifying sense in which it specifies the opulent tallow-chandler who, having achieved his hundreds of thousands, retires to his villa at Hornsey, to mount sham canon on a miniature rampart before his door? his only notion of the value of wealth being the power it confers of eating a better dinner, drinking stronger liquor, and sleeping fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty, instead of half-a-dozen?

To people of this egotistical disposition alone, would we apply the word *parvenu*; if, indeed, it is to be included in future codifications of the land's language. We would have a *parvenu* understood to mean any person who, having attained rank or riches, renders them subservient only to his personal gratification. One of the most opulent individuals in Europe is the Marquis de Las Marismas, whom the euphony of his newly acquired title does not prevent the Parisian sauce-boxes from pointing out as Agnado, the *parvenu*. In the French metropolis, he lodges in a magnificent hotel; his country-seat is a splendid *château*, formerly the residence of the mother of the present king of the French;

